CLASSIC EROTICA
My Secret Life
"Walter"

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

Annotation

Тайная книга английской классики

Самая интересная книга на иностранном языке – непереведенная книга. Изюминкой английской классики в этом смысле является «My secret life» («Моя тайная жизнь»), написанная неизвестным автором в последней трети XIX века.

Впервые книга была напечатана анонимно в 1888 году. Кто ее написал – до сих пор идут споры. Значительная часть исследователей полагают, что автор – Генри Спенсер Эшби, торговец текстилем, путешественник, страстный букинист и коллекционер эротики, умерший в 1900 году. Он входил в кружок викторианских вольнодумцев – писателей (например, поэт Суинберн) и людей искусства, которые задыхались в атмосфере ханжества и фарисейства. После смерти от него осталось (помимо капиталов) грандиозное собрание порнографии и изданий Сервантеса, которое он завещал Британскому музею при условии принятия на хранение и эротической части его коллекции.

Как бы там ни было, «My secret life» вошла в историю мировой литературы именно как анонимная книга, отражающая нравы викторианской Англии, которые были в известных кругах совсем не викторианскими. Точнее, это 11-томный эпос, повествующий о поиске сексуального счастья на протяжении всей своей жизни мужчиной из среднего класса. Мужчиной, которому выпало родиться в ту эпоху, когда все связанное с полом загонялось либо под запрет, либо в самые тесные рамки. Мало на свете книг, в которых с подобной тщательностью описывались все интимные переживания человека от почти младенческого возраста до старости, причем литературно талантливо.

«My secret life» – уникальный документ как эпохи, так и человеческого существования вообще. Книга является существенными и необходимым дополнением к романам Диккенса и Теккерея, поскольку без нее представление о нравах Англии того времени будет либо неполным, либо неверным.

Джейн Остин писала гениальные книги о любви, ни разу никого не поцеловав и прожив жизнь стареющей девой на содержании у родственников. Психологию полов она постигала из косвенных свидетельств и собственных невинных наблюдений. Природная одаренность сделала свое дело, «Гордость и предубеждение», как и другие ее книги, стали классикой. Автор «My secret life» далеко не гений, но честность, абсолютная свобода от каких бы то ни было условностей, пунктуальность описаний делают его эпопею столь же значимой для изучающих ту эпоху,

как и романы Остин.

Любопытен язык книги – бесхитростно-физиологический, называющий без стеснения вещи своими именами, при этом не показушно-вульгарный. Автор не знает эвфемизмов для обозначения известных частей человеческого тела и специфических глаголов, используя повседневные обороты мужчин его круга – даже по сегодняшним меркам чрезвычайно грубые. Тут нельзя не вспомнить удивление и возмущение Горького, обиженного тем, что граф Толстой, беседуя с ним о женщинах, употреблял подобные же «мужицкие» слова. Горький подумал было, что великий писатель земли русской подделывается под его «невежество», и лишь потом понял, что для Толстого это было вполне органично.

Так и автор «My secret life» показывает нам, что в Викторианскую эпоху ханжество касалось лишь известной части публики, тогда как большая часть народонаселения Британии выражалась весьма прямолинейно. Хотя нравы человечества во все времена и во всех странах, в общем-то, одинаковы. В «My secret life» рисуется типичное становление мужчины, которое могло бы иметь место и в Японии, и в России, и где угодно. Викторианские нравы лишь откладывали некий отпечаток на личность, но не могли задавить присущих ей стремлений. В Англии XIX века герой книги мог «охотиться» лишь на горничных и дочек батраков, «приличные» женщины были для него почти недоступны (за некоторыми исключениями). В этом – специфика эпохи. Сегодня бы автор «My secret life» не знал подобных препятствий и мог вести «большую игру». С другой стороны, в XIX веке для него считалось допустимым то, что сегодня бы моментально было бы зачислено под статью «педофилия» или «изнасилование». Сексуальная инициация героя воспоминаний произошла именно в результате настойчивого и совсем непристойного преследования барчуком невинной малолетней няньки своего братца. Служанка как объект первой интимной связи – сюжет достаточно обыденный для того времени, стоит только почитать Чехова, Бунина или Кафку. Сегодня ее заменяет одноклассница или однокурсница, или просто девушка из соседнего двора. В XIX столетии ровесницы из соседнего благополучного семейства были абсолютно недоступны.

Думается, современным феминисткам эта книга придется не по вкусу, несмотря на любовь на Западе ко всяким аутеничным картинкам нравов. Женщина для автора «My secret life» – не равноправный партнер, а объект наслаждения. Он порой видит в них личность, но слишком увлечен иным, чтобы вдаваться в этические переживания. К тому же для преуспевающего

представителя среднего класса проститутки и горничные не слишком интересные собеседницы, они не люди его круга, а в то время социальная иерархия была куда жестче, чем сегодня, культурные различия между господами и слугами являлись почти непреодолимыми. Барин взаимодействовал со служанкой только в парадигме «хозяин–слуга» или в постели, где джентльмен мог позволить себе немного забыть о принадлежности к разным классам, не теряя, однако, из виду свое превосходство. Никаких нежностей вроде букетов цветов или стишков в таких мезальянсах не существовало. Господин считал, что и так оказал служанке много чести самим фактом, что обратил на нее внимание.

Любопытно сравнить «My secret life» с известным романом Джона Фаулза «Женщина французского лейтенанта» – как раз о том же самом времени. Тогда как герой Фаулза полон экзистенциальных томлений, а роман насыщен философскими размышлениями, герой «My secret life» ломает голову только над алгоритмом соблазнения очередной жертвы и чужд всякой философии, равно как и морали. Но он – реален, он человек из крови и плоти, а герой Фаулза – выдуманный и слишком книжный, как и остальные персонажи его романа. Можно полагать, что нынешним читателям покажется более интересным и волнующим рассказ анонима о своем времени, чем наукообразные домыслы писателя, жившего сто лет спустя.

В год своего первого издания «My secret life» шла по разряду утонченной порнографии. Сегодня историки английской литературы признают ее художественные достоинства, и книга изучается в университетах, по ней защищают диссертации. O tempore, o mores!

2008-09-18 / Максим Артемьев

Рецензия взята отсюда: http://exlibris.ng.ru/history/2008-09-18/6_classica.html

Word Statistics
Word — Occurences
Cunt — 5357
Fuck — 4032
Prick — 3756
Frig — 1299
Hair — 1569
Bum — 937
Sperm — 718
Cock — 741
Arse — 526
Clitoris — 434

Gay — 398
Quim — 389
Buttocks — 369
Spunk — 362
Virgin — 360
Breast — 316
Lick — 304
Piss — 305
Gamahuche — 227
Erotic — 187
Bugger — 106
Vagina — 68

Glossary

frig — to masturbate

gamahuche — to practise fellatio or cunnilingus, hence gamahucher.

gambols — frisky, frolicsome movements

lapunar — A brothel

motte — Mound. Pubic area. Mons pubis.

nymphae — The labia minora (inner lips) of the vulva.

onanism — Masturbation

Paphian — pertaining to love, or unlawful sexual indulgence, or belonging to the class of prostitutes

pudenda — The external genital organs of a woman.

quim — The external female genitals; the vagina.

spunk — Seminal fluid

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Walter
My Secret Life

INTRODUCTION

In 18** my oldest friend died. We had been at school and college together; and our intimacy had never been broken. I was trustee for his wife and executor at his death. He died of a lingering illness, during which his hopes of living were alternately raised, and depressed. Two years before he died, he gave me a huge parcel carefully tied up and sealed. 'Take care of but don't open this,' he said; “if I get better, return it to me, if I die, let no mortal eye but yours see it, and burn it.”

His widow died a year after him. I had well nigh forgotten this packet, which I had had full three years, when, looking for some title deeds. I came across it, and opened it, as it was my duty to do. Its contents astonished me. The more I read it, the more marvellous it seemed. I pondered long on the meaning of his instructions when he gave it to me, and kept the manuscript same years, hesitating what to do with it.

At length I came to the conclusion, knowing his idiosyncrasy well, that his fear was only lest any one should know who the writer was; and feeling that it would be sinful to destroy such a history. I copied the manuscript and destroyed the original. He died relationless. No one now can trace the author; no names are mentioned in the book, though they were given freely in the margin of his manuscript, and I alone know to whom the initials refer. If I have done harm in printing it, I have done none to him, have indeed only carried out his evident intention, and given to a few a secret history, which bears the impress of truth on every page, a contribution to psychology.

PREFACE

I began these memoirs when about twenty-five years old, having from youth kept a diary of some sort, which perhaps from habit made me think of recording my inner and secret life.

When I began it, had scarcely read a baudy book, none of which, excepting Fanny Hill, appeared to me to be truthful: that did, and it does so still; the others telling of recherche eroticisms or of inordinate copulative powers, of the strange twists, tricks, and fancies of matured voluptuousness and philosophical lewdness, seemed to my comparative ignorance as baudy imaginings or lying inventions, not worthy of belief; although I now know, by experience, that they may be true enough, however eccentric and improbable, they may appear to the uninitiated.

Fanny Hills was a woman's experience. Written perhaps by a woman, where was a maids written with equal truth? That book has no baudy word in it; but baudy acts need the baudy ejaculations; the erotic, full flavored expressions, which even the chastest indulge in when hut, or love, is in its full tide of performance. So I determined to write my private life freely as to fact, and in the spirit of the lustful acts done by me, or witnessed; it is written therefore with absolute truth and without any regard whatever for what the world calls decency. Decency and voluptuousness in its fullest acceptance cannot exist together, one would kill the other, the poetry of copulation I have only experienced with a few women, which however neither prevented them nor me from calling a spade a spade.

I began it for my amusement; when many years had been chronicled I tired of it and ceased. Some ten years afterwards I met a woman, with whom, or with those she helped me to, I did, said, saw, and heard well nigh everything a man and woman could do with their genitals, and began to narrate those events, when quite fresh in my memory, a great variety of incidents extending over four years or more. Then I lost sight of her, and my amorous amusements for a while were simpler, but that part of my history was complete.

After a little while, I set to work to describe the events of the Intervening year's of my youth and early middle age, which included most of my gallant intrigues and adventures of a frisky order, but not the more lascivious ones of later years. Then a mess caused me to think seriously of burning the whole. But not liking to destroy my labor, I laid it aside again for a couple of years. Then another illness gave me long uninterrupted leisure; I read my manuscript and filled in some occurrences which I had forgotten but which my diary enabled me to place in their proper order. This will account for the difference

in style in places, which I now observe; and a very needless repetition of voluptuous descriptions, which I had forgotten and had been before described; that however is inevitable, for human copulation, vary the incidents leading up to it as you may, is, and must be, at all times much the same affair.

Then, for the first time, I thought I would print my work that had been commenced more than twenty years before, but hesitated. I then had entered my maturity, and on to the most lascivious portion of my life, the events were disjointed, and fragmentary and my amusement was to describe them just after they occurred. Most frequently the next day I wrote all down with much prolixity; since, I have much abbreviated it.

I had from youth an excellent memory, but about sexual matters a wonderful one. Women were the pleasure of my life. I loved cunt, but also who had it, I like the woman I fucked and not simply the cunt I fucked, and therein is a great difference. I recollect even now in a degree which astonishes me, the face, colour, stature, thighs, backside, and sung of well nigh every woman I have had, who was not a mere casual, and even of some who were. The clothes they wore, the houses and rooms in which I had them, were before me mentally as I wrote, the way the bed and furniture were placed, the side of the room the windows were on, I remembered perfectly; and all the important events I can fix as to time, sufficiently nearly by reference to my diary, in which the contemporaneous circumstances of my life are recorded. I recollect also largely what we said and did, and generally our baudy amusements. Where I fail to have done so, I have left description blank, rather than attempt to make a story coherent by in sorting what was merely probable. I could not now account for my course of action, or why I did this, or said that, my conduct seems strange, foolish, absurd, very frequently, that of some women equally so, but I can but state what did occur.

In a few cases, I have, for what even seems to me very strange, suggested reasons or causes; but only where the facts seem by themselves to be very improbable, but have not exaggerated anything willingly. When I have named the number of times I have fucked a woman in my youth, I may occasionally be in error, it is difficult to be quite accurate on such points after a lapse of time. But as before said, in many cases the incidents were written down a few weeks and often within a few days after they occurred. I do not attempt to pose as a Hercules in copulation, there are quite sufficient braggarts on that head, much intercourse with gay women, and doctors, makes me doubt the wonderful feats in coition some men tell of.

I have one fear about publicity, it is that of having done a few things by curiosity and impulse (temporary aberrations) which even

professed libertines may cry fie on. There are plenty who will cry fie who have done all and worse than I have and habitually, but crying out at the sins of others was always a way of hiding one s own iniquity. Yet from that cause perhaps no mortal eye but mine will see this history.

The Christian name of the servants mentioned are generally the true ones, the other names mostly false, tho phonetically resembling the true ones. Initials nearly always the true ones. In most cases the women they represent are dead or lost to me. Streets and bandy houses named are nearly always correct. Most of the houses named are now closed or pulled down; but any middle-aged man about town would recognize them. Where a road, house, room, or garden is described, the description is exactly true, even to the situation of a tree, chair, bed, sofa, pisspot. The district is sometimes given wrongly; but it matters little whether Brompton be substituted for Hackney, or Camden Town for Walworth. Where however, owing to the incidents, it is needful, the places of amusement are given correctly. The Tower, and Argyle rooms, for example. All this is done to prevent giving pain to some, perhaps still living, for I have no malice to gratify.

I have mystified family affairs, but if I say I had ten cousins when I had but six, or that one aunt's house was in Surrey instead of Sent, or in Lancashire, it breaks the due and cannot matter to the reader. But my doings with man and woman are as true as gospel If I say that I saw, or did, that with a cousin, male or female, it was with a cousin and no mere acquaintance; if with a servant, it was with a servant; if with a casual acquaintance, it is equally true. Nor if I say I had that woman, and did this or that with her, or felt or did aught else with a man, be there a word of untruth, excepting as to the place at which the incidents occurred. But even those are mostly correctly given; this is intended to be a true history, and not a lie.

SECOND PREFACE

Some years have passed away since I penned the foregoing, and it is not printed. I have since gone through abnormal phases of amatory life, have done and seen things, had tastes and letches which years ago I thought were the dreams of erotic mad-men; these are all described, the manuscript has grown into unmanageable bulk; shall it, can it, be printed? What will be said or thought of me, what became of the manuscript if found when I am dead? Better to destroy the whole, it has fulfilled its purpose in amusing me, now let it go to the flames!

I have read my manuscript through; what reminiscences I had actually forgotten some of the early ones; how true the detail strikes me as I read of my early experiences; had it not been written then it never could have been written now; has anybody but myself faithfully made such a record? It would be a sin to burn all this, whatever society may say, it is but a narrative of human life, perhaps the every day life of thousands, if the confession could be had.

What strikes me as curious in reading it is the monotony of the course I have pursued towards women who were not of the gay class; it has been as similar and repetitive as fucking itself; do all men act so, does every man kiss, coax, hint smuttily, then talk bawdily, snatch a feel, smell his fingers, assault, and win, exactly as I have done? Is every woman offended, say 'no,' then 'oh!' blush, be angry, refuse, close her thighs, after a struggle open them, and yield to her lust as mine have done? A conclave of whares telling the truth, and of Romish Priests, could alone settle the point. Have all men had the strange letches which late in life have enraptured me, though in early days the idea of them revolted me? I can never know this; my experience, if printed, may enable others to compare as I cannot.

Shall it be burnt or printed? How many years have passed in this indecision? Why fear? It is for others good and not my own if preserved.

Volume 1

Chapter I

Earliest recollections • An erotic nursemaid • Ladies abed • My cock • A frisky governess • Cousin Fred • Thoughts on pudenda • A female pedlar • Baudy pictures • A naked baby

My earliest recollections of things sexual are of what I think must have occurred some time between my age of five and eight years. I tell of them just as I recollect them, without attempt to fill in what seems probable.

She was I suppose my nursemaid. I recollect that she sometimes held my little prick when I piddled, was it needful to do so? I don't know. She attempted to pull my prepuce back, when, and how often, I know not. But I am clear about seeing the prick tip show, of feeling pain, of yelling out, of her soothing me, and of this occurring more than once. She comes to my memory as a shortish, fattish, young female, and that she often felt my prick.

One day, it must have been late in the afternoon for the sun was low but shining-how strange I should recollect that so clearly - but I have always recollected sunshine, - I had been walking out with her, toys had been bought me, we were both carrying them, she stopped and talked to some men, one caught hold of her and kissed her, I felt frightened, it was near a coach stand, for hackney coaches were there, cabs were not then known, she put what toys she had on to my hands and went into a house with a man. What house? I don't know. Probably a public-house, for there was one not far from a coach stand, and not far from our house. She came out and we went home.

Then I was in our house in a carpeted room with her; it could not have been the nursery I know, sitting on the floor with my toys; so was she; as played with me and the toys, we rolled over each other on the floor in fun, I have a recollection of having done that with others, and of my father and mother being in that room at times with me playing. She kissed, me, got out my cock, and played with it, took one of my hands and put it underneath her clothes. It felt rough there, that's all, she moved my little hand violently there, then she felt my cock and again hurt me, I recollect seeing the red tip appear as she pulled down the prepuce, and my crying out, and her quieting me. Then of her being on her back, of my striding across or between her legs, and her heaving me up and down, and my riding cockhorse and that it was not the first time I had done so; then I fell flat on her, she heaved me up and down and squeezed me till I cried. I scrambled off of her, and in doing so my hand, or foot, went through a drum I had been drumming on, at which I cried.

As I sat crying on the floor beside her, I recollect her naked legs,

and one of her hands shaking violently beneath her petticoats, and of my having some vague notion that the woman was ill; I felt timid. All was for a moment quiet, her hand ceased, still she lay on her back, and I saw her thighs, then turning round she drew me to her, kissed me and tranquillised me. As she turned round I saw one side of her backside, I leant over it and laid my face on it crying about my broken drum, the evening sunbeams made it all bright, it had at some time been raining, I recollect.

I expect I must have seen her cunt, as I sat beside her naked thigh. Looking towards her and crying about my broken drum, and when I saw her hand moving no doubt she was frigging. Yet I have not the slightest recollection of her cunt, nor of anything more than I have told. But of having seen her naked thighs I am certain, I seem often to have seen them, but cannot feel certain of that.

The oddest thing is that whilst I early recollected more or less clearly what took place two or three years, later on, and ever afterwards, on sexual matters, and what I said, heard, and did, nearly consecutively, this, my first recollection of cock and cunt, escaped my memory for full twenty years.

Then one day, talking with the husband of one of my cousins, about infantine incidents, he told me some thing which had occurred to him in his childhood; and suddenly, almost as quickly as a magic lantern throws a picture on to a wall, this which had occurred to me came into my mind. I have since thought over it a hundred times, but cannot recollect one circumstance relating to the adventure more than I have told.

My mother had been giving advice to my cousin about nursemaids. They were not to be trusted. “When Walter was a little fellow, she had dismissed a filthy creature, whom she had detected in abominable practices with one of her children*; what they were my mother never disclosed. She hated indelicacies of any sort, and usually cut short allusion to them by saying, it is not a subject to talk about, lets talk of some thing else: My cousin told her husband, and when we were together he told me, and his own experiences, and then all the circumstances, came into my mind, just as I have told here.

I could not, as the reader will hear, thoroughly uncover my prick tip without pain till I was sixteen years old, nor well then when quite stiff unless it went up a cunt. My nursemaid I expect thought this curious, and tried to remedy the error in my make, and hurt me. My mother, by her extremely delicate feeling, shut herself off from much knowledge of the world, which was the reason why she had such implicit belief in my virtue, until I had seen twenty-two years, and kept, or nearly so, a French harlot. I imagine I must have slept with this nursemaid, and certainly I did with some female, in a room called

the Chinese room, on account of the color of the wall papers. I recollect a female being there in bed with me, that I awoke one morning feeling very hot and stifled, and that my head was against flesh; that flesh was all about me, my mouth and nose being embedded in hair, or some thing scrubby, which had a hot peculiar odour. I have a recollection of a pair of hands suddenly clutching and dragging me up on to the pillow, and of daylight then. I have no recollection of a word being uttered. This incident I could not long have forgotten, having told my cousin heard of it before my father did. He used to say it was the governess.

I suppose I must have slipped down in my sleep, till my head laid against her belly and cunt: Some years afterwards, when I got the smell of another woman's cunt on my fingers, it at once reminded me of the smell I had under my nose in the bed; and I knew at a flash that I had smelt cunt before and recollected where, but no more.

How long after I have no idea, but it seems like two or three years, there was a dance in our house, several relations were to stop the night with us, the house was full, there was bustle, the shifting of beds, the governess going into a servant's room to sleep, and so on. Some female cousins were amongst those stopping with us; going into the drawing-room suddenly, I heard my mother saying to one of my aunts, “Walter is after all but a child, and it's only for one night.' 'Hush-hush,' both said as they saw me, then my mother sent me out of the room, wondering why they were talking about me, and feeling curious and annoyed at being sent away.

I had been in the habit then of sleeping in a room either with another bed in it or close to a room leading out of it, with another bed, I cannot recollect which; I used to call out to whoever might have been there when I was in bed: for being timid, the door was kept open for me. It could not have been a man who slept there, for the men-servants slept on the ground floor, I have seen their beds there. The night I speak of, my bed was taken out, and put into the Chinese-paper room, one of the maids who helped to move it sat on the pot and piddled; I heard the rattle, and as far as I can recollect it was the first time I noticed anything of the sort, tho I recollect well seeing women putting on their stockings and feeling the thigh of one of them just above her knee. I was kneeling on the floor at the time and had a trumpet, which she took angrily out of my hand soon afterwards, because I made a noise.

I recollect the dance, that I danced with a tall lady, that my mother, contrary to custom as it seems to me, put me to bed herself, and that it was before the dance was over, for I felt angry and tearful at being put to bed so early. My mother closed the curtains quite tightly all round a small four post bed, and told me I was to lie quietly

and not get up till she came to me in the morning; not to speak, nor undo my curtains, nor to get out of bed, or I should disturb Mr. and Mrs. *** who were to sleep in the big bed; that it would make them angry if I did. I am almost certain she named a lady and her husband who were going to stay with us; but can't be sure. A man then frightened me more than a woman, my mother I dare say knew that.

I dare say, for it was the same the greater part of my early life that I went to sleep directly I laid down, usually never awaking till the morning. Certainly I must have gone fast asleep that night; Perhaps I had had a little wine given me who knows, I have a sudden consciousness of a light, and hear someone say, “He is fast asleep, don't make a noise”; it seemed like my mother's voice. I rouse myself and listen, the circumstances are strange, the room strange, it excites me, and I rise on my knees, I don't know whether naturally, or cautiously, or how; perhaps cautiously, because I fear angering my mother, and the gentleman; perhaps a sexual instinct makes me curious, though that is not probable. I have not in fact the slightest conception of the actuating motive, but I sat up and listened. There were two females talking, laughing quietly and moving about, I heard a rattling in the pot, then a rest, then again a rattle and knew the sound of piddling. How long I listened I don't know, I might have dozed and awakened again, I saw lights moved about; then I crawled on my knees, with fear that I was doing wrong, and pushed a little aside the curtains where they met at the bottom of the bed. I recollect them being quite tight by the tucking in, and that I could not easily make an opening to peep through. There was a girl, or young woman, with her back to me, brushing her hair, another was standing by her, one took a night gown off the chair, shook it out, and dropped it over her head, after drawing off her chemise. As this was done I saw some black at the bottom of her belly, a fear came over me that I was doing wrong and should be punished if found looking, and I laid down wondering at it all; I fancy I again slept.

Then there was a shuffling about, and again it seems as if I heard a noise like piddling, the light was put out, I felt agitated, I heard the women kiss, one say “Hish! you will wake that brat,” then one said, “Listen” then I heard kisses and breathing like some one sighing, I thought some one must be ill and felt alarmed and must then have fallen asleep. I do not know who the women were, they must have been my cousins, or young ladies who had come to the dance. That was the first time I recollect seeing the hair of a cunt, though I must have seen it before, for I recollect at times a female (most likely a nursemaid) stand naked, but don't recollect noticing anything black between her thighs, nor did I think about it at an afterwards.

In the morning my mother came and took me up to her room,

where she dressed me; as she left the room, she said to the females in bed they were not to hurry up, she had only fetched Walter.

But all this only came vividly to my mind when, a few years after, I began to talk about women with my cousin, and we told each other all we had seen, and heard, about females.

Until I was about twelve years old I never went to school, these was a governess in the house who instructed me and the other children, my father was nearly always at home. I was carefully kept from the grooms and other men servants; once I recollect getting to the stable yard and seeing a stallion mount a mare, his prick go right out of sight in what appeared to me to be the mare's bottom of father appearing and calling out, “What does that boy do there?” and my being hustled away. I had scarcely a boy acquaintance, excepting among my cousins, and therefore did not learn as much about sexual matters as boys early do at schools. I did not know what the stallion was doing, I could have had no notion of it then, nor did I think about it.

The next thing I clearly recollect, was one of my male cousins stopping with us, we walked out, and when piddling together against a hedge, his saying, “Shew me your cock, Walter, and I will chew you mine.” We stood and examined each other's cocks, and for the first time I became conscious that I could not get my foreskin easily back like other boys. I pulled his backwards and forwards. He hurt me, laughed and sneered at me, another boy came and I think another, we all compared cocks, and mine was the only one which would not unskin, they jeered me, I burst into tears, and went away thanking there was some thing wrong with me, and was ashamed to shew my cock again, tho I set to work earnestly to try to pull the foreskin back, but always desisted, fearing the pain, for I was very sensitive.

My cousin then told me that girls had no cock, but only a hole they piddled out of, we were always talking about them, but I don't recollect the word cunt, nor that I attached any lewed idea to a girl's pidding hole, or to their cocks being flat, an expression heard I think at the same period. It remained only in my mind that my cock and the girls hole were to piddle out of, and nothing more I cannot be certain about my age at this time.

Afterwards I went to that uncle's house often, my cousin Fred was to be put to school, and we talked a great deal more about girls' cocks, which began to interest me much. He had never seen one, he said, but he knew that they had two holes, one four bogging and the other to piddle from. They sit down to piddle said he, they don't piddle against a wall as we do, but that I must have known already, afterwards I felt very curious about the matter. One day, one of his sisters left the room where we were sitting. “She is going to piddle,” he said to me. We

sneaked into a bedroom of one of them one day and gravely looked into the pot to see what piddle was in it. Whether we expected to find any thing different from what there was in our own chamber pot I do not know. When talking about these things my cousin would twiddle his cock. We wondered how the piddle came out, if they wetted their legs and if the hole was near the bum hole, or where; one day Fred and I pissed against each other's cocks, and thought it excellent fun.

I recollect being very curious indeed about the way girls piddled after this, and seeing them piddle became a taste I have kept all my life. I would listen at the bed room doors, if I could get near them unobserved, when my mother, sister, the governess, or a servant went in, hoping to hear the rattle and often succeeded. It was accompanied by no sexual desire or idea, as far as I can recollect; I had no cock-stand, and am sure that I then did not know that the woman had a hole called a cunt and used it for fucking. I can recall no idea of the sort, it was simple curiosity to know something about those whom I instinctively felt were made different from myself. What sort of a hole could it be, I wondered? Was it large? Was it sound? Why did they squat instead of stand up like men? My curiosity became intense. How long after this the following took place I can't say, but my cock was bigger. I have that impression very distinctly.

One day, there were people in one of the sitting rooms; where my mother and father were I don't know; they were not in the room, and were most likely out. There were one or two of my cousins, some youths, my big sister and one brother, besides others, our governess, and her sister, who was stopping with us, and sleeping in the same room with her. I recollect both going into the bedroom together, it was next to mine. It was evening, we had sweet wine, cake, and snap-dragon, and played at something at which all sat in a circle on the floor. I was very ticklish, it nearly sent me into fits, we tickled each other on the floor. There was much fun, and noise, the governess tickled me, and I tickled her. She said as I was taken to bed, or rather went, as I then did by myself, “I'll go and tickle you.' Now at that time, when I was in bed, a servant, or my mother, or the governess took away the light and closed the door; for I was still frightened to get into bed in the dark, and used to call out, “Mamma. I'm going to get into bed.” Then they fetched the light, they wished to stop this timidity, often scolded me about it, and made me undress myself, by myself, to cure me of it.

I expect the other children had been put to bed. My mother keeping all the younger ones in the room near her. The nursery was also upstairs; my room, as said, was next to the governess.

When in bed, I called out for some one to put out the light, up came the governess and her sister. She began to tickle me, so did her

sister, I laughed, screeched, and tried to tickle them. One of them closed the door and then came back to tickle me. I kicked all the clothes off and was nearly naked, I begged them to desist, felt their hands on my naked flesh, and, am quite sure that one of them touched my prick more than once, though it might have been done accidentally. At last I wriggled off bed, my night-gown up to my armpits, and dropped with my naked bum on to the floor, whilst they tickled me still, and laughed at my wriggling about and yelling.

Then what induced me heaven alone knows; it may have been what I had heard about the piddling-hole of a woman, or curiosity, or instinct, I don't know; but I caught hold of the governess' leg as she was trying to get me up on to the bed again, saying, “That will do, my dear boy, get into bed, and let me take away the light.' I would not, the other lady helped to lift me, I pushed my hands up the petticoats of the governess, felt the hair of her cunt, and that there was something warm, and moist, between her thighs. She let me drop on to the floor, and jumped away from me. I must have been clinging to her thigh, with both hands up her petticoats, and one between her thighs, she cried out loudly — “Oh!” Then slap-slap-lap, in quick succession, came her hand against my head. “You ... rude ... bad ... boy,” said she, slapping me at each word “I've a good mind to tell your mamma, get into bed this instant, and into bed I got without a word. She blew out the light and left the rooms with her sister, leaving me in a dreadful funk. I scarcely knew that I had dome wrong, yet lead some vague notion that feeling about her thighs was punishable. The soft hairy place my hand had touched, impressed me with wonder, I kept thinking there was no cock there, and felt a sort of delight at what I had done.

I heard them then talking and laughing loudly thro the partition. “They are talking about me; oh, if they tell mamma, Oh! what did I do it for?” Trembling with fear, I jumped out of bed, opened my door, and went to theirs, listening; theirs was ajar; I heard: “Right up between my thighs. I felt itl He must have felt it; ah! ah! ha! would you ever have thought the little beast would have done such a thing!” They both laughed heartily. “Did you see his little thing?” said one. “Shut the door, it's not shut”; breathless I got back to my room and into bed, and laying there heard them through the partition roaring with laughter again.

That is the first time in my life I recollect passing an all but sleepless night. The dread of being told about, and dread at what I had done, kept me awake. I heard the two women talking for a long time. Mixed with my dread was a wonder at the hair, and the soft, moist feel I had had for an instant on some part of my hand. I knew I had felt the hidden part of a female, where the piddle came from, and that

is all I did think about it, that I know of, I have no recollection of a lewd sensation, but of a curious sort of delight only.

It must have been from this time, that my curiosity about the female form strengthened, but there was nothing sensual in it. I was fond of kissing, for my mother remarked it; when a female cousin, or any female, kissed me, I would throw my arms round her and keep on kissing. My aunts used to laugh, my mother corrected me and told me it was rude. I used to say to the servants, “Kiss me.” One day I heard my godfather say: “Walter knows a pretty girl from an ugly one doesn't he!

I had a dread of meeting the governess at breakfast, watched her and saw her laugh at her sister, I watched my mother for some days after, and at length said to the governess, who had punished me for something, “Don't tell mamma.” “I have nothing to tell about, Walter,” she replied, “and don't know what you mean.” I began to tell her what was on my mind. “What's the child talking about? You are dreaming, some stupid boy has been putting things into your head, your papa will thrash you, if you talk like that – “Why, you came and tickled me,” said I. “I tickled you a little when I put your light out,” said she, “be quiet.” I felt stupefied, and suppose the affair must have passed away from my mind for a time, but I told my cousin Fred about it afterwards. He thought I must have been dreaming, and I began to wonder if it really had occurred; I never thought much about it until I began to recall my childhood for this history.

I must have been twelve years old when I went to an uncle's in Surrey and became a close friend of my cousin Fred, a very devil from his cradle, and of whom much more will he told: before then I had only seen him at intervals. We were then allowed, and it seems to me not before that time, to go out by ourselves. We talked boyish baudiness. 'Ain't you green,” said he, “a girl's hole isn't called a cock, it's a cunt, they fuck with it,” and then he told me all he knew. I dolt think I had heard that before, but can't be sure. From that time a new train of ideas came into my head. I had a vague idea, though not a belief, that a cock and cunt were not made for pissing only. Fred treated me as a simpleton in these matters and was always calling me an ass; I have quite a painful recollection of my inferiority to him in such things, and of begging him to instruct me.

“They make children that way,” said Fred. “You come up and we will ask the old nurse where children come from, and shell say 'out of the parsley-bed,' but it's all a lie.” We went and asked her in a casual sort of way. She replied, 'The parsley-bed,” and laughed. The nurse at my house told me the same when I asked her afterwards about my mother's last baby. “Ain't they liars?” Fred remarked to me. 'It comes out of their cunts, and it's made by fucking.'

We both desired to see women piddling, though both must have before seen them at it often enough. Walking near the market-town with him, just at the outskirts, and looking up a side-road, we saw a pedlar woman squat down and piss. We stopped short and looked at her: she was a short-petticoated, thick-legged, middle-aged woman; the piss ran off in a copious stream, and there we stood, grinning. “Be off, be off, what are you standing grinning at, yer damned young fools,” cried the woman. 'Be off, or Ill heave a stone at yer,' and she pissed on. We moved a few steps back, but, keeping our faces toward her, Fred stooped and put his head down. 'I can see it coming,' said he jeeringly. He was rude from his infancy, hold in handiness to the utmost, had the impudence of the Devil. The stream ceased, the woman rose up swearing, took up a big flint and threw it at us. “I'll tell on yer,” she cried. “I knows yer, wait till I see yer again.” She had a large basket of crockery for sale, it was put down in the main-road at the angle; she had just turned round into the side Lane to piss. We ran off, and, when well away, turned round and shouted at her. “I saw your cunt,” Fred bawled out; she flung another stone. Fred took up one, threw it, and it crashed into the crockery, the woman began to chase us, off we bolted across the fields home. She could not follow us that way; it was an eventful day for us. I recollect feeling full of envy at Fred's having seen her cunt.

Though writing now, and having in my mind's eye exactly how the woman squatted, and the way her petticoats hung, I am sure he never did see it; it was brag when he said he had, but we were always talking about girls' cunts, the desire-to see one was great, and I then believed that he had seen the pedlar woman's.

Then one of Fred's companions chewed us a baudy picture, it was coloured. I wondered at the cunt being a long sort of gash. I had an idea that it was round, like an arse-hole. Fred told his friend I was , an ass, but I could not get the idea of a cunt not being a round hole quite out of my head, until I had fucked a woman. We were all anxious to get the picture, and tossed up for it, but neither I nor Fred got it, some other boy did.

Soon after that, Fred came to stop with us and our talk was always about women's privates, our curiosity became intense. I had a little sister about nine months old, who was in the nursery. Fred incited me to look at her cunt, if I could manage it The two nurses came down in turns, to the servants' dinner, I was often in the nursery, and, soon after Fred's suggestion, was there one day when the oldest nurse said: “Stop here, master Walter, while I go downstairs for a couple of minutes. Mary (the other nurse) will be up directly, and don't make a noise. My little sister was lying on the bed asleep. “Yes, Ill wait” Down, went nurse, leaving the door open; quick as lightning,

I threw up the infant's clothes, saw her little slit, and put my finger quite gently on it, she was laying on her back most conveniently. I pulled one leg away to see better, the child awakened and began crying, I heard footsteps and had barely time to pull down her clothes, when the under nursemaid came in, I only had had a momentary glimpse of the outside of the little cunt, for I was not a minute in the room with the child by myself altogether and was fearful of being caught all the time I was looking.

'There must have been something in my face, for the nursemaid said, What is the matter, what have you been doing to the baby? 'Nothing." "Yes, you are colouring up, now tell me." "Nothing, I have done nothing." "You wakened your sister." "No, I have not. The girl laid hold of me and gave me a little shake, "I'll tell your mamma if you don't tell me, what is it now?" "No, I have done nothing, I was looking out of the window when she began to cry. You're "telling a story, I see you are," said the nursemaid; and off I went, after being impudent to her.

I told Fred, and he tried the same dodge, but don't recollect whether he succeeded or not. His sisters were some of them older, and we began to scheme how to see their cunts, when I was on a visit to-his mother's. (my aunt), which was to come off in the holidays. The look of the little child's cunt, as I described it, convinced him that the picture was correct, and that a cunt was a long slit and not a round hole. That cast doubt on males putting their pricks into them, and we clung somehow to the idea of the round hole, and we quarrelled about it.

It must have been about this time that I was walking with my father, and read something that was written in chalk on the walls. I asked him what it meant. He said he did not know, that none but low people, and blackguards wrote on walls; and it was not worthwhile noticing such things. I was conscious that I had done wrong somehow, but did not know exactly what. When I went out, which I was now allowed to do for short distances by myself, I copied what was on the walls, to tell Fred, it was foul, baudy language of some sort, but the only thing we understood at all, was the word cunt.

Just then being out with some boys, we saw two dogs fucking. I have no recollection of seeing dogs doing that before, We closed round them, yelling with delight as they stuck rump to rump, then one boy said that was what men and women did, and I asked, did they stick together so, a boy replied that they did; others did it, and, all the remainder of the day, some of us discussed this; the impression left on my mind is that it appeared to me very nasty; but it seemed at the same time to confirm me in the belief that men put their pricks up into women's holes, about which I seem at that time to have had grave

doubts.

After this time my recollection of events is clearer, and I can tell not only what took place, but better what I heard, said, and thought.

Chapter II

My godfather • At Hampton-Court • My aunt's backside • Public baths • My cousins cunts • Haymaking frolics • Family difficulties • School amusements • A masturbating relative • Romance and sentiment.

My godfather (whose fortune I afterwards inherited) was very fond of me; somewhere about this time he used perpetually to be saying, 'When you get to school, don't you follow any of the tricks yourself that other boys do, or you will the in a mad-house; lots of boys do." And he told me some horrible tales; it was done in a mysterious way. I felt there was a hidden meaning and, not having knowledge of what it was, asked him. I should know fast enough, said he, but mark his words. He repeated this so often that it sunk deeply into my mind, and made me uneasy, something was to happen to me, if I did something -I did not know what-it was intended as a caution against frigging; and it bad good effect on me I am sure in various ways in the after time.

One day talking with Fred, I recollected what I had done to the governess. I had kept it to myself all along for fear. 'What a lie," said he. "I did really." 'Oh! ain't you a liar,' he reiterated, I'll ask Miss Granger." The same governess was with us then. At this remark of his, an absolute terror came over me, the dread was something so terrible that the recollection of it is now 'Oh don't, Pray, don't, Fred,' I said, 'oh, if Papa should hear! He kept on saying he would I was too young to see the improbability of his doing anything of the sort. 'If you do, I'll tell him what we did when the pedlar woman piddled.' He did not care. 'Now, it's a lie, isn't it, you did not feel her cunt?' In fear, I confessed it was a lie. 'I knew it was; said Fred. He had kept me in a state of terror about the affair for days, till I told a lie to get quit of the subject.

I was evidently always secret, even then, about anything amorous, excepting with Fred (as will be seen), and have continued so all my life. I rarely bagged or told anyone of my doings; perhaps this little affair with the governess was a lesson to me, and confirmed me in a habit natural to me from my infancy. I have kept to myself everything did with the opposite sex.

We now frequently examined our pricks, and Fred jeered me so about my prepuce being tight that I resolved no other boy should see it; and though I did not keep strictly to that intention, it left a deep-seated mortification on me. I used to look at my prick with a sense of shame and pull the prepuce up and down, as far as I could, constantly, to loosen it, and would treat other boys' cocks in the same way, if they

would let me, without expecting me to make a return; but the time was approaching when. I was to learn much more.

One of my uncles, who lived in London, took a house in tide country for the summer near Hampton Court Palace. Fred and I went to stay there with him. There were several daughters and sons, the sons quite young. People then came down from London in vans, carts, and carriages of all sorts, to see the Palace and grounds (there was no railway), they were principally of the small middle classes, and used to picnic, or else dine, at the taverns when they arrived; then full, and frisky, after their early- meal, go into the parks and gardens. They do so still, but times were different then, so few people went there comparatively, fewer park-keepers to look after them, and less of what is called delicacy amongst visitors of the class named.

Our family party used to go into the grounds daily, and all day long nearly, if we were not on the river banks. Fred winked at me one day, “Let's lose Bob,” said he, and we'll have such a lark.” Bob was one of our little cousins, generally given into our charge. We lost Bob purposely. Said Fred, “If you dodge the gardeners, creep up there, and lay on your belly quietly, some girls will be sure to come and piss, you'll see them pull their clothes up as they turn round, I saw some before you came to stay with us.” So we went, pushing our way among shrubs and evergreens, till a gardener, who had seen us, called out, “You there, come back, if I catch you going off the walks, you'll be put outside.” We were in such a funk, Fred cut off one way, I another, but it only stopped us for that day. Fred so excited me about the girls' arses, as he called them, that we never lost an opportunity of trying for a sight, but were generally baulked. Once or twice only we saw a female squat down, but nothing more, till my mother and Fred's came to stop with us.

Fred's mother, mine, the girls, Fred and I went into the park gardens, one day after luncheon. A very hot day, for we kept on the shady walks, one of which led to the place where women hid themselves to piss. My aunt said, “Why don't you boys go and play, you don't mind the sun,” so off we went, but when about to leave the walk, turned round and saw the women had turned back. Said Fred; “I'm sure they are going to piss, that's why they want to get rid of us.” We evaded the gardeners, scrambled through shrubs, on our knees, and at last on our bellies, up a little bank, on the other side of which was the vacant place on which' dead leaves and sweepings were shot down. As we got there, pushing aside the leaves, we saw the big backside of a woman, who was half standing, half squatting, a stream of piss falling in front of her, and a big hairy gash, as it seemed, under her arse; but only for a second, she had just finished as we got the peep, let her clothes fall, tucked them between her legs, and half

turning round. We saw it was Fred's mother, my aunt. Off aunt went. “Isn't it a wopper,” said Fred, “lay still, more of them will come.”

Two or three did; one said, “You watch if anyone is coming,” squatted and piddled, we could not see her cunt, but only part of her legs, and the piddle splashing in front of her. Then came the second, she had her arse towards us, sat so low that we could not even see the tips of her buttocks. Fred thought it a pity they did not stand half up like his mother. On other occasions, we went to the same place, but though I recollect seeing some females legs, don't recollect seeing any more. Nevertheless the sights were very delightful to us, and, we used to discuss his mothers “wopper” and the hair, and the look of the gash, but I thought there must be some mistake, for it was not the idea I had formed of a cunt.

Fred soon after stopped with us in town, we had been forbidden to go out together without permission, but we did, and met a boy bigger than either of us, who was going to bathe. “Come and see them bathing,” he said. My father had refused to take me to the public baths. Disregarding this, Fred and I paid our six pence each add in we went with our friend; we did not bathe, but amused ourselves with seeing others, and the pricks of the men. None, as far as I can recollect, wore drawers in those days, they used to walk about hiding their pricks generally with their hands, but not always. I was astonished at the size of some of them, and at the dark hair about them and on other parts of their bodies. I wondered also at seeing one or two, with the red tip shewing fully, so different from mine. All this was much talked over by us afterwards, it was to me an insight into the male make and form, Fred told me he had often seen men's pricks in their fields, and in those days, living in the country as he did, I dare say it was true, but I don't recollect ever having seen the pricks of full grown men, or a naked man, before in my life.

It must have been in the summer of that same year that I went after this to spend some days at my aunt's at H-*-dfs*-**, Fred's mother. We slept in the same room and sometimes got up quite at daybreak to go fishing. One morning Fred had left something in one of his sisters rooms, and went to fetch it, though forbidden to go into the girls' bedrooms. The room in question was opposite to ours. He was only partly dressed, and came back in a second, his face grinning. “Oh! come Wat, come softly, Lucy and Mary are quite naked, you can see their cunts, Lucy has some black hair on hers.' I was only half dressed, and much excited by the idea of seeing my cousins' nudity. We both took off our slippers and crept along through the door half open, then went on our kneed but why we did so, to this day I don't understand, and so crept to the foot of the bed, then raising ourselves, we both looked over the footboard. Lucy, fifteen years old, was laying

half on her side, naked from her knees to her waist, the bed-clothes kicked off (I suppose through heat), were dragging across her feet and partly laying on the floor; we saw her split, till lost in the closed thighs, she had a little dark short hair over the top of her cunt, and that is all I can recollect about it.

Mary-Ann by the side of her, a year younger only, laid on her back, naked up to her navel, just above which was her night-gown in a heap and ruck; she had scarcely a sign of hair on her cunt, but a vermillion lay right through her crack. Projecting more towards the top, where her cunt began, she had what, I now know was a strongly developed clitoris; she was a lovely girl and had long chestnut hair. Whilst we looked she moved one leg up in a restless manner, and we bobbed down, thinking she was awaking; when we looked again, her limbs were more open, and we saw the cunt till it was pinched up, by the closing of her buttocks. In fear of being caught, we soon crept out, closed the door ajar, and regained our bedroom, so delighted that we danced with joy as we talked about the look of the two cunts; of which after all we had only had a most partial; rapid glimpse.

Lucy was a very plain girl, and was so as a woman. She had, I recollect, a very red bloated looking face as she lay (it was so hot); she it was, who in after-life my mother cautioned about leaving her infant son to a nursemaid Mary-Ann was lovely. I used afterwards to look and talk with her, “thinking to myself: “Ah! you have but little idea, that I have seen your cunt.” She was unfortunate; married a cavalry officer, went to India with him, was left at a station unavoidably by her husband, who was sent on a campaign, for a whole year; could not bear being deprived of cock, and was caught in the act of fucking with a drummer boy, a mere lad. She was separated from him, came back to England, and drank herself to death. She was a salacious young woman, I think, from what I recollect of her, and am told was afterwards fucked by a lot of men; but it was a sore point with the family, and all about her was kept quiet.

One of Lucy's sons, in after years, I saw fucking a maid in a summer-house: both standing up against a big table; I was on the roof. Many years before that I fucked a nursemaid, she laying on that table in the very same summer-house, as I shall presently tell. Fred and I used to discuss the look of his sisters' and mother's cunts, as if they had belonged to strangers. The redness of the line in Mary-Ann's quiet astonished us. I do not recollect having even then formed any definite notion of what a girl's cunt was, though we had seen the splits, but had still, and till much further on, the notion that the hole was round, and close to where the clitoris is, having no idea then of what a clitoris was, though we had got an Aristotle and used to read it greedily; the glimpses of the two cunts were but momentary, and our

excitement roused our recollections.

Fred and I then formed a plot to look at another girl's cunt; who the girl was I don't know, it may have been another of Fred's sisters, or a cousin by another of my aunts, but I think not; at all events, she was stopping in aunt's house, and from her height, which was less than that of Fred and myself, I should think a girl of about eleven or twelve years of age. I scrupulously avoid stating anything positively unless quite certain. Some years afterwards when we were very young men, we did the same thing with a female cousin (but not his sister), as I shall tell.

There was haymaking. We romped with the girl, buried each other in hay, pulled each other out, and so on. I was buried in the hay and dragged out by my legs by Fred and the girl. Then Fred was; then we buried the girl, and as Fred pulled her out he threw up her clothes, I lay over her head, which was covered with hay. Fred saw, winked, and nodded. It came to my turn again to be buried, and then hers; I laid hold of her legs and pulling them from under the hay, saw her thighs, I pushed her knees up, and had a glimpse of the slit, which was quite hairless. My aunt and others were in the very field, but had no idea of the game we were playing, the girl romping with us had no idea that we were looking at her cunt, and an instantaneous peep only it was.

What effect sensuously these glimpses of cunt had on me, I don't know; but have no recollection of sexual desire, nor of mine nor Fred's cock being stiff. I expect that what with games and our studies, that, after all, the time we devoted to thinking about women was not long, and curiosity our sole motive in doing what we did. I clearly recollect our talking at that time about fucking, and wondering if it were true or a lie. We could repeat what we had read and heard, but it still seemed improbable to me that a cock should go up a cunt, and the result be a child.

Then a passionate liking for females came over me; I fell in a sort of love with a lady who must have been forty, and had a sad feeling about her, that is all I recollect. Then I began to follow servants about, in the hope of seeing their legs or seeing them piddle, or for some undefined object; but that I was always looking after them I know very well.

Then (I know now) my father got into difficulties, we moved Into a smaller house, the governess went away, I was sent to another school, one of my brothers and sisters died; my father went abroad to look after some plantations, and after a year's absence came back and died, leaving my mother in what, compared with our former condition, were poor circumstances, but this in due course will be more fully told. I think I went to school, though not long before what I

am going to tell of happened, but am not certain; if so, I must have seen boys frigging, yet as far as I can arrange in my mind the order of events, I first saw a boy doing that, in my own bedroom at home.

I was somewhere, I suppose, about thirteen years of age when a distant relative came from the country to stay with us, until he was put to some great school He was the son of a clergyman, and must have been fifteen, or perhaps sixteen, years old, and was strongly pitted with the small-pox. I had never seen him before and took a strong dislike to him; the family were poor, this boy was intended for a clergyman. I was excessively annoyed, that he was to sleep with me, but in our small house there was just then no other place for him.

How many nights he slept in my bed I don't recollect, it can have been but few. One evening in bed he felt my prick; repulsing him at first, I nevertheless afterwards felt his, and recollect our hands crossing each other and our thighs being close together. Awakening one morning, I felt his belly up against my rump, and his feeling or pushing his prick against my arse, putting my hand back, I pushed him away; then I found it pushing quickly backwards and forwards between my thighs, and his hand, passed over my hips, was grasping my cock. Turning round, I faced him; he asked me to turn round again, and said I might do it to him afterwards, but nothing more was done. An unpleasant feeling about sleeping with him is in my memory, but as said, I disliked him.

The next night, undressing, he showed me his prick stiff, as he sat naked on a chair; it was an exceedingly long but thin article; he told me about frigging, and said he would frig me, if I would frig him. He commenced moving his hand quickly up and down on his prick which got stiffer and stiffer, he jerked up one leg, then the other, shut his eyes, and altogether looked so strange that I thought be was going to have a fit, then out spurted little pasty lumps, whilst he snorted, as some people do in their sleep, and fell back in the chair with his eyes closed; then I saw stuff running thinner over his knuckles.

I was strangely fascinated as I looked at him, and at what was on the carpet, but half thought he was ill; he then told me it was great pleasure, and was eloquent about it. Even now, as it did then, the evening seemed to me a nasty, unpleasant one, yet I let him get hold of my prick and frig it, but had no sensation of pleasure, He said, “Your skin, won't come off, what a funny prick”; that annoyed me, and I would not let him do more, we talked till our candle burnt out; he stamped out the sperm on the carpet, saying the servants would think we had been spitting. Then we, got into bed.

Afterwards he frigged himself several times before me, and at his request I frigged him, wondering at the result, and amused, yet at the same time much disgusted. When frigging him one day, he said it was

lovely to do it in an arse-hole, that he and his brother took it in turns that way: it was lovely, heavenly! would I let him do it to me. In my innocence I told him it was impossible, and that I thought him a liar. He soon left us and went to college. I saw him once or twice after this, in later years, but at a very early age he drowned himself. I told my cousin Fred about this when I saw him; Fred believed in the frigging, but thought him a liar about the arse-hole business, just as I did. This was the first time I ever saw frigging and male semen, and it opened my eyes.

Though now at a public school, I was shy and reserved, but greedily listened to all the lewd talk, of which I did not believe a great deal. I became one of a group of boys of the same tastes as myself. One day some of them coaxed me into a privy, and there, in spite of me, pulled out my cock, threw me down, held me, and each one spat upon it, and that initiated me into their society. They had what they called cocks-all-round: anyone admitted to the set was entitled to feel the others' cocks. I felt theirs, but again, to my mortification, the tightness of my prepuce caused jeering at me; I was glad to hear that there was another boy at the school in the same predicament, though I never saw his. This confirmed me in avoiding my companions, when they were playing at cocks-all-round; being a day scholar only, I was not forced at all times into their intimacy, as I should have been had I been a boarder.

We had a very large playground; beyond it were fields, orchards, and walks of large extent reserved for the use of the two headmasters' families, many of whom were girls. On Saturday half holidays only, if the fruit was not ripe, we were allowed to range certain fields, and the long bough-covered paths which surrounded them. Two or three boys of my set told me mysteriously one afternoon that when the others had gone ahead we were to meet in the playground privy, in which were seats for three boys of a row, and I was to be initiated into a secret without my asking. I was surprised at what took place, there was usually an usher in the playground in play-hours, and if boys were too long at the privy, he went there, and made them come out. On the Saturdays, he went out with the boys into the fields: there was no door to the privy; I should add, it was a largish building.

One by one, from different directions, some dodging among trees which bordered one side of the playground, appeared boys. I think there were five or six together in the privy, then it was cocks all-round, and every boy frigged himself. I would not, at first. Why? I don't know. At length incited, I tried, my cock would not stand, and vexed and mortified, I withdrew, after swearing not to split on them, on pain of being kicked and cut. I don't think I was one of the party again, though I saw each of the same boys frig himself in the privy

when alone with me, at some time or another.

After this a boy asked me to come to a privy with him in school time, and be would show me how to do it. Only two boys were allowed to go to those closets at the same time, during school time. There were two wooden logs with keys hung up on the wall by string: A boy, if he wanted to ease himself, looked to see if a log and key was hanging up, and if there was, stood out in the centre of the room; by that the master understood what he wanted. If he nodded, the boy took the key and went to the bog-house (no water-closets then), and when he returned, he hung up the log in its place. Those privies were close together, and separate, there, were but two of them.

You wait till there are two logs hanging up, and directly I get one, you get up and come after me. Soon we were both in one privy together 'let's frig," said he; we were only allowed to be away five minutes. Out he pulled his prick, then out I pulled mine; he tried to pull my skin back and could only half do it, he frigged himself successfully, but I could not. He had a very small prick compared with mine. How I envied him the ease with which he covered and uncovered the red tip. I frigged that boy one day, but finding my cock was becoming a talk among our set, I shrunk from going to their frigging parties, which I have seen even take place in afield, boys sitting at the edge of a ditch whilst one stood up to watch if anyone approached. When they were frigging in the privy, a boy always stood in the open door on the watch, and his time for frigging came afterwards. With this set I began to look through the Bible and study all the carnal passages; no book ever gave us perhaps such prolonged, studious, baudy amusement; we could not understand much, but guessed a good deal.

Before I had seen anyone frig, I had been permitted to read novels, not a moment of my time when not at studies was I without one. My father used to select them for me at first, but soon left me to myself, and, now he was dead, I devoured what books I liked, hunting for the love passages, thinking of the beauty of the women, reading over and over again the description of their charms, and envying their lovers' meetings. I used to stop at print-shop windows and gaze with delight at the portraits of pretty women, and bought some at six pence each, and stuck them into a scrapbook. Although a big fellow for my age, I would sit on the lap of any woman who would let me, and kiss her. My mother in her innocence called me a great girl, but she nevertheless forbade it. I was passionately fond of dancing and annoyed when they indicated a girl of my own age, or younger, to dance with.

These feelings got intensified when I thought of my aunt's backside, and the cunts of my cousins, but when I thought of the

heroines, it seemed strange that such beautiful creatures should have any. The cunt which seemed to have affected my imagination was that of my aunt, which appeared more like a great parting, or division of her body, than a cunt as I then understood it; as if her buttock parting was continued round towards her belly, and as unlike the young cunts I had seen as possible. Those seemed to me but little indents. That the delicate ladies of the novels should have such divisions seemed curious, ugly, and unromantic. My sensuous temperament was developing, I saw females in all their poetry and beauty, but suppose that my physical forces had not kept pace with my brain, for I have no recollection of a cock-stand when thinking about ladies; and fucking never entered into my mind, either when I read novels or kissed women, though the pleasure I had when my lips met theirs, or touched their smooth, soft cheeks, was great. I recollect the delight it gave me perfectly. After having seen frigging, it set me reflecting, but it still seemed to me impossible, that delicate, handsome ladies, should allow pricks to be thrust up them, and nasty stuff ejected into them. I read Aristotle, tried to understand it, and thought I did, with the help of much talk with my schoolfellows; yet I only half believed it. Dogs fucking were pointed out to me; then croaks treading hens, and at last a fuller belief came.

I began then, I recollect, to think of their cunts when I kissed women, and then of my aunt's; I could not keep my eyes off of her, for thinking of her large backside and the gap between her thighs; it was the same with my cousins. Then I began to have cock-stands and suppose a pleasurable feeling about the machine, though I do not recollect that. I then found out that servants were fair game, and soon there was not one in the house whom I had not kissed. I had a soft voice and have heard an insinuating way, was timorous, feared repulse, and above all being found out; yet I succeeded. Some of the servants must have liked it, who called me a foolish boy at first; for they would stop with me on a landing, or in a room, when we were alone, and let me kiss them for a minute together. There was one, I recollect, who rubbed her lips into mine, till I felt them on my teeth, but of what she was like I have no recollection, and I did not like her doing that to me.

My curiosity became stronger, I got bolder, told servants I meant to see them wash themselves, and used to wait inside my bedroom till I heard one of them come up to dress. I knew the time each usually went to her bedroom for that purpose, the person most in my way was the nurse: she after a time left, and mother nursed her own children. “Let's see your neck; do, there is a dear,” I would say. “Nonsense, what next?” “Do, dear, there is no harm; I only want to see as much as ladies show at balls.' I wheedled one to stand at the door in her

petticoats and show her neck across the bedroom lobby. The stays were high and queerly made in those days, the chemises pulled over the top of them like flaps. One or two let me kiss their necks girl one day said to my entreaties, “Well, only for a minute”; and easing up one breast, she showed me the nipple, I threw my arms round her, buried my face in her neck and kissed it. “I like the smell of your breast and flesh,” said I. She was a biggish woman, and I dare say I smelt breasts and armpits together; but whatever the compound, it was delicious to me, it seemed to enervate me. The same woman, when I kissed her on the sly afterwards, let me put my nose down her neck to smell her. We were interrupted, “Here is some one coming,” said she, moving away.

“What makes ladies smell so nice?” said I to my mother one day. My mother put down her work and laughed to herself. “I don't know that they smell nice.” “Yes, they do, and particularly when they have low dresses on.” “Ladies,” said mother, “use patchouli and other perfumes.” I supposed so, but felt convinced from mother's manner that I had asked a question which embarrassed her.

I used to lean over the backs of the chairs of ladies, get my face as near to their necks as I could, quietly inhale their odours, and talk all the time. Not every woman smelt nice to me, and when they did, it was not patchouli, for I got patchouli, which I liked, and perfumed myself with it. This delicate sense of the smell of a woman I have had throughout life, it was ravishing to me afterwards when I embraced the flaked body of a fresh, healthy young woman.

From about this time of my life I recollect striking events much more clearly, yet the circumstances which led up to them or succeeded them I often cannot. One day Miss Granger. our former governess, came to see us. I kissed her. Mother said: “Wattie, you must not kiss ladies in that way, you are too big.” I sat Miss Granger on my lap in fun (my mother then in the room), and romped with her. Mother left us in the room and then, seating Miss Granger on my lap again, I pulled her closely to me. “Kiss me, she's gone,” I said. “Oh! what a boy,” and she kissed me, saying, “Let me - go - now - your mamma is coming.” It came into my mind that I had had my hand up her clothes, and had felt hair between her legs. My prick stiffened; it is the first distinct recollection of its stiffening in thinking of a woman. I clutched her hard, put one hand on to her and did something, I know not what. She said: “You are rude, Wattie.' Then I pinched her and said: “Oh! what a big bosom you have.” “Hish! Hish!” said she. She was a tallish woman with brown hair; I have heard my mother say she was about thirty years of age.

A memorable episode then occurred. There were two sisters, with other female servants, in our house. My father was abroad at that

time; I was growing so rapidly that every month they could see a difference in my height, but was very weak. My godfather used to look at me and severely ask if I was up to tricks with the boys. I guessed then what he meant, but always said I did not know what he meant. “Yes, you do; yes, you do,” he would say, staring hard at me, “you take care, or you'll die in a mad-house, if you do, and I shall know by your face, not a farthing more will I give you.” He had been a surgeon-major in the Army, and gave me much pocket-money. I could not bear his looking at me so; he would ask me why I turned down my eyes.

About this time, I had had a fever, had not been to school for a long time, and used to lie on the sofa reading novels all day. Miss Granger had come to stop with my mother. One day I put my hand up her clothes, nearly to her knees; that offended her, and she left off kissing me. One of my little sisters slept with her, in a room adjoining my mother's room; I slept now on the servants' floor, at the top of the house. Again I recollect my cock standing when near “Miss Granger, but recollect nothing else.

I was then ordered by my mother to cease speaking to the servants, excepting when I wanted anything, though I am sure my mother never suspected my kissing one. I obeyed her hypocritically, and was even at times reprimanded for speaking to them in too imperious a tone. She told me to speak to servants respectfully. For all that, I was after them, my curiosity was unsatiable, I knew the time each went up to dress, or for other purposes, and if at home, would get into the lobby, or near the staircase, to see their legs, as they went upstairs. I would listen at their door, trying to hear them piss, and began for the first time to peep through keyholes at them.

Chapter III

A big servant • Two sisters • Armpits • A quiet feel • Baudy reveries • Felt by a woman • Erections • My prepuce • Seeing and feeling • Aunt and cousin • A servant's thighs • Not man enough.

A big servant, of whom I shall say much, had most of my attention; she went to her room usually when my mother was taking a nap in the afternoon; or when out with my sisters and brother. When I was ill in bed, this big woman usually brought me beef-tea; I used to make her kiss me, and felt so fond of her, would throw my arms round her, and hold her to me, keeping my lips to hers and saying how I should like to see her breasts; to all which she replied in the softest voice, as if I were a baby. I wonder now if my homage gave the big woman pleasure, or my amatory pressures made her ever feel randy. She was engaged to be married, but I only heard that at a later day, when my mother talked about her; her sister was also with us, as already said.

The sister was handsome, according to my notions then (I now begin to remember faces clearly); both had bright, clear complexions. I kissed both, each used to say, “Don't tell my sister,” and ask, “Have you kissed my sister?” I was naturally cunning about women, and always said I had done nothing of the sort. The two were always quarrelling, and my mother said she must get rid of one of them.

The youngest was often dancing my little sister round in the room, then swinging herself round, and making cheeses with her petticoats. As I got better, I would lay on the rug with a pillow, and my back to the light reading, and say it rested me better to be on the floor, but in hope of seeing her legs as she made cheeses. I often did, and have no doubt now that she meant me to do so, for she would swing round, quite close to my head so that I could see to her knees, and make her petticoat's edge, as she squatted, just cover my head, immediately snatching her petticoats back and saying: “Oh! you!, see more than is good for you. It used to excite me. One day as she did it, and squatted, I put out my hand and pulled her clothes, she rolled on to her back, threw up her legs quite high, and for a second I saw her thighs; she re covered herself, laughing. “I saw your thighs,” said I. “That you didn't.” One day she let me put my hand into her bosom; I sniffed. “What's there to smell?” said she. I have some idea that she used to watch me closely when I was with her sister, as she was always looking after her, and before she kissed me would open the door suddenly or go out of the room and then return. I've seen the other sister just outside the door of the room, when suddenly opened.

The big sister must have been five feet nine high, and large in

proportion; the impression on my mind is that she was two and twenty: that age dwells in my recollection, and that my mother remarked it. She had brown hair and eyes, I recollect well the features of the woman. Her lower lip was like a cherry, having a distinct cut down the middle, caused she said by the bite of a parrot, which nearly severed her lip when a girl. This feature I recollect more clearly than anything else. My mother remarked that, though so big, she was lighter in tread than anyone in the house, her voice was so soft; it was like a whisper or a flute, her name was I think Betsy.

I had none of the dash, and determination towards females, which I had in after life; was hesitating, fearful of being repulsed or found out, but was coaxing and wheedling. Betsy used to take charge of my two little sisters (there was no regular nursery then), and used to sit with them in a room adjoining our dining room; it had a settee and a large sofa in it, we usually breakfasted there. She waited also at table, and did miscellaneous work. I am pretty certain that we had then no man in the house. I used to lie down on the sofa in this room. One day I talked with her about her lip, put my head up and said. “Do let me kiss it.' She put her lips to mine, and soon after, if I was not kissing her sister, I was kissing her regularly, when my mother was out of the way.

One day when she went up to her bedroom, I went softly after her, as I often did, hoping to hear her piddling. Her door was ajar, one of my little sisters was in the room with her, I expect I must have had incipient randiness on me. She taught the child to walk up stairs in front of her, holding her up, and in stooping to do so, I had glimpses of her fat calves. At the door, I could not see her wash, that was done at the other side of the room, but I heard the splash of water and, to my delight, the pot moved, and her piddle rattle. The looking glass was near the window. Then she moved to the glass and brushed her hair, her gown off, and now I saw her legs, and most of her breast, which looked to me enormous.

Then I noticed hair in her armpits; it must have been the first time I noticed any thing of the sort, for I told a boy afterwards, that brown women had hair under their armpits; he said every fool knew that. When she had done brushing, she turned round, and passing the door shut it: she had not seen me.

I fell in love with this woman, an undefined want took possession of me, I was always kissing her, and she returned it without hesitation. “Hush! your mamma's coming”; then she would work, or do something with the children if there, as demurely as possible. I declare positively as I write this that I believe I gave that woman a hewed pleasure in kissing me, her kisses were so much like those I

have had from women I have fucked in after years, so long, and soft, and squeezing.

One day I was in the sitting-room laying on the sofa reading, she sitting and working; where the children were, where my mother was, I can't say they must have been out; why this servant was in the room with me alone, I don't know. On a table was something the doctor had ordered me to sip from time to time. “Come and sit near me, I like to touch you, dear” (I used to say “dear” to her). She drew her chair to the sofa, so that her thighs were near my head, she handed me my medicine, I turned on one side, put my head on her lap, and then my hand on her knee. “Kiss me.” “I can't.” I moved my head up and she bent forward and kissed. “Keep your face to mine, I want to tell you something.” Then I told her I had seen her brushing her hair, her breasts, her armpits. “Oh! you sly boy! you naughty boy! you must not do it again, will you?” “Won't I, if I get the chance; put your head down, I've something more to tell you.” “What?” “I can't if you look at me; put your ear to my mouth.” I was longing to tell her, and could not do it whilst she looked at me. I recollect my bashfulness perfectly, and more than that, my fear of saying what I wanted to say.

She bent her ear to my mouth. “I heard you piddle.” “Oh! you naughty!” and she burst into a quiet laugh. “III take care to shut the door in future.” I let my hand drop by the side of the sofa, laid hold of her ankle, then the calf of her leg (without resistance); then up I slid it gently, and gradually above her garter, and felt the flesh; she was threading a needle. As I touched the thigh, she pressed both hands down on to her thighs, barring further investigation. “Now, Wattie, you're taking too much liberty, because I've let you feel my ankles.” I whined, I moaned. “Oh, do, dear, do, kiss me dear; only for a minute.” I tried very gently to push my hand (it was my left hand) further. “What do you want?” “I want to feel it, Oh! kiss me-let me, -do, -Betsy, do,” and I raised my head.

Sitting bent forward towards me as I lay, until she was nearly double, she put her lips to mine and, kissing me, said: “What a rude boy you are, what do you expect to find?” “I know what it's called, and it's hairy, isn't it, dear?” Her hands relaxed, she laughed, my left hand slid up, until I felt the bottom of her belly. I could only twiddle my fingers in the hair, could feel no split, or hole, was too excited to think, too ignorant of the nature of the female article; but of the intense delight I felt at the torch of the warm thighs, and the hair, which now I knew was outside the curt, somewhere, I recollect my delight perfectly.

She kept on kissing me, saying in a whisper, “What a rude boy you are.” Then I whispered modestly, all I had read, told of the Aristotle I had hidden in my cupboard, and she asked me to lend her

the book. I touched nothing but hair, her thighs must have been quite closed, and a big stay-bone dug into my hand and hurt it, as I moved it about. I have felt that obstacle to my enterprise in years later on, with other women.

Then came over me a voluptuous sensation, as if I was fainting with pleasure, I seem to have a dream of her lips meeting mine, of her saying oh! for shame! of the tips of my fingers entangling in hair, of the warmth of the flesh of her thighs upon my hand, of a sense of moisture on it, but I recollect nothing more distinctly. Afterwards she seems to have absorbed me. I ceased speaking to her sister, and could think of nothing but her neck, legs and the hair at the bottom of her belly. I was several times in the same room with her, and was permitted the same liberties, but no others.

I lent her Aristotle, which I had borrowed, and one day recollect my prick stiffening, and a strange overwhelming, utterly indescribable feeling coming over me of my desire to say to her “cunt,” and to make her feel me, and at the same time a fear and a dread overtook me, that my cock was not like other cocks, and that she might laugh at me. After that, I used to pull the skin: down violently every day, I bled, but succeeded; it became slightly easier to do so, yet I have no recollection of having a desire to fuck that woman, all that I recollect of my sensations I1 have here described.

I was still ill, for there was brought me to my bed at nights a cup of arrowroot. My mother usually did this, but sometimes the big woman did; I was so glad when my mother did not. Then I would kiss her as if I never wanted to part with her, but my hand out of bed, scramble it up her clothes, till I could feel the hair. 'Then she would put her bum back, so that I could not touch more. One night my prick stood, “Take the light outside,” I said, “I've something to say to you.” The door was half open when she, had complied; the gleam of the light struck across the room, my bed was in the shade, “Do let me feel you further, dear and kiss me.” “You naughty boy!” but we kissed. Again I felt her thigh, belly, and hair. “What good does it do you, doing that,” she said. I took hold of her hand, and put it under the bed-clothes on to my prick She bent over me, kissing and saying, “Naughty boy,” but feeling the cock, and all around it, how long, I can't say, “Obl I'd like to feel your hole,' I said. “Hish!” said she, going out of the room, and closing the door.

She felt me several times afterwards. When my mother brought me the arrowroot, she having an idea that I liked her to do so, I would not take it, saying it was too hot. She said, “I can't wait, Wattie, while it cools.” “Don't care, mamma, I don't want it.” “But you must take it.” “Put it down then.” “Well, don't go to sleep, and I'll send Betsy up with it in a few minutes.” Up Betsy would come, and quickly and

voluptuously kissing, keeping her lips on mine for two or three minutes at a time, she would glide her hand down and feel my cock, whilst my fingers were on her motte, her thighs closed, then she would glide out of the room. I never got my hand between her thighs, I am sure.

I used to long to talk to her about all I had heard, but don't think I ever did more than I have told, for I had a fear about using baudy words to a woman, though I already used them freely enough among boys. I used to talk only of her hole, my thing, of doing it, and so forth; but what made her laugh was my calling it pudendum, a word I had got out of Aristotle and my Latin dictionary. In spite of all this, and of the voluptuous sensations which used to creep over me, I have no clear, defined, recollection of wishing to fuck her, nor did I ever say anything smutty, if I could see her face.

I got better. Then she refused either to feel me, or let me feel her, on account of my boldness. One day, just at dusk, she was closing the dining-room shutters, I went behind her, and after pulling her head back to kiss me, stooped and pulled up her clothes to her waist; it exposed her entire backside. Oh how white and huge it. seemed to me. She moved quickly round not holloring out but saying quietly: “What are you doing? Don't, now!” As she turned round, so did I, gloating over her bum, then laid both hands on it, slid them round her thighs, and rapidly kneeling down, put my lips on to the flesh, her petticoats fell over my head She dislodged me, saying she would never speak with me again. She never either felt me or permitted me any liberties afterwards; and soon left. One or two years after that, she came to see my mother with her baby. She smiled at me. I don't recollect what became of her sister, but think she soon left us also.

My physique could not then have been strong, nor my sexual organs in finished condition, because I am sure that up to that time, I had not had a spend; perhaps my growing fast and the fever may have had something to do with it. My father came home brokenhearted I have heard, and ill. Soon after we only kept two female servants, a man outside the house, and a gardener. Father was ordered to the seaside, my mother went with him, taking the children and one servant (all went by coach then). One of father's sisters, my aunt; a widow, came to take charge of our new house, and brought her daughter, a fair, slim girl, about sixteen years old.

I remained at home, so as to go to school; the servant left in the house was a pleasant, plump young woman, dark haired, and. was ways laughing; she was to do all the work. My godfather, who lived a mile or two away from us and whose maiden sister kept house for hire, was to see me frequently, and did so till I was sick of him. Every half-holiday, he made me spend with him in walking, and riding; he

insisted on my boating, cricketting, and keeping at athletic games when not at my boating, studies. The old doctor I expect guessed my temperament, and thought, by thoroughly occupying and fatiguing me, to prevent erotic thoughts. He wanted me to stay at his house, but I refused, and it being a longer way from school, it was not persisted in.

My aunt slept in my parents' bedroom, my cousin in the next room. I was taken down, during my parents' absence, from the upper floor to sleep on the same floor as my aunt. They had not been in the house a week before I had heard my cousin piddle, and stood listening outside her bedroom door, night after night, in my bed-gown, trying to get a glimpse of her charms through the keyhole, but was not successful.

I made up to the servant, beginning when she was kneeling, by putting myself astride on her back. It made her laugh, she gave her back a buck up, and threw me over, then I kissed her, and she kissed me. She and my aunt quarrelled, my aunt was very poor and proud, and wanted a hot dinner at seven o'clock; I ate my dinner in the middle of the day. The servant said she could not do it all. The girl said quietly to me, “I'll cook for you, don't you go without, let her do without anything hot at night.” She did not like her. My aunt said she was saucy and would write to my mother and complain that she wasted her time with the gardener.

Godfather then renewed his offer for me to stay with him, but I would not, for I was getting on very comfortably with the servant in kissing, and things settled themselves somehow. I learnt the ways of my aunt, and tried to get home when she was out, so as to be alone with the servant; but to escape both aunt and godfather was difficult. I did so at times by saying I was going out with the boys somewhere, on my half-holidays, or something of the sort, but was rarely successful.

The servant went to her bedroom, one afternoon; with palpitating heart I followed her, and pushed her on to the bed. She was a cheeky, chaffing, woman, and I guess knew better than I did, what I was about. I recollect her falling back on to the bed and showing to her knees. “Oh! what legs!” said I, “Nothing to be ashamed of,” said she. Whatever my wishes or intentions might have been, I went no further. My relations were of course out.

Another day we romped, and pelted each other with the pillows from her bed, she stood on the landing, I half way down the stairs, and kept when I could, my head just level with the top of the landing on which she was, so that as she whisked backwards and forwards, picking up the pillows to heave at me, I saw up to her knees. She knew what she was about, though I thought myself very cunning to manage to get such glimpses. On the landing I grappled with her for a

pillow, and we rolled on the floor. I got my hand up her clothes, to her thighs, and felt the hair. “That's your thing,” said I with a burst of courage. “Oh! Oh!” she laughed, “what did you say?” “Your thing!” “My thing! what's that?” “The hole at the bottom of your belly, said I, ashamed at what uttered. “What do you mean? who told you that? I've no hole.” It is strange, but a fact, that I had no courage to say more, but left off playing, and went down stairs.

On occasions afterwards, I played more roughly with her and felt her thighs; but fear prevented me from going further up. She gave me lots of opportunities, which my timidity prevented me from availing myself of. One day she said, “You are not game for much, although you are so big,” and then kissed me long and furiously, but I never saw her wants, nor my chances that I know of, though I see now plainly enough that, boy as I was, she wanted me to mount her.

About that time, how I got it, I know not, I had a book describing the diseases caused by sacrificing to Venus. The illustrations in the book, of faces covered with scabs, blotches, and eruptions, took such bold of my mind, that for twenty years afterwards, the fear was not quite eradicated. I showed them to some friends, and we all got scared I had no definite idea of what syphilis, and gonorrhea were, but that both were something awful we all made up our minds. My godfather also used to hint now to me about ailments men got, by acquaintance with loose, bad, women; perhaps he put the book in my way. Frigging also was treated of, and the terrible accounts of people dying through it, and being put into straight waistcoats, etc., I have no doubt were useful to me. Several of us boys were days in finding out what the book meant by masturbation, onanism, or whatever the language may have been. We used dictionaries and other books to help us, and at last one of the biggest boys explained the meaning to us.

One evening, my aunt being out (it was not I think any plan on my part), I had something to eat and then went into the kitchen, where the servant was sitting at needle-work by candle-light. I talked, kissed, coaxed her, began to pull up her clothes, and it ended in her running round the kitchen, and my chasing her; both laughing, stopping at intervals, to hear if my aunt knocked. “I'll go and lock the outer gate,” said she “then your aunt must ring, if she comes up to the door, she will hear us, for you make such a noise.” She locked it and came back again.

The kitchen was on the ground floor, separated from the body of the house by a short passage. I got her on to my knees, I was now a big fellow, and though but a boy, my voice was changing, she chaffed me about that; then my hand went up her petticoats, and she gave me such a violent pinch on my cock (outside the clothes), that I hollored. Whenever I was getting the better of her in our amatory struggles, she

said, “Oh hush, there is your aunt knocking,” and frightened me away, but at last she was sitting on my knees, my hand touching her thighs, she feeling my prick, she felt all round it and under. “You have no hair,” she said. That annoyed me, for I had just a little growing. Then how it came about I don't recollect, but she consented to go into the parlor with me, after we had sat together feeling each other for a time, if mine could be called feeling, when my fingers only touched the top of the notch. I took up the candle. “I won't go if you bring a light,” said she, so I put down the candle, and, holding her by the arm, we walked through the passage across the little hall to the front parlour; she closed the door, and we were in the dark. And now I only recollect generally what took place, it seems as if it all could but have occupied a minute, or two, though experience tells me it must have been longer.

We sat on a settee or sofa, she had hold of my prick, and I her cunt, for she now sat with thighs quite wide open. It was my first real feel of a woman, and she meant me to feel well. How large and hairy and wet it seemed; its size overwhelmed me with astonishment, I did not find the hole, don't recollect feeling for that, am sure I never put my finger in it, all seemed cunt below her belly, wet, and warm; and slippery. “Make haste, your aunt will be in soon,” said she softly, but I was engrossed with the curt, in twiddling it and feeling it in delighted wonder at its size and other qualities. “Your aunt will be in,” and leaving off feeling my cock, she laid half on, half off the settee. “No, no, not so,” I recollect the words, but what I was doing, know not; then I was standing by her side, my cock stiff, and still feeling her cunt in bewilderment. “I can't . . . stop ... get on to the sofa.” I laid half over her, my prick touched something-her cunt of course. Whether it went in or not, God knows, I pushed, it felt smooth to my prick, then suddenly came over me, a fear of some horrible disease, and I ceased whatever I was doing. “Go on, go on,” said she, moving her belly up. I could not, said nothing, but sat down by her side, she rose up, “You're not man enough,” said she, laying hold of my prick. It was not stiff, I put my hand down, and again the great size - as it seemed to me - of her cunt, made me wonder.

What then she did with me, I know not, she may have frigged it, I think she did, but can't say, a sense of disgrace had come over me as she said I was not man enough, disgrace mixed with fear of disease. “Let me try,” said I; again she laid back, I have a faint recollection of my finger going in somewhere deep, again of my prick touching her thighs and rubbing in something smooth, but nothing more. “You're not man enough,” said she again. A ring ... “Hark! it's your aunt, go!” and it was.

I went into the adjoining room, where my books were and a lamp, she went to the street-door. My aunt and cousin came in and went up

to their bedrooms, I sat smelling my fingers; the full smell of cunt that I had for the first time. I smelt and smelt almost out of my senses, sat poring over a book, seeming to read, but with my fingers to my nose and thinking of cunt, its wonderful size and smell. Aunt came down. “Have you got a cold, Wattie?” “No, aunt.” “Your eyes look quite inflamed, child.” Soon after again, she said: “You have a cold? “No, aunt.” “Why are you sniffing so, and holding your hand to your mouth?” Suddenly the fear of the pox came over me, I went up to the bedroom, soaped and washed my prick, and had a terrible fear on me.

I was overwhelmed with a mixed feeling of pride, at having had my prick either touch or go up a cunt, fear that I had caught disease, and shame at not being man enough. Instinct told me I had lost, in the eyes of the woman, and my pride was hurt in a woeful manner. I tried to avoid seeing her, instead of as before getting excitedly into a room where she was likely to be alone for a minute. I did that for three days, then fear of disease vanished, and my hopes of feeling her cunt again, or of poking - I don't know which - impelled me towards her.

During those three days I washed my prick at every possible opportunity, and thought of nothing else but the incident; all seemed to me hurry, confusion, impossible; I wondered, and wonder still, whether my prick went into her or not; but above all, the largeness of the cunt filled me with wonder; for though I had had rapid glimpses of cunts as told, and had now seen a few pictures of the long slit, I never could realise that that was only the outside of the cunt, until I had had a woman. My fingers had no doubt slipped over the surface of hers, from clitoris to arse-hole; the space my hand covered filled me with astonishment, as well as the smell it left on my fingers, I thought of that snore than anything else. This seems to me now laughable, but it was a marvel to me then.

When I sneaked' into the kitchen again, I was ashamed to look at her, and left almost directly, but one day I felt her again. Laughing she put her hand outside my trowsers, gave my doodle a gentle pinch and kissed me. “Let's do all” I said. “Lord! you ain t man enough,” and again I slunk away ashamed.

Chapter IV

My first frig • My godfather • Meditations on copulation • Male and female aromas • Maid and gardener • My father dies • A wet dream • Bilked by a whore.

The frequency of my cock-stands up to this time I don't know. Voluptuous sensation I have no clear recollection of; but no doubt during that half swooning delight, which I had when big Betsy allowed me to lay my head on her lap and feel her limbs, that impulse towards the woman was accompanied by sensuous pleasure, though I don't recollect the fact, but soon my manhood was to declare itself.

Some time after I had felt this servant's quim, I noticed a strong smelling, whitish stuff, inside my foreskin, making the underside of the tip of the prick sore. At first I thought it disease, then pulling the foreskin up, I made It into a short of cup, dropped warm water Into it, and working it about, washed all round the nut, and let the randy smelling infusion escape. This marked my need for a woman, I did not know what the exudation was, it made me in a funk at first. One day I had been toying with the girl, had a cock-stand, and felt again my prick sore, and was washing it with warm water, when it swelled up. I rubbed it through my hand, which gave me unusual pleasure, then a voluptuous sensation came over me quickly so thrilling and all pervading that I shall never forget it. I sank on to a dunk, feeling my cock gently, the next instant spunk jetted out in few drops, a full yard In front of me, and a thinner liquid rolled over my knuckles. I had frigged myself, without intending it.

They came astonishment mingled with disgust, I examined the viscid, gruelly fluid with the greatest curiosity, smelt it, and I think tasted it. Then came fear of my godfather, and of being found out; for all that, after wiping up my sperm from the floor, I went up to my bedroom and, locking the door, frigged myself until I could do it no more from exhaustion.

I wanted a confidant and told two schoolfellows who were brothers, I could not keep it to myself, and was indeed proud though ashamed to speak of the pleasure. They both had bigger pricks than mine, and never had jeered at me because I could not retract my prepuce easily. Soon after they came to see me, we all went into the garden, each pulled my prepuce back, I theirs, and then we all frigged ourselves in an outhouse.

Then I wrote to Fred, who was at a large public school, about my frigging. He replied that some fellows at his school had been caught at it and flogged; that a big boy just going to Oxford had had a woman and got the pox badly. He begged me to burn his letter, or throw it

down the shit-house directly I had read it, adding that he was in such a funk for he had lost mine; and that I was never to write to him such things at the school, because the master opened every day indiscriminately one or two letters of the boys. He knew my mother was away and so did not mind writing to me. When I heard that he had lost my letter, I also was in a funk; the letter never was found. Whether the master got it, or sent it to my godfather or not, I can't say, but it is certain that just after I had one night exhausted myself by masturbation, my godfather came to see me.

He stared hard at me. “You look ill.” “No, I am not.” “Yes, you are, look me full in the face, you've been frigging yourself,” said he just in so many words. He had never used an improper word to me before. I denied it. He raved out “No denial, sir, no lies, you have, sir; don't add lying to your, bestiality, you've been at that filthy trick, I can see it in your face, you'll die in a mad-house, or of consumption, you shall never have a farthing more pocket-money from me, and I won't buy your commission, nor leave you any money at my death.” I kept denying it, brazening it out. “Hold your tongue, you young beast, or I'll write to your mother.” That reduced me to a sullen state, only at times jerking out: “I haven't!” He put on his hat angrily, and left me in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

I knew that my father was not so well off as he had been, my mother always impressed upon me not to offend my godfather, and now I had done it. I wrote Fred all about it, he said the old beggar was a doctor, and it was very unfortunate; he wondered if he really did see any signs in my face, or whether it was bounce; that I was not to be a fool and give in, and still say I hadn't, but had better leave off frigging.

From that time my godfather was always at my heels, he waited for me at the school-door, spent my half-holidays with me, sat with me and my aunt of an evening till bed-tune, made me ride and drive out with him, stopped giving me pocket -money altogether, and no one else did; so that I was not very happy.

The pleasure of frigging, now I had tasted it (and not before), opened my eyes more fully to the mystery of the sexes. I seemed at once to understand why woman and men gut together, and yet was full of wonder about it. Spinning seemed a nasty business, the smell of cunt an extraordinary thing in a woman, whose odour generally to me was so sweet and intoxicating. I read novels harder than ever, liked being near females and to look at them more than ever, and whether young or old, common or gentle, was always looking at them and thinking that they had cunts which had a strong odour, and wondering if they had been fucked; I used to stare at aunt and cousins, and wonder the same. It seemed to me scarcely possible, that the

sweet, well dressed, smooth-spoken ladies who came to our house, could let men put the spunk up their cants. Then came the wonder if, and how, women spent, what pleasure they had in fucking, and so on; in all ways was I wondering about copulation, the oddity of the gruelly, close-smelling sperm being ejected into the hole between a woman's thighs so astonished me. I often thought the whole business must be dream of mine; then that there could be no doubt about it. Among other doubts, was whether the servant's quim, which had made my fingers smell, was diseased, or not.

Fear of detection perhaps kept me from frigging, but I was weak and growing fast, and have no recollection of much desire, though mad to better understand a cunt. It does not dwell in my mind now that I had a desire to fuck her, but to see it, and above all, to smell it; the recollection of its aroma mews to, have had a strange, effect on me. I did not like it much, yet yearned the again watching my opportunity one day, I managed to feel the servant; it was dusk she stood with her back up against the wall, and felt my prick whilst I felt her; it was an affair of a second or two, and again we were scared. I went to the sitting-room, and passed the evening in smelling my fingers and looking at my cousin.

This occurred once again, and I think now, that the servant must just have been on the point of letting me fuck her, for she had been feeling my prick and in a jeering way saying, “You are not man enough if I let you,” I emboldened, blurted out that I had spent, I recollect her saying, “Oh! your story” and then something put us to flight, I don't now know what. I certainly was not up to my opportunities, that I see now plainly. I had a taste for chemistry, which served my purpose, as will be seen further on, and used to experimentalise in what was called a wash-house, just outside the kitchen, with my acids and alkalis; that enabled me to slip into the kitchen on the sly, but the plan of the house rendered it easy for my aunt to come suddenly into the kitchen.

My bedroom window overlooked the kitchen yard, in which was this wash-house, a knife-house, and a servants privy, etc., etc., the whole surrounded by a wall, with a door in it, leading into the garden just outside on the garden side, was a gardener's shed; the servant in the morning used to let the gardener in at the kitchen entrance; and he passed through this kitchen yard into the garden. I was pissing in the pot in my bedroom early one morning, and peeping through the blind, when I saw the servant's head just coming out of the gardener's shed, she passed through the kitchen yard into the kitchen in great haste, looking up at the house, as if to see if anyone was at the windows. Then it occurred to me, that if I got quite early to, the kitchen, I could play my little baudy tricks without fear, for my

relatives never went down till half-past eight to breakfast, whilst the servant went down at six.

The next morning, I went down early to the kitchen, did not see the wench, and thinking she might be in the privy in the kitchen yard, waited. The shutters were not down, after some minutes delay, in she came, *she started. “Hulloh! what are you up for?” I don't think I spoke, but making a dash, got my hand up her clothes and on to her cunt She pushed me away, then caught hold of the hand with which I had touched her cunt, and squeezed it hard with a rubbing motion, looking at me as I recollected (but long afterwards), in a funny way. “Hish! Hish! here is the old woman,” said she. Oh it is not” “I'm sure I heard the wires of her bell,” and Sure enough there came a ring. Up I went without shoes, like a shot to my bedroom, began to smell my fingers, found they were sticky, and the smell not the same. I recollect thinking it strange that her Bunt should be so sticky. I had heard of dirty cunts, it was a joke among us boys, and thought hers must have been so, which was the cause that the smell and feel were different.

Two or three days afterwards my mother came to town by herself, there was a row with the servant, I was told to leave the room; the servant and gardener were both turned off that day and hour, a char-woman was had in, a temporary gardener got, and my mother went back to my sick father. Years passed away, and when I had greater experience and thought of all this, concluded that my aunt had found the gardener and the servant amusing themselves too freely, had had them dismissed, and that the morning I found my fingers sticky the girl had just come in from fucking in the gardener's shed.

With all the opportunities I had, both with big Betsy and with this woman, I was still virgin. Whey I saw Fred next, he told me he had felt the aunt of one of their servants. I told him partly what I had done, but kept to myself how I had failed to poke when I had the opportunity, fearing his jeers; and as I was obliged to name some woman, mentioned me of my godfathers servants. He went there to try his chances of groping her as well, but got his head slapped. We talked much about the smell of cult, and he told me that one day after he, had felt their servant, he went into the room where his sisters were, and said, my, what a funny smell there is on my fingers, what can it be? Smell them.' Two of his sisters smelt, said they could not tell what it was, but it was not nice, Fred used to say that he thought they knew it was like the smell of cunt, because they colored up so.

I had noticed a strong smell on my prick, whenever the curdy exudation had to be washed out. Fred's talk made me imitative, so I saturated my fingers with the masculine essence one evening, and, going to my female cousin, “Oh, what a queer smell there is on my fingers,” said I, 'smell them.' The girl did. “It's nasty, you've got it from

your chemicals," said she. "I don't think I have, smell them again, I can't think what it can be, what's it like, I don't think it's like anything I ever smelt, but it is not so nasty, if you smell it close, it's like southern wood," she replied. I wonder if that young lady when she married, ever smelt it afterwards, and recognized it. I did this more than once, it gave me great delight to think my slim cousin had smelt my prick, through smelling my fingers; what innate lubricity comes out early in the male.

Misfortunes of all sort came upon us, the family came back to town, another brother died, then my father, who had been long ill, died, and was found to be nearly bankrupt; then my godfather died, and left me a fortune, all was trouble and change, but I only mention these family matters briefly.

My physique still could not have been strong, for though more than ever intensely romantic, and passionately fond of female society, I don't recollect being much troubled with cock-standings, and think I should, had I teen so. My two intimate school-friends left off frigging, the elder brother, who had a very long red nose, having come to the conclusion with me that frigging made people mad, and worse, prevented them afterwards from fucking and having a family. Fred, my favorite cousin, arrived at the same conclusion by what mental process we all arrived at it I don't know.

When I was approaching my sixteenth year, I awakened one night with a voluptuous dream, and found my night-shirt saturated with semen, it was my first wet dream; that set me frigging again for a time, but I either restrained myself or did not naturally require much spending at that time, for I certainly did not often do so.

But our talk was always about cunt and women, I was always trying to smell their flesh, look up their petticoats, watch to see them going to piddle; and the wonder to me now is that I did not frig myself incessantly; and can only account for it on the grounds, that though my imagination was very ripe, my body was not.

The fact of hair under the arms of women had a secret charm for me about that time. I don't recollect thinking much about it before, though it had astonished me when I first saw it; and why it came to my imagination so much now I do not know, but it did. I have told of the woman under whose arms I first saw hair.

One afternoon after my father's death, and that of my godfather, Fred was with me, we went to the house of a friend, and were to return home about nine o'clock. It was dark, we saw a woman standing by a wall. "She is a whore," said Fred, "and will let us feel her if we pay her." "You go and ask her." "No, you." "I don't like." "How much money have you got?" We ascertained what we had, and after a little hesitation, walked on, passed her, then turned round and

stopped. “What are you staring at, kiddy,” said the woman. I was timid and walked away; Fred stopped with her. “Wattie, come here,” said he in a half whisper. I walked back. “How much have you got?” the woman said. We both gave her money. “You'll let us both feel?” said Fred. “Why of course, have you felt a woman before?” Both of us said we had, feeling bolder. “Was it a woman about here?” “No.” “Did you both feel the same woman? 'No.' “Give me another shilling then, you shall both feel my cunt well, I've such a lot of hair on it.” We gave what we had, and then she walked off without letting us. “I'll tell your mothers, if you come after me,” she cried out. We were sold; I was once sold again in a similar manner afterwards, when by myself.

These are the principal baudy incidents of my early youth, which I recollect, and have not told to friends; many other amusing incidents told them are omitted here, for the authorship would be disclosed if I did. One or two were peculiar and most amusing, yet I dare not narrate them; but all show how soon sexual desires developed in me, and what pleasure early in life even these gave me and others.

I now had arrived at the age of puberty, when male nature asserts itself in the most timid and finds means of getting its legitimate pleasure with women. I did, and then my recollection of things became more perfect, not only as to the consummations, but of what led to them; yet nothing seems to me so remarkable as the way I recollect matters which occurred when I was almost an infant.

Chapter V

Our house • Charlotte and brother Tom • Kissing and groping • Both in rut • My first fuck • A virginity taken • At a baudy house • In a privy • Tribulations • Charlotte leaves • My despair.

After fathers death, our circumstances were further reduced, At the time I am going to speak of, we had come to a small house nearer London; one sister went to boarding-school, an aunt (I had many) took another, I went to a neighboring great school or college, as it was termed, my little brother Tom was at home; but reference henceforth to members of my family will be but slight, for they had but little to do with the incidents of this private life, and unless they were part actors in it, none will be mentioned.

Our house had on the ground-floor a dining-room, a drawing-room, and a small room called the garden parlour, with steps leading into a large garden. On the first floor, my mothers bedroom and two others; above were the servants' room, mine, and another much used as a lumber-room; the kitchens were in the basement, outside them a long covered way led to a servants' privy, and class to it a Sight of stairs leading up into the garden; at the top of the stairs was a garden-door leading into the fore-court, on to which opened the street-door of the house. This description of plan is needful to understand what follows.

I was about sixteen years old, tall, with slight whiskers and moustache, altogether manly and looking seventeen or eighteen, yet my mother thought me a mere child, and most innocent; she told our friends so. I had developed, without her having noticed it, love of women, and the intensest desire to understand the secrets of their nature had taken possession of me; the incessant talk of fucking with which the youths I knew beguiled their leisure, the stories they told of having seen their servants or other girls half, or quite, naked, the tricks by which they managed this, the dodges they were up to, inflamed me, sharpened' nay instinctive acuteness in such matters, and set me seeking every opportunity to know women naked, and sexually. Frigging was now hateful to me; I had never done so more than the times related, that is as far as I now can recollect, frightened, as said, by my godfather telling me that it sent men mad and made them hateful to worsen. So although boiling with sensuality, I was still all but a virgin, and actually so in fucking.

A, housemaid arrived just as I came home from college; the cook stood at the door, she was a lovely woman about twenty-five or 26 years old, fresh as a daisy, her name was Mary. The housemaid was in a cart, driven by her father, a small market gardener living a few

miles from us. I saw a fresh, comely girl about seventeen years old in the cart as I passed, and when I got inside our fore-court, turned round to look, she was getting down, the horse moved, she hesitated. “Get down,” said her father angrily. Down she stepped, her clothes caught on the edge of the cart, or step, or somehow; and I saw rapidly appear white stockings, garters, thighs, and a patch of dark hair between them by her belly; it was instantaneous, and down the clothes came, hiding all. I stood fascinated, knowing I had seen her cunt hair. She, without any idea of having been exposed, helped down with her box, I went into the parlour ashamed of having, as I thought, been seen looking. I could think of nothing else, and when she brought in tea could not take my eyes off her, it was the same at supper (we led a simple life, dining early and having supper). In the evening my mother remarked, “That girl will do,” I recollect feeling glad at that.

I went to bed, thinking of what I had seen, and stared whenever I saw her the next day, until, by a sort of fascination, she used to stare at me; in a day or two I fancied myself desperately in love with her, and indeed was. I recollect now her features, as if I had only seen her yesterday, and, after the scores and scores of women I have fucked since, recollect every circumstance attending my having her, as distinctly as if it only occurred last week; yet very many years have passed away.

She was a little over seventeen years, had ruddy lips, beautiful bath, darkish hair, hazel eyes, and a slightly turn-up nose, large shoulders and breasts, was plump, generally of fair height, and looked eighteen or nineteen; her name was Charlotte.

I soon spoke to her kindly, by degrees became free in manner, at length chucked her under her chin, pinched her arm, and used the familiarities which nature teaches a man to use towards a woman. It was her business to open the door, and help me off with my coat and boots if needful; one day as she did so, her bum projecting upset me so that as she rose from stooping I caught and pinched her. All it was done with risk, for my mother then was nearly always at home, and the house being small, noise was easily heard.

I was soon kissing her constantly. In a few days got a kiss in return, that drove me wild, her aunt came constantly into my mind, all sorts of wants, notions, and vague possibilities came across me; girls do let fellows feel them, I said to myself, I had already succeeded in that. What if I tell that I have seen it outside? will she tell my mother? will she let me feel her? what madness! yet girls do let men, girls like it, so all my friends say. Wild with hopes and anticipations, coming indoors one day, I caught her tightly in my arms, pulled her belly close to mine, rubbed up against hers saying, “Charlotte, what

would I give, if you would . . . it was all I dared say. Then I heard my mothers bedroom door open, and I stopped.

Hugging and kissing a woman never stopped there, I told her I loved her, which she said was nonsense. We now used regularly to kiss each other when we got the chance; little by little I grasped her closer to me, put my hands round her waist, then cunningly round to her bum, then my prick used to stand and I was mad to say more to her, but had not the courage. I knew not how to set to work, indeed scarce knew what my desires led me to hope, and think at that time, putting my hand an to her cunt, and seeing it, Was perhaps the utmost; fucking her seemed a hopelessly mad idea, if I had the expectation of doing so at all very clearly.

I told a friend one or two years older than myself how matters stood, avoiding telling him who the girl was. His advice was short. Tell her you have seen her cunt, and make a snatch up her petticoats when no one is near, keep at it, and you will be sure to get a feel, and some day, pull out your prick, say straight you want to fuck her, girls like to see a prick, she will look, even if she turns her head away. This advice he dinned into my ears continually, but for a long time I was not bold enough to put his advice into practice.

One day, my mother was out, the cook upstairs dressing, we had kissed in the garden parlour, I put my hand round her bum, and sliding my face over her shoulder half ashamed, said, “I wish my prick was against your naked belly, instead of outside your clothes.” She with an effort disengaged herself, stood amazed, and said, “I never will speak to you again.” I had committed myself, but went on, though in fear, prompted by love or lust. My friend's advice was in my ears. “I saw your cunt as you got down from your father's cart,” said I, “look at my prick (pulling it out), how stiff it is, it's longing to go into you, 'cock and cunt will come together.'” It was part of a smutty chorus the fellows sang at my college; she stared, turned round, went out of the room; through the garden, and down to the kitchen by the garden stairs, without uttering a word.

The cook was at the top of the house, I went into the kitchen reckless, and repeated all I had said She threatened to call the cook. “She must have seen your cunt, as well as me,” said I; then she began to cry. Just as I was begging pardon, my friend's advice again rang in my ears, I stooped and swiftly ran both hands up her clothes, got one full on to her bum, the other on her motte; she gave a loud scream, and I rushed off upstairs in a fright.

The cook did not hear her, being up three pairs of stairs; down I went again, and found Charlotte crying, told her again all I had seen in the court yard, which made her cry more. She would ask the cook, and would tell my mother then hearing the cook coming downstairs, I

cut off through the passage up into the garden.

The ice was quite broken now, she could not avoid me, I promised not to repeat what I had said and done, was forgiven, we kissed, and the same day I broke my promise; this went on day after day, making promises and breaking them, talking smuttily as well as I knew how, getting a slap on my head, but no further, my chances were few. My friend, whom I made a half confidant of, was always taunting me with my want of success and boasting of what be would have done had he had my opportunities.

My mother just at that time began to resume her former habits, leaving the house frequently for walks and visits. One afternoon she being out for the remainder of the day, I went home unexpectedly; the cook was going out, I was to fetch my mother home in the evening; Charlotte laid the dinner for me; we had the usual kissing, I was unusually bold and smutty. Charlotte finding me not to be going out seemed anxious. All the dinner things had been taken away, when out went the cook; and there were Charlotte, my little brother and I alone. It was her business to sit with him in the garden parlour when mother was out so as to be able to open the street-door readily, as well as go into the garden if the weather was fine. It was a fine day of autumn, she went into the parlour and was sitting on the huge old sofa, Tom playing on the floor, when I sat myself down by her side; we kissed and toyed, and then with heart beating, I began my talk and waited my opportunity.

The cook would be back in a few minutes, said she. I knew better, having heard mother tell cook she need not be home until eight o'clock. Although I knew this, I was fearful, but at length mustered courage to sing my cock and cunt song. She was angry, but it was made up. She went to give something to Tom, and stepping back put her foot on the lace of one boot which was loose, sat down on the sofa and put up one leg over the other, to relate it. I undertook to do it for her, saw her neat ankle, and a bit of a white stocking. “Snatch at her cunt,” rang in my ears, I had never attempted it since the afternoon in the kitchen.

Lacing the boot, I managed to push the clothes up so as to see more of the leg, but resting as the foot did on one knee, the clothes tightly between, a snatch was useless: lust made me cunning, I praised the foot (though I knew not at that time how vain some women are of their feet). “What a nice ankle,” I said, putting my hand further on. She was off her guard; with my left arm, I pushed her violently back on to the large sofa, her foot came off her knee, at the same moment, my right hand went up between her thighs, on to her cunt; I felt the sift, the hair, add moisture.

She got up to a sitting posture, crying, “You wretch, you beast,

you blackguard," but still I kept my fingers on the cunt; she closed her legs, so as to shut my hand between her thighs and keep it motionless, and tried to push me off; but I clung round her. "Take your hand away," said she, "or I will scream." "I shan't!" Then followed two or three loud, very loud screams. "No one can hear; said I, which brought her to supplication. My friend's advice came again to me: pushing my right hand still between her thighs, with my left I pulled out my prick, as stiff as a poker. She could not do otherwise than see it; and then I drew my left hand round her neck, pulled her head to me, and covered it with kisses.

She tried to get up and nearly dislodged my right hand, but I pushed her back, and got my hand still further on to the cunt. I never thought of pressing under towards the bum, was in fact too ignorant of female anatomy to do it, but managed to get one of the lips with the hair between my fingers and pinch it; then dropped on to my knees in front of her and remained kneeling, preventing her getting back further on the sofa, as well as I could by holding her waist, or her clothes.

There was a pause from our struggles, then more entreaties, then more attempts to get my right hand away; suddenly she put out one hand, seized me by the hair of my head, and pushed me backwards by it. I thought my skull was coming off, but kept my hold and pinched or pulled the cunt lip till she hollored and called me a brute. I told her I would hurt her as much as I could, if she hurt me; so that game she gave up; the pain of pulling my hair made me savage, and more determined and brutal, than before.

We went on struggling at intervals, I kneeling with prick out, she crying, begging me to desist; I entreating her to let me see and feel her cunt, using all the persuasion and all the baudy talk I could, little Tom sitting on the floor playing contentedly.

I must have been half an hour on my knees, which became so painful that I could scarcely bear it; we were both panting, I was sweating; an experienced man would perhaps have had her then; I was a boy inexperienced, and without her consent almost in words would not have thought of attempting it, the novelty, the voluptuousness of my game was perhaps sufficient delight to me; at last I became conscious that my fingers on her cunt were getting wet; telling her so, she became furious and burst into such a flood of tears that it alarmed me. It was impossible to remain on my knees longer; in rising, I knew I should be obliged to take my hand from her cunt, so withdrawing my left hand from her waist, I put it also suddenly up her clothes, and round her bum, and lifted them up, showing both her thighs, whilst I attempted to rise. She got up at the same instant, pushing down her clothes, I fell over on one side, my knees were so stiff and painful, and

she rushed out of the room upstairs.

It was getting dusk, I sat on the sofa in a state of pleasure, smelling my fingers. Tom began to howl, she came down and took him up to pacify him; I followed her down to the kitchen, she called me an insolent boy, an awful taunt to me then), threatened to tell my mother, to give notice and leave, and left the kitchen, followed by me about the house; talking baudily, telling her how I liked the smell of my fingers, attempting to put my hand up her clothes, sometimes succeeding, pulling out my ballocks, and never ceasing until the cook came home, having been at this game for hours. In a sudden funk, I begged Charlotte to tell my mother that I had only come home just before the cook, and had gone to bed unwell; she replying she would tell my mother the truth, and nothing else. I was in my bedroom before cook was let in.

Mother came home later, I was in a fright, having laid in bed cooling down and thinking of possible consequences; heard the street-door knocker, got out of bed, and in my night-shirt went half way downstairs listening. To my relief, I heard Charlotte, in answer to my mother's enquiry, say I had come home about an hour before and had gone to bed unwell. My mother came to my room, saying how sorry she was.

For a few days I was in fear, but it gradually wore off, as I found she had not told; our kissing recommenced, my boldness increased, my talk ran now freely on her legs, her bum, and her cunt, she ceased to notice it, beyond saying she hated such talk, and at length she smiled spite of herself.

Our kissing grew more fervid, she resisted improper action of my hand, but we used to stand with our lips close together for minutes at a time when we got the chance, I holding her to me as close as was One day cook was upstairs, mother in her bedroom, I pushed Charlotte up against the wall in the kitchen, and pulled up her clothes, scarcely with resistance; just then my mother rang, I skipped up into the garden and got into the parlour that way, soon heard my mother calling to me to fetch water, Charlotte was in hysterics at the foot of the stairs, after that, she frequently had hysterics, till a certain event occurred.

My chances were chiefly on Saturdays, a day I did not go to college; soon I was to cease going there and was to prepare for the army. I came home one day, when I knew Charlotte would be alone, the cook was upstairs,- I got her on to the sofa in the garden parlour, knelt and put my hands between her thighs, with less resistance than before, she struggled slightly but made no noise. She kissed me as she asked me to take away my hand; I could move it more easily on her quim, which I did not fail to do; she was wonderfully quiet.

Suddenly I became conscious that she was looking me full in the face, with a peculiar expression, her eyes very wide open, then, shutting them “Oho-oho”, she said with a prolonged sigh, do - oh, take away - oh - your hand, Walter dear, - oh I shall be ill, - oho, - oho,” then her head dropped down over my shoulder as I knelt in front of her; at the same moment, her thighs seemed to open slightly, then shut, then open with a quivering, shuddering motion, as it then seemed to me, and then she was quite quiet.

I pushed my hand further in, or rather on, for although I thought I had it up the cunt, I really was only between the lips, I know that now. With a sudden start she rose up, pushed me off, snatched up Tom from the floor, and rushed upstairs. My fingers were quite wet. For two or three days afterwards, she avoided my eyes and looked bashful, I could not make it out, and it was only months afterwards, that I knew, that the movement of my fingers on her clitoris had made her spend. Without knowing indeed then that such a thing was possible, I had frigged her.

Although for about three months I had been thus deliciously amusing myself, anxious to feel and see her cunt, and though I had at last asked her to let me fuck her, I really don't think I had any definite expectation of doing it to her. I guessed now at its mutual pleasures, and so forth, yet my doing it to her appeared beyond me; but urged on by my love for the girl -for I did love her- as well as by sexual instinct, I determined to try. I also was quickened by my college friend, who had seen Charlotte at our house and not knowing it was the girl I had spoken to him about, said to me, “What a nice girl that maid of yours is, I mean to get over her, I shall wait for her after church next Sunday, she sits in your pew, I know.” I asked him some questions, his opinion was that most girls would let a young fellow fuck them, if pressed, and that she would (this youth was but about eighteen years old), and I left him fearing what he said was true, hating and jealous of him to excess. He set me thinking, why should not I do it if he could, and if what be said about girls was true?- so I determined to try- it on, and by luck did so earlier than I expected.

About one hour's walk from us was the town house of an aunt, the richest of our family and one of my mother's sisters. She alone now supplied me with what money I had, my mother gave me next to nothing. I went to see aunt, who asked me to tell my mother to go and spend a day with her, the next week, and named the day. I forgot this until three days afterwards, when hearing my mother tell the cook, she could go out for a whole holiday; I said, that my aunt particularly wished to see mother on that day. My mother scolded me for not having told her sooner, but wrote and arranged to go, forgetting the cook's holiday. To my intense fury, on that day she took brother Tom

with her, saying to Charlotte, “You will have nothing to think of, but the house, shut it up early, and do not be frightened.” I was as usual to fetch my mother home.

In what an agitated state I passed that morning at school, and in the afternoon went home, trembling at my own intentions. Charlotte's eyes opened with astonishment at seeing me. Was I not going to fetch my, mother? I was not going till night. There was no food in the house, and I had better go to my aunt's for dinner. I knew there was cold meat, and made her lay the cloth in the kitchen. To make sure, I asked if the cook was out, yes, she was, but would be home soon. I knew that she stopped out till ten o'clock on her holidays. The girl was agitated with some undefined idea of what might take place, we kissed and hugged, but she did not like even that, I saw.

I restrained myself whilst eating, she sat quietly besides me; when I had finished she began to remove the things, the food gave me courage, her moving about stimulated me, I began to feel her breasts, then got my hands on to her thighs, we had the usual struggles, but it seems to me as I now think of it that her resistance was less and that she prayed me to desist more lovingly than was usual. We had toyed for an hour, she bad let a dish fall and smashed it, the baker rang, she took in the bread, and declared she would not shut the door unless I promised to leave off. I promised, and so soon as, she had closed it, pulled her into the garden parlour, having been thinking when in the kitchen how I could get her upstairs. Down went the bread on the floor, on to the sofa, I pushed her, and after a struggle she was sitting down, I kissing her, one arm round her waist, one hand between her thighs, close up to her cunt. Then I told her I wanted to fuck her, said all in favour of it I knew, half ashamed, half frightened, as I said it. She said she did not know what I meant, resisted less and less as I tried to pull her back on the sofa, when another ring came: it was the milkman. I was obliged to let her go, and she ran down stairs with the milk.

I followed, she went out and slammed the door, which led to the garden, in my face; for the instant, I thought she was going to the privy, but opened and followed on; she ran up the steps, into the garden, through the garden parlour, and upstairs to her bedroom just opposite to mine, closed and locked the door in my face, I begged her to let me in.

She said she would not come out till she heard the knocker or bell ring; there was no one called usually after the milkman, so my game was pp, but nothing makes man or woman so crafty as lust. In half an hour or so, in anger, I said I should go to my aunt's, went downstairs, moved noisily about, opened and slammed the street-door violently, as if I had gone out, then pulled off my boots, and crept quietly up to

my bedroom.

There I sat expectantly a long time, had almost given up hope, began to think about consequences if she told my mother, when I heard the door softly open and she came to the edge of the stairs. 'Wattie!" she said loudly, "Wattie!" much louder, 'He has: said she in a subdued tone to herself, as much as to say that worry is over.

I opened my door, she gave a loud shriek and retreated to her room, I close to her; in a few minutes more, hugging, kissing, begging, threatening, I know not how; she was partly on the bed, her clothes up in a heap, I on her with my prick in my hand, I saw the hair, felt the slit, and not much knowing then where the hole was or much about it, excepting that it was between her legs; shoved my prick there with all my might, "Oh! you hurt, I shall be ill," said she, 'pray don't." Had she said she was dying I should not have stopped. The next instant a delirium of my senses came, my prick throbbing and as if hot lead was jetting from it, at each throb; pleasure mingled with light pain in it, and my whole from quivering with emotion; my sperm left me for a virgin cunt, but fell outside it, though on to it. How long I was quiet I don't know; probably but a short time; for a first pleasure does not tranquillise at that age; I became conscious that she was pushing me off of her, and rose up, she with me, to a half-sitting posture; she began to laugh, then to cry, and fell back in hysterics, as I had seen her before.

I had seen my mother attend to her in those fits, but little did I them know that sexual excitement causes them in women and that probably in her I had been the cause. I got brandy and water and made her drink a lot, helping myself at the same time, for I was frightened, and made her lay on the bed. Then, ill as she was, frightened as I was, I yet took the opportunity her partial insensibility gave me, lifted her clothes quietly, and saw her cunt and my spunk on it. Roused by that, she pushed her clothes half down feebly and got to the side of the bed. I loving, begging pardon; kissing her, told her of my pleasure, and asked about hers, all snatches, for I thought I had done her. Not a word could I get, but she looked me in the face beseechingly, begging me to go. I had no such intention, my prick was again stiffening, I pulled it out, the sight of her cunt had stimulated me, she looked with languid eyes at me, her cap was off, her hair hanging about her head, her dress torn near her breast. More so than she had ever looked was she beautiful to me, success made me bold, on I went insisting, she seemed too weak to withstand me. "Don't, oh pray, don't," was all she said as, pushing her well on the bed, I threw myself on her and again put my doodle on to the slit now wet with my sperm. I was, though cooler, stiff as a poker, but my sperm was not so ready to flow, as it was in after days, at a second poke, for I was very

young; but nature did all for me; my prick went to the proper channel, there stopped by something it battered furiously. “Oh, you hurt, oh!” she cried aloud. The next instant something seemed to tighten round its knob, another furious thrust, another, a sharp cry of pain (resistance was gone), and my prick was buried up her, I felt that it was done, and that before I had spent outside her. I looked at her, she was quiet, her cunt seemed to close on my prick, I put my hand down, and felt round. What rapture to find my machine buried! nothing but the balls to be touched, and her cunt hair wetted with my sperm, mingling and clinging to mine; in another minute nature urged a crisis, and I spent in a virgin cunt, my prick virgin also. Thus ended my first fuck.

My prick was still up her, when we heard a loud knock; both started up in terror, I was speechless. “My God, it is your mamma! Another loud knock. What a relief, it was the postman. To rush downstairs, and open the door was the work of a minute. “I thought you were all out,” said he angrily, “I have knocked three times.” 'We were in the garden,” said I. He looked queerly at me and said, 'With your boots off!” and grinning went away. I went up again, found her sitting on the side of the bed, and there we sat together. I told her what the postman had said, she was sure he would tell her mistress. For a short time, there never was a couple who had just fucked, in more of a foolish funk then we were; I have often thought of our not hearing the thundering knocks of a postman, whilst we were fucking, though the bedroom door was wide open; what engrossing work it is so to deafen people. Then after unsuccessfully struggling to see her cunt, and kissing, and feeling each others genitals, and talking of our doings and our sensations for an hour, we fucked again.

It was getting dark, which brought us to reason; we both helped remake the bed, went downstairs, shut the shutters, lighted the fire which was out, and got lights. I then, having nothing to do, began thinking of my doodle, which was sticking to my shirt, and pulling it out to see its condition, found my shirt covered with sperm smears, and spots of blood; my prick was dreadfully sore. I said to her that she had been bleeding, she begged me to go out of the kitchen for a minute, I did, and almost directly she came out and passed me, saying she must change her things before the cook came home. She would not let me stay in the room whilst she did it, nor did I see her chemise, though I had followed her upstairs; then the idea flashed across and that I had taken a virginity; that had never occurred to me before. She got hot water to wash herself. I did not know what to do with my shirt; we arranged' I should wash it before I went to bed. We thought it best to say I had not been home at all, and that I should go and fetch my mother. After much kissing, hugging, and tears on her part,

off I went, hatching an excuse for not having fetched mother earlier, and we came home with Tom in my aunt's carriage, I recollect.

Before going to bed, I ordered hot water for a footbath. How we looked at each other as l ordered it. I washed my shirt as well as I could, and looked sadly at my sore prick, I could not pull the skin back so much as usual, it was torn, raw, and slightly bleeding. Awake nearly all night, thinking of my pleasure and proud of my success; I rose early and, looking at my shirt, found stains still visible, and that I had so mucked it in washing that an infant could have guessed what I had been doing.

I knew that my mother, who now did household duties herself, selected the things for the laundress; and in despair hit on a plan: I filled the chamber-pot with piss and soap-suds, making it as dirty as I could, put it near a chair and my shirt hanging over it carelessly, so as to look as if it had dropped into the pot by accident; left it there, and put on a clean shirt. After breakfast my mother, who usually helped to make my bed and her own as well, called out to me; up I went with my heart in my mouth, to hear her say she hoped I would be a little more careful and remember that we had no longer my poor father's purse. 'Look" said she, "a disgraceful state you left your shirt in, I am ashamed to have it sent to the laundress, have been obliged to tell the housemaid to partly wash it first, you are getting very careless." Charlotte afterwards told me that, when mother gave her the shirt to rough wash, she felt as if she should faint.

I need not repeat about my prepuce, which as said I could now pull down with a little less difficulty. Lacerated and painful over night, it was much more swollen and sore the nest morning, when I pissed it smarted, the thinking and smarting made me randy: risking all, whilst my mother was actually in the joining room, the poor girl in horrid fear and looking shockingly ill, I thrust my hand up her cloches and on to her split. She whispered, "What a wretch your are!" I went to college, came back at three o'clock, thinking about ways on the same subject; my prick got worse, I took it into my head, that Charlotte had given me some disease, and was in a dreadful state of mind. I washed it with warm water and greased it, having eased it thus a little, got the skin down, then could not get it back again; it got stiff; as it did so, sexual pleasures came into my mind, and worse got the pain. I greased it more, my pain grew less, I touched the tip with my greasy finger, it gave a throb of pleasure, I went on without meaning, almost without knowing; the pleasure came, and spunk shot out. I had frigged myself unintentionally again.

I watched my penis shrink, its tension lessen, its high colour go, then came the feeling of disgust at myself that I have always felt after frigging, a disgust not quite absent even when done by the little hands

of fair friends, to whose quiets I was paying similar delicate attentions. I was able to pull up the skin again, but the soreness got worse, I told the poor girl that my prick was very sore, and that I thought it strange. It did not wound her feelings, for she did not know my suspicions. The next morning being no better, I with much hesitation told a college friend, he looked at my prick, and thought it either clap or pox. Frightened tp go to our own doctor, I at his advice went to a chemist, who did a little business in such matters; we dealt there, but my friend assured me that the man never opened his mouth to any, one, if youths consulted him, and many he knew had.

With quaking I said to the chemist, that I had something the matter with my thing. “What” said he. “I don *t know.” “Let me see it.” I began to beg him not to mention it to my mother, or any one. “Don't waste my time,” said he, “show it to me, if you want my advice.” Out I pulled it as small as could be, but still with the skin over it. “Have you been with a woman?” said he. “Yes.” He looked at my shirt, there was no discharge, then be laid hold of my prick with both hands, and with force pulled the skin right down, I howled. He told me there was nothing the matter with me, that the skin was too tight, that a snip would set me to rights, and advised me soon to have it done, saying, “It will save you trouble and money if you do, and add to your pleasure.” I declined. “Another day, then.” “No.” He laughed and said, “Well, time will cure you, if you go on as you have begun,” gave me a lotion, and in three days I was pretty right: warm water I expect would have had the same effect. I had simply torn the skin in taking the virginity.

Of course I wanted Charlotte again, she seemed in no way to help me, and used to cry, still there was a wonderful difference between then and before the happy consummation: she tried to pre vent my hands going up her petticoats, but, once up, objection ceased, and my hands would rove about on the outside and inside of all, we stood and kissed at every opportunity. “When shall we do it again?” She replied, “Never!” for she was sure it would bring punishment on us both.

I neglected my studies absolutely, all I thought about was her, and how to get at her, it must have been a week or more before I did. Ready for any risk, that day my mother was out, I came home, had the early dinner; the cook after that always went up to dress, or, as she said, clean herself, and there she always was an hour, waiting till I heard her go up, I went into the garden parlour, where as usual Charlotte was with my little brother. Going at her directly, I was refused, but now how different, once she would not rest until my hand was altogether away from her. Now I begged and besought her, with my hand up her clothes, my fingers on her quim. No, if we had not been found out, we were fortunate, but never, never, would she do it

again; was I mad, did I wish to ruin her, was not the cook upstairs, might she not come down, whilst we did it? How light the room was, the sun was coming in. I dropped the blinds, her resistance grew less, as her cunt felt my twiddling. “No — now no - oh, what a plague you are; hush! it is the cook.” I open the door, listen, there is no one stirring. “What will she think if she finds you here?” “What does it matter? Now do - let me, - I'll bolt the door, if she comes I will get under the sofa, you say you, don't know how it got bolted.” Such was my innocent device, but it sufficed, for both were hot in lust. I bolted it. My prick is out, I pull her reluctant hand on to it, my hands are groping now, but too impatient for dallying, I push her down on the sofa-that dear emit. “Don't hurt me so much again, oh, don't push so hard.” Oh! what delight! in a minute we are spending, together this time.

I unlock the door, go back to the dining-room, she strolls out into the garden, cook speaks to her out of the window. “Where is master Wattie?” “In the dining-room, I suppose.” Soon out I stroll into the garden, play with Tommy of course, she can scarcely look me in the face, she is blushing like a rose. “Was it not lovely, Charlotte, is not your thing wet?” In she rushes with Tom, soon I follow, cook is still upstairs. “Come, be quick.” Again the bolt, again we fuck, she walks off into the garden with Tommy, her cunt full, and cook and she chat from the window. How we laughed about it afterwards.

Modesty retired after this, we gave way to our inclinations, she refusing but always letting me if we got a chance! We were still green and timid, at the end of three weeks we only had done it a dozen times or so, always with the cook in the house, always with fear. I was longing for complete enjoyment of all my senses, had never yet seen her cunt, except for a minute at a time, was mad for “the naked limb entwined with limb,” and all I had read of in amatory poetry. I had gained years in boldness and manhood, and, although nervous, began to practice what I had heard. I heard of accommodation houses, where people could have bedrooms and no questions were asked; and found one not far from my aunt's, although she lived in the best quarter of London just before Charlotte's day out, I went to my aunt, complained of my mother's meanness, and she gave me a sovereign. On my way home, I loitered a full hour in the street with the baudy house, marked it so as to know it in the day, and saw couples go in, as my knowing friend who had told said I should. The next day, instead of going to college and risking discovery; I waited till Charlotte joined me, took a hackney coach to the street, and, telling Charlotte it was a tavern, walked to the door with her; to my astonishment it was closed. Disconcerted, I nearly turned back, but rang the bell. Charlotte said she would not go in. The door opened, a woman said, “Why did you

not push the door?" Oh! the shame I felt as I went into that baudy house with Charlotte; the woman seemed to hesitate, or so I fancied, before she gave us a room.

It was a gentleman's house, although the room cost but five shillings: red curtains, looking-glasses, wax lights, clean linen, a huge chair, a large bed, and a cheval-glass, large enough for the biggest couple to be reflected in, were all there. I examined all with the greatest curiosity, but my curiosity was greater for other things; of all the delicious, voluptuous recollections, that day stands among the brightest; for the first time in my life I saw all a woman's charms, and exposed my own manhood to one; both of us knew but little of the opposite sex. With difficulty I got her to undress to her chemise, then with but my shirt on, how I revelled in her nakedness, feeling from her neck to her ankles, lingering with my fingers in every crack and cranny of her body; from armpits to cunt, all was new to me.

With what fierce eyes, after modest struggles, and objections to prevent, and I had forced open her reluctant thighs, did I gloat on her cunt; wondering at its hairy outer covering and lips, its red inner flaps, at the hole so closed up, and so much lower down and hidden than I thought it to be; soon, at its look and feel, impatience got the better of me; hurriedly I covered it with my body and shed my sperm in it. Then with what curiosity I paddled my fingers in it afterwards, again to stiffen, thrust, wriggle, and spend. All this I recollect as if it occurred but yesterday, I shall recollect it to the last day of my life, for it was a honey-moon of novelty; years afterwards I often thought of it when fucking other women.

We fell asleep, and must have been in the room some hours, when we awakened about three o'clock. We had eaten nothing that day, and both were hungry, she objected to wash before me, or to piddle; how charming it was to overcome that needless modesty, what a treat to me to see that simple operation. We dressed and left, went to a quietish public-house, and had some simple food and beer, which set me up, I was ready to do all over again, and so was she. We went back to the house and again to bed; the woman smiled when she saw us; the feeling, looking, titillating, baudy inciting, and kissing recommenced. With what pleasure she felt and handled my prick, nor did she make objection to my investigations into her privates, though saying she would not let me. Her thighs opened, showing the red-lipped, hairy slit; I kissed it, she kissed my cock, nature taught us both what to do. Again we fucked, I found it a longish operation, and when I tried later again, was surprised to find that it would not stiffen for more than a minute, and an insertion failed. I found out that day that there were limits to my powers. Both tired out, our day's pleasure over, we rose and took a hackney coach towards home. I went in first,

she a quarter of an hour afterwards, and everything passed off as I could have wished.

From that day, lust seized us both; we laid our plans to have each other frequently, but it was difficult: my mother was mostly at home, the cook nearly always at home if mother was out; but quite twice a week we managed to copulate, and sometimes oftener. We arranged signals. If, when she opened the door, she gave a shake of the head, I knew mother was in; if she smiled and pointed down with her finger, mother was out, but cook downstairs; if it pointed up, cook was upstairs; in the latter case, to go into the garden parlour and fuck was done off hand. If cook was known to be going out, Charlotte told me beforehand, and if mother was to be out, I got home, letting college and tutors go to the devil. Then there was lip kissing, cunt kissing, feeling and looking, tickling and rubbing each other's articles, all the preliminary delights of copulation, and but one danger in the way: my little brother could talk in a broken way; we used to give him some favorite toy and put him on the floor, whilst we indulged voluptuously. On the sofa one day, I had just spent in her when I felt a little hand tickling between our bellies, and Tommy, who had tottered up to us, said, “Don't hurt Lotty, der's a good Wattie.” We settled that Tom was too young to notice or recollect what he saw, but I now think different.

Winter was coming on, she used to be sent to a circulating library to fetch books, the shop was some distance off, a few houses, long garden-walls, and hedges were on the road. I used to keep out, or go out just before she went, and we fucked up against the walls. I took to going to church in the evening also, to the intense delight of my mother, but it was to fuck on the road home. One day, hot in lust, we fucked standing on the lobby near my bedroom, my mother being in the room below, the cook in the kitchen. We got bold, reckless, and whenever we met alone, if only for an instant, we felt each other's genitals. At last we found the servant's privy one of the best places. I have described its situation near to a flight of steps, at the end of a covered passage which could be seen from one point only in the garden; down there, anyone standing was out of sight. If all was clear, I used to ring the parlour bell, ask for something, and make a sign; when she thought it safe, there she would go, I into the garden, to where I could see into the passage by the side of the garden stairs. If I saw her, or heard “ahem,” down I went into the privy and was up her cunt in a second, standing against the wall and shoving to get our spend over, as if my life depended on it; this was uncomfortable, but it had its charm. We left off doing it in the privy, being nearly caught one day there.

We thought cook was upstairs, mother was out, I was fucking her,

when the cook knocked saying, “Make haste, Charlotte, I want to come.' We had just spent, she was so frightened I thought she was fainting, but she managed to say “I cannot.” “Do,” said cook, “I am ill.” “So am I,” said Charlotte. Said cook, “I can sit on the little seat.” “Go to misses' closet, she's out.” Off cook went, out we came, and never fucked in that place again; one day I did her on the kitchen table, and several times on the dining-room table.

We in fact did it everywhere else, and often enough for my health, for I was young, weak, and growing, and it was the same with her. The risk, we ran were awful, but we loved each other with all our souls. Both young, both new at the work, both liking it, it was rarely we got more than just time to get our fucking over and clothes arranged before we had to separate, for her to get to her duties. Many times I have seen her about the house, cunt full and with the heightened colour and brilliant eyes of a woman who had just been satisfied. I used to feel pleasure in knowing she was bringing in the dinner, or tea, with my spunk in her cunt; not having had the opportunity to wash or piddle it out.

When she had another holiday, we went to the baudy house, and stayed so long in it that we had a scare; just asleep, we heard a knocking at the door. My first idea was that my mother had found me out, and, although I ruled her in one way, I was in great subjection to her, from not having any money. She thought her father was after her. What a relief it was to bear a voice say: 'Shall you be long, sir, we want the room?* I was having too much accommodation for my money. That night we walked home, for I had no money for a coach, and barely enough to get us a glass of beer and a biscuit; we were famished and fucked out; my mother had refused to give me money, and another aunt whom I had asked said I was asking too often, and refused also. Although we went to this baudy house, I always felt as if I was going to be hanged when I did, and it was with difficulty I could make her go: she called it a bad house, and it cost money. Something then occurred which helped me, penniless as I was.

At the extreme end of our village were a few little houses; one stood with its side entrance up a road only partially formed, and without thoroughfare; its owner was a pew-opener, her daughter a dressmaker, who worked for servants and such like; they cut out things for servants, who in those days largely made their own dresses. Charlotte had things made there. At a fair held every year near us, of which I shall have to tell more, my fast friend, who had put me up to so much and who, I forgot to say, tried to get hold of Charlotte, I saw with the dressmaker's daughter. Said he, talking to me next day, she is jolly ugly, but she's good enough for a feel. I felt her cunt last night and think she has been fucked (he thought that of every girl); her

mother is a rum old gal too, she will let you meet a girl at her cottage, not whores, you know, but if they are respectable. Is it a baudy house?" I asked. "Oh, no, it's quite respectable, but if you walk in with a lady, she leaves you in the room together, and, when you come out, if you just give her half a crown, she drops a curtsy, just as she does when she opens the pew-doors and anyone gives her six pence, but she is quite respectable, the clergyman goes to see her sometimes."

Charlotte asked to go out to a dressmaker, I met her as if by chance at the door, the old pew-opener asked if I would like to walk in and wait. I did. Charlotte came in after she had arranged about her dress. There was a sofa in the room, and she was soon on it; we left together, I gave two or three shillings (money went much further then), and the pew-opener said, "You can always wait here when your young lady comes to see my daughter."

When we went a second time, she asked me if I went to St. Mary's Chapel (her chapel). We went to her house in the day that time. When we were going away, she said, "Perhaps you won't mind always going out first, for neighbours are so ill-natured." The old woman was really a pew-opener, her daughter really a dressmaker, but she was glad to earn a few shilling by letting her house be used for assignations of a quiet sort; she would not have let gay women in, from what I heard. She had lived for years in the parish and was thought respectable. She had not much use of her house in that way, wealthy people going to town for their frolics, - town only being an hour's journey - and no gay women being in the village that I knew of.

At this house, I spent Charlotte's third holiday with her, in a comfortable bedroom. We stopped from eleven in the morning, till nine at night, having mutton chops and ale, and being as jolly as we could be. We did nothing the whole day long but look at each other's privates, kiss, fuck, and sleep outside the bed. It was there she expressed curiosity about male emissions. I told her how the sperm spurted out, then discussing women's, she told me of the pleasure I had given her when fingering her in the manner described already: we completed our explanations by my frigging myself to show her, and then my doing the same to her with my finger. I bungled at that, and think I hear her now saying, "No, just where you were is nicest." "Does it give you pleasure?" "Oh, yes, but I don't like it that way, Oh! - Oh! - I am doing it - Oh!" I had no money that day, Charlotte had her wages, and paid for everything, giving me her money to do so.

One day we laughed at having nearly been caught fucking in the privy. "She must have a big bum, must Mary," said I, "to sit on that little seat at the privy." Said Charlotte, "She is a big woman, twice as big as me, her bottom would cover the whole seat." This set us talking about the cook, and as what I then heard affected me much at a future

day, I will tell all Charlotte said, as nearly as I can recollect.

“Of course I have seen her naked bit by bit - when two women are together they can't help it, why should they mind - if you sit down to pee, you show your legs, and if you put on your stockings you show your thighs, then we-both wash down to our waists, and if you slip off your chemise or night-gown you show yourself all over. Mary's beautiful from head to foot; one morning in the summer, we sleeping in the same bed, were very hot. I got out to pee, we had kicked all the clothes off, Mary was laying on her back with night-clothes above her waist fast asleep, I could not help looking at her thighs, which were so large and white - white as snow.” “Had she much hair on her cunt?” said I. “What's that to you?” said she, laughing, but went on: “Oh! twice as much as I have, and of a light brown.” “I suppose her cunt is bigger than yours?” said I reflectively. “Well, perhaps it is,” said Charlotte, “she is a much bigger woman than me, what do you think?” I inclined to the opinion it must be, but had no experience to guide me; on the whole we agreed that it was likely to be bigger.

“Then,” said she, “I suppose some men have smaller things than yours?” I told her that as far as I knew they varied slightly, but only had knowledge of youthful pricks, and could not he certain whether they varied much when full grown or not. We went on about Mary. “I know I should like to be such a big, fine woman.” “But,” said I, “I don't like light hair. I like dark hair on a cunt, light hair can't look well, I should think.” “I like her,” said Charlotte, “she is a nice woman, but often dull, she has no relatives in London, never says anything about them or herself, she used to have letters, and then often cried; she has none now; the other night she took me in her arms, gave me a squeeze and said, 'Oh! if you were a nice young man now, then laughed and said, 'perhaps we would put our things together and make babies.' I was frightened to say anything, for fear she should find out I knew too much; I think she has been crossed in love.”

I was twiddling Charlotte's quim, as I was never tired of doing, something in the sensation I suppose reminded her, for, laughing, she went on. “You know what you did to me the other night?” “What?” said I, not recollecting. “You know, with your finger.” “Oh! frig.” “Yes, well, Mary does that; I was awake one night, and was quite quiet, when I heard Mary breathing hard, and felt her elbow go jog, jog, just touching my side, then she gave a sigh, and all was quiet. I went to sleep, and have only just thought of it.” She had heard or felt this jog from the cook before, so we both concluded that she frigged herself; Charlotte knew what frigging was.

“Do you recollect your mamma's birthday?” said Charlotte. “She sent us down a bottle of sherry, the gardener was to have some, but

did not; so we were both a little fuddled when we went to bed. When Mary was undressed she pulled up her clothes to her hips, and looking at herself said, 'My legs are twice as big as yours. Then we made a bet on it and measured; she lost, but her thigh was half as big again round as mine; then she threw herself on her back and cocked up her legs, opening them for a minute. I said 'Lord, Mary, what ever are you doing?" Ah' said she, 'women's legs were made to open,' and there it ended. I never beard her before say or do anything improper, she is most particular." If Charlotte had been older or wiser, she would not have extolled the naked beauties of a fellow servant to her lover, for the description of the big bum, white thighs, and hairy belly bottom, the jog, jog of the elbow, and all the other particulars, sank deep into my mind. We fucked more than ever, recklessly it is a wonder we were not found out, for one evening, it being dark, I fucked her in the forecourt, outside our street-door; but troubles were coming.

Her father wrote to know why she had not been home at her holidays, she got an extra holiday to go and pacify him; then we had a fright because her courses stopped, but they came on all right again. One of my sisters came home and diminished our opportunities; still we managed to fuck somehow, most of the time they were uprighters. The next holiday she went home by coach (the only way), I met her on the return, and we fucked up against the garden wall of our house. A month slipped away, again we spent her holiday at the pew-opener's; no man and woman could have liked each other more, or more enjoyed each other's bodies, without thinking of the rest of the world.

I disguised nothing from her, she told me all she knew of herself, the liking she took for me, her pleasure yet fear and shame when first I felt her cunt, the shock of delight and confusion when, on my twiddling it, she had spent; how she made up her mind to run out of the house when the milkman came, the hysterical faint when I first laid my prick between her slit and spent, the sensation of relief when I had not done, as instinct told her I should, in spending outside, the sort of feeling of "poor fellow, he wants me, he may do as he likes," which she had; I told my sensations. All these we told each other, over and over again, and never tired of the conversation; we were an innocent, reckless, randy couple.

We had satisfied our lusts in simple variety, but I never put my tongue in her mouth, nor do I know that I had heard of that form of lovemaking-but more of that hereafter. I did her on her belly, and something incited me to do it to her dog fashion, but it was never repeated; we examined as said each other's appendages, but once satisfied, having seen mine get from flaccid to stiff, the piddle issue, the spunk squirt, she never wanted to see it again, and could not

understand my insatiable curiosity about hers. She knew, I think, less than most girls of her age about the males, having never, I recollect, nursed male children, and I don't think she had brothers.

How is it that scarcely any woman will let you willingly look at her cunt after fucking, till it is washed? Most say it is beastly, gay or quiet; it is the same. Is it more beastly to have it spurted up, to turn and go to sleep with the spunk oozing on to a thigh, or an hour afterwards to let a man paddle in what has not dried? They don't mind that, but won't let you look at it after your operations, willingly - why?

A modest girl lays quietly after fucking, and does not wash till you are away. A young girl who has let you see her cunt and take her virginity-, won't wash it at all until you point out the necessity. A gay woman often tries to shove back her bum just as you spend, gets the discharge near the outlet, uncunts you quickly, and at once washes and pisses at the same time. A quiet young girl wipes her cunt on the outside only. A working man's wife does the same. I have fucked several, and not one washed before me. I incline to the opinion that poor women rarely wash their cunts inside, their piddle does all the washing. “What's the good of washing it?” said a poor but not a gay girl to me, “it's always clean and feels just the same an hour afterwards, whether washed or not.” Is the unwashed cunt less healthy than one often soaped and syringed? I doubt it. An old roue said to me he would not give a damn to fuck a cunt at night which has been washed since the morning. About sexual matters each of us knew about as much as the other, and we had much to learn.

A girl, however, in the sphere of life of Charlotte, usually knows more about a man's sex than a youth of the same age does of a woman's; they have nursed children and know what a cock is; a girl is never thought too young to nurse a male child, no one would trust a boy after ten years of age to nurse a female child; but she had never nursed. From Charlotte I had my fast knowledge of menstruation and of other mysteries of her sex. Ah! that menstruation was a wonder to me, it was marvellous, but all was really a wonder to me then.

After Christmas, my sister went back to school, our chances seemed improving, we spent another holiday at the pew-opener's. I had got money, and we were indiscreet enough to go to see some wax-works. Next day her father came to see her, he ordered her to tell where she had been. She refused, he got angry, and made such a noise that mother rang to know what it was. He asked to see her, apologized, and said his daughter had been out several holidays without his knowing where she had been. My mother said it was very improper, and that he ought. A friend was with us in the room, and I sat there reading and trembling. My mother remarked to the lady, “I

hope that girl is not going wrong, she is very good looking." Mother asked me to go out of the room, then had Charlotte up, and lectured her, afterwards Charlotte told me, for the first time, that her father was annoyed because she would not marry a young man.

A young man had called at our house several times to see her; she saw him once and evaded doing so afterwards. He was the son of a well-to-do baker a few miles from Charlotte's home, and wished to marry her; his father was not expected to live, and the young man said he would marry her directly the father died. Her mother was mad at her refusing such a chance. Charlotte showed me his letters, which then came, and we arranged together the replies. She went home, and came back with eyes swollen with crying; some one had written anonymously to say she had been seen at the wax-works with a young man, evidently of position above her, and had been seen walking with a young man.

The mother threatened to have a doctor examine her to see if she had been doing anything wrong; no one seemed to have suspected me; her father would have her home, her mother had had suspicion of her for some time, "The sooner you marry young Brown the better, he will have a good business and keeps a horse and chaise, you will never have such a chance again, and it will prevent you going wrong, even if you have not already gone wrong," said her mother.

It was a rainy night, I had met her on her return, and we both stood an hour under an umbrella, talking and crying, she saying, "I knew I should be ruined; if I marry he will find me out, if I don't they will lead me such a life; oh! what shall I do!" We fucked twice in the rain against a wall, putting down the umbrella to do it. Afterwards we met at the dressmaker's, talked over our misery, and cried, and fucked, and cried again. Then it was nothing but worry, she crying at her future, I wondering if I should be found out; still, with all our misery, we never failed to fuck if there was a clear five minutes before us. Then her mother wrote to say that old Brown was dead, and her father meant to take her away directly; she refused, the father came, saw my mother, and settled the affair by taking back Charlotte's box of clothes. I had not a farthing; at her age a father had absolute control, and nothing short of running away would have been of use. Me talked of drowning ourselves, or of her taking work in the fields. I projected things equally absurd for myself. I tended in her agreeing to go home, -she could not help that, - but refusing to marry.

Charlotte wrote me almost directly after her return. My mother had reserved the right of opening my letters, although she had ceased to do so. That morning seeing she had one addressed to me, in fear I snatched it out of her hand. She insisted on having it back, I refused, and we bad a row. "How dare you, sir, give it me." "I won't, you shan't

open my letter." "I will, a boy like you!" "I am not a boy, I am a man, if you ever open a letter of mine, I will go for a common soldier, instead of being an officer." "I will tell your guardian." "I mean to tell him how shamefully short of money I am; Uncle says it's a shame, so does aunt." My, mother sank down in tears; it was my last rebellion; she spoke to my guardian, never touched my letters again, and gave me five times the money. I used to have, but, to make sure, I had letters enclosed to a friend, and fetched them.

Charlotte was not allowed to go out alone and was harassed in every way; for all that, I managed to meet her at a local school, one Saturday afternoon when it was empty; some friendly teacher let her in, and she let me in. We fucked on a hard form, in a nearly dark room, about the most difficult poke I ever had, it was a ridiculous posture. But our meeting was full of tears, despondency, and dread of being with child She told me I had ruined her, even fucking did not cheer her. A week or so afterwards, having no money, I walked all the way to try to see her, and failed Afterwards, in her letters, she begged me never to tell anyone about what had passed between us. Her father sent her away to his brothers, where she was to help as a servant; for somehow be had got wind that she had met some one at the school-house. There she fell ill and was sent home again. Then she wrote that she should marry, or have no peace, wished I was older, and then she could marry me; she did not write much common sense, although it did not strike me so then. She was coming to London to buy things, would say she would call on my mother on the road, but would meet me instead. How she humbugged the young woman who came to town with her, I don't know, but we met at the baudy house, cried nearly the whole time, but fucked for all that till my cock would stand no longer; then, vowing to see each other after she was married, we parted.

She married soon, my mother told me of it; she lived twelve miles from us, and did not write to me. I went there one day, but, although I lingered long near their shop, I never saw her. I did that a second time, she saw me looking in, and staggered into a back room. I dared not go in for fear of injuring her. Afterwards came a letter not signed, breathing love, but praying me not to injure her, as might be if I was seen near her house. Money, distance, time was all against me; I felt all was over, took to frigging, which, added to my vexation, made me ill. What the doctor thought I don't know; he said I was suffering from nervous exhaustion, asked my mother if I was steady and kept good hours. My mother said I was the quietest and best of sons, as innocent as a child, and that I was suffering from severe study-she had long thought I should; the fact being that for four months I had scarcely looked at a book, excepting when she was near me, and had, when not

thinking of Charlotte, spent my time in writing baudy words and sketching cunts and pricks with pen and ink.

Thus I lost my virginity, and took one; thus ended my first love * or lust; which will you call it? I call it love, for I was fond of the girl, and she of me. Some might call it a seduction, but thinking of it after this lapse of years, I do not.

It was only the natural result of two people being thrown together, both young, full of hot blood, and eager to gratify their sexual curiosity; there was Do blame to either, we were made to do it, and did but illustrate the truth of the old song, “Cock and cunt will come together, check them as you may,” and point to the wisdom of never leaving a young male and female alone together, if they were not wanted to copulate.

In all respects we were as much like man and wife as circumstances would let us be. We poked and poked, whenever we got a chance; we divided our money, if I had none, she spent her wages; when I had it, I paid for her boots and clothes, a present in the usual sense of the term I never gave her; our sexual pleasures were of the simplest, the old fashioned way was what we followed, and altogether it was a natural, virtuous, wholesome, connexion, but the world will not agree with me on that point.

One thing strikes me as remarkable now: the audacity with which I went to a baudy house; all the rest seems to have and followed as naturally as possible. What a lovely recollection it isl nothing in my career since is so lovely as our life then was; scarce a trace of what may be called lasciviousness was in it; had the priest blest it by the bands of matrimony, it would have been called the chaste pleasure of love and affection- as the priest had nothing to do with it, it will be called, I suppose, beastly immorality. I have often wondered if her husband found out that she was not a virgin, and, if not, whether it was owing to some skill of hers, or to his ignorance? I heard afterwards that they lived happily.

Chapter VI

Mary the cook. • A bloody nose and broken piss-pot. • An involuntary spend. • A feel and a poke. • A new sensation. • At a baudy house. • Mary's history. • She leaves.

As the certainty that all was finished between us came to me, I got better, my grief moderated, my prick expected occupation, I was horrified at having frigged myself, and ceased doing it. Then naturally I looked at the servants. The new housemaid was ugly as sin, so I turned to Mary the cook. I was then about seventeen years old.

She was now I think twenty-six or eight years old, big, stout, but as it seemed to me then, symetrical; she had exquisite teeth, blue eyes, and a fine complexion—so fine that my mother remarked it. She was quiet in a remarkable degree, and treated me as a boy. Nine months before this I should as soon have dared to think of fucking my aunt, but experience had altered me. I thought of the light hair on her cunt, and of all I could not see, which Charlotte had innocently described to me; and the conclusions we had arrived at, that she frigged herself. Then I thought that after all, old as she was, and young as I was, she might like Charlotte, let me do her. I had once kissed her when Charlotte was with us, and she had taken it as if she was letting a child kiss her; I now tried it again, and got a quiet kiss in return; it was done with the air and manner of “There, there, you troublesome boy”, which mortified me much.

I had now special tutors at home, and was at home when I liked, yet my chances with the cook were fewer than they had been with Charlotte, owing to her occupations. I was studying elementary chemistry, and when making some experiments in the garden parlour, burnt a table cover. My mother angry, said I had better experiment in the back kitchen again, so under that pretence, I managed to be downstairs frequently.

I used to watch Mary, slipping out into the outside passage leading to the servant's privy, and take pleasure in the idea of her piddling there. One day, I watched her coming back, she gave her clothes a tuck between her legs, and I knew it was to dry her cunt; opened the door just as she did it, she knew that I saw the action by my grin, and her face turned scarlet. I kissed her that day, asked her timidly if she had dried it properly that morning. “Dried what?” said she innocently. “What I saw you drying when you came from the closet.” She turned away without saying a word.

A day or two after as she went upstairs to the parlour, I stopped, saw her legs, and told her she had jolly fat legs. She wished I would go upstairs, for I was in the way with my chemicals, and after that

ceased talking to me. But it was difficult to avoid me, I got rude, would tuck my coat between my legs, laugh and make believe to stoop down to see her ankles, but she took no notice. Begging her to kiss me one day; she gave me two or three at once saying, “There now, go on with your chemicals”, in such a motherly way, that it mortified me excessively; making me feel the difference in our ages, as a barrier to my hopes.

But if discouraged one day, I got courage the next; impelled by a cock-stand, and my mother being out, I said, “Should I not like to see your legs.” For a wonder she answered, “Look at your own.” “Oh I” I replied, they are not the same, you have got a slit between them, I have got something hanging, and ready to put into the slit.” “I wish you would go upstairs”, said she, “you are always down here now.” Then she told mother I was in her way, — I promised only to go to the back kitchen when it suited the cook, but did not keep my word.

She was alone one evening, I went home and downstairs, kissed and fondled, and would not be repulsed. At some time every woman is more yielding than at others, they always are if randy. Getting my courage up I said I wished she would let me feel her thing, then'said, “Let me do you”, in a whisper. It was quite dusk down there when I said it. She was speechless for a full minute, whilst I kept repeating my demand. At length she replied, “How dare a boy like you, speak like that to a woman like me.” “I—am not a boy”, said I in anger; I have had many womrn, I know all about a woman's pleasure, I know where your thing is, I know why you tuck your hand outside your clothes after you have piddled.” Then she pushed me out of the kitchen, but I thought she smiled.

Our family habits were much as they had been. but the weather getting finer, mother often took both Tom and the housemaid with her out for a walk; but not until the cook had dressed herself after our early dinner. Unless she took the housemaid out, I was worse off than ever. Yet my chances came.

Cook one day was alone in the kitchen darning a stocking; it was cold—the beginning of March—her feet were on the old fashioned iron fender, I sat myself down on the fender, and we talked, I laid my hand on her lap, and tried quietly without letting her know it, to feel where she gartered. I felt the knot distinctly above her knee, thought how near it was to the cunt I was burning to feel, then put my hand up her clothes, and felt her naked leg under the knee.

She told me to leave off, my prick was standing, “Have you not jolly big white thighs, I have heard of them”, said I. “Heard?” said she. “Yes, and a good lot of hair between them.” “Who, to look at you would believe you were such a liar, such a young monkey; get out of the kitchen.” She arose, drew some water, took it in one hand, some

clean clothes in the other, and went upstairs, taking no further notice of me. I followed her a few steps up, then pushed my hands up her clothes on to her thighs, just beneath her backslide; round she swung facing me, and sat down on the stairs; in swinging round my hand came just into contact with the hair of her cunt; then with a push she sent me downstairs tumbling. As I got up she said quite quietly, “It's your fault if you are hurt; if you follow me, I will push you down again,” “I am stronger than you.” I sung out, “I don't care, so long as I can feel you.” “If I was not so comfortable here in many ways, I would leave tomorrow”, said she, continuing to go upstairs, and thinking she had settled me; but I followed, tried again, and she threw the whole jug of water over me. “Now tell your mamma”, said she, “and I'll surprise her, she don't know her son”, and again she pushed me down. That did not stop my tongue, for I had now got angry and reckless, sang out my wants, bawling out about her cunt, and said, “Did you ever sit on the little privy seat Mary, tell me.” She went up, and locked herself in her bedroom, till I was tired of waiting.

I had been a month at this fun, and as in Charlotte's case seemed not getting on at all, my experience was confined to one woman, and naturally I used to compare everything taking place, with what had taken place with her. To my inexperienced mind, there was a difference between the two women which I could not understand: when I first got my hand up Charlotte's clothes, she was as quick as me, struggled, screeched, and got my hand away, seemed in dread and astonished. When I got my hand on Mary's flesh, which I did repeatedly afterwards, she would turn round quite quietly, remove my hand with force, look at me as if she were collecting her thoughts, did not seem at all alarmed, but gave me a lecture. When she kissed me afterwards, it seemed to be upon reflection, but she did it with force, looked me full in the face, then turned away. One day she said, “I would not leave a sister of mine here, if she were young, for five times my wages, but I am old enough to keep you in your place.”

Soon after mother was one day out, I at home, housemaid and Tom in the garden; it was a clear, bright day, there was a fire in the garden parlour, the garden window-door was shut, and I bolted it; it was about half-past three o'clock, the cook was dressing, I burning with lust, went to my bedroom, opposite then to her door and listened. I heard the rattle of piddle, excitement got the better of my fears, I knocked. “It's not locked”, she called out, thinking it was the house-maid; I opened the door, went in and closed it.

She was standing before the glass brushing her hair, with but stays on; over her chemise, I saw at a glance big white breasts, and big white legs up to her knees. She turned round, and seeing me, put her hands up to cover her breasts, stepped backwards till the bedstead

stopped her, and said, “Go out, mister Walter”, but I threw my arms round her, clasping her tightly and kissing her on her breasts before she could repeat her request, and said, “Oh! do Mary, do let me.”

She did not answer, but disengaged herself from my arms. Crafty with lust and doubtless thinking of former experience, I dropped on my knees, in an instant had her chemise up, both hands round her great bum, and my mouth buried in the hair, kissing the outside of her cunt; she sat down nearly crushing my hands, between her bum and the bedstead, I withdrew them with a cry of pain.

She pushed me away; being on my knees, back I tumbled; as I did so, caught her chemise and lifted it; she put her hands down to prevent it; I kept my hold tightly, and it tore up with a noise, to where her stays stopped it from going further; but the rent disclosed thighs belly and motte simultaneously. She rose, tried to hide her nakedness, and stop the chemise going further, her legs got somehow entangled with mine, I fell back, and she fell clean over me. As I fell, my head struck the pot and overturned it, I felt the warm piddle round my neck and head, and at the same instant a heavy sort of blow on my nose, and hair on my lips—it was her naked belly and motte which struck me as she fell on me. We rolled over, and struggled for a second, I saw white thighs a huge bum, and then we were both up. She opened the window and shouted out, “Eliza, Eliza, I want you.”

Then she turned to me with her eyes wide open, her bosom palpitating, and said, “Get out, you are a nice young blackguard, I would not have believed it, had I not found you out.” And in the same breath hurriedly, “Oh! my God, Wattie, what is the matter?” I felt a funny trickling sensation on my upper lip, and putting my hand up to feel, removed it covered with blood, the result of the blow of her motte on my nose, which was pouring down blood copiously, and dropping on to my shirt. The sight of blood always made me furious, “It's a blow from your belly,” said I, “you did it purposely.” She saw by that time it was not serious and said, “it serves you right, and directly your mamma comes in I will tell her.” “Do,” said I. She repeated, “You are a young blackguard.”

In the excitement of opening the window, calling out, and seeing my nose bleeding, she had forgotten her torn chemise; and I had thought about nothing but my bleeding nose. Standing by the table to open the window, her form had been hidden, but she moved, disclosed the torn chemise, partly one of her hips, thigh, leg, and partially the hair of her cunt. “I can see your cunt,” said I staunching my nose. She snatched up the torn chemise, hiding herself with it. “Oh! go, go,” said she, “oh I that mess, what shall I do!” and she stopped to set up the piss-pot which was laying on one side; I rushed forward, nose still bleeding, and tried to feel the half naked thigh.

“For God's sake go,” said she, “here is Eliza coming.” I heard Tom lumping up step by step slowly, assisted by the house-maid, and bolted into my room.

I held the door ajar and listened. “Where is Master Walter?” said the housemaid as she got to the top landing. “I don't know,” said Mary, “is he not in the drawing-room?” “I don't know,” replied Eliza, “what do you want?” The door dosed, I heard no more, but felt sure that Mary did not mean to tell. My nose left off bleeding, I washed it, and crept quietly downstairs.

Eliza and Tommy went down again into the garden; shortly afterwards down went cook into the kitchen, five minutes after down I went. It was always dullish in the afternoon there. I had thought that I might risk, and as I passed the door from the kitchen leading into the garden, shot the bolt so that, had the housemaid come down that way, she could not get in also.

Mary was sitting close to the fire. “No more nonsense I hope,” said she. There was a kiss and forgiveness soon given me, in her tranquil way.

Again I sat down on the huge kitchen fender, and the next instant was thinking what I had best do. I had seen those wonderfully large, white thighs, seen the thicket of lightish hair between them, had felt no cunt fully for weeks, and was dying with lust. She was as serene as if nothing had happened, and kissed me, but in the usual motherly sort of way. She rose up saying, “I must begin to shut up; what is Eliza staying out so late in the garden with that child for?” That instant I thrust my hand up her clothes, got it on to the motte, and clutched the hair between my fingers; it was easy enough, for it was about the longest and thickest motte thatch I have yet felt. Down she sat, and tried to push me away, but I had firm hold of the hair, and as I did on a similar occasion with Charlotte, pulled and hurt her; she ceased to push me off, and there I stopped, my prick throbbing, and every fibre in me, palpitating with the lust of long continance. Then I pulled and hurt her again, threatening to hurt her more still unless she let me feel her; knowing the housemaid must knock before she could get in suddenly, I was bold.

She bore my tugs with a little flinching and never answered my entreaties. I had found my courage, and used the words cunt and fuck; it was getting dark; looking at me steadily, she said, “So young and yet so cruel, five minutes ago you were saying you were so fond of me, and now you are trying to hurt me; you promised you would not touch me again, now you are doing it; you are all alike, young and old, cruel and liars.” I felt ashamed, but was mad with lust. “A youth, like you, and so quiet as you look.” “Youth! I am a man, have had women, feel me, let me feel you, oh ! do feel me.” I had my prick out.

To get better at her, go from the fender on to my knees, and was pushing my hand between her thighs with energy. Pulling her bum back, she stooped, and her face came near mine. “Kiss me, feel me, and I will indeed leave off, I have seen your belly, let me feel it, and I will leave off.” “You will break your word again,” said she. “I swear not.” She put her face to mine and kissed me, her right hand dropped, and gently laid hold of my prick, her thighs just so little opened that my fingers passed the hair and felt the smooth inner face of the lips; it was too much for me, for some hours my prick had been standing off and on, I had been pulling it about, longing and hoping to use it, and for a long time no emission had left it.

I felt my sperm coming, and could not stop it, my arse jogged and pushed my prick involuntarily between her fingers, pleasure suddenly overwhelmed me, and kissing her I spent in her hand—all the work of half a minute. Then burning shame came over me, I could kiss her no longer, dared not look her in the face, nor keep my hand between her thighs, but rose quickly and without a word rushed upstairs to my bedroom.

I have done for myself I thought, what a beast she will think me, I shall never dare to speak to her again, and was ready to cry; little knowing then that every step in baudiness, is a step towards the end, and that my spunk on her hand, would help me to shed some in her elsewhere.

Feeling so uncomfortable I went out; calling out to the housemaid, that I should be home about eight o'clock, went to a friend's, had dinner, but could not talk nor scarcely eat. My friend joked and asked if I was in love. My prick was standing again after I had eaten, I went home, making up my mind to go to bed early, preferring solitude and my own thoughts; it was about seven P. M., to my astonishment Mary opened the door. I felt my face hot, and could scarcely look at her; she was as tranquil as ever, nothing ever seemed to disturb that woman. This tranquility reassured me, the more so when I found mother was still out. The housemaid had gone out to make a few purchases, leaving Mary alone with Tommy, who she was just going to put to bed, and upstairs she went with him for that purpose, without speaking to me.

What a chance ! oh ! if I had not been such a beast. My prick rose stiff, the afternoon's spend was the first I had had for a long time, a stiff prick gives courage, and darkness helps. We are alone, she said nothing as I spent in her hand, indeed went on kissing me when spending, what if I ask her again? What an age she seemed putting Tommy to bed, at last I heard her say, “Go to sleep, mamma will be home soon,” and she went up to her bedroom. She is going thought I to sit there till Eliza knocks, and did not dare go up, but stood

listening in the hall, feeling my prick and longing; at last I heard her coming down with slow, measured steps. In the hall, I flung my arms around her, kissing and begging her to forgive me. “I could not help it,” said I in a whisper, “you do not know how I longed for you.” “Let me go downstairs,” said she.

The garden parlour door was open. “Come in here and talk.” I pulled her in with but little difficulty, pushed her down on the sofa, and put both arms round her. The door closed, leaving a small opening; there was no light, but the gleam which shot from the hall-lamp through the door ajar; I could barely see her face, and sat by her begging forgiveness and kissing, but got no reply. My prick was more than stiff, I put my hand down on her lap, on to her knees, then down to her feet, waiting a second at each advance—no movement. My hand slipped up bit by bit, it passed her ankle, her garter, and was on the flesh above — still no movement. I hesitated and begged—no reply. Up further went my hand, the thighs were not closed, but let my hand slip between them, a long drawn sigh came from her as my fingers buried themselves in a fat, warm quim. I pushed her back gently, and put her hand on to my prick; she held it tight, and in a whisper said, “Will you never tell anyone?” By my body and soul I swore it; the thighs opened wider, her body fell back and disposed itself on the sofa, my hands roved over a large expanse of flesh, I could see the white mass only, the rest seemed dark. I kissed the hair on her cunt which I could not see, felt the smooth velvety haunches, and threw myself on one of the finest, whitest and broadest bellies I ever yet have had close to mine. The thighs opened to receive me, and the next moment my prick was gliding up her cunt—she was not a virgin.

What a heavenly sense of satisfaction at being up a cunt again. I could scarcely realize my success; my hands felt between the fat lips, to ensure my being in all right. I was conscious of a difference between her and Charlotte, the way she lay, the size of the thighs, the quantity of hair, and a quiescent manner, made her as different as possible from my former sweetheart. Novelty made me think this one more delicious, but nature would not postpone, and was impelling her as well as me; was tightening her cunt round my prick, her body was thrilling for a spend. I pushed as her cunt tightening, roused me, tighter was my prick grasped within her; her arms folded across me, drew me towards her like a vice; her belly moved up quite slowly to mine, as if to throw me off, then moved twice or thrice as if in a spasm—a sigh, and her belly sunk down as slowly as it had risen up, drawing my sperm into her, as she spent.

We lay without stirring, or uttering a word for a long time, supremely happy; my prick lingered as if it intended to stop

permanently in its trap, she made no effort to dislodge it; at last it began to shrink, then curiosity began, down went my hand between our bellies, wet as if from a bath of gruel was my doodle and her quim. Then she spoke—the first words uttered — “No — no —.” The feel had such an effect on me, that my prick began again to stiffen. I had with Charlotte failed ignonimously two or three times, in a third fuck on the same day, and feared a failure now. I kissed and felt her, as far as my hands and our clothes would let me, she moved her bum up gently to let my hand under it, tut not a word could I get. from her. “Can I do it again?” thought I, and began pushing—yes it was stiffening, and again was that cunt tightening. I push harder, — with a gentle heave the belly comes up, I am off on the ride without having withdrawn; was this the fist time I had ever been man enough to do it twice without uncunting? I think so.

The passage of privates was longer, I felt more movement in her buttocks, her sighs were stronger, her hand moved more restlessly over my back, our mouths got glued together. Her lips are wet, or it is mine which are getting wet? There is a new, voluptous sensation I never experienced before, it delights me; I glued my lips tighter to hers, our heaves are quicker, our sighs shorter, I feel the least bit of her tongue touching my lips. I had never heard of that voluptuous accompaniment of fucking, and it was to me an inspiration; shooting out my tongue into her mouth, — hers comes out to meet it; they are exchanging liquids, —the delight spreads electrically through our bodies, — up comes her belly, — shorter are my shoves, — a quivering wriggle to get deeper up her—and we both spend together, as it seems with more pleasure than I ever did before. How strange I should recollect this all so clearly.

The delights of the wet kisses are new to me; although not able to see them, I thought of her exquisite teeth, and rolled my tongue over them. She kisses me, still holds me, again my hand goes down to feel the parts now separating, slobbered, and sticky with past joy; out comes my prick, and then she speaks. “No—no,” she sits up, I by her side, my hand on her naked thighs for a minute. She gets up, gives me a long kiss, goes to her room, and soon after comes down, her eyes wet with crying, “Don't come near me, don't be unkind, let me alone,” she says. Her manner was so commanding, that I let her go to the kitchen without following her. Shortly Eliza and then my mother came home.

Mad for her again, I took to my chemistry in the back kitchen constantly, you may be sure. When I got the chance, spoke of our pleasures and my hopes. “We ought,” said she, “both to be ashamed of ourselves, but I especially who am so many years older than you, ought to have known better; if I am punished it will serve me right.

Oh ! if you don't hold your tongue ! My risk is more than you have any idea of." All was said in a way as if she were preaching, and looking me full in the face.

She refused what I wanted and avoided me, but it was impossible for her altogether to escape me. Risking everything, emboldened by impunity with Charlotte, I used to clutch her knees, and put my head up her clothes, kissing and smelling her motte, I began to love the smell of it. She used to dislodge me, and neither made a noise, nor uttered a word in doing so —indeed she rarely spoke at any time. But it is difficult for a woman who has been fucked by a man to refuse him again; I watched my opportunities, my conversation broken as it was, and rarely but for a minute at a .time, was one repetition of lustful wants and prayers; I used to pull my prick out, beg her to see and feel it. At length she did, saying, "May God forgive me for my weakness." That day I fucked her again standing in the kitchen, and a second time a few hours afterwards in the dusk, which experience began to show me was the time she was most accessible; the other servant was somewhere in the house at the time I recollect.

After that her manner changed, she ceased to resist; but when I asked her to go to a house with me, she said, "No, no, I am not coming to that." Now, though tranquil, she was more capricious, sometimes letting me feel her, or do it to her with impatience; at other times with evident desire to please; but I was so often baulked, and I plagued her so incessantly to meet me somewhere, that at length she did, saying, "Well, it little matters, as I have made my bed, so I must lie on it." I did not know then what she meant by that.

She got a holiday, we had food at a tavern, went to the house to which I first took Charlotte, and into the same room ; what a reminiscence ! As I got to the door, she looked nervously round and said, "I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb." It was a joyous day for me. Once in the house she became gay and amatory, threw off all restraint, and abandoned herself to sexual enjoyment in a way she never did but twice again.

She was simply dressed as was customary with servants in those days. Soon I had her standing naked before me with but boots and stockings on. And what a sight she was. Quite five feet eight high, stout, yet as it seemed to me then, without a single part of her body either flabby or shapeless, her skin was of such dazzling whiteness that her white stockings looked dull by contrast, very light brown hair, which when pulled out nearly hung to her waist, the hair of her cunt and arm-pits in quantity of a lighter golden brown; all looked much darker than their true colour, against the dazzling whiteness of the skin. Ample calves and thighs, breasts firm as ivory, her arms to match in plumpness and whiteness, her hands alone discoloured by

work, looked dark against the rest of her glorious person. I recollect this all well, and that at that time I disliked light-haired women : but in her suddenly, the light hair appeared to me lovely.

She changed in manner that day from a condescending matron, to a lover of my own age; had the complacency of a gay woman, tempered with modesty. I had no notion of baudily posturing women which I learned in after life, but had an innate love and perception of all that was beautiful, and began placing her in attitudes favorable to the contemplation of her charms. She complied with all; from belly to side, from side to back I turned her; she smiled as if pleased, curious, and astonished; and when I turned to quench my passion in her, she met me with an ardour less demonstrative, but more stifling and satisfying than Charlotte; it was a worry to think that I had twice lucked her, and seemed to have finished each time before I had began fucking.

The firmness of her flesh impressed me, whether I put my finger between the cheeks of her arse or between her thighs I could with difficulty get it away; she could have cracked a nut between either. The next wonder was the hair of her cunt, which was long but curly; I now see that she could not have pissed without wetting it, which accounted for her always what we youths used to call mopping it, after she had piddled. The cunt looked twice as big as Charlotte's, but the prick-hole seemed to me smaller; and whether my finger or my prick was in it, seemed to grasp it tightly. My prepuce used to give me then at times pain just before, or when I spent in Charlotte; in Mary I scarcely seemed to feel it, and afterwards a quiet sort of grinding of her cunt, prolonged my pleasure until my penis left it. I was so new to the work, that all those differences impressed me, I compared and thought of them constantly.

She gave no violent writhes, nor twists, nor jerked her arse, nor wriggled as she spent, but just as my short thrusts came on, her belly used gradually to heave up and grow into mine; her cunt almost seemed to be sucking my prick, whilst it throbbed and jetted its sperm into her; my hardest thrusts never hurt; Charlotte used to complain if my prick was too vigorous in her. Then when her pleasure was over; lolling her tongue against mine, and sucking my very breath from me, she quietly subsided; leaving me to lay in her, until with a kiss, she would gently doze off with me in her arms.

A taste had developed as said, which I have retained to the present time. I loved to see a woman piddle, used to make Charlotte do it as often as I could, to place my hand under the stream, and feel its splash on my fingers; and if chance let me hear the rattle in a pot, or sec a woman rising up from the attitude, my prick used to stand. I did this with her greatly to her astonishment, she resented it so much

that I never repeated it : singular that a woman who would let me lay and kiss her cunt, or put finger and prick up it; should refuse to let me see the water come from it—but so it was.

Charlotte I loved, and used to feel as if she were part and parcel of me for life, when I was up her, with Mary I thought of thighs, backside, cunt, and her other parts, without much liking her beyond the desire of spending in her. My impression is that I must have fucked that day, as much as I ever did in my life on one day; my mother remarked that I looked ill and worn out when I got home, and again fell on her favorite belief that I was overstudying. How she could have permitted a young man to be so often in the kitchen, and near to female servants, seems to me a marvel of stupidity, — but she did.

Nothing opens a man and woman's heart to each other like fucking. A woman laying satisfied by your side, her cunt bedewed with your spunk, with fingers touching your prick, and mouth fresh from contact with yours; will tell you more than she will at any other time. She did that day. She had thought me a mere boy, getting baudy with coming manhood, and had liked me. My quiet, demure manner, made her imagine that such an attack from me, was among the most improbable things; when I began she made up her mind to leave, but then came the mystery, — there were circumstances which rendered it needful for her to stay where she was, if possible—what they were she would not say. My assault on her in the bedroom and all that followed upset all her ideas, filled her mind with images of lust and pleasure, and left that undefined sensation and unsatisfied longing which is known as randiness. I suddenly seemed a man to her. My spending in her hand upset her still more. I asked if that had made her let me have her. She replied, “I gave up the self denial of years, abandoned my intentions, and let you do it; when you pushed me into the garden parlour I intended to let you as I went in, I had not quite intended before.”

There was the greatest difficulty after that day in getting her, for my mother seemed always in my way, and objected to my being in the kitchen. Mary never helped me as Charlotte used, as cook indeed she could not. She ran no risks, and was never in a hurry, so where I had Charlotte half a dozen times, I could scarcely get Mary once.

She met me out again, and in a fortnight asked for another holiday. It astonished my mother, for more than a year she scarcely had gone out, and never had taken a whole holiday. What another day of baIlocking it was, in that old, snug, baudy house—but we had a quarrel there.

Even with my inexperience, I knew she was different from Charlotte at the first poke. I used in my mind to compare the

differences. Charlotte's curiosity, the manifest novelty of fucking to her, even for a couple of months after her splitting and bleeding; was so different from the steady, quiet, well satisfied way with which Mary copulated. Pondering over this, I wondered if she had been done before, how often, and by how many, or had I been the first? The idea of asking her was always floating through my brain. That day I said to her as her face was towards mine on the pillow, and I was toying with her bubbies, “I wonder who had you before me.” She sat up, looked me stead- ily in the face, and replied, “You have no right to ask me, you are not my husband.” But tell me.” “I shall not, it is an impertinence; how can a youth like you know anything about first or second.” I blurted out, “Because when first I did it to Char—” the name was almost out of my mouth, but I stopped in time, “when I first had a young woman (correcting myself), I could not easily get into her, it tore my prick, and she bled.” “Who was it ?” said she. “Oh! a young woman.” “But who was it?” I did not reply. “Was it Charlotte?” and she looked me hard and full in the face. “No,” said I. “Now was it? Tell me,” said she bending over, kissing and coaxing me. “No, it was not.” “I believe it was, you once said she was young, and had dark brown hair—it was she.” In vain I denied it. “I felt sure it was, and with a youth like you ! Is it possible you can have harmed that nice girl ! What a wretched, wicked lot you all are, you will be as bad as the others.” Then she suddenly said, “Mind, you have sworn solemnly never to mention to any living soul about me; oh ! once forget yourself, and it's all up with a woman.” Then she laid down, again her manner became quiet and voluptuous—another fuck followed. I again tried the question. She settled me by saying, “If ever you ask me that question again, I will not let you have me afterwards,” and I never did ask her that I can recollect until just before she felt us.

But she for some time after asked ME questions about my first woman, “was she tall? were her teeth as good as hers?” and so on. How far she satisfied herself that it was Charlotte, she never said; for I don't recollect that she mentioned her name again, and I gave wrong descriptions; but may have got more in- formation than I meant her to have, as she asked me at odd times when I was off my guard.

A third time, to the still greater surprise of my mother, she took a holiday. We spent it at the house, and she exhausted me and herself. For a day or two afterwards she gave me every chance at home, and we fucked furiously. She took to calling me a dear fellow, when her tongue was not against mine, but which was always the case when our mouths got together; and I imagine now, must have been a greater luxury to her than it was then to me. Soon after she received several letters which I said were from her lover. “I wish they were,” said she.

Then she took ill, and when better, refused me altogether. I had opportunities, but she would not. I said I wished I had never seen her; she said she wished so too, for she was fond of me, although it was ridiculous at her age and mine. Afterwards when mother was one evening at the bottom of the garden, Eliza gone out to the library. I seized Mary as she closed the shutters; kissing and begging her. She opened her thighs, my fingers were on her clitoris; she kissing me at intervals said: “OhI no, oh! I can't, dear—I dare not Walter, Walter, you must not; I am a married woman, and am going home to my husband most likely.

Soon afterwards she told me her history. Married seven years previously, her husband became dissipated and unfaithful; and from being a well-to-do tradesman, brought himself to the condition of a labourer. She forgave him until he gave her a disease, then she left him as she had threatened to do. Nothing he could say would induce her to have anything more to do with him. “Is there anything about me that a man could not be satisfied with for years?” she asked, as if I were a judge.

She went home to her mother. He appears to have been fond of her. Love of women was his great fault; but the disease so set her against him, that all his entreaties were useless. Nevertheless she was his wife, and getting into the mother's house one day, when she was alone (Mary), he fucked her with violence—and violent it must have been, for she was as strong as a horse. Directly afterwards she left and went to service in London, confiding only her address to her mother, taking a false name, and writing him, that if ever he found her out and annoyed her, she would go abroad. Her husband made the mother a sort of promise to keep steady for three months, but failed in doing so, went to America, had never ceased to write affectionate letters which came to her through her mother, and had recently written to say he had made a large sum of money, and was coming home. He had sent money home to the mother with instructions to settle it on Mary how she liked, provided she would come back to him. Afterwards she showed me his letters; they were well written, and in a style above a man of his position in life.

She had lived in service ever since; with us she had then been a year and a half, and had had but two other places. One she left because a grown up son began to pay her too much attention. At the other the master —a married man—made love to her, and one day tried to force her. I know the last place, it was about three miles from us.

This news came like a cold bath on me. It suited my taste to have a woman in the house. The idea of losing her was terrible. She refused me my pleasures. I doubted her truth at times, but whenever I did, she

would fetch a letter as proof saying, “Now will you believe me?” She refused to say where her home had been, and what her real name was. I used to try to make out the postmark on her letters, but could not. They were negligent in those days in such matters, and postage was dear.

And now I again asked if she had had any other but her husband and me; by all that was holy she declared she had not. “How came you to let me?” “God in heaven knows I” said she, “months ago if anyone had said such a thing was possible, I should have said it was ridiculous; I only thought of you as a tall boy, but that day I felt that my life was passing away without the pleasures of a woman; what you did kneeling down in the kitchen upset me, then I let you; though I thought I should ruin myself by doing so.”

She cared but little for her husband, for he had caused her to lead the life of a widow for years. “Suppose I had done anything wrong,” said she, “and he had found it out, he would have cast me away; but you men can do what you like, and we poor women have to submit.” “But why go back?” “Four months ago I would not have done so, but you have made me find out I am a woman after all; you will understand that better as you grow older. Not many would have kept chaste as I have done until that night. Now I mistrust myself. I am getting fond of you, but what could come of it? And if anything came to the ears of my mother and friends, who are respectable, I should drown myself. I have got plenty of will of my Awn, although I am quiet.” “You don't care much about poking?”

“I have had my wants, but suppressed them,” she replied. “What did you do?” “Oh I” said she in an off hand way, “what other unmarried women do, I suppose.” “Frigged yourself.” She gave a nod and said, “And not often that.” I thought of what Charlotte had told me, but held my tongue.

I tried to get at her at intervals, but it was no use. “It's caprice,” said I with my prick out, “you let me when I wanted it three weeks ago, why not now?” “I can't, — I dare not, — it might be certain ruin now.” “What does a fellow care about ruin, when his hand is outside a cunt, and his prick is like an iron rod?” Twice as strong as me, she could at all times have escaped me, unless sexual desire was strong on her; desire gives a man force, but it takes away a woman's force. She rose up, nor would she continue talking, until I had buttoned up my prick and promised not to touch her; that done, she said, “Would you wish to ruin me? You might if I let you, I have been very ill as you know, was in the family way, my monthlies stopped, and I have brought them on. When I was in trouble that way, I let you do what you like, now I am going home, what would become of me if I were in the family way then? This explained all.

I had never given her a present, I never gave Charlotte one; having then so little money. I never thought about it. I had now more, and offered to give her some if she wanted any. She showed me a saving-bank's book. She had got nearly fifty pounds. I bought a pair of gold earrings for her, it was the first present I had even given a woman, and she was much pleased. I had I think some vague notion, that it

—ISO— would induce her to let me have her; but if so, I was deceived.

Mother seemed to be keeping at home to baulk me. My chemicals had been taken back into the garden parlour. I knew she wanted to go to my aunt's; but one morning it was too hot, then it rained, and so on. How I restrained myself from frigging I don't know, for I used to walk up and down my bed-room with my prick out stiff, and looking at it; at length a chance came—my last.

Mother went to aunt's, the ugly housemaid said, “As Master Tom wont be at home, do you mind my going out for a couple of hours?” “No,” said my mother, “when the cook is ready.” “Please will you tell the, cook Mamm',” said she, “or she wont let me go.” I had then a tutor in mathematics who came on that day, but promised to fetch mother home. I had many times broken my promises to do so, to enable me to get at Mary. Mother said, “I hope you mean what you say, you are getting a man, and should never break your word.” Anxious to know when the house-maid would go; I asked her. “I am not going till five o'clock, sir,” said she, “unless you particularly want the books,” “That will be too late, for I am.to fetch mamma home, — never mind.”

I finished with my tutor, and out I went. But at about five o'clock came home near to the house, wondering if the housemaid had gone, (Mary I had not spoken a word to), waited in sight of the house, and at last saw a form I guessed to be the housemaid's, going off fast towards the village; five minutes afterwards I knocked, and Mary opened the door. Said she, “What brings you home?” I said I was unwell, had a bad cold, could not go for my mother, would go to bed, would she fetch me a foot-bath, and went to my bedroom. I had been two days planning the thing, an old dodge it was though.

It was hot and quite light, but I drew down the blinds, undressed and put on my nightgown; she brought the bath, we talked. She had not heard from her mother again, it was strange, — was she being played with? It took weeks then to get to America. I kissed and got closer to her, we were on the edge of the bed; I spoke of our meetings and our pleasures, she avoided the subject, said I should take cold, prayed me to have the foot-bath and go to bed. Gradually I got my hand on her thighs, how could she help it? — a woman who had been

fucked by me a lot of times. But she was firm in refusing me. I lifted my night-shirt, my prick stood up, the shirt hanging at the back of it like clothes on the hook of a prop. Finding that useless, I threatened to frig myself and began the operation. She said I ought to be ashamed of myself, that she would leave if I did not desist, and turned to go, when I pulled her on to the bed. Soon my fingers were on her slit, her fingers on my prick. “I dare not let you, — oh! pray!” she said, but she was vanquished, silent, and tranquilly laid down on the bed; nature was too strong for her.

I lifted her chemise, had a glimpse of the lovely plump calves, and large, fleshy thighs, as I threw myself impetuously upon her. My belly closed with hers, and pushing my knuckles through the hairs, I guided my prick towards her cunt, but alas! too late. The long abstinence and the excitement were too much for me; just as my fingers opened the cunt-lips, and my prick touched her cunt, throb—throb—gush—gush, and over my fingers, over her thighs, into the thicket of hair, on to the clitoris, on to the smooth, round bum-cheeks below—anywhere—everywhere excepting the right place, my sperm spurted out: and only the last drop remained just as I buried my prick in her. Then instead of meeting her humid tongue with mine, I sank on her breast kissing, yet damning and cursing like a dragoon, at my spoiled pleasure, — I had spent out of sheer copiousness of spunk, and excitement.

Said she, “It is as well as it is, get off.” I made no reply, hoping my sexual force would return, for my prick was in her sheath. She moved to release herself. Stronger far than me, she could in any other attitude have easily done so; but the most difficult position for a woman to disengage herself from a man, is when he is on the top of her, well between her thighs, and clasping her backside tightly. As she moved there was no strong will in it; how could it be otherwise? She in the prime of life had been without it for weeks, nature was pleading for me, my prick was in her, my spunk all about her. To gain time I promised to get off in a minute. “Kiss me.” Our mouths and tongues met. It was like magic. A voluptuous throb passed through both of us, my prick stiffened to the full, a sympathetic grind of her cunt responded; again we were in the full tide of pleasure, fucking and spending together, the future was forgotten as we sunk quietly down. I had spent twice without uncunting; scarcely was it over than she pushed me off, and washed out her cunt in my foot bath.

We sat on the side of the bed kissing and feeling each other, it was like the old time, the door wide open to hear the street door knocks. When the house-maid knocked, into bed I got; an hour afterwards home came my mother and into my bedroom. She approved of the hot foot-bath, but insisted on my taking a febrifuge. To keep up the sham, I took it, Mary brought it and stoodby, whilst

my mother gave it to me; my prick was again standing like a prop at the sight of Mary, and as my mother pulled the bed-clothes over me, she might, if she had had eyes, seen my prick pushing them almost up.

Next morning she gave notice to leave. I never had her again. On one or two occasions I felt her, and if there had been more time might perhaps have had her. At the end of a fortnight she told me that her monthlies were all right. From that day she resolutely refused to even let me feel her. “I don't much care about going back,” said she; “I don't think I shall be happy, but I do it for the best; at all events I shall have a home.” The day before she went she said, “Goodbye, God bless you, you are a good fellow,” but you will play mischief with many a poor girl here before you have done. “I like you very much, and shall always thing of you.” I never heard of her after, and with her, passed from me the woman who is still in my recolelction as one of the most beautiful, and perfect in form; as one who gave me the greatest sexual pleasure, — but I was of course very young and inexperienced.

My mother remarked that she was the most trust-worthy servant she ever had; but that there was a mystery about her. Her boxes were labelled for a place that the coach would not take her to, and her boxes were not like a servant's. “I think she has been crossed in love and ran away,” said mother. Said I, “Perhaps she had gone off with a bobby,” it was a current joke then, policemen not having been long invented. My mother said in her severe way, “She is a virtuous woman, a youth like you should not utter ignorant jokes about women, especially about the humbler classes, to whom good reputation is everything.” I began to see plainer than ever, that I could humbug mother after that.

Many of our conversations are told here in her very words, others as nearly as I can recollect them. I have often wondered at the way this woman behaved to me, talked to me, and all about her. The circumstances as they occurred, even at the time seemed peculiar; I felt as if I was wicked in getting into her, almost as if I was going to poke my mother; but I cannot attempt to analyze motives or sensations, I simply narrate facts. Certain it is, that I never have had a woman who in behaviour resembled Mary, in manner, conversation, and general behaviour, — I always felt as if she were a superior person to me, as if she were obliging me and not herself, and was putting me under an obligation, by letting me fuck her.

Again lonely, I not only wanted cunt, but also the society of a woman, it was so sweet to see and talk, to some one I fucked; to do so secretly, was an additional charm, and I used to feel quite sad. I was then about in my eighteenth year.

Chapter VII

At the Manor house • Fred's amours • Sarah and Mary • What drink and money does • My second virgin • My first whore • Double fucking • Gamahuching • Minette • A Belly up and down.

One aunt as said lived in H***shire, a widow; her son, my cousin Fred, was preparing for the Army. I wanted a change and went by advice to stay there. Fred was a year eider than me, wild and baudy to the day of his death, he talked from boyhood incessantly about women. I had not seen him for some time, and he told me of his amours, asking me about mine. I let him know all, without disclosing names; he told me in nearly the words that it was “a lie,” for he had heard my mother say that I was the steadiest young fellow possible, and she could trust me anywhere. This, coupled with my quiet look and the care I took not to divulge names, made him disbelieve me; but I disclosed so many facts about women's nature that he was somewhat astonished. He told me what he had done, about having had the clap, and what to do if I got it; then he had seduced a cottagers daughter on the estate; but his description of the taking did not accord with my limited experience. One day he pointed the girl out to me at the cottage door, and said he now had her whenever he wanted.

She was a great coarse wench, whom he had seen in my aunt's fields. He had caught her piddling on one side of a hedge; she saw him looking at the operation from a ditch, and abused him roundly for it; it ended in an acquaintance, and his taking her virginity one evening on a hay-cock, that was his account of it. Her father was a labourer on my aunt's estate, the girl lived with him and a younger sister, her name was Sarah; he expatiated on her charms from backside to bubbies, but it was soon evident to me that with this woman it was no money, no cunt; for he borrowed money off me to give her. I had squeezed money out of my aunt, my guardian, and mother, and had about ten pounds, a very large sum for me then, so I lent him a few shillings.

He had his shove, as he called it, and triumphantly gave me again such account of his operations and the charms of the lady that I, who, had been some time without poking, wondered if the girl would let me; arguing to myself, he gives her money -my girl never wanted money, - why should his? He had been dinning into my ears that all women would let men for money, or presents, or else from lust. “Kiss and grope, and if they don't cry out, show them your prick and go at them.” These maxims much impressed me.

“Fred,” said my aunt at breakfast, “ride over to Brown about his rent, you will be sure to find him at the corn market,” and she gave

him other commissions at the market town. I promised to ride with him, but had been tortured with randiness about this great wench of his; so made some excuse and, as soon as he was well off, sauntered towards the cottage, which was about half a mile from the Hall. It was one of a pair in a lane. Scarcely anyone passed them, excepting people on my aunt's lands. One was empty. The girl was sweeping in front of the cottage, the door was wide open. I gave her a nod, she dropped a respectful curtsey. Looking round and seeing no one, I said, “May I come in and rest, for it is hot and I am tired?” “Yes, sir,” said she, and in I went, she giving me a chair; then she finished her sweeping. Meanwhile I had determined to try it on. “Father at home?” “No, sir, he be working in the seven acre field.” “Where is your sister?” “At mill, sir,” meaning a paper mill. I thought of Fred. It was my first offer, and I scarcely knew how to make it, but, chucking her under the chin, said, “I wish you would let me.” “What, sir?” “Do it to you,” said I boldly, “and I will give you five shillings,” producing the money; I knew it was what Fred gave her usually.

She looked at me and the five shillings, which was then more than her wages for a week's work in the fields, burst into laughter and said, 'Why, who would ha' thought a gentleman from the Hall would say that to a poor girl like me.” “Let me do it,” said I hurried, “if you won't I must go. I will give you seven and six pence.' “You wont tell the young squire?” said she, meaning Fred. “Of course not.” She went to the door, looked both ways, then at the clock, shut the door, and bolted it without another word.

The house consisted of a kitchen, a bedroom leading out of it, and a wash-house. She opened the bedroom door, there were two beds which almost filled the room; at the foot of one was a window, by its side a wash-stand. She got on to the largest bed saying, “Make haste.” I pulled up her clothes to her navel and looked. “Oh! make haste,” said she. But I could not, it was the third cunt I had seen, and I paused to contemplate her. Before me lay a pair of thick, round thighs, a large belly, and a cunt covered with thick brown hair, a dirty chemise round her waist, coarse woollen blue stockings darned with black, and, tied below the knees with, thick hob-nailed boots. The bed beneath was white and clean, which made her things look dirtier; it was different to what I had been accustomed to. I looked too long, “Better make haste, for father will be home to dinner,” said she.

I put my hand to her cunt, she opened her highs, and I saw the cleft, with a pair of lips on each side like sausages, a dark vermillion strong clitoris sloped down and hid itself between the lips, in the recesses of the cock-trap; the strong light from the window enabled me to see it as plainly as if under a microscope. I pushed my finger up, then my cock knocked against my belly, asking to take the place of my

finger, and so up I let it go. No sooner was I lodged in her, than arse, cunt, thighs and belly, all worked energetically, and in a minute I spent, just as I pulled out, her cunt closed round my prick with a strong muscular action, as if it did not wish the warm pipe withdrawn, a movement of the muscles of the cunt alone, and it drew the last drop of lingering sperm out of me.

I got on my knees, contemplating the sausage lips half open, from which my sperm was oozing, and then got off sorry it had been so quick a business. She laid without moving and looking kindly at me said, 'Ye may ha me agin an yer loike. But your father will be home?" "In half an hour," said she. "I don't think I can, said I. Such coolness in a woman was new to me, I scarcely knew what to make off it. She got hold of my tool, I had not had a woman for some time, soon felt lust entering my rod again, and sought her cunt with my hands. She opened her legs wider in a most condescending manner, and I began feeling it. I was soon fit, which she very well knew, for immediately with a broad grin on her face she pulled me on to her and put my prick in her cunt herself, lodging it with a clever jerk of her bum, a squeeze, and a wriggle.

I fucked quietly, but it was now her turn; she heaved and wriggled so that once she threw my prick out of her, but soon had it in again. "Shove, shove," said she suddenly, and I shoved with all my might, she gripped my arse so tightly that she must have left the marks of her fingers on it, then, with a close wriggle and a deep sigh, she lay still, her face as red as fire, and left me to finish by my own exertions. I felt the same squeeze of the cunt as I withdrew, one of those delicious contractions which women of strong muscular power in their privates can give; not all can do it. Those who cannot never can understand it. Those who can will make a finger sensible of its clip, if put up their cunts.

She got up and tucked her chemise between her legs to dry her split, she did not wash it. "I am always alone," said she, "between eight and twelve just now," and as any woman just then answered my wants, I made opportunities, and I had her again two or three times, till a rare bit of luck occurred to me.

We were in the bedroom one hot day; to make it cooler I took off trowsers and drawers, laid them on a chair, carefully rolled my shirt up round my waist, so as to prevent spunk falling upon it, and thus naked from my boots to waist, laid myself on the top of my rollicking, belly-heaving, rump-wriggling country lass.

I always gave her five shillings before I began; she had taken a letch for me, or else, being hot cunted and not getting it done to her often, dearly liked my poking her; and, seeming to want it that day unusually, began her heaving and wriggling energetically. We were

well on towards our spend, when with a loud cry of “Oh! my God!” she pushed me off and wriggled to the bedside. I got off and saw a sturdy country girl of about fifteen or sixteen years standing in the bedroom door, looking at us with a broad grin, mixed with astonishment, upon her face.

For an instant nobody spoke. Then the girl said with a malicious grin, “Pretty goings on Sarah, if fearther knowed un-” “How dare you stand looking at me?” said Sarah. “It's my room as well as yourn,” said Martha, for that was her name; and nothing further was said then. But Martha's eyes fixed on me as I sat naked up to my waist with my prick wet, rigid, red, throbbing, and all but involuntarily jerking out its sperm. I was in that state of lust, that I could have hacked anything in the shape of a cunt, and scarcely knew, in the confusion of the moment, where I was, and what it was all about. Sarah saw my state, and began pulling down my shirt. “Go out of the room,” said she to her sister. “Damn it I will finish, I will fuck you,” said I making a snatch at her cunt again. “Oh! for God's sake, don't, sir,” said she. With a grin out went young sister Martha into the kitchen, and then Sarah began to blubber, “If she tells fearther, he will turn me out into the streets.”

“Don't be a fool,” said I, “why should she tell?” “Because we are bad friends.” “Has she not done it?” “No, she is not sixteen.” “How do you know she has not?” “Why we sleep together, and I know.” “Who sleeps in the other bed?” “Fearther.” “In the same room?” “Yes.” “Don't you know anything against her?'” “No, last haymaking I seed a young man trying to put his hands up her clothes, that's all; she has only been a woman a few months.” If she tells of her, she will tell of me, I thought. It might come to my aunt's ears, Fred would know, and I should get into a scrape.

“It is a pity she has not done it,” said I, “for then she would not tell.” “I wish she had,” she replied. One thing suggested another. “She knows all about what we were doing?” Sarah nodded. “Get her to promise not to tell, and get her to let me do it to her, and I will give you two pounds,” said I, taking the money out of my purse. It was more money than she had ever had in her life at one time, her eyes glistened; she was silent a minute as if reflecting, then said, “She has always been unkind to me; and she shan't get me turned out if I can help it.” Then, after further talk, some hesitation, and asking me if I was sure I would give her the money, she said, “I'll try, let's have a jolly good drink, then Ill leave you together,” and we went into the kitchen. I saw her dodge.

Martha was leaning, looking out of the window, her bum sticking out, her short petticoats showing a sturdy pair of legs; she turned round to us, it was about eleven o'clock in the day, the old man was at

work far off and had taken his dinner with him that day, Sarah had told me. “You won't tell fearther,' said Sarah in a smooth tone. No reply but a grin. “If you do, I will tell him I saw young Smith's hand up your clothes.” “It's a lie.” “Yes, he did, and you know you have seen all he has got to show.” “You are a liar,” said Martha. Sarah turned to me and said, “Yes, she did, we both saw him leaking, and a dozen more chaps.” “She saw their cocks?” said I. “Yes.” “You took me to see them, you bitch,” said Martha, bursting out in a rage. “You did not want much taking; what did you say, and what did you do in bed that night, when we talked about it?” “You are a wicked wretch, to talk like that before a strange young man,” said Martha and bounced out of the cottage. In a short time she came in again; the eldest told me scandals she knew about her sister and made her so wild that they nearly fought. I stopped them, they made it up, and I sent off the eldest to fetch shrub, gin and peppermint; it was a good mile to the tavern in the village.

When she had gone, I told Martha I hoped she would do no mischief. She was nothing loath to let me kiss her, so there was soon acquaintance between us. She had seen me half naked, how long she had been watching I knew not, but it was certain she bad seen me shoving as hard as I could between the naked thighs of her sister, and that was well calculated to make her randy and ready for the advances of a. man' “Here is five shillings, don't, say anything, my dear.” “I won't say nothing,” said she, taking the money. Then I kissed her again, and we talked on.

“How did you like him feeling you?” I asked, “was he stiff?” No reply. “Was it not nice when he got his hand on your thigh?” Still no reply. “You thought it nice when in bed, Sarah says.” “Sarah tells a wicked story,' she burst out. “What does she tell?” “I don't know.” “I will tell you my dear; you talked about Smith's doodle and the other men's you saw pissing.” “You are the gentleman from London stopping at the Hall,” she replied, “so you had better go back and leave us poor girls alone,” and she looked out of the window again.

“I am at the Hall,” said I, putting my hand round her waist, “and like pretty girls,” and I kissed her until she seemed mollified and said, “What can you want in troubling poor girls like us?” “You are as handsome as a duchess, and I want you to do the same as they do.” “What is that?” said she innocently. “Fuck,” said I boldly. She turned away looking very confused. “You saw me on your sister, between her thighs, that was fucking; and you saw this” at the same time pulling out my-prick, “and now I am going to feel your cunt” I put my hand up her clothes and tried to feel, but she turned round, and after a struggle half squatted on the floor to prevent me.

The position was favorable, I pushed her sharply half on to her

back on the floor, got my fingers on to her slit, and in a moment we were struggling on the floor, she screaming loudly as we rolled about She was nimble, got up, and escaped me, but by the time her sister came back I had felt her bum, pulled her clothes up, and talked enough baudiness; she had hollowed, cried, laughed, abused, and forgiven me, for I had promised her a new bonnet, and had given her more silver.

Sarah brought back the liquors; there was but one tumbler and a mug, we did with those; the weather was hot, the liquor nice, the girls drank freely. In a short time they were both frisky. It got slightly into my head; then the girls began quarrelling again and let out all about each other, the elder's object being to upset the younger one's virtue and make her hewed I began to get awfully randy, and told Sarah I had felt her sister's cunt whilst she had been out She laughed and “said, “All right, she will have it well felt some day, she's a fool if she don't” We joked about my disappointment in the morning, I asked Sarah to give me my pleasure then. “Aye,” said she, “and it is pleasure; when Martha has once tasted it, she will like it again.” Martha, very much fuddled, laughed aloud, saying, “How you two do go on.” Then I put my hands up Sarah's clothes. “Lord how stiff my prick is, look,” and I pulled it out, Martha saying “I won't stand this,” rushed from the room. I thought she had gone, and wanted to have Sarah; but she thought of the two pounds, and, shutting Martha's mouth, 'Try her; said she, “she must have it some day, she'll come in soon.” When the girl did, we went on drinking. What with mixing gin, peppermint, and rum shrub, both got groggy, and Martha the worst. Then out went Sarah saying she must go to the village to buy something, and she winked at me.

She had whilst the girl was outside told me to bolt the front door, and if by any chance her father came home, which was not likely, to get out of the bedroom window, and through a hedge, which would put me out of sight in a minute. Directly she was gone l bolted the door and commenced the assault. Martha was so fuddled, that she could not much resist my feeling her bum and thighs, yet I could not get her to go and lie down; she finished the liquor, staggered, and then I felt her clitoris. I was not too steady, but sober enough to try craft where force failed. I wanted to piss, and did; holding the pot so that she could see my cock at the door, but she would not come into the bedroom. Then I dropped a' sovereign, and pretending I could not find it, asked her to help me; she staggered into the bedroom laughing a drunken laugh. The bed was near, I embraced her, said I would give her two sovereigns if she would get on the bed with me. “Two shiners?” said she. “There they are,” said I laying them down. “No-no,” but she kept looking at them. I put them into her hand, she

clutched them saying, “No-no,” and biting one of her fingers, whilst I began again titillating her clitoris, she letting me. From that moment I knew what money would do with a woman. Then I lifted her up on to the bed and lay down besides her. All her resistance was over, she was drunk.

I pulled up her clothes; she lay with eyes shut, breathing heavily, holding the gold in her hand. I pulled open her legs, with scarcely resistance, and saw a mere trifle of a hair on the cunt; the novelty so pleased me that I kissed it; then for the first time in my life I licked a cunt, the spittle from my mouth ran on to it, I pulled open the lips, it looked different from the cunts I had seen, the hole was smaller. “Surely,” thought I, “she is a virgin.” She seemed fast asleep, and let me do all I wanted.

In after life, I should have revelled in the enjoyment of anticipation before I had destroyed the hymen; but youth, want. Liquor, drove me on, and I don't remember thinking much about the virginity, only that the cunt looked different from the others I had known. The next instant I laid my belly on hers. “Oh! you are heavy, you smother me,” said she rousing herself, “you're going to hart me, - don't, sir, it hurts,” all in a groggy tone and in one breath. I inserted a finger between the lips of her quim and tried gently to put it up, but felt an impediment. She had never been opened by man. I then put my prick carefully in the nick, and gave the gentlest possible movement (as far as I can recollect) to it. Her cunt was wet with spittle, I well wetted my prick, grasped her round her bum, whilst I finally settled the knob of my tool against it, then, putting my other hand round her bum, grasped her as if in a vise, nestled my belly to hers, and trembling with lust, gave a lunge, - another, - and another. I was entering. In another minute it would be all over with me, my sperm was moving. She gave a sharp “Oh!” A few more merciless shoves, a loud cry from her, my prick was up her, and her cunt was for the first time wetted with a man's sperm; with short, quiet thrusts I fell into the dreamy pleasure, laying on the top of her. Soon I rolled over to her side; to my astonishment she lay quite still with mouth open, snoring and holding the two sovereigns in her hand.

I gently moved to look at her; her legs were wide open, her gown and chemise (all the clothing she had on) up to her navel, her cunt showed a red streak, my spunk was slowly oozing out, streaked with blood, a little was on her chemise; but I looked in vain for that sanguinary effusion which I saw on Charlotte's chemise and on my shirt when I last had her; and, from later experience, think that young girls do not bleed as much as full grown women, when they lose their virginity. Her cunt, as I found from ample inspection afterwards, was lipped like her sister's; the hair, about half an inch long, scarcely

covered the mons, and only slightly came down the outer lips, her thighs were plump and round, her calves big for her age; she was clean in her flesh, but alas thick blue stockings with holes and darns, bit boots with holes at the sides, a dirty ragged chemise, dark garters below the knees, made an ugly spectacle compared with the clean whiteness of Charlotte's linen.

But the sight took effect, my prick had her blood on it, quietly I slid my finger up her cunt, it made her restless, she moved her legs together, shutting my hand in them; she turned on her side, and showed a plump white bum, over one side of which a long streak of bloody sperm had run. I pulled her on to her back and got on to her, then she awakened struggling and called out loudly, but I was heavy on her, my prick at her cum's mouth, and I pushed it up until it could no further, whilst she kept calling out, I was hurting her.

'Be quiet, I can't hurt you, my prick is right up you,' said I, beginning the exercise, She made no reply, her cunt seemed deliciously small, whenever I pushed deep, she winced as if in pain, I tried to thrust my tongue into her mouth, but she resisted it. Suddenly she said, “Oh! go away, Sarah will be home and find us.” I had my second emission, and went to sleep with my prick up he. I was groggy. She slept also. I awakened, got up tired with heat, excitement, drink and fucking. She got up, and sat on the side of the bed, half sobered but stupid, dropped a sovereign, and did not attempt to pick it up. I did, and put it back into her hands; she took it without saying a word. When buttoned up, I asked her what she was going to do, but all the reply I could get was, “You go now.” I went into the kitchen, banged the door, but held the latch, the door remained ajar, and I peeped through.

She sat perfectly still so long, that I thought she was never going to move; then sat down on the chair and laid her head against the bed, looking at the sovereigns at intervals; then put them down, put her hand up her petticoats carefully feeling her cunt, looked at her fingers, burst into tears, sat crying for a minute or two, then put a basin with water on to the floor, and, unsteady, partially upset it, but managed to wash, and got back on to the chair, leaving the basin where it was. Then she pulled up the front of her chemise and looked at it, again put her fingers to her cunt, looked at them, again began crying, and leaned her head against the bed, all in a drowsy, tipsy manner. Whilst so engaged, her sister knocked and I let her in; she looked at me in a funny way; I nodded; she went into the bedroom and closed the door, but I heard most of what was said.

“What are you sitting there for?” No reply. “What's that basin there for?” No reply. “You have been washing your grummit?” No reply. “What have you been washing it for?” “I was hot.” “Why, you

have been on the bed!" "No, I ain't." "You have, with he." "No, I ain't." "I know he have, and been atop a you, just as he were atop on me this morning." "No, he ain't" Then was a long crying fit. Sarah said, "What's the good of crying, you fool, no one ain't going to tell, I shan't, and the old man won't know." Then their voices dropped, they stood together, but I guessed she was asking what I had given her. Then I went in. "You have done it to my sister," said Sarah. 'No," said I. "Yes you have," and to Martha crying, 'Never mind, it's better to be done by a gent than by one of them mill-hands, I can't abear 'em; leave off, don' t be a fool." I went out of the room,

Sarah followed me, and I gave her the two sovereigns. 'You know," she said, "some one would ha done it to her; one of them mill-hands, or Smith would, he's allus after her, and I knows he got his hands upon her."

Fred went up to London next day, and I was at the cottage soon after; the girls were there, the elder grinned, the younger looked queer, and would not go to the bedroom. "Don't be a fool," said the elder, and soon we were alone together there. Half force, half entreaty got her on to the bed, I pulled up her clothes, forced open her legs, and lay for a minute with my belly to hers in all the pleasure of anticipation, then rose on my knees for a close look. My yesterday's letch seized me, I put my mouth to her cunt and licked it, than put my prick up the tight little slit and finished my enjoyment.

Afterwards when I had her she was neat and clean, underneath, although with her every day's clothes on. She was frightened to put on her Sunday clothes. She was a nice plump round girl, with a large bum for her size, with pretty young breasts and a fat-lipped little slit; the lining of it, instead of being a full red like Charlotte's and Sarah's cunts, was of a delicate pink. I suppose it was that which attracted me. Certain it is that I had never licked a runt before, never had heard of such a thing, though "lick my arse" was a frequent and insulting invitation for boys to each other.

I saw her nearly every day for a week, and her modesty was soon broken. Sleeping in the same room with her father, accustomed to be in the fields or at a mill, such girls soon lose it; but she seemed indifferent to my embraces, and all the enjoyment was on my side. "I've not much pleasure in that," said she, "But more when you put your tongue there." I could not believe that was so in a young and healthy lass, but being always in a hurry to get my poking done lest her father came home, used to lick, put up her, spend quickly, and leave; but she soon got to rights. I licked so hard and long the next time I had her, at the side of the bed, that all at once I felt her cunt moving, her thighs closed, then relaxed, and she did not answer me. I looked up, she was laying with eyes closed and said, that what I had

done was nicer than anything. I had gamahuched her till she spent.

After that she spent like other women, when I had her. I tell this exactly as I recollect it, and can't attempt to explain. She worked at a paper mill; slack work was the reason of her being at home, now she was going back to work; I feared a mill hand would get her and offered to pay her what she earned; but if she did not go to the mill her father would make her work in the fields, and she dare not let him see she had money. Indeed the two sisters did not dare to buy the finery they wanted, because they could not say how they got the money. So back to the mill she went, it being arranged that she should stay away now and then, for me to have her. “Oh! won't she,” said Sarah, “she takes to ruddling natoral, I can tell you.” Sarah said she told her everything I had done to her, including the licking, and I felt quite ashamed of Sarah knowing-that I was so green, as I shall tell presently.

Fred returned, and I had difficulty in getting her often. My cousins walked out in the cool of the evening, I with them; often we passed the cottage, and I made signs if I saw the girls. I some times then had her upright in a small shed or by a hay-stack in the dark, where the hay pricked my knuckles. Fred was soon to join his regiment, was always borrowing money off me “for a shove,” and never repaid me; but he was a liberal, good-hearted fellow; and when in after life I was without money and be kept a woman, he said, 'You get a shove out of meaning his woman, “she likes you, and I shan't mind, but don't tell me.” I actually did fuck her, nor did he ever ask me, but that tale will be told hereafter. Nothing till his death pleased him more than referring to our having looked at the backside of his mother and at his sisters' quims, he would roar with laughter at it. He was an extraordinary man.

One day we rode to the market-town, and, putting up our horses, strolled about. Fred said, “Let's both go and have a shove.” “Where are the girls?” said I. “Oh! I know, lend me some money.' “I only have ten shillings.” “That is more than we shall want.” We went down a lane past the Town Hall, by white-washed little cottages, at which girls were sitting or standing at the doors making a sort of lace. “Do you see a girl you like?” said he. “Why, they are lace-makers.” “Yes, but some of them fuck for all that; there is the one I had with the last half-a-crown you lent me.” Two girls were standing, together; they nodded. “Let's try them,” said Fred. We went into the cottage; it was a new experience to me. He took one girl, leaving me the other; I felt so nervous; she laughed as Fred (who had never in his life a spark of modesty) put his hands up her companion's clothes. That girl asked what he was going to give her, and it was settled at half-a-crown each. Fred then went into the back-room with his woman. I never had had a

gay woman. A fear of disease came over me. She made no advances, and at length, feeling my quietness was ridiculous, I got my hands up her clothes, pulling them up and looking at her legs. “Lord! I am quite clean, sir,” said she in a huff, lifting her clothes well up. That gave me courage, I got her on to an old couch and looked at her cunt, but my prick refused to stand; her being gay upset me. She laid hold of my prick, but it was of no use. “What is the matter with you?” said she, “don't you like me?” “Yes, I do.” “Have you ever had a girl?” I said I had. Fred who had finished, bawled out, “Can't we come in?” This upset me still more, and I gave it up. In Fred and his girl came, and he said, “There is water in the other room.” I went in and feigned. to wash myself, and hearing them all laughing, felt ashamed to come out, thinking they were laughing about me; though such was not the case, it was because Fred was beginning to pull about my woman.

I had more money than I had told Fred, and when he said he was thirsty, offered to send for drink, thinking my liberality would make amends for my impotence. Gin and ale was got; then I began to feel as if I could do it. “She's got a coal-black runt,” said Fred, and I seemed to fancy his woman; then he said to mine, “What colour is yours?” and began to lift her clothes; “let's change and have them together,” and we went at once into the back room, whither the two girls had gone. One was piddling, Fred pulled her up from the pot, shoved her against the side of the bed, bawling out, “You get the other,” and pulled out his prick stiff and ready. An electric thrill seemed to go through me at this sight, I pulled the other into the same position by the side of Fred's; then the girls objected, but Fred hoisted up his girl and plunged his prick into her. Mine got on to the bed, leaving me to pull up her clothes. The same fear came over me, and I hesitated; Fred looked and laughed, I pulled up her clothes, saw her cunt; fear vanished, the next moment I was into her, and Fred and I, side by side, were fucking.

All four were fucking away like a mill, then we paused and looked at our pricks, as they alternately were hidden and came into sight from the cunts. Fred put out his hand to my prick, I felt his, but I was coming; my girl said. “Don't hurry.” It was too late, I spent, laid my head upon her bosom, and opening my eyes, saw Fred in the short shoves. The next instant he lay his head down. I believe now that really all four felt ashamed, for directly after we were all so quiet, one of the girls remarked, “Blest if I ever heard of such a thing afore, you Lunnon chaps are a bad lot.” A long time afterwards, I again had the girl for two and sixpence; Fred was then in Canada; she recollected me well, and asked me whether gals and chaps usually did such things together in London. Fred and I used to examine our pricks for a few days after, to see if there were any pimples on them. Fred soon forgot

his fear and shame and offered to bet me the fee of the gals that he would finish first, if we went and repeated the affair, but we did not.

Martha became very curious about me and my doings with Sarah. New to fucking as she was, she got jealous at the idea of anyone sharing my cock with her. She was curious too to know about her sister's pleasures; the elder had, I think, got all she wanted to know from the younger, and had made but little return for it in information.

Then my amatory knowledge was increased by an event unlooked for, unthought of, unpremeditated; I am quite sure I had neither heard nor read of such a thing before, and should, at that period of my life, have scouted the idea as beastly and abominable, though I had done it. How I came to lick Martha's cunt even then astonished me, I thought that it was the small size, the slight hair, and youthfulness of the article; but I used to lick it very daintily, wiping my mouth, spitting frequently, and never venturing beyond the clitoris. It occurred to me one day instead of kneeling, to lay down and lick; so I laid on the bed, my head between her thighs, my cock not far from her mouth, and indulging her in the for it was much the idea of pleasing her which made me do it. She played with my cock and wriggled as my tongue played over her clitoris, then grasped my prick hard, which gave me a premonitory throb of pleasure. “Do to me what I am doing to you,' said I, “put it in your mouth,” scarcely knowing what I said and without any ulterior intention. She with her pleasure getting intense, impelled by curiosity, or by the fascination of the cock, or by impulse, the result of my tongue on her cunt, took it in her mouth instantly. How far my prick went in, whether she sucked, licked, or simply let it enter, I know not, and I expect she did not either; but as she spent I felt a sensation resembling the soft friction of a cunt, and instantly shot my sperm into her mouth and over her face. Up she got, calling me a beast. I was surprised and ashamed of this unlooked for termination, and said so to her. I had as said arranged signs, as I passed the cottage, about our meetings, yet had difficulty now in getting at her without being found out, and never should, excepting for the elder sister, to whom I gave every now and then money. She took care of the house, rarely went out, but worked at a coarse sort of lace and earned money that way. She used to sit outside the cottage door if fine, working, and curtseying when we, who were called the Hall folks, passed. My aunt said one day, “What a strapping wench that is, don't you think so, Walt? you always look at her as you pass.” I might have replied, “Yes, she is, and her arse is remarkably like yours,” but I did not and was after that more on my guard. Fred had not had the girl for a long time, that freed me a little. Then Martha shammed ill two days to stay from the will and let me have her, and I spent a good many hours with her. As I turned my head

quickly one day, I thought I saw the bedroom door close, and it occurred to me, that the elder had been watching; she looked lecherously at me as I came out.

I went one day soon after and found Sarah alone. She made some excuse about her sister being obliged to go to work. I was going away angry, when she asked me to look at her new boots and stockings. Amused at her vanity I looked, and she put them on. “Them fits fine,” said she, showing her legs amply. I was not excited about it, and was going. “Ain't you never going to ha me again” said she. “I've no money.” “We are old friends, never mind money, if I hadn't got you Martha we moight ha been good friends still, ar wish a hadn't.” “You did it to save us,” said I. “Ah, but yer shouldn't leave old friends, and I ha watched and made yer both comfortable.” Well, thought I, this is an invitation to fucking, she had a wonderful clip in her cunt, and I began to rise. “You have lots of friends,” said I. “I take my oath, that no friend has seen me since the day you got my sister; ain't I been allus on watch for yer? did yer ever pass without seeing me?”

A woman who wants fucking is not easy to resist, even if she is ugly and middle-aged. There she sat, the picture of health, her petticoats nearly up to her knees; I had never before seen them excepting in coarse blue woollen stockings. I rolled her clothes up, saw the big thighs, the next instant had my fingers in the slit; up knocked my doodle. She shut the shutter, locked the door, and with a pleased look got on to the bed. Her cunt struck me as quite a novelty, and I got ready for insertion. “You like her better than me,” said she. It was a poser, but a man always likes the woman he is going to poke better than any other, and so I denied it. “Why don't you do to me what you do to she then? What is that?” “You knows.” “No.” “Yes you do.” “I feel it like this.” “More than that.” “What?” “You know.” “I don't, tell me.” There was a pause.

It came into my head that she knew I had licked Martha's quim, and it had such an effect on me, that down went my doodle, and I was almost ashamed to look at her; for, as said, until I licked Martha I had never done such an act, and did it with a sort of belief that I was a great beast, and should have said so of any man who did anything of the sort. Indeed after spending in her mouth, I had felt so very much disgusted with myself that I left off the licking altogether and had made the girl promise she would never tell her sister, nor refer to the matter again. So I was silent, standing with one hand on her belly just above her split, and in an uncomfortable state of mind.

She broke the silence. “Do it as you do it to she.” “I don't know what you mean,” I again stammered. “Yes yer do now.” “What has Martha told your “Nothing, but I knows.” And finding I was about to get on the bed, “Naw, naw, kiss it.” So I put my mouth down on to the

hair and gave a loud kiss. “Naw,” said she, do it as you do it to she, I am a finer woman than she by long chalks; what is't yer sees to take to her so? you knows you tickles hers with yer tongue.” The murder was out. I wanted to mount her, she baulked me, and kept repeating in a jocular, playful manner her request. So I got her to the side of the bed, her large thighs wide open, and legs hanging down in a favorable position, intending to please her; she gave her cunt a dry rub with her chemise.

I began with dislike, but there was something in the novelty which warmed me. What a difference between her and her sister. I could lick the younger one's all but hairless orifice with comfort and she always laid quiet; but I had to pull open this one's sausage lips and hold back the dark thick fringe, which got into my eyes and tickled my nose. No sooner had my tongue touched her clitoris, than the lips closed round my mouth, and, as my saliva worked up on to the cunt-hair by her movement, it wetted my nose and face, she heaved and bounced her arse so much. Then her thighs closed round my head tightly enough to squeeze it off, she buried her hands in the hair of my bead, and up went cunt again, bringing my nose into the hole, then with a jerk she got her cunt away from me. I was not at all sorry to desist.

“Oh! do it natural, do it natural,” said she, and her thighs opened and hung down, showing a slobbered cunt. I went into her, just as she lay at the side of the bed, and in a minute her cunt was wetter than ever. I have no doubt that the wench spent almost directly I licked; but I did not know it. When I asked her if she liked it, site said, “The old fashioned way be the best, but I have done the same as she.” I questioned her, but never knew whether her sister had told her or not, or whether she had peeped and seen us together at it. I made her promise she would never tell her sister what I had done. She hoped I would see her again, but having promised Martha that I would not have Sarah again, told her so. She said she was tired of watching for us. The sisters were often quarrelling, and I believe out of jealousy about me, yet I fucked her again.

I may mention the risks I ran, that I was once with Martha on the bed when I heard my cousin's voice asking Sarah, who was at the door, if she had seen me pass.

I could not get the younger readily enough, had been long from home, and was about returning. I had spent all my money, and told Sarah one day after I had poked her that I was going away. Her sister was then at the mill. Said she, “What will Martha do?” I supposed she would get another sweetheart. She shook her bead, “Martha be poisoned.” “What?” “Don't be afraid,” said she, “she be in the family way, we call it poisoned in these parts, when a girl ben't married.” It

was true. The girl had only menstruated once or twice before I first had her, and now her courses had stopped. There was no attempt at making a market of me, all needed was to get her right again. The elder took Martha to a fortune-teller, and she got better of her difficulty. I borrowed money of my aunt and, giving Martha all I could, went back to London. She left the neighbourhood.

I saw Martha two years afterwards, when visiting again my aunt; she was in household service, and was out for the day. I waylaid her, hoping to have her again; we kissed and fondled, and with difficulty I felt her quim but could not accomplish my wishes; she was going to be married, and soon after I heard that she was. Sarah also was going to be married to a farm labourer, and when I joked her about his finding her out, she laughed and said, “Lord, he war my first sweetheart,” from which I inferred that cousin Fred was mistaken about taking her virginity.

My first curt-licking and cock-sucking took place with Martha; I had never before played such amatory pranks, and all came about by instinct. For a long time I was ashamed of myself and never breathed a word on such subjects to anyone; I don't think I should have done so even to Fred, but he was then away. Gradually I was learning by instinct the whole art of love. What made me offer money to get Martha I can't say, I don't think that I bad ever heard of tempting women's virtue by money, but I never forgot the lesson, and much improved on it as time went on.

I now had had four women. The difficulties in the way of getting at them were very useful in preventing excesses, and kept me in health. It seems surprising to me now how little I seemed to have thought of baudy attitudes, and lascivious varieties; for belly-to-belly poking on the bed was nearly all I did. I had still the modest, demure demeanour which deceived my mother (coupled with her ignorance of life generally) and relations, and, though very proud of my achievements, kept them much to myself, never disclosing the names of my women, and only telling one or two intimate friends of what I had done; who reciprocated by telling me their achievements. Fucking had eased my prepuce. I made a practice of pulling it backward and forward several times a day; in fact, whenever I piddled. My prick had grown bigger in the two years, which pleased me much, but about the size of it I had a curious doubt, which will be told of further on.

I was, though demure, quite a man in manner and look, and with women behaved in a way which one or two of my relatives remarked. I used to think to myself when talking to them, “Ah! I know what sort of opening you have at the bottom of your belly. The cousins, whose cunts I had had a partial glimpse of, I used to like to dance with, wondering how much the hair had grown on them. I used also to

think about my sister's cunt that I had seen when in the cradle, but just then she died. My experiences indeed much increased the charm of female society to me. Chance had given me two virgins out of four women; that was a luxury unthought of, uncared for, and in no way appreciated; the virgins were no more liked by me than the others.

Cousin Fred will appear at less frequent intervals; he was away sometimes for months, then for years, but he named whenever he played an important part in my adventures, he was participator in others which will never be written about here.

Chapter VIII

Fanny Hill. • Masturbation. • Friend Henry. • Under street-gratings at the gunmaker's. • A frigging match. • Sights from below. • In a back street. • A prick in petticoats. • Evacuations. • Ladies scared.

I went back to London, and resumed my preparations. Penniless, I tried to get money from my mother, but could not. I tried to feel our ugly housemaid, who threatened to tell. Just then a friend lent me Fanny Hill, how well I recollect that day, it was a sunshiny afternoon, I devoured the book and its luscious pictures, and although I never contemplated masturbation, lost all command of myself, frigged, and spent over a picture as it lay before me. I did not know how to clean the book and the table-cover.

Fascinated although annoyed with myself, I repeated the act till not a drop of sperm would come; and the skin of my prick was sore. The next day I had a splitting headache but read at intervals, and again frigged; and did this for a week, till my eyes were all but dropping into my head. In a fever and worn out; the doctor said I was growing too fast, and ordered strong nourishment; but I used to take the infernal book with me to bed, and lay reading it, twiddling my prick, and fearing to consumate, knowing the state I was in. It was indeed almost impossible to do it, and when emission came, it was accompanied by a fearful aching in my testicles.

My friend had his book back, my erotic excitement ceased, I grew stronger, felt ashamed of myself, and soon found a new excitement.

I had a friend who like me was intended for the Army, his father was a gun manufacturer. The eldest son died, and the old man saying that five thousand a year should not be lost to the family, made his other son—my friend—go into the business. He resisted, but had no alternative but to consent. Their dwelling-house was just by ours, but the old man now insisted on his son residing largely at the manufactory where he invited me to stay at times with him, which I did.

Several houses adjoining belonged to the old man, at the East-End of London, where the manufactory was. Some faced an important thoroughfare, the rest faced two other streets, and at the back, a place with out a thoroughfare, on one side of which was the manufactory and workmen's entrance; on the other side stables. The whole property formed a large block.

The house faced the better street, the family had for forty years lived in it before they became rich, and it was replete with comfort.

The old man had since lived there principally, for his love was in his business, and he had made all arrangements for his convenience. He had a private staircase leading from a sitting room into the manufactory, and could go into the warehouse, or the back street, or out of the front door of the house unnoticed. The people employed, never knew when to expect him. He was a regular Tartar, but for all that a kind-hearted man.

There now lived in the house an old servant with her sister, who had been many years in the family. One was married to a foreman in whom his master had much confidence; these three were in fact in charge of the premises, although nominally the keyes were given up to my friend whom we will call Henry. The old man wished his son to be happy, allowed friends to visit him, there was good wine, put out by the old man in small quantities from time to time, good food, good attendance, and all to make things comfortable; but the old man resolutely forbade his son to be out later than eleven o'clock, and kept him as my mother kept me, almost without money. I expect that the old servants were told to keep an eye on the doings of Henry.

The basement was used as store-room for muskets, put into wooden boxes which stood in long rows upon each other like coffins. It was a large place and originally only went under the factory, but the old gentleman gradually as he acquired the adjacent houses, let them, but retained most of the basements, so that his stores ran not only under the premises he occupied, but largely under half a dozen other houses of which he only let the shops and upper portions. On four sides this large basement had glimpses of light let into it, by gratings in the footways of the streets.

At one end and on the principal street was a row of windows, beneath what was then a first class linen-draper's shop—first class I mean for the East-End—a large place for those days, and always full. Women used to stand by dozens at a time, looking into the shop windows which were of large plate-glass—a great novelty in those days—people waiting for omnibusses used also to stand up against the shop.

Henry and I were old school friends, I had seen and felt his cock, he mine; I had not been with him an hour before he said, “When the workmen go to dinner, I will show your more legs than your ever saw in your life.” “Girls?” said I. “Yea, I saw up above the garters of a couple of dozen yesterday in an hour.” “Could you see their cunts?” “I did not quite, but 'nearly of one”, said he. I thought he was bragging, and was glad when twelve o'clock came.

At that hour down we went, through the basement stored with muskets; it seemed dark as we entered, but soon we saw streams of light coming through the windows at the end; they had not been

cleaned for years. We rubbed the glass and looked up. Above us was a flock of women's legs of all sizes and shapes flashing before us, thick and thin in wonderful variety. We could see them by looking up, it being bright above; but dark and dusty below, they could not by looking down see us, through the half cleaned windows; or notice round clean spots on the glass, through which two pairs of young eyes almost devoured the limbs of those who stood over them.

As our only way lay through the workshop and we did not wish it known that we were there (there was no business done there, unless arms were being stored or taken out), we went back before the workmen returned from their meals; but for several days did we go into the place, gloating over such of the women's charms as we could discern; legs we saw by the hundreds, garters and parts of the thighs we saw by scores: quite enough to make young blood randy to madness, but the shadowy mass between the thighs we could not get a glimpse of.

“There are vaults”, said I, “if there, we could see right up, and be at the back of the women.” We tried unused keys to find one to open the door, and at length to our intense delight it unclosed. We stepped across the little open space under the gratings into the empty vaults, and there arranging to take our turns of looking up at the most likely spots, we put out our heads and took our fill at gazing. We were right under the women, who as they looked into the shop windows, jutting out their bums in stooping, tilted their petticoats exactly over our heads. If there was no carriage passing, we could at times hear what they said, but that was rarely the case.

In those days even ladies wore no drawers. Their dresses rarely came below their ankles, they wore bustles, and standing over a grating, anyone below them, saw much more, and more easily, than they can in these days of draggling dresses, and cunt swabbing breeches, which the commonest girl wears round her rump. For all that, so close to the thighs, do chemise and petticoats cling, that it was difficult to see the hairy slits, which it was our great desire to look at. Garters and thighs well above the knees, we saw by scores. Every now and then either by reason of scanty clothing, or short dresses, or by a woman's stooping and opening her legs to look more easily low down at the window, we had a glimpse of the cunt; and great was our randiness and delight when we did. On the whole we were well rewarded. Many as the legs and thighs are, that I have since seen, I doubt whether I have seen so many pairs of legs half-way up the thighs, and all but to the split, as I saw in the times we stood under that. big linendraper's shop window. Old and young, thin and fat, dirty and clean, ragged and neat, there was every possible variety and number of legs and their coverings. There were two states of the

weather which favoured us: if muddy, women lifted their clothes up high. Having no modern squeamishness, all they cared about was to prevent them getting muddy; and then with the common classes, we got many a glimpse of the split. But a brilliant day was the best. Then the reflected light being strong, we could see higher up if the lady was in a favourable position. We could see if they had clouts round their cunts, and had some strange sights of which I will only tell one or two.

One day, quite at the end of the gratings, two women, neat, clean, plump, and of the poorer classes (for we could soon tell the poorer classes from their legs and under-clothings), stood close together. It was my five minutes. Henry was at my back. They had been standing talking, close together, not seeming to be looking at the shop, in fact they were at the spot where the shop window finished. One put her leg up against a ledge, keeping the other on the grating; it was a bright day, and I saw the dark hair of her cunt as plainly as if she were standing to show it me. The next minute she gathered up her clothes a little high, and squatted down on her heels as if to pidlle, her bum came down within four or five inches of the grating, and I saw through the bars, her cunt open just as a woman does when she pisses. I thought she was going to do so, when a plantive cry explained it all; she had a baby, and all the movements were to enable her to do something to it conveniently. At the same time her companion dropped on one knee, pulling her clothes a little up, and arranging them so as to prevent soiling them, she put the other leg out in front, and sat back on the heel of the kneeling leg. Then was another split, younger and lighter-haired, partly visible from below, but not so plainly as the dark-haired one; and they did something in that position for five minutes to the squalling child.

I lost all prudence, whispered to Henry; and together we stood looking, till they moved away. “My prick will burst”, said I. “So will mine”, said he. The next instant both our pricks were out, and looking up at the legs, stood we two young men, frigging till two jets of spunk spurted across the area. It would have been a fine sight for the women had they looked down, but women rarely did. They stood over the gratings usually with the greatest unconcern, looking at the shop windows, or only glanced below for an instant, at the dark, uninhabitated looking area.

This was the beginning of a new state of things. We got reckless; Henry had business to attend to, I none, —I ceased to think about what might be said of our being so much in the store-house; and used to go by myself, and stay there two or three hours at a time. Then I gave way to erotic excesses. My prick would stand as I went down the stairs. I used to wait prick in hand, playing with it, looking up and

longing for a poke until I saw a pair of thighs plainly, then able to stand it no longer, frigged; hating myself even whilst I did it, and longing to put my spunk in the right place. I used to catch it in one hand, whilst I frigged with the other, then fling the spunk up towards the girls' legs. It was madness; for although the feet of the women were not three feet above my head, yet the smallness of the quantity thrown (after what stuck to my fingers), and the iron bars above, seemed to make it impossible that any of it should reach its intended desti- nation; but I think it did one day. A youngish female was stooping, and showing part of her thighs. I flung up what I had just discharged; suddenly her legs closed, she stepped quickly aside, looked down and went away. I am still under the impression that a drop of my sperm, must have hit her naked legs.

We both also grew more lascivious, having frigged before each other, we took to frigging each other. I went to my home, on going back, found he had taken other young men to see the legs. One night five of us had dinner, we smoked and drank, our talk grew baudier; we had mostly been schoolfellows, and dare say we had all seen each other's doodles, but I cannot assert that positively. We finished by showing them to each other now, betting on their length and size, and finished up by a frigging sweep-stakes for him who spent first.

At a signal, five young men (none I am sure nineteen years old) seated on chairs in the middle of the room began frigging themselves, amidst noise and laughter. The noise soon subsided, the voices grew quiet, then ceased, and was succeeded by convulsive breathing sighs and long-drawn breaths, the legs of some writhed, and stretched out, their backsides wriggled on the chairs, one suddenly stood up. Five hands were frigging as fast as they could, the prick-knobs standing out of a bright vermillion tint looking as if they must burst away from the hands which held them. Suddenly one cried “f-fi-fir-first”, as some drops of gruelly fluid flew across the room, and the frigger sunk back in the chair. At the same instant almost the other jets spurted, and all five men were directly sitting down, some with eyes closed, others with eyes wide open, all quiet and palpi- tating, gently frigging, squeezing, and tittillating their pricks until pleasure had ceased.

Afterwards we were quiet, then came more grog, more allusion to the legs of women, their cunts and pleasures, more baudiness, more showing of pricks and ballocks, another sweep-stakes, another frigging match, and then we separated.

I do not think that excepting to Henry, that baudy evening ever was referred to by me.

I got up I recollect next day ashamed of myself, and felt worse, when he remarked, “What beasts we made ourselves last night.” What changes since then. Two of the five found graves in the Crimea, the

third is dead also; Henry and I alone alive. He with a big family, with sons nearly as old as he was at the time of the frigging matches. I wonder if he ever thinks of them, wonder if he ever has told his wife.

I spent much time now in this leg inspection and frigging myself, till I could scarcely get semen out of me. I hated myself for it, yet went on doing it, when luckily I lost the exciting sights. Some women happened to look down and saw us. A man without a hat came several times and looked down the gratings. Henry's father came to the manufactory, as he often did, went into the stores, asked who had opened the area-door, locked it up, had a new lock put on, and forbad anyone to go into the stores excepting to get out the guns, and so we lost our game. We never asked a question, nor made a remark on the matter; and came to the conclusion, that some one had complained to the linendraper that persons were looking up the women's legs, and that he had written to Henry's father on the matter. I went home used up, and in a state of indescribable disgust with myself, entirely ceased masturbation, and in a month went again to visit my friend, — he had found out another grating.

The back of the manufactory as said was in a cul-de-sac. There were but the manufactory and stables in it. The workmen entered that side. There were gratings, and coal-vaults beneath the street similar to those beneath' the linendraper's shop. Workmen's wives bringing their husbands' dinners, used to stand and sometimes sit down over the gratings, but their Iegs when seen were rarely worth the seeing; it was usually but a sight of dingy petticoats, and dirty stockings. We were however content to look up at them, for they belonged to women, but soon tired of doing so.

One night (we had never been there at night before), for some reason or the other which I don't recollect we went down and found two women pissing down the grating, then a man and woman together, and discovered it to be the pissing-place of the gay women, in the main thoroughfare; and where if the nights were dark, couples used to come for a grope, a frig, or even for a fuck at times. The pissing often took place over a grating, we could hear, and feel, but not see.

Then we got a common dark lantern, had the top shade taken of, and a funnel, or short chimney put with a slide, so that when we pushed the slide off, the light shot up through the chimney, and throw a strong light on a circle about one foot across. With this we went down waiting till we heard some one above, then opened the light and saw what was to be seen. Sometimes we waited for hours without seeing anything, but it is astonishing what cute-loving, baudy young men will go through for the sake of seeing a woman's privates. At other times we saw a good deal. If it were a light night, we saw

nothing. No one knew we went down at those hours, the workmen had gone, and the private staircase from the dwelling house at any time let us into the factory; from the factory we could go anywhere on the premises.

When we heard feet, or a rustle of petticoats over the grating, taking up the light we sometimes saw a white bum, a split gaping like a dog with its throat cut, and a stream of water splashing from it. We never used to move, but sooner than not see it ali and as well as possible, let the stream come over us. Sometimes two women came together; sometimes we could hear to our mortification that they were pissing on the pavement close by, without coming over the grating. We could often hear their conversation. Now and then a woman shit down the grating, we used to watch the turds squeeze out with a fart or two, with great amusement. Once a man did the same, we saw prick, balls, and turd, all hanging down together, we could not help laughing, and off he shuffled as if he had been shot. He must have heard us.

There was one woman whose face we never saw, but who came and pissed over a grating so regularly every evening, and sometimes twice; that we knew her arse perfectly. We lost sight of her and used to wonder if she had found us out, for she finished one night with such a loud fart, that we laughed out, — and she must have heard us.

One night half a dozen ladies came, we knew they were ladies by their manner and conversation, which we could hear perfectly, there being no carriage traffic in the street. “Can anyone see?” said one. “No,” said another, “make haste.” We heard the usual leafy rustle, and immediately a tremendous stream was heard; then two more sat down close together. I turned on the light at all risks, there were two pretty white little bums above us, with the gaping cunts, they were of quite young girls, without a hair on them; the women then were scared I suppose, for they moved. One said, “Make haste, don't be foolish, nobody is coming.” A rustle again, off went the slide, up went the light; what a big round bum, what a great black-haired open cunt did we see, and a stream of water as if from a fire-engine. “Oh! there is a light down there,” said one. Up went the bum, piss still straining down, down went the clothes, and all were off like lightening.

Another night we heard two pairs of feet above us, one was the heavy footstep of a man. “Don't be foolish, he won't know,” said a man in a very low tone. “Ohl no, — no, I dare not,” said a female voice, and the feet with a little rustling moved to another grating. Henry and I moved on also. “You shall, no one comes here, no one can see us,” said the man in a still lower tone. “Oh! I am so frightened,” said the female. A little gentle scuffling now took place, and then all seemed quiet but a slight movement of the feet. “Are they there?”

whispered Henry from the vault. I nudged him to quiet, and putting the light as high up as I could, pushed aside the slide a little only.

We were well rewarded. Just above our heads were two pairs of feet, one pair wide apart; and hanging only partly at her back the garments of a female; in front the trousers of a man with the knees projecting slightly forward between the female's legs, and higher up a bag of balls were hanging down hiding nearly the belly and channel, which the prick was taking. The distended legs between which the balls moved, enabled us however to get a glimpse of the arse-hole and of a cunt. The movement of the ballocks showed the vigor with which the man was fucking, but there must have been some inequality in height; and either he was very tall, or she very short.; for his knees and feet moved out at times into different positions. He then ceased for an instant his shoving, as if to arrange himself in a fresh and more convenient posture, and then the lunges recommenced. He must have had his hands on her naked rump, from the way her clothes hung, showing her legs up to her belly, or to where his breeches hidit, or where the clothes fell down which were over his arm.

Once I imagine, the lady's clothes were in his way, for there was a pause, his prick came quite out, her feet moved, her legs opened wider. He did not need his fingers to find his mark again, his long, stiff, red-tipped article had slidden in the direction of her bum-hole; but no sooner had they readjusted their legs, then it moved backwards, and again it was hidden from sight in her cunt. The balls wagged more vigorously than ever, quicker, quicker; the lady's legs seemed to shake, we heard a sort of mixed cry, like a short groan and cry together, and a female voice say, “Oh! don't make such a noise,” then a quiver and a shiver of the legs, and all seemed quiet.

When I first had removed the slide, I did so in a small degree, fearing they might look below and see it; but if the sun had shone from below, I believe now they must have been in that state of excitement, that they would not have noticed it. To see better I opened the slide more, and gradually held the lantern higher and higher, until the chimney through which the light issued was near to the grating. I was holding it by the bottom at arms length; and naturally, so as to best see myself. Henry could not see as well, although standing close to me, and our heads nearly touching. “Hold it more this way,” said he in an excited whisper. I did not. Just then the lady said, “Oh! make haste now, I am so frightened.” Out slipped the prick, — I saw it. At that very instant, Henry pulled my hand, to get the lantern placed so as to enable him to see better. I was holding it between the very tips of my fingers, just below the feet of the copulating couple. His. jerk pulled it over, and down it went with a smash, just as the lady said, “Make haste, I am so frightened.” A huge

prick as it seemed to me drew out, and flopped down, a hand grasped it, .the petticoats were falling round the legs, when the crash of the lantern came. With a loud shriek from the lady, off the couple moved, and I dare say it was many a day before she had her privates moistened up against a wall again, and over a grating.

Henry and I laughing picked up the lantern and got back to the house; I went to my bed-room in a state of indescribable randiness. I had for some time broken myself of frigging, and now resisted the desire, tried to read but could not, undressed and went to bed. My prick would stand. If it went down for a minute and my thoughts were diverted, the very instant my mind recurred to those balls wagging above my head, up it went again. I tried to piss, the piss would not run. At that time when my prick was stiff, I used to pull the prepuce back, so as to loosen it. I laid down on the bed, prick stiff. If it could have spoken, it would have said, “Frig or fuck, you shall, before I give you rest.” So I pulled the prepuce slowly back, — only once, — and as the knob came handsomely into view, out shot my spunk all over the bed-clothes.

Getting up to wipe and make things clean, I saw something on the brim of my cap which I had worn; the cap was on the table. I took it up and found a large spot of sperm which had come from the happy couple, it must have followed the withdrawal of the prick; and had my head been a little more turned up, it must have tumbled on my face. I did not mind wiping up my own sperm, but doing so to their's seemed beastly. Yet what was the difference?

We heard one night some one squat down, and turned up the light; there were petticoats, legs and an arse, but instead of the usual slit, we saw to our astonishment a prick and balls hanging down between the legs, it was a man in woman's clothes, and he was shitting. The sight alarmed us, we talked over it for many a day afterwards, for we did not then know that some men are fond of amusing themselves with other men.

I never saw but that one couple fucking, but we could hear groping and frigging going on close by. We heard women say, “Oh ! don't !” Gay women, we heard say, “Here is a good place,” but they did not often select the gratings, why? I cannot tell, for they were partly in recesses in the wall which enabled people to get more hidden. The bars were wide apart, and I suppose the regulars did not like that, yet they often used the gratings for pissing down.

These sights did no occur all at once, I went home, stopped, returned, and so on; in the meanwhile not having women, I then frigged, left off, then took to it again, and so time went on. Fewer women came at last up the street, we imagined that with all our care, they had found out that people were beneath the gratings, and

avoided them. The favorite place was the recess at the workmen's door to the factory at which were two steps; we could hear but not see when a couple was there, we used then to go up into the factory and listen at the door. Generally, feeling and frigging was only going on, bargaining for money first. “Give me another shilling. Oh ! your nails hurt. What a lot of hair you have. What a big one ! Oh ! I am coming! Don't spend over my clothes,” and so on, we heard at times.

Meanwhile there was either no servant at my home worthy of a stiff one, or those who would not take one; and I had no alternative but to frig. Money my mother again kept from me. What I got, I sent to the poor girl Martha, who then had not got rid of her big belly; gay women I had fear of; devoured by desire to get into a woman again, I even looked longingly at the wife of the foreman who took charge of the house in which Henry lived, although she was fifty. I recollect seeing her making my bed one morning, and getting a cock-stand at the sight of the woman so near a place to lay down on.

Chapter IX

Mrs. Smith. • A brutal husband. • My second adultery. A chaste servant. • Road harlots. • A poke in the open. • Use for a silk handkerchief. • A shilling a tail. • Clapped.

Henry had now much business to attend to, I had none. I used to wander into the back street just as the men's wives brought them their dinners, so as to look at them. They were not allowed inside, but if the men chose to eat inside they could do so, their wives waiting outside. Six or eight men had their dinners brought, the rest went away. The women most frequently sat on a door-step, or loitered over the gratings up which we used to look at night; or squatted down against the wall. I had once or twice looked up their clothes, but found little inviting, with the exception of a plump little pair of legs which belonged to a Mrs. Smith. She looked about twenty-six years of age, her husband twenty years older, a good workman but a brutal fellow. He bore a bad character among his fellows, and was thought a brute to his wife. Some said his wife drank; there was often a row in the street between them at dinner-time, he used to sit on the door-step and eat his dinner outside, she standing near him, and her legs came at times over a grating. I used to dodge downstairs at times at the workmen's dinner-hour, and have a look up, and that is how I saw, and began to think of the legs of Mrs. Smith. I took a sort of fancy to her, or rather her legs, so plump and clean. I saw she had a nice clean face with bright brown eyes, and then had a desire to fuck her. I again had desisted from frigging, had sworn to myself not to do so again, and now getting strength wanted a woman badly. Our eyes had often met, I had even got out of her way when passing her, a courtesy not often then shown by gentlemen to work-people. I used to stare at her so, that she began to look confused when I did. The husband never seemed to notice anything but his dinner, at which he usually swore. Sometimes I spoke to him about gun-making. I wanted to poke Mrs. Smith, but there did not seem to be the remotest chance, nor had I any intention of attempting it, but used to look at her with my cock standing, and wondering what sort of cunt she had. I had been brought up reliigously, and the idea of having a married woman seemed shocking. I was shocked when I found that Mary was married. At length I nodded, smiled, and established a sort of intimacy in that way without speaking, managing to meet her as it were, quite casually when going to, or leaving the workshop.

One day the man dined on the step, his wife standing by his side; down I went to peep up her clothes and heard him rowing. “Why the hell had she not got him beef instead of mutton; God damn her, why

were there no potatoes!" That was his style. Angry words passed, the voices grew louder, I heard a loud smack and a strong oath, he had hit his wife and gone back into the work-shop.

There was a great gabbling of female voices over the grating round Mrs. Smith. "I would not stand it," said one. "It is a shame," said another. "He ought to be proud of such a wife, an old beast," said another. The husband came out again. "I have done my best," said she, "you are not a man anyhow, or anywhere, for two pins I would run away from you." A loud oath, and another smack followed.

I heard Mrs. Smith sobbing. "I have had a little drink," said she, "I told him so. He makes me so unhappy, I must; but I spend scarce a trifle and it's what I earns myself. Ain't I clean? don't I bring him good meals?" "You do, you do," said they. "It's a shame," she went on, "he is not a man, not in bed, not anywhere, not anyhow, I don't aggravate him, I put up with everything, it's full six months since he's been a husband to me, although we sleeps in the same bed," she added in a significant way, "yes, six months full. "Lor," said half a dozen voices together, then said one, "Don't he do anything to you then?" Things quieted, off went Mrs. Smith with some of the women, two remained waiting for their husbands' platters, they squatted down on the step.

"They're a miserable couple," said one. "Yes, and likely, he is never at home, no wonder she do take a drop of comfort." "No, it ain't." "She is a nice little woman, and no man gets his meals nicer." "No, that they don't." "He's too old for her, but he ain't jealous." "No, in course not." "Why he ain't done it to her for six months," said one. They both chuckled then. "Why, my old man don't forget me like that, and he is ten years older than Smith," said the other. "Ah!" said the first, "he's a bad 'up altogether, men be a bad lot, the best on 'em." The time-bell rang, their husbands brought out their dinner-cans, and off the women went. I can scarcely tell what followed exactly or how it came about, for even now to me it seems astonishing. I was but between eighteen and nineteen, and had not had the remotest idea of getting Mrs. Smith, though I longed for her lewedly when my cock stood. I was timid with women until I knew them well, I could never begin with our own servants until they had been in the house a few days; yet directly I heard this conversation, a chance seemed in my way, and without meaning it I followed it up.

With but little idea of married life or habits, I saw that not only were they a wretched couple, but that for months Smith had never touched his wife. I imagined then that married people were always doing it, that women were randier than men, — a common belief of young people. I thought: how she must want a poke ! how she would enjoy it! Out I went to see if Mrs. Smith was about, and saw her walking off with a group of sympathizers, who dropped off gradually,

until she was left with one, with whom she went into a public-house. In a few minutes they came out and parted. On she went alone, and went into another public-house, and then wiping her eyes as she came out, went her way alone; I after her, lewed and thinking to myself, “she has not had it for six months,” and so on. She went into a public-house now by herself. I waited till she came out, and saw she had been taking to many drops of comfort.

Without any definite intention as far as I can remember, but simply for lewed gratification, I went up to, and addressed her. She recognized me and stood stock still. She had a small bottle of what I found afterwards to be gin in her hand, which she put into her husband's dinner can. I told her I was sorry for her, having heard the row and all she had said. The reference to her wrongs roused her, and she said vehemently, “He is not a man anyhow or anywhere,” and then was silent. I did not know what to say more, and walked on by her side. After a time she said, “Why are you walking with me sir?” The only reply I made was that I liked it, and was sorry she had such a bad husband. She said she would rather be alone, but I walked on with her she carrying the little tin can with a cover. I not knowing what to do, offered to carry it for her, but she wouldinot let me.

Then she remarked, “You are very good, but don't come any further, it won't look well for a poor woman to be walking with gentleman; neighbors make mischief, and God knows, I have enough to bear already.” My boldness having quite left me, I shook hands with her, which seemed to astonish her, and off she went. I followed her at a distance, to her house, which was one of a row of small cottages fronting a ditch, and a field, on which carpets were beaten, and boys played, a scrubby poor place as you may be sure.

I turned back hesitating. One moment wondering at my boldness, and wickedness in thinking of a married woman; the next, thinking I was a fool for not having asked her to let me; when I saw in the path, the top of the tin can she had been carrying. Here was a chance. I walked about for half an hour before I mustered up courage to go to the house. She opened her eyes wide when she saw me. “What do you want?” “Here is the top of the dinner-can,” said I innocently. “Oh!” said she, “I am so glad, he would have hit me if I had lost it.” As she took it I entered and closed the door.

She had finished the gin, for the empty bottle was on the table. She may have been more than fuddled, I cannot say; for I was so excited that I recollect only the most prominent circumstances. I was in a funk, but my cock was stiff, and that overcame all scruples. The house had but two rooms: a kitchen I was standing in, the street-door opened on to it. An open door showed a neat bed in a clean white-washed bed-room. How I began I know not, but recollect telling what

I had heard, and that for months he had not been a husband to her. That set her off talking wildly, and she said it all over again. She was sure he was spending his money on some dolly, hoped she might catch her, then cried, wiped her eyes and said, “Well, that is no business of yours, I am a fool for talking to a young gentleman like you, I don't know what you are doing here.”

“Let me do it to you,” said I, “I have seen up your clothes, let me, — you are so nice, and I want you so badly; why should you not, he is no husband to you, and you such a nice woman.” That was my artless beginning, or something like it. Fright at my impudence was struggling against my cock-stand. For a second she seemed speechless, then replied, “Well sir, you ought to be ashamed, — a married woman like me.” “He is no husband to you, he never does it to you, you know, — I heard you tell the women so; they laughed, and said he had some hussy whom he did it to.” “That's no business of yours, but he is a bad one,” and she began crying again. “Now go sir go, —if he came home, he would murder me, if he found you here.”

I don't know how the next came off, but I know I was kissing her, that I got my hand up her clothes, on to her cunt, that I pulled out my prick, that the struggling ceased, that I edged her to the bed-room, and that up against the bed she made a stand. “Oh! my God sir, I am a married woman, pray don't.” Paying no heed, I got her clothes up and as she stood, was bending and trying to get my cock up her; but she was little, and I could not; it shoved up against her navel, and motte. That I suppose stirring her lust, overcame her, for she got on the bed, I got on her, and up her in a second.

I was in a bursting state of randiness, and she must have been the same. I was ready to spend, she readier; for I had no sooner entered her than her breath shortened, she clasped me tight, quivered and wriggled, and we both spent. I lay up her, cock ready for further work. Up to that time I had not properly felt her, nor seen her body. I began fumbling about, put my hand down feeling cautiously round the stem of my cock and my ballocks. All was wet, I slid my finger below her cunt (feeling even near to an arse-hole was then beyond me), there it felt wetter; that stimulated me, and on I went grinding. She lay with her eyes closed without speaking. Soon we both went again, I had fucked her twice without uncunting.

The quiet dreamy enjoyment had barely began, when she pushed me off and sat up saying, “What have I done? what have I done? I am a married woman!” Then comes tears, then a kiss from me, then talk, then tears, and at intervals she told me a story of a bad, brutal, morose husband, who had not fucked her for months. Half frightened, half hysterical, it seemed as much pleasure to her to tell me her misery, as it had been to have me doing her husband's work. We

moved off the bed. “Oh! my God,” said she, “look at the bed.” I saw one wet patch as large as a tea-cup, and another as large as a crown at the spot where her bum had laid on the counterpaine. “What shall I do?” “Wash it.” “But I have no other.” It was a bore no doubt. I left without being able to get permission to see her again, but only tears, and an expression of her conviction that she was a wicked woman.

Although she had not asked me not to tell anyone, which women so often do who commit these little slips, I did not mention it to Henry. For three or four days afterwards she did not come to the factory. I went to her cottage. She was out. At length at the dinner-hour I met her face to face by the factory. She looked ready to drop. An hour afterwards seeing her burly husband at work, off to her house I went, and gave a single knock. She opened the door, nearly fell back with surprise, and before she could recover herself I was indoors. I had an altercation, a refusal, almost a fight, but I conquered. Again she was fucked on the bed, and now for the first time I had a look at her charms, her cunt unwashed.

She was a plump little woman, dark-haired on head and tail, her quim was neither large or small, her thighs round and white, she was an ordinary person, neither handsome nor plain, and my curiosity was soon satisfied. She kept exclaiming, “Oh! if he should come home!” I fell to work again with vigor, and soon again spent. As I got off I observed under her bum again a large wet place, but now on her chemise. “What a lot of spending you have done,” said I. “I can't help it,” said she. My experience was small, but I knew that from no other woman whom I had stroked, had such an effusion taken place. Before I had spent I had felt her wetness on my fingers. I had her on another occasion, and the same thing occurred. I notice this because I only recollect meeting one other such case since; Mrs. Smith, like the other to whom I refer, used after a few pushes up her to squeeze her cunt, shiver, and discharge quite copiously, to be followed with a second pleasure and discharge when I spent. I only reflected on Mrs. Smith's peculiarity some years afterwards.

In about a week I had her again at her cottage. Then she said if I came any more she would have trouble, for neighbors had already remarked a gentle-men at the house. I disregarded this, went and knocked. She opened the door cautiously with the chain up, and seeing me, shut it in my face. I was then about going to my own home, and feared I should not have her again, but found out that the husband spent his evenings at a tavern (I had a strange pleasure in looking at him after I had had his wife), that he was to be at some workman's carousal, watched him to the public-house, then ran to his cottage, gave a single loud knock at the door, which was this time opened unsuspiciously, and in I pushed before she could scarcely see

who it was.

I had difficulty in persuading her to let me, she was more timid than ever, but promised that I would never come again. Then she got on to the bed. The crisis was just over when we heard a knock. With a shriek she pushed me off and got up. “He will murder me, he will murder me,” said she. I stood blank with bewilderment, relieved by another knock and a voice crying “beer.” She fell on the floor fainting, and so alarmed me, that I nearly called in the neighbours. I put a pillow under her head. I don't know what induced me, for not three minutes before I was frightened out of my life, but as she laid there close by the fire (at the knock we had rushed into the kitchen), I pulled up her clothes. The flickering of the fire showed her thighs and cunt in a strange light to me. As I pulled her legs asunder, I felt ashamed, but lust was strong. I looked at the cunt, the novelty of an in-sensible woman on the floor excited me, the next instant in spite of her, for she recovered just as I laid on her, my prick was up her, and my knuckles on the hard bit of dingy carpet, and as I grasped her bum, it seemed that my poke was most delicious. So much for novelty and imagination. I left immediately afterwards.

Then I went home to my mother. In about three weeks, went to see Henry, again as I said, but really to get to Mrs. Smith, and found her husband had been discharged. I went off to the cottage, it was empty. They had gone no one knew where, and he had half murdered his wife. I wondered. if it had been about me. Then my conscience upbraided me with having committed adultery. I took to going to church more regularly, and repeated the commandments emphatically.

I was now approaching nineteen years, was at home doing nothing but study, and with scarcely a farthing of money. I tried to get into one of our servant's unsuccessfully, she was a plain lass, but had a cunt, which. was all I wanted. I began to kiss and fondle her, which she submitted to demurely. Then by surprise one day got my hand up her clothes, and between her cunt-lips. She loudly screamed, which luckily was unheard, for my mother was out. Her cunt felt wet, and I found from my fingers afterwards that she was poorly built. She rushed downstairs crying violently, the next day gave warning and left, much to my relief. She never I am sure told my mother, but I was in a fright until she had left.

I restrained myself from frigging, although sorely tempted to do so, and luckily found cheaper and better relief. —Having had but one gay woman, and having a dread of them, neverthless, my mind involuntarily turned to them, especially as I now defied my mother, stopped out of nights latish, and consequently saw more of them. But I had no money.

Between London and our suburb, there were some lengths of road bounded by fields, and only lighted by oil-lamps. At places small houses were being built in side-roads, which were altogether without light. Gay women of a poor class, were then of an evening about the darkest parts, or they used to walk where the roads were lighter. They were of that class who go with labouring men, and were not attractive, although cleaner and better-looking than the same class now is.

One evening I worried an aunt out of two pounds, which I had with a solitary shilling besides; and was returning, when a woman accosted me. She walked by my side and talked, but I could not afford a soverign, which was a much larger sum then than it now is, and a shilling, seemed to me a ridiculous sum, so I determined to run, for fear I should be fool enough to let her have a soverign. “I can't,” said ., “good night, I only have a shilling.” “Make it two,” said she. “I have not got more.” “Give it me then.” I stopped in astonishment at the idea of her taking such a trifle. “She is going to take it and go off,” thought I, for I had known such a thing, but I gave her the shilling and then stood still. “Well, are you not going to have it?” said she, “make haste.” It was a dark night, but I saw from a white gleam that her clothes were up, felt where the nick was, and in much agitation thrust my tool up it.

Having a woman in the open up against a field fence, and without seeing her cunt, or even her face, was a novelty to me. For a long time I had been bottling up my sperm. All fear left me, and it seemed the most delicious fuck I ever had had. In a few pushes I spent, and kept my belly up against hers in silent delight, till I felt sperm trickling down over my balls. Telling me to take care of my shirt she drew her bum back. Scarcely recovered from my pleasure and still wondering how I had such pleasure with so poor a woman, I suppose I must have said something of the sort, for she remarked, “Why not? we are all made the same way, and if some of us had more cheek, we might have as good clothes as the best, but there are plenty of real gents glad enough to have us,” and so we talked for a minute. I had not felt her and now longed to do so, but was too timid to ask her. She turned away. I had been wiping my cock with a silk pocket handkerchief, to prevent any sperm getting on to my shirt. A happy idea came. “Let me feel you, and do it again and I will give you this silk handkerchief, for I have no more money.” Laughing and saying, “I suppose it is silk,” she accepted it. I think now of the exquisite delight,. with which I felt the thighs and bum of that poor woman, who might for all I could see, have had the great, or the small pox, or have been as ugly as the devil; but I stroked her belly, twiddled her wet cunt-hair (she had pissed), plunged my fingers into her wet cunt, and at length spent again in it,

with more delight, than I have had with some of the most dashing women since that time.

After funking about pox and clap, fdr a few days, out I sped one evening to try to get her again, delighted at the economical rate at which I found it now possible to have women. But I always was liberal, and gave her three or four shillings. Several times I had had her afterwards and never saw her face. At length I insisted on going when I could see her. She refused until tempted by an offer, then agreed to meet me at a place which she named; saying, “And I will put on a clean chemise and stockings.” I met her, and found her to be about thirty-five years old, and one of the ugliest women I ever saw.

She was so plain that all desire left me. I looked her all over, to which she made no objection, remarking as she pulled up her clothes, “Ah, you may look, I am as dean as any woman although I am what I am.” I went on looking at, and fiddling her about, but no erection came. She gave an uneasy motion with her bum and said, “Oh ! you are tickling me so, why don't you get on?” I said I did not want it yet, which so astonished her, that she sat upright, and looked at me and at my tool. Then she made me lay down on the poor bed, and mutual feeling soon brought me to a proper state. “Don't you be quick or you will spoil me,” said she. Her manner was quite different from what it had been on the high road, it was amorous. I forgot her ugliness, and fucking with all my heart, spent when her hard breathing, tightening cunt, and clasping arms, told me she enjoyed it also.

Then the miserable room, and her ugliness revolted me. I moved to get off, but she retained me, asking me to talk. Somewhat against my inclination I did. She laid hold of my prick, pinching it. The gentle pleasure returned, and it ended in my doing her again, as much to her delight as mine. She said so. Instead of feeling pleased, it made her seem to me ugly. I went away, and although I. argued with myself, especially when I only had a shilling or two, yet I never could bring myself to have her again. When I saw her on the road, I went the other side of the way, and soon lost sight of her.

Finding that I had not suffered by my indiscretion, I got bolder, took the run of the road, and must have had a dozen girls at a shilling a tail. One night as I fumbled a girl, she frigged me vigorously. “I will do it this way,” said she, “you will like it so.” But I refused. “I will give you such pleasure,” said she again, “all the gents say I do it better than any girl.” But again I refused. “I am afraid my monthlies are just coming on,” said she. But up I put it, and went home satisfied. Two or three mornings afterwards I felt a slight itching at the tip of my prick, but took no notice of it; the next morning piddling, to my horror I saw a little yellowish fluid oozing, and sat down in consternation. I had got a clap.

This laid me up for weeks, I went to a strange doctor and managed to keep it from my mother, but was in anxiety as to how I was to pay the doctor. Fortune and misfortune often follow each other. My long promised appointment came from the W. .Office just as I was getting well. With overwhelming joy I saw some chance of a little money, beyond what I got by begging from relatives; and then also my mother, at the advice of an uncle, who pointed out that in a year and a half I could not be kept out of my property, allowed me a fair monthly stipend.

I now found out that women of a superior class, were to be had much cheaper, than my great friends used to talk of ; but at the time I write of, a sovereign would get any woman, and ten shillings as nice a one as you needed. Two good furnished rooms near the Clubs, could be had by women for from fifteen to twenty shillings per week, a handsome silk dress for five or ten pounds, and other things in proportion. So cunt was a more reasonable article than it now is, and I got quite nice girls at from five to ten shillings a poke, and had several in their own rooms, but sometimes paying half-a-crown extra for a room elsewhere.

When with but little money, I used to take out my best silk handkerchiefs, and give them with money, and once or twice I gave nothing else. One night to a nice-looking girl I said I could give her nothing but a handkerchief. “All right,” said she without a murmur. When I had fucked her, she laid still on the bed and before she washed her cunt examined the handkerchief very carefully. “It's a rare good new one, it will pop for half-a-crown where I am known, where did you prig it?” looking at me as she spoke, and then added, “Yet you look like a gentleman too.” I recollect it as well as if it were yesterday. I at that time used to take pleasure in laying as long as I could after I had spent, then getting up and kneeling between the girl's legs opening her cunt and watching the spunk at the mouth, or the big drops rolling down between the cheeks of her bum. I was kneeling so then, and was not a little shocked at her remark. That girl was young, handsome, well made, and in the Hay-market would now get anything from one to five pounds, yet I had her several times for three and four shillings a time.

Chapter X

A big cunted one. • Sister Mary. • A wet dream. • CharIotte reappears. • Consequences. • My first child. • Cook Brown, and housemaid Harriet. Masturbation and foolscap. • A deaf relative. • An uncomfortable pudendum. • A lascerated penis. • Sudden dismissals.

Just at this time the following incident occurred. Going one Saturday night up Granby street, Waterloo road, then full of women who used to sit at the windows half naked; two or three together at times in the same room on the ground-floor, with the bed visible from the street, and which street I often walked in for the pleasure of looking at the women. A woman standing at a door seized my hand, asking me in, and at the same time pulling me quite violently into the little passage. I had barely seen her, and upon her saying, “Come and have me,” replied that I had scarcely any money. “Never mind,” said she, “we will have a fuck for all that.” She shut the door, closed rapidly the outer wooden shutters, which all the ground-floor windows had in that street, and began to kiss me and feel my prick. I then saw she was half drunk. Quickly she pulled me towards the bed, threw herself on it, pulled up her clothes to her navel, and cried aloud, “Fuck me, — fuck me, — fuck me. — oh! how I want a fuck, make haste.” She was a tall woman with dark hair on her cunt, neither very long nor thick. As I looked at it, I saw the inner lips hanging out a full inch, I put my finger, two, then three fingers up her cunt easily. It was enormous. It shocked me, having never seen such a cunt before I am quite sure. She meanwhile did nothing but jerk, and wriggle her arse about, shouting out, “Fuck me, — put your prick in, — fuck me, — fuck me.”

The look of her thing, its size, and her manner so shocked me, that my prick refused its work, and I told her so. She jumped off of the bed, fell on her knees, and began sucking my prick violently, made it stiff in spite of me, got on to the bed again, and recommenced crying out for me to do it to her. With a feeling of disgust I got on her, slipped my prick up and began, but it felt nowhere. I could not make out that it was up a cunt at all, so loose was it. If it had been in a wet bladder, it could not have felt looser, and it shrunk up again to nothing. “I can't do it”, said I in a fright, for her manner was so lewed, and became so ferocious, that it quite upset me. “What! a fine young man like you can't do it”, said she. “No” (and as an apology), “I often can't do it.” Again she got it stiff by sucking it. That quite disgusted me, but on to the bed and into her again I got. My doodle in a minute began to shrink, but whilst in her, she wriggled and jerked away so

hard, that I think she must have got a pleasure, for she laid quiet for a time. I was very glad to get off; but was not to be let off so easy. “I will give you a pleasure”, said she, “I can if anyone can”, and although it disgusted me, for such a thing had never been done to me before, and I tried to stop her, she dropped upon her knees saying, “You will come to see me again I know, for a man can always do it one way or another”, put my prick in her mouth and sucked and palated it. I was too young and too full not to feel it. Spite of myself I spent, and just as I did, grasping my balls with one hand and frigging the stem with the other, she drew back her mouth about two inches, kept it wide open, went on frigging, and the sperm squirted out into her mouth and on to her face ; then she resumed sucking it until every drop was out of me.

That over, she rose and said, “You will come to me again, won't you? I will always do that to you, and anything else you like.” I gave her a shilling and promised, but never felt so sick and disgusted with a woman before. Everything about the woman was repulsive. I have since met four or five woman with very large cunt-holes, but hers was the largest. I am perfectly certain I could have put my fist up it. I avoided the street for some months, which was a great loss to me, for I often used to go through it, to gloat on the charms of the women as they lolled out of the windows. When I thought of my prick being sucked, it used to disgust me awfully, and it was many years before I knew what pleasure it was to a man, at time; but it never has been done to me again, in the manner that woman did it.

Then I saw the woman in taking whose virtue I lost my own, — Charlotte.

Our cook married. A new cook and housemaid came, the latter a pretty dark-eyed girl of about eighteen years of age, named Mary. Directly I set eyes upon her I liked her, and thought I would try to get her. My clap and cheap pokes, had not made me much in love with gay women; whose free-and-easy ways some-what shocked my timidity. Some time had elapsed since I had had any others, and my mind naturally reverted to the nice pokes I had had with servants. My chances were fewer than ever. One of my sisters was now frequently at home, Tom no Ionger needed a servant to be with him, and the housemaid was less frequently away from the kitchen. But I felt myself more a man, my good fortunes made me feel more sure of success, more prompt and determined in attack.

At first I watched her closely and thought I must have seen her before. A resemblance struck me, and I remarked to my mother, “How like that girl is to Charlotte, who lived with us.” “She is her sister”, said she. I was startled, for a feeling came over me that I ought not to try her.

But it brought my liason with Charlotte vividly to my

recollection. The first meeting, the glimpse of her cunt as she got down from the cart, my first grope, our first poke, were now constantly before me; and I longed with all my heart to have her again, though I knew it was hopeless.

Gradually my mind centered itself on Mary, and as I saw the resemblance to her sister, I used to wonder how far the resemblance extended. Whether her haunches were as large, her thighs as round, her cunt so made, fringed, and dark, and so on; until I desired to have her, as much for her resemblance to Charlotte, as for herself. Yet I had fear and reluctance to make advances, because she was Charlotte's sister.

Meanwhile I was chaste, was in good health and wanted a woman awfully. Then I had a wet dream; dreamed I had Charlotte in my arms, that she ran away and left me with Mary, who pulled up her clothes, and invited me to fuck her. Before I could get in to her, I awakened, found that I was on my back and was spending on my night-gown. I had heard much of these dreams, had had one partially, and now had experienced a complete one. It threw me into a state of irritation, but seemed to fix the hidden charms of Mary strongly in my imagination. Desire so carried me away, that from gently rubbing and titillatting myself, I passed to frigging a discharge, whilst thinking of Mary's cunt.

In the morning I had the enervation I have always since felt after these dreams, and my usual disgust at having frigged myself; a feeling which was not allayed when I looked at my night-shirt. I had a dread of letting it be seen, but left things as they were. Mary and the cook made my bed, and must have seen it. Servants see funny things on beds often. I wonder what they say, and what they think about it. It can't be easy for a young woman to see sheets, and night-gowns, spunk-stained; without its effecting her imagination baudily, and paving the way for somebody to stain sheets and linen with herself.

I gave up all idea of attacking Mary, but “cock and cunt will try to get together.” There is no use in resisting it. So again with no fixed intention, but simply from pleasure for the time being, and impelled by desire (all my silk handkerchiefs were gone and I was again without money), and by opportunity, I got to courting, and we soon kissed. I had pressed her belly against mine, got my hand on to the calf of her leg, and was on the high road to the snatch at her cunt, which my experience now told me was the right thing to do, when all came to an end.

I went daily to the W—Office returning about half-past four. One day when about half-a-mile from home, a lady in black silk and with a dark veil ap• proached me; but as if she had made a mistake, when close to me, turned on one side and passed on. I looked back and saw she was standing still, then on she went, and so did I, and had nearly

forgotten her, when I heard quick footsteps in the rear, and some one saying, “Mister Walter, don't you know me?” I turned round, stopped and tried to see who it was, but the veil prevented it. She hesitated an instant, then lifted it, and I saw Charlotte.

With flushed face, bright eyes and a gentle smile, she looked exquisite. My heart beat tumultuously, my love returned in an instant. I put my arm round her, and regardless of the publicity of the place, gave a kiss. There was it is true scarcely anyone about, but she as well as me when I had done it, saw the improperty. “Don't, for God's sake”, said she, “what will people think?” “Let us walk”, said I, and pulling her arm through mine, on we went; I looking into her face all the way, noticing how much the time which had passed had improved her, and overwhelming her with questions. I felt overjoyed, as if again I should possess her, and old times had returned. She for a few minutes seemed to give way to similar elation. Just then I saw a gentleman named Courtauld approaching, he was our next-door neighbour. We nodded as we passed, but the incident altered the current of our thoughts. I led her down a turning where there were scarcely any people, and saying, “I am so glad old Courtauld did not see me, for his brother lives just by us, and his old servant is often there and knows me.” She relapsed into silence. I went on chatting of the happy times we had had, and the pleasures we had tasted together. She remarked, “Oh! pray don't talk of that any more, recollect I am married, let me say what I have come to say, and then I must go.”

“To say to me?” said I. “Pray don't misunderstand me, I thought you would excuse it”, said she getting confused, “besides it is my duty, and of course knowing what I do about you, I was so afraid of something.” “What do you mean?” “Well if I had known where she was going to I would have made mother stop it, now I come at once to ask you not to hurt her.” I proposed going into a small half-country ale-house close by, but she refused saying, that if seen to do so, and it became known to her husband, it might cause much harm.

“Oh! no”, said she in a hurry again, “I must go, I must get back, I came to ask you not to hurt her, promise you won't for my sake.” All this time I was in a fog. “Who—who, — what do you mean?” said I. “Oh you know, — Mary, I mean Mary, she is my favorite sister, pray don't harm her.” The whole affair was clear to me at once. “It that what you came about?” I asked disappointed. “Yes, I have been coming for a fortnight, but could not make up my mind; her last letter made me determine at any risk to do so, and now dear, promise me not to hurt her, and I will go.”

I was annoyed and wounded in vanity, for I had almost brought myself to think she had come for the pleasure of meeting me. I had no intention of quitting her so soon, felt as if I could not, so chaffed her,

“What do you mean by hurting her?” “Don't talk nonsense, you know what I mean.” “Another case of cock aund cunt coming together.” “If you talk like that, you insult me, and I did not think you would.” “Well, I love you and would not like to hurt your feel- ings, what you really mean is, that I am not to try to do it to her.” “Why of course, don't ruin her, that is what I mean.”

We had walked without any intention on my part to the outskirts of our village, where the pew-opener's house was in which Charlotte and I had spent many an hour in love's frolics. The house was in sight, the hope of again having her came to my mind. In her excitement, which was as great if not greater than mine, she had not noticed where we were, until quite at the angle. The pew-opener was at the door, gave me a nod, and thinking it possible I might be coming in I suppose, left the door ajar. “Come in”, said I. “Never! oh! no, you have brought me here purposely.” I saw there would be difficulty. “Here is that old Courtauld's house-maid, damn her”, said I. “Where, — where, — which way?” said she looking in alarm in all directions, but unable to see clearly through her veil. “There, — there”, “just step inside the door till she has past.” She stepped in quickly, the next instant I half pulled, half hustled her through the little door into the bed-room, slammed the door, locked it, and stood still, half afraid of my own boldness. She went to the window and began to peer through the blinds to see the old housemaid.

“I can't see her”, said she, “she must have passed, tell me which way she went, and let me go.” “Not yet. What do you want about Mary?” “Promise for my sake, you won't try to ruin her.” “Well, let us have a longer talk, how do you know I want to do so ?” “I know you do.” “Sit down.” “I cannot.” “Then I won't promise, why should I?” “Oh! don't be a blackguard, don't oh ! don't, — you shant have her, I will take care”, and then she burst out crying.

I loved her so that I felt I would do anything to please her; but wanted her so much, that I could be cruel enough to do or say anything to have her again. Desire was the stronger. The sofa, the bed, the room, her beauty, all made me feel savage with lust, so I temporized. “I am so excited”, said I, “I scarcely know what to say, what to do, tell me more, what you know, what you want, for all this stems so strange to me, — sit down.” “No.” “Sit down only while you tell me.” “No.” But I laid hold of her and pushed her on to the sofa, and there I held her, and after beseeching her to be quiet and kiss me, she did so. Then she sat for a minute, drying her tears, and began her tale and her request.

“Mary is my favourite sister, she lived with us for a year after I married, but mother wanted her and she went home. She grew tired of being at home, went to service, did riot like it and went home again;

again grew weary; and to my astonishment, the last time I went to see the old people, found she had gone to live with your mother. I was frightened for her sake, for I love her dearly." "Why frightened?" I asked. "Why frightened? don't I know you, do you think I have forgotten all?" "I never thought of doing her harm." "Perhaps not", she replied, "but I would not trust my sister near you, if she had the least liking for you, or you for her." I protested I was indifferent to her. "Why kiss her and squeeze her so?" I began denying it, and she stopped me saying vehemently, "Now don't tell stories, you never did to me, I know all, I know you do, you mean her harm, or if you don't, harm will come of it. Look, here is her letter", and she put it into my hands. To my astonishment I found Mary had told her sister all, mixed with warm encomiums of me. I was shut up, and could only say I meant no harm. "Perhaps! but harm must come of it. It nearly brought me to ruin, for I would have done anything, lived anyhow to keep near you; but I have escaped it. Poor Mary may not, for you are older now and may do more harm! she is a different temper from me, and in despair will go wrong altogether; so I pray you if you loved me, not to injure her for my sake. If she came to harm, I should break my heart", and she broke again into tears, getting up at the same time to go.

I pulled her back and kissed her tears away. "Charlotte, we cannot meet and part like this, I love you still, I have never ceased to love and think of you, oh ! let me." I could say no more, for in my eyes then there was a sanctity about a married woman which stilled my tongue. "Oh ! let me", was all I could say.

She understood what I wanted, and replied, "I am married and cannot, let me go." At my entreaties she kissed me freely, yet all the time struggled to get up.

I thought to myself, "You have had her. She loves you still. Think of the pleasure you have had with her. Here she is in your power, and canot escape without a riot, which she will fear." Kissing her fiercely, stifling her voice with my mouth, "I must, I will have you again", I pulled her violently back on the sofa, and had my hand on her thighs in an instant.

"Oh! don't, for the love of God, think I am married, don't make me afraid of myself; oh! take care, you crush my bonnet, what shall I do, how shall I get home?" Holding her tight, I dragged the bonnet off her head, and recommenced. We made such a noise, that the old pew-opener knocked at the door and asked if anything was the matter.

"By God", said I, "either I will have you, or you shant go out of this house this night", and so I struggled on through tears and entreaties, threats, !timings and promises, till with broken voice her head sunk back, her struggles ceased, her legs opened, my hand slipped over her smooth thighs, and nestled in the warm moist slit it

had so often toyed with in time gone by. It is nigh fifteen years since that delicious afternoon, but I recollect my sensations as I touched her cunt, as well as if it had been but yesterday.

Resistance had ceased, for a moment in silent enjoyment I laid with my fingers in their warm lodging, then too impatient to get to the bed, or take the full luxury of my fortune, I arranged her on the sofa as well as its size permitted, with her petticoats up in a heap, and with my trowsers half unbuttoned, flung myself upon her, and entered the smooth channel in which I first had spent my virginity. Frantic with excitement, the pleasure came on ere I was in full up her. She, excited and loving, clutched me tightly in her arms, whilst her cunt and belly moved sympathetically. In too short a time we spent together.

My position was a fatiguing one, I was half on, half off the sofa; hers was but little less so, yet as long as our privates would keep together, we kept them so. I poured out my love to her, and joyed to hear from her that she loved me still. But our position could not last for ever; gradually I slipped off. My prolonged embrace, my sensuous imagination, and my love for her had told so upon me; that I was already contemplating the pleasure of another poke, a desire to see her charms came over me, I went on to my knees and had a glimpse between the open thighs, of the half open cunt, from which a love-drop was rolling. She pushed down her clothes, and sat up, looking at me, and blushing like the most modest of maidens.

It is extraordinary what objection so many women have to a man's looking closely at their cunts. A woman will stand naked, lay naked on her belly, or bum, stand with one leg on a chair, kneel with one leg on the bed, be looked at frontways, backways, sideways, and be pleased with the admiration. You may lay and kiss the outside, put your fingers up and probe it, rub your knuckles into it, tickle or frig it; but directly you want to pull the lips open, to see the hole which lays hidden by the hairy outer lips, to see where your prick is longing to hide its head; they object, put their thighs together, say, “No, it is not to be looked at.” Or if angrily pressed, reluctantly half yield, throw themselves down, so as to put their back to the light, lifting one leg so as to hide the light, and using every manoeuvre to prevent you looking closely at it; and if you desire to look when it's laden with the efforts of your love, they will struggle to prevent you. Gay or modest, it is the same among the English; although a gay lady will yield to please her friend. With the French the objection is less, a French gay woman will pull open. her cunt with her own hands, and let you pull open her arse-hole if you can and like it. I have known a few women of other nations and even of my own as free and easy, but the rule is as I say. This cannot be modesty. I rather imagine it results from a fear

that some discharge will show itself, and sicken the man's appetite. Up jumped Charlotte, and went into the adjoining room. I heard her splashing away a long time at her cunt, and went to her. I had no desire to wash away from my person, anything which had come from hers. She pushed me back. I had a glimpse of her, naked to her waist, washing something. She said, “My linen is in such a mess I have been obliged to wash it.” She had found much spunk upon it, and washed it for fear of being found out. She. put a petticoat over her neck to hide her charms, the chemise was so wet that it was almost. impossible for her to put it on, and she did not know what to do.

“Good God, you will catch your death of cold.” I rang the bell and gave it to the old woman to dry. “Now”, said I, “you cannot go, it is of no use, I must have you again, and will see all your charms, I had you first, I have had you again, and again I will have you; don't be foolish, all harm is done.”

Crying, entreating and saying she was married, I got her on to the bed, and stripping myself was soon folded in her arms. My prick was ready, she had struggled hard, now saw it was useless, and lay in all her beauty before me, her head on the pillow and her eyes closed, Ieaving me to work my will.

I saw her as leisurely as my throbbing prick would let me from head to foot, that she had grown stouter, taller, and. was now a splendid woman. Her breasts were full and hard, her buttock large and solid, her thighs more rounded, the hair of her cunt thicker. Curiously I opened its lips and put my finger in, to see if marriage had made any difference, but was far too young and inexperienced to find it out, if there had been any. It seemed the dear old split which had so often given me pleasure before; that look and feel finished me, in another second my ballocks were bang my away against her bum, and she met my embraces with fervour which too soon came to an end. Repose followed, the luscious tongue-kisses ceased, our sighs stopped, and we fell asleep.

But not for long. The wet chemise was brought back. That off her mind into bed I got with her. The coach by which she now could go home did not leave until eight o'clock, hurry was of no use; with my finger in her quim, side by side, mouth to mouth, we laid and talked.

Her anxiety was about her sister, whom I swore I never would attempt. That settled her. She wanted to know all about me, that was soon told. I never mentioned Mary's name, although she asked after her. Then I was curious about her married life, how she got over her marriage night, how often he poked her, and so on. I got but little out of her, beyond that he had not discovered that she had been fucked before, and that he was a good husband to her; my other questions she said were disgraceful. I felt mad to think that another man should put

his prick where my fingers then were, so I asked if she enjoyed it with him, whereupon she burst into a passionate flood of tears, and it closed with her saying, “Whether I love him or not, he is a good fellow to me, and if I am found out and disgraced it will serve me right.” Would she meet me again? “Never, never, I love you still, but never again.” It ended in another fuck.

And so it went on till the time for going. Never in my life up to that time had desire been so strong in me. When I knew she must go I insisted on again doing it, but could not come up to the scratch, until with a sharp frig it stiffened and again it was put up her. What. a long hard poke it was, what a test of my manhood, how proud was I when with a sharp and sudden pleasure I felt my spunk squirting up her dear quim, and a spasmodic clutch, a sharp sob and “dear Walter”, escaping from her told me she had spent with me.

She washed, I dressed, swearing I would never wash. my prick again till I saw her. “I have poked you darling, five times”, said I in triumph. It was the first time I think I ever had done so, but am not sure, and proud enough I felt. We soon relapsed into sadness and tears, and telling our love to each other, parted at the coach-stand.

I was mad again for her; had now money, and twice went down to the place to get a glimpse at her and failed, but saw her husband in the shop. We stared at each other. I wonder if he felt that I should have liked to throttle him, for so I did. I wrote and got no reply. I pumped her sister, to see if I could learn where she walked or went, and got no information; indeed soon lost opportunity for suddenly her sister left us. Her father came to ask my mother to excuse her on account of his wife's illness, and she never came back. I have but little doubt it was only to get her away from our house, and that it was Charlotte's doings. I never saw Charlotte again, though I still may do so; but to this day I have an affection for her, and although she must be forty, should like to poke her.

Next year, one day my mother opened a letter, it was from the E family; and read aloud little scraps of it to me, and my sisters who were in the room. “That family is all doing very well”, said she; “Mary who was with us but three months last year is married.” She went on reading, “And Charlotte's husband has taken a large shop and is making money. — Ah ! I am very glad of it, for she was a nice respectable girl. Ohl here, — and has just been confined with a fine boy. — I am very glad”, said mother. I looked and found it was nine months after Tom's birthday, and that that day nine months some one had fucked Charlotte five times. I was delighted.

My appointment now made it needful to dine late, so we reverted to a six o'clock dinner. This neither suited the cook nor housemaid; both left, and two new servants came. I was about nineteen years old.

The cook whose name was Brown was clean, fat, and wholesome to look at, and I should say forty-five years old. She must have weighed sixteen stone. The width across her arse as I eyed it outside her dress, looked greater than that of Mary the cook; there was a roguish twinkle in her eye, which made her look like a good-tempered monthly nurse, her eyes were blue and her hair brown.

Harriet the housemaid was very tall, and very sallow, had jet-black hair and black eyes, with the expression of a serpent in them. She showed splendid teeth when she laughed, and then looked half cat, half hyena. She never looked you in the face long, was so quiet in her movements that the cat moved less noiselessly; she startled you by being close to you when you did not know she was near, and had a sneering laugh. After a day or two my mother remarked she did not like the pair, and was sorry she had engaged them.

Up to this time I had only poked two servants, Charlotte and Mary. Others had not been to my taste. With one I tried it on and failed, and when randy now could not help thinking of the couple in the house. I tried it on with Harriet, but she so snubbed me, that I set her down as an impregnable virgin. Then I turned my eyes to Brown, though it seemed absurd to think of such a fat middle-aged woman; but I one day chanced to see that she had a very fat pair of calves, and I knew she must have a big arse; and as fat legs had an irresistable attraction for me, I tried to see more of them, but without the thought of taking liberties with their owner.

I saw her legs again, from thinking of them and her rump, my mind naturally went to her cunt, which I pictured must be very thick-lipped and hairy like that of Sarah's, whose cunt had made a great impression on me. Her age then seemed to fade from my mind, and I used to follow her when going upstairs, trying to see her legs, and flattering myself she did not see what I was after, but she knew it as well as I did.

One day going upstairs she stumbled upon her dress, and as if to prevent doing it again, held it up, so as to show nearly to her knees. When she got on the top stair she turned round, and as if she had only just seen me, dropped her dress quickly. Another time she stooped and jutted out her bum, so that I saw a good deal up the clothes, whilst she pretended to be doing something to her boot. It seemed to me accidental, but it was all intentional.

Then my prick used to stand when I saw her. About nine o'clock one morning she came into the garden when I was there, and gathered some herbs. Her stooping posture gave me a cock-stand, and under its influence I joked her about her legs and my seeing them. She gave a suppressed laugh and saying, “Lawd! did you sir?” went down into the kitchen. What made me go down I do not know, but five minutes

afterwards I did so; and just by the kitchen door, saw her with one leg on a chair, putting up her garter.

I stood stock still and silent. She adjusted one garter neatly, then put up her other leg, unrolled the garter, pulled up the stocking and put on the garter quite deliberately. I saw the flesh of her large thighs, for her garters were tied above the knees, and she pulled up her petticoats freely. Putting down her clothes she turned round, saw me, then with a grin said, “Lawd sir, how you startled me.”

Bursting with randiness I lost all prudence. Mother, sister, Tom, and the other servant were about the house, but up to the cook I went, whispering, “I saw your legs, what jolly ones, what thighs, what a cunt you must have, let's have a feel”, and got one hand up her clothes. She pushed me away saying, “Hish! here is missis.” It was a lie, but it frightened me away.

The same evening I went downstairs after our dinner. The housemaid had been sent to the circulating library. Mother, sister and Tom were, as they usually were after dinner, when the weather was warm; sitting in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden. I usually sat with them, but slinked into the house, and down into the kitchen; which being underground was darkish, although then it was light until eight o'clock. Cook when she saw me, grinned and became familiar, for she was a regular old stager, and knew well, that when a man wanted to take liberties with her, she might safely take them with him. “What do you want?” “To feel your cunt”, said I, “see your legs, feel that crummy rump of yours, cookey.” “Then you won't”, said she laughing, and lifting a heavy saucepan off the fire with both hands, she carried it towards the sink in the back kitchen. Randy and ready, I saw my opportunity; and as she neared the sink, thrust both hands up her clothes, grasped her arse, and was fumbling for her slit; when putting down the saucepan with a bang, she flung round, and hit me such a slap on the head as knocked me over, saying, “Why, you young devilskin, it would serve you right to tell your mother of your capers”, and then she stood and laughed at me.

I persisted, kissed the old party, and told her how I wanted her, for indeed at that moment I would have fucked her, if she had been eighty. She repulsed me saying in a whisper, “Harriet is upstairs.” “She is going out”, said I. “Wait till she has, if she hears you, she will make mischief.” As I felt this might be true, I desisted.

I went back to the garden thinking, and hoping mother and sister would not go indoors. When Harriet had gone off, I went back into the garden parlour quite leisurely (for mother could see me do that), then down to the cook. It was nearly dark. In a minute I had pushed her up against the dresser, was groping her, and she was feeling my prick and ballocks with seemingly hearty enjoyment. She opened her legs to

give me every facility. I attempted to get into her, but her clothes and big belly prevented me. She held my prick against her cunt, so that it pushed against her orifice, but did not go up it; and such was my state, that I spent against it. She kept hold of the prick, rubbing it, and gently squeezing it, until not a drop of sperm was left in it. Then for fear of being found out, upstairs I went again. The whole business, had not occupied five minutes.

I had once spent by accident in Mary's hand, and had, fear lest it should disgust her. There was something about this affair, which seemed quite different. I could scarcely make out how, with a cunt dose to my prick, I had spent as I had done. The next night came, I tried it on at the same hour with the same result. She not only let me feel her, but put my fingers to her cunt, at a place where she wished me to rub her, she meanwhile frigging away at my prick. But I wanted more than this, and just as it was too late, she let me put my prick in. At the first spurt of my spunk, she by a twist threw my prick out, and caught hold of it with her fingers, letting me spend over her thighs and linen, but squeezing and frigging at my doodle until it had shrunk thoroughly down.

For a month the same thing occasionally happened. She would let me finger, feel, rub her (in the nearly darkened kitchen), putting one leg on a chair, or stooping down, or any way to let me feel both inside and outside well. When I got my prick out, she immediately began to frig it. I used to have quiet rows with her, for not letting me put it into her; and when at length she did, I was always near spending; and do not think that more than once, I spent up her completely, so did she manage to throw me out just as my sperm began to flow. All was done standing up.

She treated me like some one she had known for years, did everything before me, talked both baudily, and beastly, called my balls, my cods, and used to say, “Hish ! let me piss first.” Then she would sit down on a pail in the back kitchen and piss, sometimes farting, and saying, “oh!” with a laugh, when she did so. She would belch without ceremony, blow her nose' through her fingers, and I noticed she never washed her hands (whilst I was present at all events), when I had spent upon them. She would say, “How are your cods off for starch tonight?” She was complaisant enough in letting me feel, would turn her backside round and let me fumble about it anyhow, but although want made me do what I did, it never seemed quite pleasant to me, and I disliked her. I never got a glimpse of her belly or cunt. If the front-kitchen was not dark enough, she moved to the back, before we began our pranks, and scrupulously avoided light. Her cunt I felt was a large one, but so far from having the quantity of hair I expected, she seemed scarcely to have any. One thing she did which annoyed

me. After feeling my cock, she would slide her hands under the balls to my arse-hole which she would press hard with her middle-finger, giving a “tchick” with her tongue, at the same time.

All this took place in about six weeks. “Hush!” said she one night, “some one is listening.” I could hear nothing, but she whispered, “Go up to the garden.” I did. It was dusk, and I thought I saw a figure enter the garden parlour, just as I got up the garden stairs. All were out but me and the two servants. Cook at the same time went up the kitchen-stairs, calling out loudly, “Harriet, is Master at home, do you know?”

A few days afterwards when at our fun, we stood in the door jamb ; Harriet was at the top of the house. Said cook, “If I push you hard by the shoulders, go out into the garden at once, without saying a word.” It was nearly dark. The kitchen garden-door was shut, but she opened it wide, before we went to work. I had my prick against her cunt, when a push came; off I went buttoning up, and after a time across the garden, into the parlor. Afterwards Harriet brought up lights, her eyes cast down as usual. The next day the cook whispered to me, “It was that bitch Harriet watching, I found her coming downstairs with her shoes off, saying she wanted a candle;—but I will be even with her.”

I never had the cook but once after that. She would not let me. The two servants quarrelled so, that my mother threatened to dismiss both. When I tried it on with Brown, she said, “Why don't you ask Harriet, you young devilskin?” I told her there was no chance. She said she was quite sure that I should not be the first. Another day she repeated it saying, “I bet she will let you, the baker has had her I believe. Then she put me up to watching the baker with Harriet. The man came in the afternoon. Just when I returned one afternoon, I posted myself at the garden entrance-gate from the fore-court, from which door ajar, I could see the street-door. The baker after giving her a kiss, made a poke at her quim outside her clothes, which she returned by knocking a loaf against his trowsers just by his tool, and laughing. This I told the cook, who said, “She will let you, if you try, young devilskin, she has seen you and your cods naked. “Seen me naked?” “Both of us have”, and then she told me how.

Opposite my bedroom door at the end of the room, was a cheval-glass, between it and the door was my sponging bath, then a big tub. Any one looking through the key-hole could see me naked, when I was in it. I took the bath directly I was up, which was at about the time the servants went down. Many a time have I looked at myself naked in the glass, making my prick stand, to see how I looked in that condition. Both servants had seen me so. They had sometimes arranged the key so as to leave the hole clear. Never had it occurred

to me that I should be so looked at, although I had often looked through a key-hole myself, at women. The cook made this clear to me, by standing in the tub and requesting me to look at her through the key-hole.

We arranged that I should bathe the next morning and suddenly open the door. “Pull your cods about well, and I warrant Harriet will ldok as long as she can”, she said. I did so, heard the servants door carefully open, and then frigged my cock, till it was as stiff as a poker. Stepping out of the bath with a towel, as if to. dry myself, I opened the door suddenly, and found Harriet just rising from a stooping position. She rushed downstairs but quietly for fear of awaking my mother. For all that I could not make up my mind to try Harriet, but tried to get Brown again. “No thank you, young devilskin”, said she “not with that bitch of Harriet about.”

Then I had a strange erotic fancy. Randy with abstinence and fearful of Harriet, I took to frigging and spending against a piece of paper pinned against the wall of my room, opposite to the glass, and when standing in the tub.

Autumn was coming. As I could not then get leave of absence, my mother with my sister from school, and little brother, went without me on a visit to my aunt in H—f—shire, leaving an old female relative who was very deaf, to take charge in her absence. Cautioning her especially to make me comfortable, and look sharp after the servants, she said that she could not bear them and would perhaps dismiss them on her return; for she had heard them using foul language to each other. I heard this.

Cook gave me unasked her opinion, that Harriet would let me sleep with her. Instigated by her, I asked Harriet how I looked naked. She did not reply, and went downstairs. I overheard them quarrelling. Afterwards I asked her before the cook. She did not know what I meant, she said. I then asked the cook if she had not been looking at me through the key-hole. Cook laughed saying, “He caught you, Harriet once, he caught you.” “You are a liar”, said Harriet. “Oh! if it comes to that”, said cook, “we have both seen you naked a dozen times.” There was •a row interrupted by my deaf relative coming home. The same afternoon cook whispered to me, “Come to our room when we are both in bed.”

That night with candle in my hand and in my night-shirt I crept stealthily into their room; both were awake, Harriet sat up in bed staring at me. When I entered cook asked me what I wanted. I replied, “To see as much of them as they had seen of me”, and pulled up my night-gown to my waist. Cook laughed, Harriet said, “Now leave the room.” “If you are a fool and make a row”, said cook, “we shall be both sent off.” Just then we did hear some sort of noise, cook sat up

and listened. “It is nothing”, said she, and with a grin laid down. I drew off my night-shirt, standing then naked, and Harriet laying down with a modest look; I felt encouraged, extinguished the light, and jumped into bed by the side of Harriet. The bed was so small I was obliged to hold on to her, to prevent myself falling out. She turned round her bum towards me and got dose to the cook, which gave me more room; and for a minute we all three lay as dose as three herrings in a barrel.

Darkness encourages baudiness. Harriet had tucked her clothes tight round her, but I could feel her bum outside, and there did not seem much of it. I tried to push my fingers between its cheeks, and there was much struggling and quiet complaining on her part, and joking on mine. Harriet appealed to the cook to help her, but she only chaffed and chuckled. At length putting my hand towards the bottom of the bed, I got hold of her night-gown end, gave it a pull, and it came dean up, the next moment my naked body met hers from her heels to her waist. She gave a howl, cook said, “I'll go into young devilskin's room, and leave you to take care of him”, got up and went across to my room, and into my bed; and there was Harriet and I in bed alone.

She seemed furious, I felt her over, she was powerless, I dared her to call out, and at last in one of her writhings to escape my fingers, getting on her back; I rolled on to her and pinned her under me with my weight; but her legs were tightly closed, and so for a moment I laid my stiff prick between the shelving of her thighs, the tip just laying burried in the hair of her cunt.

“I can feel your cunt with my prick, I am on it, let me do it”, said I, and struggled to force her limbs open with my knees.

“No”, said she. Again I asked and got a request to get off. “Not if I lay here all night”, said I. I did lay for some minutes, she complaining of my being heavy, and hot; I every minute trying to wriggle my prick between her legs, coaxing and kissing, and begging. “What made you think of coming here with both of us in bed?” said she at length. “Wanting you.” “It's funny”, said she, and Mrs. downstairs.” “You know”, said I, “that unless you bawl she cannot hear.” At length I told her that if I did not do it inside, I •must do it outside, and began shoving my prick up and down, which made her restless. She asked me if I would tell the cook. “No.” Gradually her thighs opened, I slipped down between them, and felt my prick at the portals of her cunt.

The rest was quick enough. I felt my way through a mass of hair to a low-down slit, a hole which seemed tight, and as I guided my tool, fancied for an instant I was again going to have a virgin. I was mistaken, but the entry needed a hard, sharp, and painful push to me,

and a comparatively easy passage followed. No sooner did I feel up, than all came to an end, spending copiously I sunk on her, long before the strokes could have told on her sensations, for in a savage voice she said, “Now, get off, I hope you are satisfied, and that beast Brown has got me as she thinks. Now, I suppose you are going.”

I rolled off, but let her know I meant to stay. There seemed something odd about her which awakened my curiosity. The knob of my tool seemed to catch as it came out and hurt me, so I began feeling, which I had not done before, nor did she want much solicitation to feel me, and as she did so, it struck me she was not unaccustomed to the feel; but her cunt was a wonder, it was so small and tight on the outside. The feeling had a good effect, and in half-an-hour I got up her again. And what a difference! After a few thrusts she gripped me like a vice, she did not heave, but writhed and wriggled in a way which in my young experience I never had noticed before; she threw her long legs round me and with her equally long arms tried to feel my balls from behind. Then a certain feeling of constriction in her cunt seemed to hurt, but it brought me to the crisis just as with a last wriggle and sigh her limbs relaxed, and she became quiet. I laid for some time in her, but although gradually reducing, my prick did not come out. I attempted to withdraw it, and it seemed sore and as if something caught the knob and kept it back. At length out it came, and we both fell asleep.

Some one pushed me. It was the cook. “Now young devilskin”, said she, “be off, or you will be found out.” It was broad daylight. She pulled the clothes off us. I was on my back with my privates visible. There lay Harriet on her back also, with everything visible from her knees to her breasts, and I saw for the first time her black cunt-fringe. The cook grined and awakened her. Up she got, off I went to my room, and found my prepuce torn at the top, raw and all but bleeding.

When I saw them the next day Harriet was savage, for the cook was chaffing her. The next night I again turned the cook out and had Harriet. On the third night the cook was restive. “You may do what you like together, I shant take any notice of you”, said she, “but I am not going to be turned out of my own bed.” When I began to fumble about her, with the view to annoy her into leaving, she struck out right at my ballocks saying, “If you annoy me, I will soon settle you for the night”, and it ended in Harriet coming into my bed-room.

I examined every part of her body much against her will, nor did she fail when she warmed under my over-hauling to look at me. But a woman is soon satisfied, and when she has squeezed the balls, and looked at the tip, she has done. Some men—and I am one—are insatiable and could look at a cunt without taking their eyes off for a month. So I satisfied myself well, and at times afterwards, — for she

was a peculiar, and an unpleasant woman in every way, one of the out-of-the-way ones not often met with, and one I never want to meet again.

She was quite five feet ten high, her face was sallow and nearly white, her eyes sloe black, but with the look of a dull serpent in them, her mouth large, long, and straight, teeth white and large, and the whole were shown when she laughed, and then she had half the look of a wild beast. Whenever she smiled baudily, her look was still more unpleasant; when thoroughly lewed, her eyes opened on you with a still worse stare; often just before she spent I have seen them, and they startled me.

Her hair was jet black and magnificent, it fell nearly to her waist; her shoulders were broad, but there was scarcely more breast than on a girl of fourteen, and seen sideways she looked more like a man than a woman. Her ribs you could count as she lay; she was very wide across her hips, but she had almost as little flesh on her buttocks, as on her shoulders; her belly was flat, and as she laid down seemed to fall in, and the sides rose to the two projecting hip-bones; in fact she seemed to want filling up all over, and yet she was not like a skeleton.

Her legs were thin, her thighs seemed closer than in other women's. I used to say when fucking her, “Open your thighs.” “They are open”, she'd reply, “they are the same as other women's.” She had a huge conceit of herself, and if I said other women's seem to open more, used to reply, “What do you know about it?”

Her cunt was set in a quantity of longish black hair, strong. but not very curly. I didn't much like the look of that. The slit quite hidden by the hair was long and the lips thin; of inner lips she had none, And the first idea .as I pulled aside the hair was that the cunt was large; instead of that, low down, and near to her arse-hole was a hole not bigger than that of a girl's of ten years; you saw both holes quite close together. Her cunt was in fact a study. Something seemed to bar the passage; for about an inch further up it seemed smaller. The whole thing seemed out of proportion, yet I could not say how, or where that deformity was, with the experience I then had.

Her arse being so flat, her cunt-hole so low, and her thighs so close, my prick as it entered seemed to bend under in some way and hurt me; my tight prepuce was often torn rudely down, and frequently bled. When I probed her cunt with my finger it never seemed to have the soft buttery feel I had been accustomed to, but to be harsh; so I found it best to wet my prick copiously with spittle when I had her. Then off we used tc go; she raising her long legs until her heels were above my buttocks, writhing and wriggling under me and finishing her pleasure with a sort of snort. Then my prick would be up her until quite small, when with pain at the knob, I pulled it out, making a

sucking noise as it came away; nor do I think till pulled out, that any spunk left her, such a fit it was at the mouth.

I had much opportunity with her for a few weeks, and she took good care that she would have her fill of me. She took sleeping with me as a mater of course. I used to awaken and find her twiddling it up. If I went up to my room in the middle of the day and Mrs. was out, she came up directly, and I had her, for I felt ashamed to say I did not want it. I am not sure, and at that time did not know much about the thing, and how little a woman really lascivious will stop at, but believe that in the night when I was asleep, she used to suck me up; for I have awakened and found her with her face upon my doodle kissing it. She asked me to kiss her black pussy, and now think she must have wanted me to lick it, but did not then see what she wanted. There was one thing I did with her which I had not done before, and which the flatness of her backside favored doing, fuck her from behind, both laying on our sides, and it became my favorite w4. I used to go to sleep after my spend with my prick up her in that fashion; she with her long arm put between her thighs clutching by balls.

I was constantly at her, and more by her randiness than mine. The cook used to grin and say, “Well young devilskin, you seem jolly well knocked up,” and made Harriet savage by saying, “Have a little mercy on him.” The cook now took no notice of me, she was a coarse beast, would go to the servants' closet leaving the door wide open, and begin to talk with me as I passed; Harriet called her a beast one day for doing so. I found that the cook after going to her room used to go down again. Harriet would let her out and she stayed out all night, Harriet letting her hi in the morning. One night Harriet did the same, saying her mother was ill. I spoke to the cook about it; she said, “Her mother ! pugh—she goes to see the baker.” I began to feel very uncomfortable about these tricks in case it came to my mother's ears, and that I knew of them.

The cook asked me to look carefully at Harriet's belly, and explained to me that I should find certain marks of her having had a child, and to tell her (cook) if I did. I could not find them. “I am sure she has had one for all that,” said cook. I never told Harriet what I had looked for. The cook one day said, “If you tell Harriet what we have done together I will split on you both and tell your mother. I don't care a dam for the place and am tired of service,” so I held my tongue. Harriet always declared she was a virgin until she had me, and that the cook had had two or three children. I did not tell Brown that, for fear of a row between them. Another night that Harriet stopped out, the cook said, “You may come to me if you are frightened to sleep alone.” I went. She undressed, pissed and farted; but seeing her fat form, into the bed I got. When I was stiff she said if I would tell

all about my doings with Harriet I might poke her as I liked. I told her most that she asked me; but she threw my prick out just as I spent for all that.

Things were now uncomfortable, they quarreled so. One night I asked Harriet who was frigging me up, whether the baker didnot do it enough to her. She dropped my tool, rushed across to the cook, said that she had been telling about her, and made such a row, that even my deaf relative was awakened, and came out of her bed-room asking from below if anything was the matter. I was on the landing when I saw the light and hopped across to my own room in a fright. Up came the old lady, the cook came out and said, “Harriet is very unwell Maam, can you give her a little brandy?” I had no fuck that night. The next night she began about the baker. I would answer nothing. She said, “If I have had him it's my affair; at all events it's an insult to a woman whom you never gave the slightest present to yet.”

I was struck with that. My allowance was due, and I took her home some article of jewelry. She made me for the ensuing week fuck her till I was as dry as a bone, and my very arse-hole ached the last time I did it, — it was the day before my mother returned. She sat on the side of my bed and frigged me for a quarter of an hour before she got it stiff, saying that I did not seem to like her as I used to.

My mother and sister came back. I never got a poke for a fortnight. When mother returned nothing would get it out of her head, that I had not been out late of night; it never could be got out of her head that it was late at night that did the harm. Not being able to get Harriet now, I waited for her one night as she went to the library. As I got near a wall by our house, I saw a man and a woman standing close up against it together; the man went away directly I approached, and I saw Harriet. “There was a man with you?” said I. “Yes,” said she, “it was the baker, whom you have heard such stories about, I am going to marry him.” I pulled up her clothes, and to my surprise she resisted, for the first time saying, “I want to piddle,” which she did, and then I had her. Her height made an uprighter easy, her quim did not seem to need so much wetting as usual.

A day or two after this event I came home, my deaf relative opened the door. Finding that she was laying the cloth, I asked, “Where is the servant?” My mother said, she had turned both the hussies away, and the people who gave their characters ought to be prosecuted. With heart beating I asked what was the matter. “It's not needful for you to know,” she replied, “they are a bad couple.” I saw at once I was not implicated, so asked no more, nor did I ever see them again; though about ten years after, I met in the streets a tall gaunt haggard woman who stared at me, and I think it was Harriet.

For some years this episode seemed a funny one, especially the

cook's uncunting me just as I began to spend, but of course I know now why she did it, or fancy I do.

Her inciting me to get Harriet also astonished me, but I have since found girls anxious to get others into the same way as themselves. Many I am sure like doing that, and all girls who have been fucked illicitly like other girls to do the same.

Harriet was a lewed bitch. I never liked her, and her cunt always gave me pain as well as pleasure, but she was at hand, and so I got into her of course. I can't even now make out what was the matter with her cunt; for though she would let me look at it at times, she always hindered a quiet inspection, besides I could not at that time of life look at a cunt for a minute without my cock standing. Then I rushed it up the machine and had done for a time. I had seen one virginity, but that was but for a minute, for I pricked it directly. All I recollect afterwards was that it did not look as open as other cunts, I could not describe it. I did not care about virginities and never thought about them. I liked best a good, large, fat-lipped, hairy hole into which my prick glided easily. When Harriet said I took her virginity, somehow I felt sure she was lying, but had it been true I should not have noticed it, as far as my pleasure was concerned.

Chapter XI

Charwoman and daughter • At a key-hole • Cutting corns • A shower and a barn • A fat rumped Devonian • Suggestive pictures • A bum-hole offered • Erotic madness • Remorse.

We could not get servants for some time. A middle-aged charwoman came to assist, and one of her daughters came from time to time, stopping generally the night. Their cottage was not far off, I had seen the girl from an infant, she was then about eighteen years old. I had often smiled when I met her, of course I smiled now. She was quite a slim little girl, there was nothing of her, but I was at an age when anything having a cunt attracted me.

Profiting by experience, I now used key-holes; fortune favoured me, for, for some reason, instead of one large bed, two small ones were put into the servants' rooms; between them a wash-stand and a chair on each side of it were nearly opposite the key-hole. How I chuckled at this, for unless the key-hole was covered, I could see nearly all one bed and both chairs and wash-stand. I saw the old woman wash and use the pot, put on her stockings and other things; the other bed was a little out of range. I could not so often see the girl, but did at times.

One evening the girl only stopped. So soon as I heard mother's door closed, out I went in my night-shirt, and through the key-hole saw the girl naked. She put the light on the floor, one leg on the chair, and with a small hand-glass looked at her quim, her bum was towards me. Not satisfied she turned round, sat down facing me, putting the candle on the floor and with legs as wide open as she could went on with her investigation. I had a reasonably good look at her, and her cunt. As said, she, was nothing to look at, but I got in a fearfully excited state and made some noise at the door which alarmed her, for up she got and stood still listening. I went to my room, looking through the half-closed door, hers opened and out came her head. I nodded and back she went.

The next day she was going home, and as I now (although having rows with mother about it) went out when I liked, just before she left I went out and walked. It was dark. In two or three minutes out she came. After walking by her side for a time I asked her point blank how she liked the look of it last night. “What do you mean?” I told her all I had done. “Oh!” she said with intense surprise, “what a mean thing to do.” I told her how one of our former servants used to look at me naked. After a minute she did not appear to be at all disconcerted at having been seen naked; from my description she could have had no doubt whatever that I had seen all, “What did you look at your quim

for?" asked I. "All that's my business; what did you look at me for?" "To see your cunt" Being at a dark part of the road I began kissing her, and got my fingers on to her belly. She made no row, but crossed her legs; and small and seemingly weak as she was, succeeded in preventing me feeling. I was out with her an hour, kissing, coaxing, attempting; I got my fingers and hand over her bum and belly, but not on to her slit. At each failure she laughed and said, "Done again." I swore I would some day. "No you won't, you're not the first that has tried," said she, and I went home without having felt her quiet properly.

I attempted it the next day and at every opportunity in the house and out of it, till new servants came. She felt my prick, would look at it, squeeze the balls, talk about fucking and baudiness to any extent, tell me what she had seen and what she had heard about such matters. She at length scarcely resisted my feeling her bum, belly, and legs, yet I never got my finger on to her slit, so as to feel the moisture; for she closed her little legs and wriggled, or got away from me somehow. Once or twice when I got a little rough, she set up a squeal, and I desisted. I offered her money. She replied, "No thank you, I am not going to spoil my chance that way." Our conversation used to begin by my saying, "How is your duff?" "Oh! nicely, thank you; how is your jock?" "All right, and stiff, waiting for your duff." "Then it will wait a long time," and so on. It always ending in my trying to feel her, and getting no further. At length they left, new servants coming.

I frequently saw her afterwards, and always began the same game. My mother was told I had been seen talking to her, so after that I only spoke to her at dusk. Some time afterwards she married a gardener, and I occasionally saw her, but recognition came to a knowing nod and smile, which she always returned. Meanwhile I had got my fortune, as I shall tell, had no end of women, and had forgotten her when, walking across a field not far from our house, I overtook a short woman with a little child, and it was she. A shower came on, and we went into a barn, no one was in it. She told me I was said to be a "dreadful chap after the gals." 'You know all about that now," said I. "Yes," she replied with a grin, and gradually talking baudier, we went on, until in a few minutes I had laid her down and fucked her on the hay. "I told you I would do it," said I. "But you didn't when you said you would, now it won't matter." That was her notion. The rain continuing, she said she must go, whether wet or dry. Neither of us had an umbrella. She pulled her gown over her head, and saying, "You won't tell anyone, will you?" took the child by the hand and was going, when my appetite came again. I pulled her back, and with little persuasion, again went up her. She enjoyed the fuck greatly. As I lay on the top of her we heard a bang, and the barn grew

dark; a man was shutting the door. “UllOh!” said he, “I didn't know any one was there; I hope I ain't disturbed you. We made no reply, but out we went “You will have a boy out of this,” said I. “I hope I shall,” said she. That was the end of my adventure, for I never had her again, and she soon left the neighborhood. It was her own little child that was with her.

Though I have (as I shall in other cases) told all I had to do with her consecutively, yet between the time when she was in our house and the time of meeting her at the barn, three or four years must have elapsed; and didn't we talk baudy in the barn before I got into her. That may have warmed her up, yet I believe she wanted me, as soon as she found herself alone with me. Her little child witnessed the business.

Just at this time or a little later, an adventure of a serious kind occurred to me. The streets leading out of the Waterloo Road were then occupied much by gay women. Some were absolutely full of them; they were mostly of a class to be had for a few shillings If they could not get more, but many a swell I have noticed lingering about there. My mother now took nearly all my money for my board, but with the little remaining I had a knock off occasionally. It was one of my pleasures to walk up these streets when dark and talk with the women at the windows, which were always open whatever the weather, unless some one was within engaged with the ladies.

Each woman had generally but one room, but two or three used to sit together in the front room in their chemises. There was the bed, wash-stand, chamber-pot and all complete, Perhaps one lolled out of the window, showing her breasts, and if you gave such a one a shilling, she would stoop so that you could see right down past her belly to her knees, and have a glimpse of her cunt-fringe. Sometimes one would pull up her garter, or another sit down and piddle, or pretend to do so, or have recourse to other exciting devices when men peeped in.

I used to look in and long. Sometimes had a shilling peep and then bashfully asked for a feel of the cunt for it. I so often succeeded that, ever since when I wanted that amusement, have offered a shilling for a feel and met with but few refusals in any part of London, Sometimes it ended in a fuck. Once or twice to my astonishment they took mere trifles, and, as I think of it, there is wonderfully little difference between the woman you have for five shillings, and the one you pay five pounds, excepting in the silk, linen, and manners.

One night I saw a woman with very fat breasts looking out of the window (I was, then fond of stout women); and, after talking a minute, asked her if she would let me feel her cunt for a shilling. “Yes,” said she. In I went, down she shut the window, and in another

minute I was groping her. She did not let me feel her long. I had not felt such a bum since Mary's (already told of), and it so wetted my appetite that I struck a bargain for a fuck. She was soon stripped, and all I now recollect about her is that her cunt was large and covered with hair of a brownish colour; that her eyes were dark; and that she seemed full twenty-five years of age. I fucked her on a sofa.

When I had buttoned up, she produced a book full of baudy pictures, of which I then had seen but few; and I went a second time, to see the book rather than her. Looking over it, she pointed out to me, with a laugh, several pictures of men putting their pricks into women's arse-holes, and into the rumps of other men. Having never before seen such pictures, and having no idea of the operation, I felt modest and turned to others; but she so regularly, as we turned over the leaves, pointed out this class that my sense of shame gave way to curiosity; and, not believing, asked if it was possible to do it so. “Lord yes,” said she.

“Does it not hurt?” said I. “Not if properly done,' she replied, and went on to say it was delicious, some men thought; and she talked altogether in a very knowing way about it; told me how it was best to grease the hole first, then the prick, and to shove gently, and went on so that I said on a sudden, “Why, you have done it, i think.” “Yes, but only with a particular friend of mine who is very fond of it, and so am I; it is better than the other.”

I felt shocked, bewildered, and excited. The subject dropped, but she sat feeling me, slipping her finger under my balls, and pressing my arse-hole with her finger. I prepared to fuck. She suggested she should kneel with her buttocks towards me, so that she could feel my balls when my prick was up her. I assented, and her bumcheeks were presented to me. Excited by her conversation and her hints, I looked curiously at her large slit, and then at her bum-hole; I touched the latter, and she drove her bum back upon my finger with a laugh. I did not take her hint, but drove my prick into her quim and pushed in the regular fashion. Thinking of the pictures excited me, and without knowing what I said, I suddenly pulled it out, saying, “Let me put it into the other.” “Not tonight,” said she, “put your thumb a little way in, your nail is quite short (she had noticed that I used to bite my thumb-nails short).” I instantly did, the next moment spent, and dropped over her back, waiting for the last drop of sperm to rim off into her.

Her hints, her pictures, of which she had actually scores, stirred my curiosity; her manner disgusted .no, yet my brain seemed affected. Is it possible, thought I, that a man's prick can go in there? - Impossible. And yet she says she has had it done to her, and my thumb went in easily enough. The more I thought and the more I

reflected how a hard turd hurt me sometimes in passing it, the more I was puzzled about the intense pleasure which she said the operation gave. To solve my doubts (although I had determined not), I went to her again, and saw the pictures. She again talked about them, until, scarcely knowing what I was doing, “Will you let me?” I asked. “Yes, if you do what I tell you.” I consented. “Don't talk loud,” said she, “it will never do to let any one know what we are at.” Our voices dropped to a whisper, whilst by her advice I pulled off trousers and drawers, and she stripped stark naked.

Then she carefully greased my prick with pomatum, and put some on her arse-hole; it was the work of a minute, not a word was said. She then, stark naked, sat by the side of me on the sofa, began fondling and kissing me, took my hands in hers and rubbed my fingers on her clitoris, half frigged herself with my fingers, I let her do what she liked Then she turned round. “Put it in,” she said when her rump was towards me, “then give me your hand, and don't push till I tell you.” Her arse-hole was at the level of my prick as I stood by the side of the sofa, my machine was like a rod of iron, my brains seemed on fire, I felt I was going to do something wrong, dreaded it, yet determined to do it. “Put it in, slowly,” said she in a whisper. The hole opened, felt tight, but to my astonishment almost directly my whole prick was hidden in it without pain to me or any difficulty. “Give me your hand.” I did. Again she began frigging herself with my fingers. “Rub, rub, push gently,” she said, and I tried, but was getting past myself. “Now,” said she with a spasmodic sort of half cry, half grunt. I felt my prick squeezed as in a vise, I shoved or rather scarcely began to do so when I discharged a week's reserve up her rectum. My brain whirled with excitement, whilst she, leaning over the pillows on the sofa, kept breathing hard and half snorting like a pig, still frigging herself with my fingers.

As my senses returned, I could scarcely believe where my prick was; excitement still kept it stiff, but desire had left me. I pulled it out with an indescribable horror of myself.

“Wasn't it delicious?” said she. “I like it, don't you? you may always do it so.” What I replied I know not; I washed, dressed and got out of the house as soon as I could. When in the street, I was sick. I ran off, fearing some one would see me, got into a Hackney coach and drove in the wrong direction; then got out and went a round-about way home, fearing some one was following to upbraid or expose me. I scarcely slept that night for horror of myself, never went up the street again for years, and never passed its end without shuddering, have no recollection of having had pleasure, or of any sensation whatever; all was dread to me. And so ended that debauch; one I was deliberately led into by that woman, having never thought of such doings before as

possible, or at all, as far as I can recollect.

Chapter XII

Sarah and Susan. • At the key-hole. • A village fair. • Up against a wall. • An unknown woman. • Clapped again. • My deaf relative. • Some weeks felicity. • Sarah's secret. • Susan's history. • Sarah with child. • Amidst black berries. • Susan's virginity. • Susan with child. • Sisters' disclosures. A row. • A child born. • Emigration.

I had now passed my twentieth year. The new servants were sisters (how many times have sisters fallen to me!) ; the eldest who was cook was named Sarah ; the youngest, Susan. Sarah was about twenty-six, Susan nineteen or twenty. I carefully arranged the key in the key-hole of their door the first night, but saw nothing for two or three nights. Then oh ! fortune again. They rose later than my mother liked; she came up to their room one morning and found them locked in, so she took away the key. Now I had as far as the key-hole permitted, a fair field, but then clothes hanging upon pegs on the door were often in my way; yet I was so persistent in looking when they went to bed, and arose, that I saw a great deal. How cunning I had got; I had filed and oiled the lock and hinges of my door and theirs, so that I could close and open them noiselessly, used to stoop daily with my eye to their key-hole, stepping from my room with naked feet. I was nearly caught several times, but never quite. It now seems wonderful that I was not.

I was so demure and quiet in talk about women always, and had kept myself so circumspectly, that my mother never had the least suspicion of me, — but in all matters of love and intrigue, mother always seemed to me as innocent as the babe unborn.

For all that, my mother just then, and to my dismay, seeing that my little games would be much interfered with, said I better change my room, and have one on the first floor. Mrs. *** had remarked, that being a man now I ought not to sleep on the servants' floor. “As you please, — it's one flight of stairs less for me, but Mrs. *** is a fool,” I cried. “And which room?” “Your sister's. Annie will always be with her aunt adopted, and Jane is only at home in the holidays.” But I would not be pushed into a small room; where was my tub to stand? Where my books? I must have the spare room. There was much altercation, I made my mother cry by saying that when of age I would get chambers away from her, and into the spare room I moved.

It was next to my mother's. Installed there I did nothing but complain of its inconvenience. I smoked incessantly in it. The smell got into mother's bed-room, and she could not bear tobacco smoke. I made a noise when she was in bed, — that annoyed her. I did all in a quiet way to make her as uncomfortable as possible. An uncle and

aunt who stopped with us when in town, just then came from the country; and not liking my sister's room, went to an hotel, which wounded mother considerably, so she said I had better go upstairs again. I refused point blank; being down there I would remain, and so managed, that she thought I went back as a favour to her, and much against my will; but was I not glad! — and got to my spying immediately.

Within a month I had seen them both stark naked, for being sisters they had not hesitated to strip. I had seen the cook piddle, wash her cunt, and put on her napkin. Susan's bed was not on the right side for me, but nevertheless I saw enough of her to compare her with her sister. Sarah was demure in manner, stout, with a splendid bum, and with little hair of a lightish brown at the bottom of her belly; she wore black stockings of which I then had a horror. Susan had a wicked, merry face, and a splendid bunch of dark hair on her motte which attracted me largely. It struck me that I should have a better chance with her than with her sister, and began making approaches; when one Saturday night seeing Sarah wash herself from head to foot, I got such glimpses of her round fine haunches, and the split between them, that I fell into a fit of randy adoration, which settled the direction of my attentions to her instead of Susan..

I feared to go on with either, because they were sisters, but lust got the better of my fears. I began kissing cook Sarah; who returned it saying, she would not have her sister know it on any account. Shortly after I kissed Susan, who made nearly the same remark; and I found that each was careful not to tell the other; which was just what had occurred with two sisters, of whom I have already written. This was very jolly. Meanwhile I once or twice had a cheap poke on the road, but always with fear of disease.

I had but little chance of the cook having now no pretext for going into the kitchen, and the sisters were not much separated; but I looked up my chances inde- fatiguely, and finding Sunday favorable, to the horror of my mother, left off going to church in the morning because the cook was then alone. After our early Sunday dinner, I used to go to my bed-room nominally to lay down, but really to look through the key-hole at the cook who on that day only, dressed and washed herself in the middle of the day, her sister being down-stairs. I got on but slowly; in two months only having. taken outside liberties; till meeting Susan coming away from the privy one day, I saw her press her clothes against her belly to dry her cunt, and she saw me. Whenever I met her afterwards I used to tuck my frock-coat between my legs and smile at her. It was an old dodge.

I had then bought a Fanny Hill which I kept in my bed-room locked up. One morning I forgot to put it by, thought of it and rushed

upstairs, entered the room where the servants had been making the bed, and saw Sarah intently looking at the book. I had feared that my mother had entered my room, and seen the book. I stood for an instant motionless, she turned round, gave a cry, dropped the book, and rushed out of the room, her face like blood. I locked the book up feeling somewhat uneasy, but afterwards joked her about it and the smutty pictures, and this took effect.

There was a fair held not far from us at that time, the girls were to go there each on separate evenings. Before Sarah went out, I went out, she had agreed to meet me at the fair; it was dusk, she had a female friend with her. We went into a dancing booth and had drink, then into the long room of stalls in which was a dance mob, shouting, crying, pushing each other, scratching backs, blowing trumpets, and speaking baud- ily to the women. As it got later, the men used to feel outside the women's cunts, and many a so-called modest girl felt a man's prick outside, and passing in the mob without being found out. Many a grab have I had at my prick which could only have been done by a woman, who looked quite demure whilst she did it. I got excited, put Sarah in front of me, and in the first rush, put my hand round and gave her cunt outside her clothes a grab. She upbraided me, rushing out of the crowd at the side to escape me, I after her, into a dark passage, between the backs of the booths, where men were pissing. They hailed her with laughter, asking her if she had come to piddle. Back into the crowd she rushed, I with her, and did the same thing, talking baudily, and kept this up until it was time for her to go home.

I said I should walk home with her. The village-road had but occasional oil-lamps; at places it was quite dark, loving couples were walking or turning off into dark bye-places by hedges and fences to satisfy their amatory wants. This I pointed out to her, and talked of the prints she had seen in Fanny Hill that morning. Altogether she had gone through enough that day and night to make a female randy. Suddenly a girl in the dark squealed, and a masculine voice in the dark shouted up, “That's right, shove your prick well up her, old boy.” I tried it on with Sarah on the way home, but it was no go. I felt her bum and thighs, got her hand on to my prick, but she would not let me have her.

Next night I was at the fair, and met her sister Susan there by chance. I got excited and tried the same dodge with her, she had also a female friend with her. I pressed their bellies and pinched their bums when in the crowd; her friend went off with her young man, then I had Susan alone and tried pushing my hand against her belly, more than ever; she took no notice. Her friend and we then met again face to face in the mob. I had an impression that a feel at my balls must have come from her friend. We all went to a public-house and

had drink; there suddenly she bid me good-bye, saying it was late, and she must get home, set off running and was out of sight in a minute.

I had no intention of going home, but after thinking an instant ran after her, saw a woman squatting who got up as I neared her; it was she. “You have been piddling,” said I. There was some joking on this. The same sort of couples were to be seen cuddling about as on the previous night; the same whispering, squealing ad scuffling a little way off in the dark lanes. She was more frisky than her sister, and more talkative. “Ain't they larking!” said she as a girl gave a half giggle, half cry in the dark. Said I, “They are fucking.” She stood stock still for a minute, and then walked on quietly without saying another word. I had not before said a baudy word to her.

Having got the word fuck out, I was game for anything, rattled on baudily; at last after a long silence, something I said made her laugh. I began kissing her, at length she returned it, and next instant I thrust her up against a wall, pushed my hand up her clothes, and my fingers on to her slit, which was as wet as a slop-pail. She cried, “Oh! you vagabond,” got my hand away, took to her heels, and ran off. I after her, till we both stopped breathless.

I tried again, her resistace grew feebler, she was silent, I had her against a wall, one hand holding her cunt, with the other I was guiding my prick to it, it was sliding in, in an instant it would have been up her, when putting down both hands she pushed it away saying, “Oh! gracious God, what am I about again,” ran off, and never stopped until she had rang our house-bell.

I went back to the fair and later on met outside it a very short girl, who seemed too respectable to be by herself and had her veil down. I spoke with her, found she was going my way, and walked with her. She knew my name, and where I lived. Two nights scrambling had not got me a poke, that I suppose made me bold enough to make advances to this modest, quiet girl; I stole a kiss, then another, then a hug, then a feel, and finally with scarcely any hindrance fucked her. We walked and talked when it was over, she would not tell me her name or address, nor give me a glimpse of her face; I fucked her again up against our own garden-wall, insisted on knowing where she lived, said I would walk till I saw, and did walk with her for about an hour. She said, “If you walk about all night you shall never know where I live, but you may do it again if you like, or I will meet you tomorrow, but I dare not let you see where I go.” I feared I could not poke again, so stopped to piss. She modestly walked on a little; I frigged my prick until the steam was up, then in her well moistened cunt consummated, and parted, promising to meet her the next night.

I looked at Sarah and Susan the next morning, took opportunity

of reminding each of them that I had felt their cunts, bragged to each, that a young lady who lived close by had let me do it to her. The next night came, the unknown girl did not keep her appointment, and the followig morning found I had the clap. I never saw or heard of her again, nor know who the young lady who gave it to me. She was not a common domestic, I am sure.

This stopped me for a month, but the time was not all lost, for I indulged in baudy talk, and familiarized both servants with it, and the fact that they had felt me, and I them. The eldest used to look uncomfortable, Susan used to brazen it out with a bright roguish eye, that I then almost turned to her, especially as Sarah still wore black stockings; but then Sarah had such fat white thighs, and a larger bum.

When beter and I was again alone with Sarah on a Sunday morning, I got her on to a chair, pulled up her clothes all round, exposed her legs, showed her my prick, showed her the pictures in Fanny Hill, got her excited, but did nothing more. Another Sunday I tried it on unsuccessfully. The third Sunday going upstairs just after mother and Tom had gone to church, she said she was not going to be worried with me, and Susan would be at home. Susan had not I found gone to church as usual. Baulked, I was going out, but catching her in the hall, tried to pull up her clothes. She cried, “For God's sake don't, I would not let Susan hear for the world.” This confirmed me in what I had felt nearly certain of; the sisters did not tell each other of my games. I heard Susan say to her sister who had gone to the top of the house, “I shan't loose my outing, there is nothing the matter with you,” and out she went. The next minute down came Sarah; I stopped her on the landing, by my mother's room. “Now don't,” she began in a coaxing way, but I had not spent for weeks, and as I looked into her bright eyes and flushed face, meant that day to do so if I could. She must herself have wanted it, there was such a soft look about her. My reply was to try to pull up her clothes. We struggled, pushed against the door of mother's bed-room, and we staggered into the room together. Nothing could have been more favorable. I got her up against the bed, her clothes up, my prick against her belly, and there for a minute we struggled.

Opposite my mother's was a small low sort of bed-stead called a child's, I don't know why. It was covered with a large skin on a mattress. Muther used it as a sofa. My prick was actually up against Sarah's belly, my balls nestling in the hair of her cunt, my hands tightly round her burn, but her legs were so close together, that I could not get into her; I put one hand down to open the road to her cunt, but could not manage it, though her resistance was growing less. She ceased praying me to leave off, but tried by putting her hands down, to dislodge me from her belly, withdrawing her hands as they

touched my prick. The blinds were down, no one but us in the house, I saw the child's bed, pulled her towards it, I going backwards. We fell on it together, she more than half on the top of me; another struggle, and her petticoats were flung up as I rolled her round on to her back. She tried to pull them down, bringing her knees half up to meet them; I saw her buttocks beneath and recklessly pushing with my hand, a finger went half-way up her cunt. Down went her legs quite straight, the next instant I was on the top of her. I weighted her down, she lay panting. “Now do Sarah dear, be quiet.” She said not a word, nor looked at me. I pressed my knees, and with difficulty opened her thighs, and we were belly to belly; with one or two vigorous shoves, in went my prick without difficulty and spending as it entered. So did abstinence, desire, and excitement tell on me. It has often behaved in the same way.

I was now at a time of life when I could do more fucking, and after long abstinence if I liked a woman, could sometimes do it twice before withdrawing. The first words she uttered were, “Oh! let me go down-stairs, the dinner will be spoiled.” But what did that matter to a man whose prick was stiff up a cunt ! So I waited my second enjoyment; and if I know anything about the matter, you my dear Sarah, brought your liquor out to mix with mine.

Scarcely was my prick out of her, before the street bell rang; downstairs she ran, I went upstairs. I recollect how wet my hair and my balls were as I ran, wrapping them up. It was her sister. Directly afterwards home came mother. Dinner was served, what a row there was, the meat was not done, the vegetables smashed. “It is disgraceful,” said mother, “has she been upstairs Walter?” How queer I felt at that question, and wonder my confusion was not noticed. I said I did not know. “I will be bound she has,” said mother, “and been trying on her finery before going out tonight, Sundays and dress are the ruin of servants now-a-days.” “I have been out,” said I to mother. “You would have done yourself more good had you been to church,” said she.

After dinner mother went up to her bed room as was her custom, to doze on the small bed; the next minute her bell rang violently. “Send up Sarah,” said she angrily to Susan, and up she went, I went into the hall listening in a funk. “Why don't you keep my bed-room door closed ?” said she, “as I tell you.” “I am almost sure it was closed when I went out.” “Have you been in here?” “No m'am”, stammered the poor woman, “the nasty cat has been up here on this bed (luckily the cat had done that once before), and been scratching up the skins. “You must have opened the door, — and oh ! the beast has made some mess upon it.” Mother told Sarah to wipe up the place, it was only marks of what Sarah's overflowing cunt and my prick had

dropped in our hurry. A little more blowing up, and mothers' anger was over. Sarah came down, looking more dead than alive, when I saw her in the hall.

In the evening Sarah went out, and I to church, — so mother thought, — but in reality to meet Sarah. For an hour we walked about, then as it grew dark began kissing. What a difference the morning had made. No resistance now, my hand roved over the smooth bum and belly, a slight objection on the part of. the thighs as my hand touched the hairy covering, but for an instant only, then as of a right the fingers felt the moist lapels, which were soon opened by my prick, as I fucked her up against the wall of the garden, at the very spot where some weeks previously I had fucked the unknown lady, and caught the clap.

Good and bad luck come in heaps. I was now in for the good. Next Sunday and others afterwards, we had a nice half-hour on her bed, or my bed, or on the sofa in the parlour; but we left no signs of the cat anywhere.

My mother then went on a long visit to my aunt in H—tf—dshire, wanted me to go, but I could not get away, so she took my sister from my aunt's and Tom, and to my delight took Susan. Sarah was left as servant, the deaf female relative came again to take charge of the house, and we three were alone in it. My mother's last words were, “Give as little trouble as you can, and I hope Walter, you will keep out of bad society, and not be out late.” I was mostly to dine with my guardian's executor, an old family friend.

That night and for several weeks, Sarah and I slept together, it was a honey-moon. My old relative, deaf and timid, used to lock her door; I used to go across to Sarah's and lock it, mother having put back the key. We had fear of being found out, but not much. In those weeks we gave way so to our passions, that we were worn out. I taught her all I knew ; she was willing, docile, and did all I told her: love's amusements in every variety which I then knew of did we try; never had I had such continuous fucking. The first thing mother on her return noticed, was that I was pale, and then great was her astonishment when told by my old deaf relative, that I had scarcely been out one night after seven o'clock, and up early most days; so my mother put it down to close attention to my studies, for I was preparing.

I told Sarah in confidence I had had a virgin, and that there had been difficulty with her, but none in getting into Sarah. She swore by all that was solemn that she never had had a man, that although she had been kissed and tried, no man had put his hands on her naked thighs until I had. From what she had heard of girl's virginities, she thought she must have been different from them; she could always

easily put a finger up her cunt, and I believed her. She spent the second time I did it to her.

Talking excitedly about her virginity and her not having bled when first pierced, she remarked, “Susan told me that when she—” Then she stopped and turned the conversation, but my curiosity was whetted. I pressed her to tell more, she got confused, said it was her cousin Susan, would not go on to say what Susan had said, at last refused to say more. I did not forget it, and one night as I lay kissing her and fingering her clitoris, she told me under promise of the greatest secrecy, that her sister Susan bled when her young man first put it up her, and with this, that Susan had been seduced and had a child; so her father had sent her to service in London, and the better to get her taken care of, had arranged that her sister Sarah should always take service in the same house with her; hence at my mothers. “And, oh !” she concluded, “if Susan or father should ever know what I have done, I should die.” The family trusted her.

This accounted for the somewhat forward manner of Susan, for her exclamation when I got up against her belly on the night of the fair, “Gracious God, what am I about again!” Sarah believed Susan could have had no one else but her first sweetheart, and that was more than a year before. All this set me thinking, and more than once when twiddling Sarah's cunt, I thought of Susan's with the thicker and daiker hair, and wondered in what other respects it differed from that of her sister.

Now came trouble. Sarah said she was two months gone with child; she had kept it to herself hoping her courses might come on. She got with child she thought the first day I fucked her. We were both in great anxiety, but did nothing to help it. Sunday morning usually passed this way. Directly they had all gone to church, up came Sarah to mother's room or into the garden parlour, there I looked at her belly to see if it was bigger, then she had a crying fit, then we fucked, then she went down to see after the meat roasting, then generally we had another fuck, and all was over for that day; for my prick usually came out of her not long before Susan rang the bell to be let in.

At length her state began to show, her mother just then was very ill and wrote to her, she made this an excuse for asking to go home, intending to try when there to get rid of her encumbrance. My mother with great objection let her go, for she liked her. For one or two weeks before she left someone or other had stopped at home on Sundays, so I was balked in getting ar her, and only did it once to her in nearly a month. I gave her what money I could to help her; a charwoman came to work in her absence; it was arranged that her sister should do most of her work as well as her own, as far as she could.

My mind reverted to what Sarah had told me about her sister. Would she not like a doodle up her again! how she must long for a man, I used to think. She nearly let me coming from the fair, what if I tried again. Then I thought how wrong it was, seeing what I had done to her sister. But back again the desire came, I grew randier. “I won't try her on account of her sister”, thought I, “but there will be no harm in larking with her.”

So I began and reminded her of the night of the fair, told her I knew that the hair of her motte was dark, by degrees got her to kiss me, to leave off chaffing her, felt her outside, but went no further. About the fourth day after her sister had left, I got my hands on her thigh. On Sunday when all were at church: to blind my other I had gone out, but went home directly, and into the kitchen to resume my baudy chaff, I forgot all about her sister, got to kissing and trying to feel her. I was long in the kitchen with my prick out, sometimes hanging, sometimes standing stiff, trying to induce her to let me, but it was of no use. Her cap was off, her hair dishevelled. I had got her clothes once up to her hips, had seen .her motte, felt it, got my prick up against it, knocked it about all over her belly, but no more; time was short, and at last with a sort of guilty fear I went out before church was over, and came back in time for our early dinner, telling my mother I had been to church. Then I reflected and thought it was as well I had not done it to Susan.

When mother returned she left my sister and little brother in the country. My old deaf relative remained with us and slept in the room adjoining my mother's. That same Sunday night, I waited until Susan came up to bed, pounced upon her on the top landing and tried to feel her; she dropped her candle-stick and made such a noise, that back I sneaked to bed, and was asleep, when I heard the bell ringing violently in the servants' room. Out I rushed saw Susan on the landing with but a petticoat over her night-dress, and old Mrs. going into my mother's room who was taken very

Down to the kitchen went Susan and I to get boiling water, I heaped wood and coals on the fire, she blew it with the bellows, old Mrs. was upstairs getting brandy and other things ready. What followed I recollect as well .as if it were yesterday. Susan was half squatting, half kneeling and blowing the fire furiously. Standing by her my randiness came on, I pulled out my prick, and pushed it right in her face. “For shame !” said she, “I will hit you with the bellows, think of your mother.” It did shame me for a moment, I hid my prick, and knelt by her side stirring the blazing wood. But just then I saw her breasts through the half-tied night-gown; it was too much for me; that and the attitude she was in together; loosing all prudence, I pushed

one hand on to her breast, and the other up her clothes, between her legs, — which were very conveniently opened quite wide, — and on the slit of her cunt. With a suppressed cry she dropped the bellows, attempted to rise, and repulse my hand, and in doing so we both rolled backwards (for I had stooped) on to the floor among the black-beetles of which there were dozens about. “You wretch”, she cried in a suppressed voice, “oh! don't, — and your poor mother so ill, — oh! don't, — you shant !—and wanting hot water, —you shant !” in a still louder tone as I got my hand full on her cunt. “Oh! my God, here is Mrs.

Had Mrs. not been as deaf as a post, she must have heard our scuffling, as she neared the kitchen. In an hour or so my mother was better, and Mrs. stopped in the room with her for the night. My mother was asleep when I left, Mrs. had had a good dose of brandy and water, and I knew she would sleep well enough. I went to my room excited by the continual trying it on with Susan; Mrs. had given her a glass of brandy and water, “to keep the cold out”, as she said, and she went to her room. I listened, heard her moving about longer than I expected. I had come up some minutes before to deceive all, and was shivering in my night-shirt. I thought how unfair it was to her sister who was in the family way by me, of the risk I ran with my mother in the house ; but a standing prick stifles all conscience. I crossed the landing, opened her door, shut it rapidly, and there I was in the room with her, both of us in our night-dresses. She was doing up her hair as I entered, she wore a night-cap.

“I wont' let you come in here.” “Hush ! mother will hear you”, said I. Her voice dropped to a whining, “Pray go, I shall loose my character, if any one sup-poses anything of this; it's very hard on me.” Such was my state, that I believe if my mother had come in just then, I should have tried Susan. My reply was to strip my night-gown right off and stand naked; then I caught her in my arms and forced her into a sitting posture on the bed-side, sitting myself down beside her. “Let me do it, — let us fuck, I have felt your cunt, —seen it;—look at my prick, — let me put it in, — let me do it, — you did nearly once, — let me now.” “For God's sake go.” “I won't.” “Oh! don't, — oh ! go,-if Misses should hear us, what will become of me.” “Don't make a noise then, or she wilL” “Well go, there is a dear, — not now, — perhaps some other day I will. She was defenceless, I hitched up her night-gown, saw a pair of nice white thighs. “You shant, — you shant”, she cried in a louder tone, pushing down her night-gown. I gave it a violent tug, and pulled it up to her belly, saw thighs, navel, and dark brown hair between her thighs, that I had looked at in glimpses through the key-hole. There was my thigh close to hers, my stiff prick within a few inches of her cunt; considering all she had gone through

that day with me, it was a pisition which would have upset the frigidity of an angel, had she not frigged away some of her passion in the interim.

But her passions were conquering on my behalf, for she was a woman who had known love's pleasures; her voice was quiet as she said, “Oh I pray don't, oh! pray now.” I pulled her back and slid my naked limbs between her thighs, then in a moment I was on her, but in an uncomfortable position; two of our legs on the bed, two off, my belly touched hers and pressed her down; with my right hand I guided my prick to her slit. Her hour had come, “Oh! for God's sake, leave me, I will let you another day,—I will, — not now, — oh! if you knew I—oh! now!—oh! ...”

It was all but over, my fingers were feeling their way, my prick between them, every motion she made to help herself, helped me; I held her down with force until I felt my penis was on the notch, but as it touched the slippery sides of the red orifice, the first pang of pleasure came and my sperm spat on to it. With a furious thrust I plunged up her and threw my whole body over her, grasping her bum, quivering, wriggling, and pushing. The deed was done, she knew it, and was as quiet as the grave.

The position was painful to both of us, I felt it in both my legs; she moved uneasily saying, “I hope you will go.” I had no such intention, kept her down, and my prick in her as long as I could; then got up quickly, hoping to see her spunk-trap whilst her thighs were open. A woman seems always up to this, how quickly they shut them. She did, but the light though feeble was close by, and I saw sperm outside; then she sat at the side of the bed with her limbs. uncovered, I stood naked with doodle wet, flabby and shrunken, not a pretty picture at all. She begged me to go, was tranquil, sat twisting up her hair, scarcely made attempt to hide her limbs, all her anxiety was about her mistress finding me in her room; but after a few minutes altercation, I was in bed with her cuddling, and promising to leave directly I had fucked again.

I got into bed without my night-gown, hers was rolled up so that she was all but naked, our naked bodies touched at all points, my hands were free to rove everywhere. How she must have wanted it, only a woman with twelve months abstinence from cock can tell; and when after feeling her cunt well, and putting her unresisting hands round my pego, I pushed her on to her back; there was no difficulty about her thighs, they opened at once as I turned on to her, her frame thrilled, her tongue sought mine, her hand clutched my naked back; she spent I verily believe before I had began, and finished again with me a few minutes after-wards. About day-break neither of us having closed our eyes, I went back to my room, tired out.

My mother kept her bed the next day, so Susan and I had time to talk. “I don't know what to do”, said she, “we have made the sheet in such a dreadful mess”, and that night before she went to bed, she took it down and did something to it. I fucked her that day on the kitchen table.

Her sister did not return for a fortnight, and during that time we had plenty of fucking; a few nights after I first had her, she was excessively quiet; on questioning her she said, “I think I got in the family way last night.” “Nonsense”, but she told me she had heard that women sometimes had a sort of consciousness of getting with child, and added, “I somehow feel certain that I shall have a child from last Sunday.” This will be a pretty go, thought I, and asked, “Did you ever have your belly up before, for I don't think you were a virgin when I 'had you.” She denied it, and there the matter ended, but I never could get to see the lower part of her belly; she would let me see up to her cunt, and down to her navel, but never more. My experience might not have taught me much if I had, but I guessed something from what old Brown had told me, and knew that woman had marks of some sort on their• bellies after child-birth.

As the time came for Sarah's return I felt trouble could come with her. The day before she did, Susan cried, said she was certain she was in the family way, and expressed great dread of her sister knowing it. “Surely you don't mind your own sister.” “Oh! you don't know how hard she is upon poor girls who get into trouble”, she replied. “Here is a mess !” I thought.

Sarah returned, had tried to get a miscarriage and failed, she grew bigger, all her fear was lest Susan should find it out before she left, and on plea of her mother's health, she gave notice. Both girls were afraid of each other, both seemed determined to get as much fucking as possible. Sarah got hers on Sundays, and sometimes on week days. Susan who was more about and could often get five minutes with me slyly, threw herself in my way, got it when and where she could, and had it once or twice daily. I was not loth. The excitement of two cunts and a certain pungency in the position stimulated me. I have seen the two standing side by side, each at the same moment with my spunk in them, yet neither knowing the other's condition. At times before I had washed my prick after one sister, I was wetting it in the cunt of the other, which delighted me.

Things got desperate. Sarah said I ought to marry her, spoke of committing suicide, and at length unable to hide her belly, left. I was anxious to do what I could to help her, so disclosed my case to a friend; who advised me to borrow, as I was so near coming into my property. I borrowed fifty pounds of a Jew, promising to pay him a hundred pounds for it six months afterwards; and got her lodgings a

few miles from our house. Susan also got bigger, and made no disguise of her intention of getting abortion.

No disclosure of the sisters to each other had yet taken place, yet I felt it would be done. One morning Susan's eyes followed me whilst waiting at table in a most unpleasant manner. I felt all was found out, so to face it, and get the worst over, threw myself in her way. “You wretch, you scoundrel, you blackguard”, she whispered to me on the staircase, “it is you who have seduced my poor sister.” Soon a better opportunity was found, and we had a scene; it took place in my bedroom, when the other servant who had replaced Sarah, and my mother were out. I could only say I was sorry. She blazed out worse than ever then, and spoke so violently about my behaviour to herself, that I told her, whatever her sister had to complain of, I thought she had but little, for that mine was not the first prick which had been up her, I was sure. My words and manner staggered and quieted her and after making me take a solemn oath (which I did holding a Bible) I would never tell her sister that she was in the family way by me, she got tranquil, and I fucked her before she Ieft the room.

Susan was dreadfully ill a few days afterwards, she had got a miscarriage ; my mother attended to her, thinking she had inflamation of her bowels. I went to see Sarah, who told me some fellow had got her sister Susan in the family way, she could not tell who, for Susan quite refused to say. She was soon after confined with a fine child. Troubles then came apace, the mother of the two women died, Susan left my mother at once to take charge of the old man's house, and never let me have her again after her miscarriage. Then the father came to grief, failed and was sold up. Sarah went home with her child, and after a time, acting on the advice of a friend, I advanced money out of my property which I had then come into, and sent the whole lot to Canada. After a year my child died, and Susan got married. What became of Sarah, I don't know, for all letters soon after ceased; but to the last I believe that Sarah never knew that I had had her sister as well as herself, although Susan knew I had had both of them and was father of both children, or what would have been both children.

This ended my intrigues with servants for some time, for my fucking took quite another direction. Harlots of small degrees amused me till I came into what was a pretty fortune in those days.

Chapter XIII

Of age. • Camille my first French woman. • Lascivious delights. • Harlots by the dozen. • Baudy books. • Tribades. • A grey-haired cunt.

I came into my property, and to the great horror of my mother and family, soon gave up my post at the and my intended career and determined to live and enjoy myself. I had been all but posted to a regiment, that commission I resigned, though all my youth desiring it. I lost much money by doing so. What I did between the time that I had the two sisters, until I went regularly to the town, is not worth telling of more than already done. Frig myself, I did not, gay women since my last clap I was shy of, but I used to shag a servant of a family close by, and rather think one of our own servants; but if so, all circumstances made small impression on me, and nearly escaped my mind, excepting those of a comely woman of about thirty with black curls, of a wall not far from a church, and of fucking her up against it, of her being so anxious to get indoors by nine o'clock, and scuffling off with her wetted cunt directly she had finished with me. Her name or who she was I quite forget.

This I know, that I had no other woman at home, and had no liking for gay women, nor is it to be wondered at, since my experience with them was confined to one I had with my cousin Fred, women by the road-side who would take a shilling, and others of a queer class in the confines of the Waterloo road (two de- bauches there told of) then filled me with horror, and three claps; yet I was to leave off giving my passion to quiet women, and bestow all my attention for a time on gay women.

Walking up Waterloo place one evening, with plenty of money in my purse, and lust in my body, I met a fine, clear complexioned woman, full twenty-five years of age, who addressed me in French, and then in broken English. She had an eye, and manner which fascinated me, her dress was quite elegant, as unlike the French women of Regen street of the present day, as a duchess is to a milkmaid; but she was the ordinary French whore of the day, of whom there were but few in London (there was no railway to Paris) ; and who were exclusively supported by gentlemen at the West-End. I went home with her to a house at the corner of G-I-n square, after fearing and hesitating.

As I got to the door my fear returned, and but for shame I would not have gone in. “I have but little money”, said I, “Have you not a Victoria?” said she. “No.” “You will find one, I am sure.” By that time the door was opened, and in I went. “You will find one Victoria”, said

she in broken English as she closed the room-door, but if not, shall you not give me what you shall find." The room was nicely furnished, out of it was a nice large bed-room and a smaller one (she paid twenty shillings a week for all, as you will soon hear). Four wax candles were lighted, down she sat, so did I, and we looked at each other. I could say nothing.

"Shall I undress?" said she at length. "Yes", I replied, and she began. Never had I seen a woman take off such fine linen before, never such legs in handsome silk stockings, and beautiful boots. I had had the cleanest, nicest women, but they were servants, with the dress and manners of servants. This woman seemed elegance itself to them. A nice pair of arms were disclosed, a big pair of breasts flashed out, a glimpse of a fine thigh was shown, and as her things dropped off, and she stopped to pick them up, with her face towards me; her laced chemise dropped, opened, and I saw darkness at the end of the vista between her two breasts.

A pull up of the stockings and garters, disclosed other glimpses of the thighs and surroundings. Then she sat on the pot, pissed and looked at me, whilst I sat in fear, saying nothing, doing nothing, my cock shrivelled to the size of a gooseberry, and longing to go away. The whole affair was unlike anything I had seen or dreamed of, a quiet business-like, yet voluptuous air was about it, which confused me; it affected my senses deliciously in one way, but all the horrors about gay women were conjured up in my imagination at the same time. I was intensely nervous.

She seeing me so quiet, sat herself on my knee, and began unbuttoning my trowsers. I declined it. "Are you ill ?" said she. I told her no, scarcely knowing what she meant. Then she unbuttoned me in spite of my objection, laid hold of my little doodle, and satisfied herself that it was all right I suppose; for she hurt me; I could not tell why she squeezed it, for I did not know then the ways of gay women. The squeeze gave me a voluptuous sensation, although fear had still hold of me; then she kissed, and fondled me, but it was useless. Then she said, "You have never had a woman before I see." My pride was wounded, and I told her I had many. "Are always you like this with them?" she asked. "No, but I really did not want it." "Oh! yes you shall. Come to the bed." She got off my knee, went to the bed, laid down on one side, one leg on, one dropping down to the floor, drew up her chemise above her navel, and lay with beautiful large limbs clad in stainless stockings and boots, her thighs of the slightly brown color seen in Southern women, between them a wide thicket of jet-black hair, through which a carmine streak just showed. She raised one of her naked arms above her head, and under a laced chemise showed the jet-black hair in the arm-pit. I had never seen such a

luscious sight, nor any woman put herself unasked into such a seductive attitude.

"Come", she said. I obeyed and went to the side of the bed, my prick not yet standing. She took my hand and put the finger on to her clitoris, pulled my prick towards her and kissed it, and at the double touch up it rose like a horn. "Ah!" said she moving on to the middle of the bed, "take off your clothes." I was on to her without uttering a word and had plugged her almost before I had said "no", which I had meant to say.

What a cunt! what movement! what manner! I had till then never known what a high-class, well practised professional fucker could do. How well they under-stand the nature and wants of the man who is up them; hers was the manner of a quiet woman, who had been some time without a prick, it was so like baudy nature in a lady, that I was in the seventh Heaven, "don't hurry"; but the wriggle and heave, and the tightening of the cunt kept hurrying me, as well she knew.

I had scarcely finished my spend, when curiosity took possession of me. She yielded in the way a French woman does to all a man wishes; almost anticipating them. The black hair under her arm-pits first came in for my admiration, then her eyes, her bubbies came in for their share, as raising myself on an elbow, my prick still up her, I looked and felt all over her, I even opened her mouth and felt her teeth which were splendid. Then rising on my knees, I looked between her legs, at the splendid thicket of black hair. Far from attempting to get up, or prevent me, she opened her thighs wider, I pulled aside the cunt-lips, there rolling out from a dark carmine orifice was my essence. At the sight of it, up came my prick, still dripping, and up it went into the sperm-lined passage.

My second fuck over, she washed. No sooner was that done, than I wanted to see it all over again. "You are very fond of women", she said, "I thought you had never had a woman before." Then I explained, gave her the Victoria, and scarcely daring said (for she was dressed again), "How I should like to do it again." "You take up much time of me, but you may, if you like, at side of de bed." Out came my prick, up it went, her duff and belly in sight now, till I spent in her, and promising to see her again I left. One does not get silk stockings, laced chemise, four wax lights and three fucks for a pound now, if rooms be well furnished, or not.

I saw her the next day, then saw her almost daily. Little by little I took to calling at all times, and sleeping with her. The more I had her, the more I liked her. She was a very nice woman in most ways, I scarcely ever found her untidy, dirty, or slammerkin. If not dressed, she had a clean wrapper on, had nearly always silk stockings on, and a clean chemise; and therefore call when I might she was ready to be

fucked at a minute's notice. She was a good cook, and would kook omlettes and nice things in her room. I used to fuck, get out of bed, eat, and fuck again with the food al-most in my mouth. I used to have little dinners in her room, sent in by a French cook, which were excellent, and then with stomach full and with nice wine, would spend the evening in baudy joys.

What astonished and delighted me at the same time, was the freedom and the way she lent herself to all my voluptuous inclinations. The gay women I had had, I had fucked so fast, and got away from them as soon as I could; my spend even scarcely finished at times. With my mother's servants (my first love Charlotte excepted, and for a time with Susan), my enjoyments were mostly hurried, a fingerstink, a frig on their runt, and a hurried look were all my amatory preliminaries for the most part; because I was too impatient for the spend, was mostly obliged to seize opportunities in a hurry, or because the girls were impatient at being pulled about. When I had tried with them, some of the little amatory amusements, which were beginning to suggest themselves to my voluptuous imagination, they resisted, or only half lent themselves to my will. With Susan I had tried the most, because I knew she had had a bumbasting before, and she had been more willing; she liked pulling my prick about, but even she made a fuss one night, when I wanted to fuck her with her bum towards my belly, and never let me look at her belly. Thus my baudy longings had never been satisfied. With Charlotte I did a little variety, from curiosity; now I began to want it from voluptuousness. The natural impatience of my age, and my few opportune-ties, had led me to bring my women to the bed, throw up their clothes, pull open their legs, give a rapid glance at their thighs, belly and cunt fringe, by which time my prick was nodding and throbbing. Then followed a grope, and the next minute I was fucking as hard as I could.

With Camille all came like new to me. She even anticipated me. If I pushed her to the side of the bed, she fell on her back and opened her legs gently, disclosing her slit in the most voluptuous manner, without speaning. If I strove to open her thighs, open they went as wide as she could make them, leaving me to open, shut, pinch, frig, or probe her cunt, as I listed. At a hint, she with two fingers would spread open the lips to enable the fullest inspection. If I turned her round, she would fall on the bed arse upwards, like a tumbler. If I cocked up a leg, there she kept it till I pulled it down. I scarcely ever said what I wanted, she guessed my desires from the way I turned her about. It was only at a later time when my baudiness grew whimsical, and invented strange attitudes, or singular caprices of love, that I had to teller what I wanted; but at first I was too timid for that. She once said to me laughing, “I am a born whore, for I like it, and like to see a

man amuse himself with me.”

Her every movement, even when I was tranquil, was exciting. If she sat down, her limbs were in some position which by contemplation stirred my lust, and made me rush to stroke her, and was gratified in any form and manner I liked. With her all forms of copulation were wholesome and natural, so that I had enough variety.

I was constantly with her until pretty well fucked out, then I stayed away a while. When I recommenced she I expect thought I was weary of her, and set to work to keep me, by putting into my head things I had not heard, or thought of, asking if I would like to sate my lust in such, and such ways; and then procuring for me what she had suggested.

I was indeed worth treating so, for though I only gave her a sovereign at first, my money quickly began to go into her pocket from mine. The more variety I had, the more I paid, which was but natural, and fair.

She had a book full of the baudiest French pictures; there was not an attitude depicted in it that I did not fuck her in. That done, she asked me one day if I would like another woman to feel whilst I had her. She came, and I fucked Camille feeling the other's cunt, longing to fuck it, but fearing to propose it. Camille guessed what I wanted, and proposed it herself. With what joy my prick entered the stranger's split, Camille looking on, holding her cunt open for inspection at the same time, and going through the motions of frigging herself whilst I was shoving. Then came endless variety. I had two other French ladies, and fingered their cunts whilst I fucked a third, then two more, laying cunt upwards, legs in the air, and arses meeting over Camille's head. At last I had six altogether at once, and spent the evening with them naked, flicking, frigging, spending up or over them, making them feel each other's cunts, shove up dildoes, and play the devil's delight with their organs of generation, as they are modestly called.

Then came other suggestions. “I know such a little girl, not above this high”, she said. I ballocked that little girl. Then she knew one six feet high. She also I had. Then she knew one with an immense duff of hair on her cunt. Of course I had her. Then one with none at all; and mightily pleased was I, as my doodle rubbed in and out of that hairless cunt, the owner laying at the side of the bed, I standing up, and Camille holding a candle over the hairless quim, to enable me fully to see and enjoy the novelty, I was pushing up.

At intervals when worn out with spending, or disinclined to find the money, needed for this endless variety of women and cunt-hunting; I frequently spent evenings quietly in Camille's society. I got from her information about habits of women, in a way which is not

often given to young men by gay women; learned that women thrust sponges up their cunts, to prevent men finding out they had their courses on. For the first time with her, I understood that women could, and did frig themselves; and on her own cunt, placing herself my finger there, I first knew the exact spot where a women rubs for her solitary pleasure. She told me of women rubbing their clitoris together so as to spend, — what the French call tribadism, — and two women of her acquaintance did this. All of us half spoony with champagne after a jolly little supper; she set the two girls rubbing their cunts together. The two girls on the top of each other, I thought a baudy amusement, and did not believe until after years, that flat fucking was practicable, and practised, with sexual pleasure.

Then should I like to see a man? Now it was not many years since I had frigged two or three, and seen dined it. Yet one night she expatiated so much about the wonderful size of a young man's prick, and what a lot he spent, and how respectable he was, and what gentlemen had him, etc. ; that I who had a dislike to men being near me, consented, and a fine young Frenchman came. I could not for half-an-hour go near him, but, my temptress meant I should, and I frigged one of the largest pricks I have ever seen, and saw his spunk squirt over Camille's arse, which the Frenchman requested her to turn upwards for him to spend on; indeed he said he could not make his cock stand until he saw her arse. Directly afterwards I had the most ineffable disgust at him, myself and all, and never saw him again.

I would not again be in the room with a man, but she arranged to let me see through a hole made in the door, herself fucked by another man, which I immensely enjoyed, but had not the sight repeated. I even used to hate the idea of her being fucked by any one but myself; not that I had anything in the way of love or liking for her, which might have been termed affection.

So time went on, I paying handsomely, trying to see and do anything she suggested, and glorifying myself at being in the lucky way of doing and knowing every-thing. I told much to some special friends, some of whom wanted to find out my sources of such enjoyments; others thought I was a mere braggart.

Nearly a year ran away, and four thousand pounds, leaving me with infinite knowledge and a frame pretty well worn; but I never had a love ailment, nor have I ever taken one from a French woman yet.

She never suggested arse-hole work. In her book were pictures of buggering, and she asked me if I would like such a thing. I frightened at what I knew, which seemed like a horrible dream, said, “certainly not”, and asked if it was possible. She told me it was, but was “villain”, and the matter was never again referred to.

With much fucking I got done up, and one night could get no

cock-stand. She asked me if I had ever played at minette. I did not know what it meant. She told me it was having my prick sucked. I told her no. I have already narrated my licking the slightly haired cunt of young Martha, and how when doing so, she having my prick in her hand close to her mouth, and was playing with it, when scarce thinking of consequences, “Kiss it”, I said, “put it in your mouth”; and that the young girl randy with my licking, put it to her mouth or tongue, and that I immediately shot out my spunk without meaning it. That remained in my recollection as a nasty subject. The big-cunted woman also sucked me against my will. So when Camille suggested it I refused. There was another French woman with her; they were both naked on the bed, and I had been fumbling both, and baudily amusing myself, with no cock stiff or fucking desire about me. After a while I laid down on the bed with them, the other French woman told me, that some men never did anything else, and that she would like doing it to me. Sbe had found out I was pretty liberal, and I dare say counted on my being so now, if I could get by her a new sensation; but I declined. The two women were laying in the reverse direction to me on the bed, so that I could see and play with both their cunt:, a favorite posture with me then. After extolling the sensation of minette, she without my consent turned over me, and geting me between her knees back up, and so that her bum-hole and cunt were within a few inches of my nose, she began; whilst Camille who knew what would fetch me better than I knew myself, moved up her backside, so that I might grope her more freely. The double cunt feeling, the suction and sight generally, was too much for me, and the mouth soon drew my sperm with long lingering and half painful pleasure. My tender-tipped prick suffered, as it often did indeed when not in the proper receptacle.

The aet made some impression on me, for I soon after had it repeated by the same woman, and she did it that time so that I saw the prick in her mouth. I expect it upset me instead of giving me pleasure, for I stopped her, and my doodle dropped; but I permitted her to recommence; then I felt something press my arse-hole, it tickled and hurt me, I called out, “What are you doing?” at the same instant spent. “What have you done?” said I. “Nothing”, said she winking at me, for Camille was in the room. I did not like the business; she had shoved her finger or thumb up my bum-hole. I was too young to appreciate that luxury, took a horror at her, and never would have her again, nor would I have my prick sucked any more. Many years elapsed before I either had my arse-hole felt or. felt a woman's, after that night.

Then I had an old woman. Those she had brought me had mostly dark-haired curets, and her own was black. As cunt was an

inexhaustable subject with me, we were always talking about it. She said she knew a woman whose hair was quite grey. “Is she very old?” “No not above fifty.” That was older than my mother, and I could not think of it; but the conversation was renewed. “She has got as much hair as me, but quite grey, nearly white, and she is. a nice clean woman; have us both, and you can see the black and white together.”

So a fattish middle-aged woman certainly fifty and who seemed to me sixty, came; her hair was nearly white, Camille lent her stockings and chemise to make her decent I suppose, and the old woman who spoke scarcely a word, but drank furiously, turned up to me. She made some objection to showing her grummit, remarking she did not know it was to such a young man, but being told if she did not, she might go without pay, the sight came off; the cunt-fringe was nearly white. She was an English woman. Camille suggested I should have her; the old woman demurred, but Camille settled (and I really used to do almost what she advised), that I should have her and look at the grey cunt at the same time. So it came about; but when half up to spunking time, Camille said, “Take it out of me and put it into her.” When a prick stands and novelty is in the way it rushes at it. Out I pulled my prick, and put it up the grey cunt, spent in it, and pulled it out almost before I had finished. I never saw the old lady again.

Chapter XIV

Piddlings. • Posturings. • Breast and arm-pit • A turn over. • Used up. • Wanting a virgin. • Camille departs. • The Major's opinion. • Camille returns. • Louise.

I have told the most novel fucking bouts I had with, or through Camille, excepting the final one; but should say that whatever women she got me I turned to her with pleasure again. Sometimes when I had one or two to amuse me, I used to give her the preference for the fuck, and she always had one of the gruellings, for she was very handsome, understood everything, was sensuousness itself, but not vulgar. When I had a fit of extra lewdness she got me other women. Of course she got profit out of all, a thing I knew nothing about then. Often I had no want but for her, and she used to strip herself, or dress just as I wished, put her body into some attitude, then lay and read the paper whilst I used to sit and read as well, looking up from time to time at her. Then I would put her in a new attitude, and go on so for a time; then would make her piss, catch it in the pot, piss at the same time in it, stick a dildo up her cunt, and have every variety of amusement I could think of. She was always willing, never in a hurry, never refused. A charming harlot.

Making her piss was a favorite amusement with me, I would keep her a whole day without doing it, so that

I might have a good long stream out of her when looking on. I ,was most curious about the way a cunt opened and shut in squatting. It was the subject of my earnest investigation. I used to put two chairs so that they would not slip, nearly close together, and lay down with my head between them. Then Camille naked all but boots and stockings would stand up on the chairs, one foot on each; the legs naturally a little open as the chairs were a little apart, just disclosed the cunt. Then she would sit down slowly, so that I could gradually see the gap widen, the red nymphoe show, the clitoris jut out, and at length the whole cunt-gape ready for the piss. Then she would rise slowly and repeat it till I was tired; then still laying down I used to hold a large basin on my breast and belly, and squatting above my head she would piss into the basin. I would feel the cunt, and if very wet, dry it. In all this she was obedience itself; she never moved from one posture till I told her to get to another, would answer any question with frankness.

I have never lost this pleasure in seeing a woman piss, but at that time was too impatient to vary the amusements which a man and a woman can have with their piddle. It was reserved to me with other women, notably a French woman named Gabriell, and Sarah F—r, to

have the fullest variety and enjoyment in that particular.

I had fucked Camille in every way excepting her arse-hole, I had spent between her bum-cheeks, but without the slightest intention of invading the bum-hole between them, — indeed then had a great dislike to looking at a woman's arse-hole. At last fucked her arm-pits; she had a splendid arm, and an unusually large quantity of black hair beneath it which I much admired. One day she was poorly, I began fucking between her breasts, she suggested another woman, I would not have one; from her breasts I got to shoving between her arm and her breasts; then she wetted her arm-pit with Castile soap, which is of a soft slimy nature, and I fucked and spent between it. After a time we improved on this; she would lie in a convenient posture, I would lay a sheet of clean white paper on the bed, and just as I was coming, protrude the tip of my prick so as to free the pit, and shoot my spunk on to the sheet of white paper; or would catch the spunk in my own hand, and before my frensy of pleasure was over rub it on her cunt, then fling myself on the bed and go to sleep.

I used to have her at the side of the bed with her bum towards me; then she would gradually twist herself round, and cocking one leg over my head, get herself with her back on the bed without uneunting my prick. This had to be done very gradually, for a jerk, and my prick used to slip out. I used to bet with her about this, and she generally managed to twist round and win. “Now push, — keep it well in, — hold on, I am going to lift my leg”, she would cry at the difficult point, which was when she had got her bum sideways to me, and was about to lift her leg; then putting my hands well on her hips, I used to draw my belly to her, and prick into her, as tightly as I could, whilst she gradually raised a leg, and pressing her bum up to meet my pressure, gradually got on to her back, with her limbs in a natural easy posture on either side of my hips. By that time I had got steam well . up, and a shove or two usually let me off.

At last having done as great a variety of ballocking, and learn more baudiness than most men of my age, I was knocked up, fucked out. My mother with whom I still nominally lived, was in despair. My guardian alarmed at the rate I was spending my money remonstrated, so I left Camille and her bevy of women, and went to the sea-side. There I renovated, and then spent my time on the sands, trying to see the women in the water. As I grew better my randiness returned, I got hold of gay women, but my old timidity clung to me, I used to pay them to piss, and had a grope up them ; but do not recollect having anything more. I came back to London, and for two or three days afterwards Camille's cunt had no rest. Then I temporarily got into another servant, and ceased to see Camille much. She tried all sorts of inducements to continue it on the old footing.

Then although she knew every incident of my life, she took to asking if I had ever had a virgin, saying, “Are you sure, did you see her cunt before you had her? Would you not like one again, if I can get you one, a young virgin French girl, one sure to be a virgin? —and so on until she made me doubt if I had ever had one. At last I thought that I should like to have another. Well, she could get me a young French girl, but would have to go to France, it would cost a large sum of money. This talk went on for some time, and little by little I agreed to give her fifty pounds to pay her journey, and also to keep her lodgings on. She postponed the journey for a long time, but at length she went. She made me promise to do something for the girl besides paying her, — which meant something or nothing, — but I promised to pay the journey of the virgin back to France, should she want to go; and also whenever I had the girl, to pay Camille a “Victoria”, “because”, said she, “you will have my rooms and prevent my bringing friends home.”

So I came down with fifty pounds. Off she went in quiet dress, and looked a quiet lady or middle-class woman. She advised me to keep myself steady, and the very moment before she left, whilst the cab was at the door, I turned her with bonnet and travelling dress on, bum outwards, and fucked her; she hurrying me all the time for fear she should loose the coach, she had not time to piss, or wipe or wash. “It will give me good fortune perhaps”, said she laughing, “or make you wish me back, it is lucky for me.”

There was but a slow rail to Dover then, nothing but tidal boats, and to Paris, the way I thought she was going, no rail at all, and it was a long journey. Whether she went to Paris or not I don't know, but from later experience think not, that she was a Southern woman, and went straight home. She was to be back in a month. It came, but not she; another week, another, and I began to think I had been sold; another, and I gave her up altogether, and experienced a little relief, for the habit of seeing her had so got hold of me, that I could not shake it off, and yet I was tired of her, but I wanted the virgin.

There was a middle-aged man with whom I chummed much at my Club, a major retired, and a most debauched individual. He borrowed money of me, and did not repay it. His freedom of talk about women made him much liked by the younger men; the older said it was discreditable to help younger men to ruin. Ordinarly very careful how I spoke about women (for my loves having lain much in my mother's house, caw tion had become habitual to me). I one night talked about virgins and of getting them .He said such things were done; that Harridans got a young lass, if well paid for it, but that they generally sold the girls half a dozen times over, “and”, said he, “they train the young bitches so, there is no finding them out; you may pay

for one who was first fucked by a butcher boy, and then her virginity sold to a dandy; you may pay for it my boy, and not find out you have been done." I pondered much over this, and the next night returned to the subject. His opinion was that an old stager like him was not to be done; but that any randy young beggar would go up the girl, and flatter himself he had had a virgin, if the girl was cunning. "When you see the tight covered hole with your eye, find it tight to your little finger, and then tight to your cock, my boy; when you have satisfied your eye, your finger, and your cucumber, and seen blood on it, you may be sure you have had one, — and not otherwise."

Thought I, "I am going to be humbugged." Another week, no letter, I went to her lodings, and found she had taken away everything she had with her. That night I told a little of my hopes to the Major, not telling him who the kind lady was, or where she was gone; but it made him laugh. "You are done brown my boy, done brown; that woman will never turn up again." He joked me so, that I avoided him, and kept the subject to myself afterwards.

Again to the lodgings; the landlady could not keep them vacant any longer; I paid the rent, but she got no perquisites, I increased the allowance. Then again I went; the landlady said she did not expect to see her again. I had now set my heart on having this virgin; ten weeks nearly had gone; I said if Camille was not back next week she might let the rooms. It passed; a bill was put up in the window, and the next morning calling as a forlorn hope, there was a letter for me, — she would be back in a week. I was in a state of excitement that week, and kept myself chaste, with the idea of the virgin cunt, and Camille's well paced rogering in anticipation.

The day came. I was so impatient, that I was there quite early; she arrived some hours earlier than she had said, and seemed surprised at finding me; my impression is that she did not want me to be there when she came back. She came in a hackney-coach; a stoutish full-sized young woman with a funny bonnet and long cloak on, got out of the coach with her, and in a free—and-easy way helped the things upstairs. She called her Louise. The wench put down a big box, and on my turning round after giving Camille a kiss, I saw she had seated herself on it, and hands on her knees was looking at me. "Uncord the box", said Camille. Said the girl, "I am tired." She uncorded it, again sitting down, and looking at me said, "Is that your young man? — he's a good-looking fellow." Camille told her to hold her tongue, to go on unpacking, and that I understood French, eying her at the same time in a savage way, and looking at me at times very uneasily. She was a rough sort of girl, she said, a relative of a friend of hers, had come as her servant, and in a short time would understand her place; smiling at me in a knowing way as she said that. Camille always addressed her

servant in French, me in English ; but I understood French tolerably well.

Louise did as she was told, but bounced about in an independant way, threw off her cloak and bonnet, and putting her hands on her hips stared at me again. I stared at her, thinking of the virginity I was destined to break up. Certainly she was appetizing; her cloak off showed a thick woolen dress of dark brown striped with blue, a fine big figure, a couple of big breasts; her arms naked nearly to her shoulders, as French peasants usually wore them, were large, fleshy, and brown; the petticoats were half-way up to her knees, and showed the thickest woolen black stockings on a stout pair of legs, and feet in thick shoes with brass buckles; she had immense gilt earrings, and was in fact in the dress of a Bordeaux peasant woman.

I did nothing but stare at her, Camille nothing but scold her, talking to me at intervals. The girl got the boxes ready for opening, then walked about, taking up poker and tongs, chimney ornaments and everything in the room with curiosity. Camille and I had so much to say, that we took little notice of her; then she threw up the window and looked out. As she bent forward her short petticoats showed her legs up to her knee-backs; Camille was about to stop her looking out, when I winked, and stooping saw a thick roll of stockings just beneath the knees, and the flesh just above. Camille understood. “Madame, madame”, said the girl, “come, here, here is fun.” I heard Punch squeaking in the streets; she was delighted; her mistress went to the window giving me a knowing look, and looking out of the window with the girl, put her hands over the girl's petticoats and lifted them slightly. Louise took no heed of this being so engrossed with Punch; I dropped on my knees and saw half-way up the girl's thighs. I had been chute for a few weeks, or nearly so, the sight of Camille had fired me, the thighs finished me; I shoved my hands up Camille's petticoats on to her arse, got her into her bed-room, and with her clothes in a lump on her belly, drove up my prick, spending directly I got up her cunt.

With half my spendings outside, half inside I lay with throbbing prick, which only came out when it had spent again. Camille vowed she had not had a man for weeks, and took it out of me, perhaps fearing if I went away with stiffening left, some other cunt would take it out. The ballocking over I went home.

I was early there the next day; Louise had been installed in the little room leading out of the sitting room. Camille told me a great deal about the distance she had gone, and the trouble and expense she had been put to in getting the girl's relatives to let her come; she hoped I would pay the additional expenses; and that I did at a cost of about twenty pounds. What with that and paying for her journey, and for lodgings while absent, Louise had cost me nearly ninety pounds

already. Then I undertook to pay for the additional room, in which a bed having been put, an extra was charged; cooking now being done downstairs. Then Louise must have a new gown.; then Camille thought I ought to give her something for , herself, because whilst away for me she had made no money. That I refused and blazed. up about it; for all that agreed to pay for a new silk dress for her, and a lot of little odds and ends on the second day of Camille's return, for all of which outlays I had only had a peep up the girl's petticoats.

Then I had a talk about her. The girl was the daughter of a small grape-grower, a friend of Canine's; they thought Camille was in London as a dressmaker, making a lot of money, because she sent money home to her father. Camille offered to take her, saying she would be sure to get on, if not in one way, then in another; that good-looking girls always did well in London. The girl was mad to come, and persuaded her parents to let her do so; believing that Camille got her living honestly; she was to be her servant until she could be put in the way of doing well.

“What are you going to tell her now? what are you going to do with her? what will she say when she finds out?” I asked.

Camille did not know. The girl would find out, and then she must excuse herself as well as she could, would say it was better, and jollier, and more money making than to make dresses. Besides, the girl could not help herself, and would have to make the best of it.

When was I to have her? I asked. As soon as I could get her; there she was, and I might try when and how I liked; help me more she could not, she could not insist on Louise letting me; but no doubt she would in time, no one else should have her.

I was not so sure of that. Camille was gay, and although I had for more than a year excluded most men from the house, yet she did have other men there, and I knew they would see the girl, might like her, might pay Camille; all the remarks of the retired major came strongly before me, and I thought I was going to be sold, and said so.

She replied that I was not; she would leave me with the girl when I liked; if the girl spoke to her she would advise her to let me, but would have nothing to do with influencing her beyond that; and when the event came off, she meant to be out, so that Louise's friends could not say anything. If she went gay it was no fault of hers, young women would have it done to them, it was natural. That was the game she meant to play.

I saw that I had paid her only for bringing a girl, and must take my chance of getting into her; all she would do was to keep the coast clear. I don't know what I really did expect Camille to do, but think I imagined that she would have got the girl in bed with her some night, let me get into bed with them, and helped to make her fuck, if she

would not. This was dissipated, I was to have the chance I should have had with a servant in my mother's house, or less, for this girl I should not see so often, and could not be sure she would be so well looked after.

So Camille went out, leaving me alone with the servant whenever I wished. I expect she went with other men at houses of friends, and so got her time paid for twice over, and made a good thing of it; perhaps she thought, the longer this lasted the better it would be for her. I think now that that was her game.

FINIS

VOLUME ONE

Volume 2

Chapter I

Louise sapped. • Suspicions. • Lectures on virginity with live illustrations. • Drugged for inspection. • Camille's hesitation. • Absents herself. • The house in G..d.n Sq.. e. • Baudy prints. • A feel, a sniff and a kiss. • Out shopping. • Garters. • Dinner and after.

I went to work to get into Louise, having no compunctions, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world. I had read about the naughtiness of seduction, but my associates had taught me, that every girl wanted fucking, and was longing secretly for it, high, or low, rich or poor, it was the same. As to servants, and women of the humbler class, that they all took cock on the quiet, and were proud of having a gentle-man to cover them. Such was the opinion of men in my class of life and of my age. My experience with my mother's servants corroborated it; and so to get into Louise seemed both natural and proper.

I suppose there is but one way ordinarily of beginning with a woman. A man must first make himself agreeable, then successively familiar, endearing, coaxing, loose, bold, baudy, determined, then if needs be fierce, or even violent. This order comes naturally to man cunt-hunting, and ends in fucking. It does not follow that if the early stages pass easily, that the last shall ensure success. Occasionally the woman is scared, put on her guard against herself, and the man, and the chance is lost. This course had become familiar to me at home, and I began. No person in the house except Camille and Madame Boileau spoke French; there was no other to speak at all, so my conversation was acceptable. At the end of a week I had kissed her to her contentment. No strong, healthy woman of eighteen is otherwise than gratified by the kisses of a young man. Money I knew now told much, and I gave to her who had never perhaps had five shillings to call her own. She gave me a kiss in the dark passage, I hugged her and pushed outside at her cunt, she ran upstairs angry, but had forgot it the next day.

Looking at her and longing used to make me randy, then if near, Camille's cunt got the benefit of it. The girl used to eye us when we went into the bed-room. She had a quarrel with her mistress, and said she should go home. Camille said she might; but speaking only French, and without money, how could she? Just then, through change of climate and living, she fell ill.

We were very kind to her. I got her everything. When asleep one day, Camille partly uncovered her, and showed me her limbs naked; they were so fine, and so excited me, that but for Camille, I think I should have ravished her. She soon got well, and I said, that if I did

not soon have her, I should cease seeing her. “Who hindered?” Camille asked. There she was, I might have her.

Then I had a suspicious fit. All the old Major had told me about fellows being sold, and taken in by women who were not virgins came to my mind. The girl was never out but for a few minutes at a time to fetch things, yet other men saw Camille, and some might have seen and had the girl. Camille had once taken her out in a cab; she might have been to some man's. So I said I would not give the money unless I saw her virgin cunt first. After a day or two, Camille agreed to it if I would give her ten pounds down, and would swear never to disclose it to the girl.

I thought still I was to be fooled, so I called upon my old schoolfellow, who used to say, “Snatch at her cunt, and show her your cucumber.” He had been one at the frigging match, and had just been appointed assistant-surgeon at a hospital; he was a bachelor and baudy-minded as ever. “M. . .”, said I, “have you ever seen a virginity?” “Many”, he replied, “I have dissected them, and if girls have anything the matter with their wombs, or cunts, we get a look, they don't mind a doctor. If a girl has piles, I make her turn up, and have opened several fine women's virgin cunts, asking questions all the while, if they feel this or feel that. They say yes or no, which of course I knew they would say, but they think I am very clever for asking. Some like a young doctor's fingers on their privates, though they say they object. Assistants only get the chance with the poor, the better classes have older married men.”

I asked him to explain one to me on a woman, and he did. We went home with the same women; they were astonished, for instead of pulling our pricks out, we both merely felt and looked at them, and he gave me a full lecture. It was an odd sight to see him explaining the situation of a virginity, I holding a candle to see better. One of the girls roared with laughter, the others fancied they had some ailments, when they found out he was a doctor, and he gave them advice.

I don't mean ailments of their cunts. We did not fuck either of the women.

From reading, his descriptions, his sketches and what he pointed out on three different cunts, I felt satisfied that I should know a virgin, and told Camille what I had done. She was then good enough to point out to me on her own cunt, where her virginity had been, as far as she could recollect it. She was quite sure about Louise, and explained that girls being with their parents in France were well watched; that the loose pricks about a town were all taken by the married women, — which I did not believe.

One night I was to see it, I waited for a signal from a window, of two lights, rushed across the road and was let in by Camille. We went

into Louise's bed-room. There the girl lay in her night-dress on the bed, insensible. “We must be quick”, said Camille. Then she threw the girl's clothes rapidly up above her naval, gently pulled apart her legs, and held open the lips of the girl's cunt. It was such as had been described to me. My excitement was fearful. She was a splendid limbed woman, looked twenty-five instead of eighteen years old. Her cunt-hair jet-black, crisp and thick as on a negress' head, grew up her mens and down be-sides the lips. The vermillion stripe in the midst of it was enough to drive any man mad. I put out my hand to touch it, but Camille pulled it back. “No, no”, she said in a suppressed voice, “you must go, you promised me.” “Let me fuck then.” “No, go at once.” She pulled me towards the door, the girl was breathing heavily. Wild with lust, I pulled out my prick. “Come away, you promised, she must see neither of us.” “One look more then.” Again Camille opened the cunt lips.

As she did so, Louise gave a groan, and turned round on one side opening her eyes wide. Camille blew out the light, and pulled me into the sitting room. “You must go”, she said. I wanted to fuck her, but she would not let me.

I met a woman in Regent street, it was raining hard. Much as I still hesitated at going with strange, gay women, I went home with her, threw her down with her clothes on. The instant I saw her cunt, and almost before I could get my prick out I spent over her bum and thighs. She remarked, “You did want it, and no mistake.” I left, got down to the Italian Opera. Crowds of women walked under the Colonade, they often then wore low dresses walking. I went to a baudy house with one, and fucked her thinking of the black-haired motte and lips between the thighs of the unconscious Louise.

I never knew what Camille had given the girl. She said she had made her drunk with champagne. Louise on a subsequent day said she had got drunk with champagne, but she never knew that I had seen her on that night. I believe that something else had been given to her to make her insensible. There was a convulsive movement in her body as she turned round; her limbs before she did so seemed dead, her breathing resembled a groan, her breast heaved distressingly, she opened her eyes, but saw nothing. The more I reflected, the less I understood the agitation of Camille, who usually was so calm.

I had seen the girl's virgin cunt, and recollect the look of pussy, belly, thighs, and slit. The cunt-hole as I held the candle near it seemed to be covered, excepting a little perforation just big enough to put a little finger through, corresponding with my surgical friend's description; yet I seemed to have less recollection of it than of all the rest of her body. It was confused, strange, like the remains of a dream

on my mind. So much had suspicion taken possession of me, that I was by no means now sure I was not being done. I paid Camille the ten pounds. When she had got them, she said she expected the fifty pounds all the same, that the cunt inspection was a preliminary she had not bargained for. I thought I was being cheated, and said so. We had a row, but such a fool was I, so much de-sire had I to get into this girl, — simply because she was a virgin, — that at last I agreed to it.

The girl could not get up the next day. I saw her in her bed by myself; she said she had been ill through eating something, and had had champagne. I caressed her, and in spite of her struggles, got my hands on her breasts and half-way down her belly, spoke baudy, pulled out my prick, was repulsed, and gave her a sovereign. Camille came back and I fucked her. I recollect telling Camille, that there was a wonderful likeness in face, colour of hair, eyes, limbs, and even in cunt, between her and her servant. Camille laughed and said, the two families had always been thought to be much alike, and were related.

Louise became inquisitive about my intimacy with Camille. “Was I her lover? Was I fond of her?” “Yes I had been, but was not now.” “Why did I come there?” “To see you, my dear.”

When Louise first arrived Camille was particular in not exposing her own legs or breast to me. Before that she used in warm weather to be with naked breasts, a chemise and slippers often being her only garments. Now she got into slipshot dressing again, and began to talk baudy. She had told Louise how she got her living, and talked about making money by fucking, so she told me but she would not let me take any liberties with her before Louise. She went out leaving me alone with her, taking my money when she re-turned. It is a wonder to me now how I stood all this, felt I was being humbugged, played with, and yet things went on as I describe. Three weeks had elapsed, or more, and yet I had never felt Louise's cunt. So I told Camille she was humbugging me. Louise got funny in her behaviour to Camille, said she would or wouldn't, and one day they had a quarrel, in which Louise insolently remarked about something she wanted, that Camille would do well not to show the point of her nose in the village any more. When alone I said to Camille, I was not to have the girl I supposed. Who hindered me? “Help me.” “How?” Being in a blackguard humour I said, “Make her drunk, and then I will have her.” No, it should never be said that that happened in her rooms; if a woman let a man of her own free will, well and good; if he got into her fair and square, good; a woman might do what she liked, —it was natural to have a man;—if Louise liked it, it was not her business; but she would not have her made drunk.

I said she was always in the way. She said she must live there. “You would like me to go out of town for a fortnight.” Said I, “That is

the best thing you can do." She said she could not.

I insisted, and at length she agreed to go for ten days, I paying her I think fifteen pounds for her lodgings. Off she went, and I dare say went to a friend's close by, I never knew. She said she was sorry she had brought the girl to London. Louise was not to know that I was aware of her departure. The last words she said to me were, "I suppose when you have her you will leave me." I replied I had no such intention, nor had I ; but a gay woman is a good judge of the future.

I must now describe the lodgings more closely. The ground-floor was occupied by a cloth merchant; there was no shop, but in the windows were some bales of cloth, a brass name-plate was on the inner door, the top of the house was the cloth-dealer's store. The man was rarely in England, the entrance to the shop from the hail was always locked, and I never saw more than one man enter it.

The first floor Camille had. On the second floor was a grumpy old woman named Boileau; she took charge of the house. I scarcely ever saw the old woman excepting when she opened the door, and then she neither spoke or looked at me. Until Louise came, Camille had had a French servant. Some years afterwards it turned out that the woolen shop was used by the foreigners for forging foreign notes; the cloth business was but a mask. Camille had been there two years.

Off Camille went. That same day I was at the house. Madame, Louise said, had gone for ten days into the country, and had left word that no one was to be let in. I went upstairs saying I should come when I liked, that as Camille had gone, we could do as we liked. She looked hard at me.

"I expect Madame has gone off with some man," said I, "she will get a good lot of fucking." She had heard me talking baudy, and knew that word in English and French. Then we had breakfast together, and I made love to her.

Louise was as vain as a peacock, and excessively fond of her stomach. When she had a glass of champagne, she used to swallow it as fast as she could. This weakness and inclination in any woman places her at the mercy of a man who will spend his money; and though I did not then see the advantages of money as plainly as I see it now, I instinctively used it.

"This is jolly", said I, "we will go and have dinner, then go to the theatre, do what we like afterwards." Her eyes sparkled, but she feared to go, for "Madame was such a demon when offended." "Who would know? The people in the house would not know what we did", I replied.

It was yet only mid-day. "Nobody can interrupt us, let's have luncheon here, I will get the wine. A french restaurateur sent in a hot

luncheon. I fetched champagne, then bethought myself of something which had not occurred to me before.

Camille had as said a big album full of voluptuous pictures. When she went to fetch Louise I asked her to leave it with me till her return. She said, “I will pawn it to you for ten pounds.” I lent that sum. Since her return she had not asked for it, maybe thinking I would ask for my ten pounds. I knew now well the effect of baudy pictures in exciting lust, so I fetched it. We had luncheon and champagne, she laughed, talked, objected to sit down with me, but at last was thoroughly at home with me, and for the first time talked freely of her mistress, whom she feared. She disclosed a deal of simplicity and a very great deal of vulgarity, for she was an utter vulgar peasant girl; but I didn't mind anything to get up her cunt.

Good living heats the body and stimulates randiness; there is fifty times as much danger in leaving a young couple together with their stomachs full of good food, than when they are empty. A gentle heat, a sense of fullness, a gentle swelling, creeps up the stem of the man's prick, the knob feels tender and voluptuous; a gentle moisture distills in the woman's cunt, heat and an alloverish feeling, from clitoris to arse-hole overcomes her. Both are then ready for fucking, and only restrained from going at it by various social reasons, which determine our actions in every-day life. Such was our state when kissing and laughing we put away the things. Then we sat side by side on the sofa, with my arm round her waist.

I produced the book, which I had brought with me. I recollected how, pouring over it with Sarah or Susan, the pictures in my “Fanny Hill” used to throw them into a state of randiness which it was left me to appease. Susan used to say, that she only had to look at the pictures for a minute, to make her want “to forget herself.” I took the book out of the paper; it was a large square book, which immediately attracted her attention. “What is that?” she asked. “Pictures.” “Oh ! show me.” “Come on then.” She sat on my knee, I put my left arm round her waist. “Give me a kiss.” She gave it. “Now let me look.” I had placed my right hand on her thigh outside her clothes, and was thinking, what a nice chance I had for throwing her back on the sofa, but I opened the first page. It was a fine, large coloured print (how well I remember it) of a bed-room. On the bed knelt two young women side by side, their petticoats thrown over their backs, and showing their backsides to their waists. Close by stood a middle-aged woman looking at them; through the door were the heads of two men peeping at the posterings, lust was on their faces. One of the girls had a much fatter bum than the other, both cunts were visible, the hair of one black, the other, light. It was a bet as to who had the handsomest posterior, the woman to decide was saying, “Marie a gagne, ell a la

plus vonde et la plus belle."

Louise gave a loud "oh!" as if taken by surprise, her face changed blood-red, she turned the cover over and burst into a fit of laughter, tried to get away from me, but I held her fast, so she put her head over my shoulder and laughed, I laughing with her. "You have as nice a bum as the dark one", said I. "There is nothing more like that, look through it." I opened the book again; under her eyes was a picture of a woman undressed, laying at the edge of the bed, her legs open, her middle finger on her cunt; by her side a man with trowsers down, his prick out stiff and crimson-tipped, one hand on the woman's thigh, and intensely looking at her cunt.

"I want to do that with you", I said. "Fi done ! c'est villain", said she, and pushed the book violently away. It fell on the floor, and at the same instant she at-tempted to rise. I held her tightly, and pulling her back on to the big sofa, her legs flying up, I threw up her clothes in front, showing her fine pair of thighs, and the next minute I had my mouth and nose buried in the hair, kissing and sniffing it, my hands roving about wherever I could feel warm flesh.

With a shriek, — then another, — she twisted round

(in doing so my nose rubbed on her clitoris), her petticoats fell down, she got across the room to her bed-room, and bolted the door.

I stood shouting, "What a beautiful form, what thighs, how dark the hair on your cunt, how lovely my nose has rubbed on it; let me see it again, let me fuck you, have pity on me." All that suggested itself to a man whose prick was ready to discharge in his breeches did I say, but fruitlessly, she made no reply. I went back to the sofa and considered what to do. Soon I heard her moving, crept to the door, and heard the rattle of piddle. "You're piddling out of that dear cunt", said I, "how I wish I could feel it." The rattle stopped, and again I went back to the sofa.

I had told her that I would take her out, and called to her to get ready, she never answered. A few minutes afterwards I wanted to shit; it was needful to go down-stairs into a yard. Thought I, "If she hears me go down she will come out;—ah ! if she does, there is the book, I wonder if she will look at it. I opened it at a picture she had not seen, tearing up little bits of newspaper, I placed them between adjoining pages, so that if opened the bits must fall out, then said, "I am going downstairs; if you won't go out, I will go without you."

I stayed at the shit-house some time, went up quietly, and heard her door close as I went up the stairs. When I entered the room I looked at the book; it was just as I had placed it, but two of the bits of paper had dropped out. "Louise, Louise, you have been looking at the book." "You lie", said she quickly. "You have, I put bits of paper in, and they have fallen out, so you must have." "I have not", said she.

“I wanted to take you to see the shops, to the theatre, if you won't answer I shall go alone, and dine alone.” “I shan't come then.” “Don't”, said I in a huff, then went to Camille's bed-room and washed. “I am going, will you come? In another minute I shall be gone without you”.

“Will you promise not to be mechant” (the French term). “I have not been wicked”, said I. She was yielding; I knew she was wild to go out with me. “Will you promise to leave off talking so.” “Not for ever; how can I when I have seen what I have.” “I have no boots, only my thick shoes.” “Come in those.” “Camille has left a pair they are too big, and there is a hole in them.” But it ended in her putting them on. Dressed, she looked an odd mixture of a peasant and a servant, who had got on some of her mistress' things. I was ashamed to walk out with her; she saw something in the expression of my face which wounded her pride. “You don't like walking out with me”, she said, and sitting down big tears came into her eyes, “but I am handsomer than Madame, my feet are smaller al-though my leg is bigger; my shoes are shameful, she would not let me have boots like hers, she said she would send me home; she won't go home again, if I tell them about her.” Thus she jabbered on in a fume, till she had exhausted herself, her pride wounded, excited much by feasting, by the baudy book and my kiss on her cunt. She talked so fast in her provincial French, that I could scarcely understand what she said.

I did not care what I spent, so that I could spend up Louise. “I am proud to walk with you, and I will buy you a pair of boots.” She jumped up with delight. “But you shall let me do one thing.” “What?” “Let me feel your leg, which you say is so big.” “Volontiers”, said she, “there is no harm in feeling a leg; in my country our clothes only just come below our knees”, and so with joking, kissing, and a promise to let me put the boots on, out we went in a cab.

I took her to a boot-maker's, and fitted her to perfection; she was delighted, and in the cab did nothing but put up her feet to look at them. She let me feel her Iegs, after she had pulled her petticoats tight round the knee; I wanted to go higher, “No, no”, she said; but I pushed up, on to her thighs.

I bought her a bonnet, but it had to be altered and was to be sent home in the evening; I got out of the cab and going into a shop without her, bought (guessing the size) white silk stockings and showy garters, without telling her. Then I bought her gloves, a collar, and one or two other things, and then we went to dine.

As I bought each successive article I told my wants coarsely enough. I felt her in the cab, and got so excited, that I pulled my cock out, keeping it covered with my handkerchief, removing it from time to time as I thought the sight of the cock would excite her. “The omnibus, the omnibus” she cried out suddenly. Forgetting myself and

all but my wants, I had exposed my randy doodle just as an omnibus passed, and as I looked up, there was the conductor laughing at me. I went to the N. . . .n hotel, then just opened, and ordered a dinner; there the collars, cuffs, gloves, and other things, she fitted on and looked at, and laid them down, so that she could see them when dining. Gloves she had never put on in her life before. The anticipation of the bonnet filled her with delight; it was hand- somer she was sure, than any one she ever saw Ma-dame wear; did I not think she would be handsomer than Madame, if as well dressed? she was wild with conceit, and told me again how Madame had refused to buy her things she wished; saying, that a servant could not be allowed to wear them. This grievance had sunk deeply into her mind. Meanwhile talking, laughing, joking, sometimes saying, “fi! fi ! donc”, some-times, “oh! villain!” sometimes giving me a kiss, some-times saying, “be quiet”, she ate a good dinner, drank more champagne than she was aware of, got more and more talkative, whilst I got more and more lewd.

Chapter II

Undressing. • Silk stockings and garters. • The attack. • Foiled on the outside. • A battery. • A breech. • A tough virginity. • Triumphant. • Sanguinary proofs. • The second entry. • My foreskin. • Twenty-four hours fucking. • Gamahuching. • Six days pleasure. • Camille returns.

"The bonnet will be home", said I, "let us go." "Allons, allons", so off we went. It was dusk when we got in the cab. "I am to put on the stockings if I give you a pair, and to feel", I said. "No man has, c'est trop fort, you ask too much; you may put on garters below the knee." "Why not above?" "Oh! quite different", said she, "in the fields no girl minds putting her garter on before all the world below knee; but above, sh! that is disgrace." Such is fashion, I have seen an Italian market-woman stoop forward and piss whilst talking to a man (a neighbouring stall-keeper) : she saw no harm. An English woman would burst first; yet if the Italian had put his hand rudely up her legs, that man might have been stabbed by the woman. Louise saw no indecency up to the knees, but above was a disgrace. "Put your boots up", I said, up they went. "I may put garter to there?" said I feeling.outside. "Yes." I shoved my hand up her petticoats on to her thighs, they closed, and down went the legs: a squeal, a struggle, but on her thighs I kept it until I got to the house.

We let ourselves in, the bonnet had not come, Louise opened the window to look out for it, although it was dark. A ring came, it was the bonnet; down she rushed for it. "Bring lights, bring lights", said she taking one in her hand herself, the bonnet in the other; and rushing into Camille's room where there were large glasses; she put on the bonnet, clapped her hands for joy, and kissed me saying, I was so good. She put on her gloves, and collar, turning round to me each time, and asking how she looked. "Let me sleep with you, and I will buy you a dress to-morrow morning", said I. "Impossible, impossible, was I not going now", said she thoughtfully on a sudden. "No", I meant to sleep there; and as I had fetched a valise, I pulled out my things, took off my boots, put on a dressing-gown. "There", said I, "I shall sleep here till Camille comes home." "There will be a row then, and what will I do? Madame Boileau (the old woman upstairs) must know, and will tell Madame", and she looked hard at me.

Then she was attracted by my dressing-gown which was showy, but soon began looking at herself again, and took off all her finery with a sigh. "I am so hot and thirsty", said she. It was not wonderful, for she had fed twice heavily, and been champagning off and on for hours, her hands were burning, heat was throughout her frame. "Let's have some more champagne", said I, and opened a bottle; I pulled my

trowsers off, — it was so hot, — being then in dressing-gown, drawers, and slippers, I made up my mind to force her, if I could do it no other way. Then my eye caught sight of a white muslin wrapper which Camille wore, it was tied down the front with blue bows.

“Put on Madame's wrapper, if you are hot, you will look handsomer than she does.” She went into Camille's room, bolted herself in, and came out looking splendid, and had only on beneath the wrapper, her coarse chemise, which I could see (as indeed I knew before) just reached below her knees. My heart palpitated, I was in my dressing-gown, she with but the thinnest garments on.

The champagne was before us, we were on the sofa, my arm was round her waist; through the thin folds of her light dress I could feel her firm haunches and well-moulded body; I talked baudy, squeezed her to me, pressed her thighs with one hand, and put the other down her bosom. Every now and then there was a scuffle, a cry, and forgiveness; then resistance grew fainter, another glass of champagne, and her head dropped on my shoulder, subdued by amourousness, and when I asked her to let me sleep with her, she only said, “Oh ! I dare not. I must not.” I slipped my hand up to her thighs, she put her hand down stopping its progress. “If I could only get her into the bed-room, and on to the bed”, I thought and went to Camille's room, the candles were still burning. “Would you like silk stockings? here they are.” “Is it so?” said she bounding up. I held them up before her. “Let me put them on.” “The garters above knee, mind.” “Yes, yes”, said she impatiently, “Give them me”.

She sat down on the side of the bed, and let me put them on, putting one leg up after the other, pulled off her new boots and old stockings, I saw her thighs, but she never heeded, so anxious was she to get the silk stockings on. I had thrown off my dressing gown, and knelt in front of her as a boot-maker does in fitting on boots. I was so slow, that impatiently she said,

MY .SECRET LIFE

“Give it me, give it me”, pulled it on herself, and then put on the boot. I sat down on the floor, lowering my head and looking. Her silks and boots engrossed her. My prick came out from under my shirt, stiff, standing, and pointing up to her; she never saw it, but got up directly one garter was on, contemplated one leg in the cheval-glass, laughed with delight, turned round, kissed me; then on went the other. As I put that gar-ter on, I kissed the thigh just above it, up she got, lifted her robe to see her legs, strutted up and down in front of the glass until tired of looking. Her fine limbs looked exquisite in the silks and boots.

I cuddled and kissed her, put my arm round her. “Do let me dear”, I said. I got my hand up her clothes and between her thighs,

she crossed her legs without replying. “I will fuck you, I swear I will”, said I as I forced my hand still closer in. “Oh ! oh !” she said, and nothing more. I pulled her backwards on the bed, my cock stiff, standing, was under her eyes, drew her lips close to mine kissing rapidly: my fingers rubbed the warm slit, her bum began to move uneasily, her breathing was short, her thighs unclosed, my finger slipped farther. “Oh I don't hurt me”, she said sharply. Pressing her backwards on the bed, I lifted her limbs, she was yielding, meant fucking. I ripped open at once the slight blue bows which fastened the muslin gown, threw up the chemise, saw the well-rounded limbs in silk, the bright red garters, the thighs above, the black hair of her cunt, rolled on to her, was between her thighs, my naked belly on hers, my prick touching the cunt-lips.

The accumulators of my ballocks must have been gorged with sperm. Off and on all day my prick had been on the stand, I had feared to touch it lest it should go off, nor had I put the girl's hand on to it; the last-hour my prick had been erect without subsiding. As my belly met hers a tremor shook my whole frame. “My God, shall I spend outside?” thought I; my prick like an iron rod touched the top of the wet slit and slid right down on its passage. Is she virgin? a sharp cry, “Oh I don't hurt me”, I felt an obstacle, pushed violently again and again, “oh ! oh ! don't”, and then throb, throb, throb, with each throb a jet of sperm shot out against the mouth of the orifice I had not penetrated, I lost my power in the contentment of a copious emission, and the pleasurable certainty, that no prick had yet been up the hole against which mine had been battering.

Next was fear lest she should get up, so rapid had the spend overtaken me, that I had not got my hands under her, they were on the side of her smooth haunch-es. To keep her under me until my powers returned, I slid one hand under her bum, the other under her waist, and squeezed her to me, then gently loosening my belly a little from hers I pushed again where my prick laid. With what delight I found it still stiff, with an obstacle in its front; I nestled gently in the spermy lips, the heat, the smoothness gave me a tittillation as if a spend was again not far off, and that I need not have feared my manhood. With pride and power I clasped her, feeling sure she was virgin. There she lay in all her beauty, submitting to my will, I enjoying my sense of power, wriggling gently for a minute, till my prick demanded its right of entry. I pushed, a sharp “oh!” a harder push, a louder cry, the obstacle was tight and hard indeed, I had never had such difficulty before; my lust grew fierce, her cry of pain gave me inexpressable pleasure, and saying I would not hurt, yet wishing to hurt her and glorying in it, I thrust with all the violence my buttocks could give, till my prick seemed to bleed, and pained me. “Oh ! mon

Dieu! ne faites pas ca, get away, you shan't". she cried, "oh! o-o-oh !". My prick moved forward, something which had tightened round, and clipped it gave way; suddenly it glided up her cunt, still tighter I clasped her, as she moved with pain beneath me, my balls were dangling on her bum, my sperm shooting against the neck of her womb, and I had finished the toughest virginity I ever had yet.

The job was done, months of anticipation, hopes, fears, and desire, were over; my prick was in the cunt of a French virgin, at a cost of two hundred pounds. After my second poke, I had a feeling of pleasure and tranquillity, a weight off my mind, a future of voluptuousness before me. My cock still lingered in her cunt, I moved it about, excited and full of lusty vigor could have gone on fucking; but letting my penis withdraw, I lay thinking about her cunt, then with a kiss lifted myself off the beautiful creature who lay under me with eyes closed. I saw the gauzy dressing gown lying open, the blue bows torn, a coarse white chemise in a well pressed heap, above a navel, an ample belly, finely formed thighs, of a slightly brown tint, and on the chemise beneath large spots of sperm, patches of blood, and spunk streaked with blood in quantity filling and covering the space between the cunt-hole, getting off I seated myself by the side of the bed; Louise seemed to awaken to consciousness, and with the instinct of a modest woman covered herself by drawing down her chemise, carelessly, half-sleepily and unconsciously; more as if from habit than of thought to hide her charms. Then she drew herself to the edge of the bed, put one leg higher up than the other, resting her elbow on it, her head upon her hand, she looked at me wistfully without uttering a word.

A newly fucked woman rarely looks at the man, sometimes turns away, rarely speaks, but avoids a man's eyes. Louise did not speak, but she looked as if she was collecting her senses, looked so long and in such manner, that it made me uncomfortable, until her fine legs, in an attitude I had not yet seen them in recalled me to myself. "What lovely legs", said I. She pulled the chemise down lower, but the chemise was short, and she was sitting on it; she never took her dark eyes off me, but with her head still leaning on her hand, said slowly, "You have promised me never to go into the bed-room with my sister again !"

"Your sister !" What a revelation! the likeness to Camille. I wondered it had not struck me more completely before, the hesitation of Camille to let me get the girl, her wish that she had never fetched her, her half intention to send her home, the oath she made me take not to disclose my having seen Louise's cunt when she was insensible : all struck me at once.

Louise jumped off the bed in a fright, "No, no, no", she said, "not

my sister, my mistress; did I say sister? I didn't mean it, it's my mistress, don't say I said sister."

I was certain she had spoken the truth : the likeness, Camille's anger when I suggested making Louise drunk, her desire to be out of the house when her virginity was taken, and other things crowded on my mind. "Deny it as you like, ma chere, but you are her sister, the very image of her."

"Don't say so." I swore I would never tell. "She will murder me if she knows. She is a demon, you don't know her, — mon Dieu ! mon Dieu I what shall I do? I must run away."

I calmed her, told her no one need know, I would never tell. She believed me, seemed comforted, but still kept assuring me she had made a mistake : she meant to say mistress.

This was a funny episode, a funny conversation between a woman carrying her first male spunk in a bloody cunt, and a man with a cock still dripping with cunt-juices on to his shirt, sitting by her side.

We talked by the side of the bed; then for a minute she put her head on my shoulder and cried; it was over-excitement, nothing else, no regret.

Was I going? My reply was to put on my night-gown, say I meant to sleep all night with her; I showed her my shirt, dabbed with bloody semen, and gloried in it, told her her chemise was in the same state. She begged me to leave her, and pushed me into the sitting-room, wiped her bloody quim, and changed her things. She could not find Camille's night-gowns, her own were dirty, so she put on one of Camille's beautiful chemises, and over it the white robe. What a difference that entry of my prick had made : twelve hours before, a refusal to let me put on a garter, a struggle, a fight to do it; now my hand rested tranquilly on the smooth thighs, whilst she listened to the pleasures I meant to have with her. I drew her towards the bed-room, pulled off her boots and stockings, her robe, then her chemise, and she got into bed naked, and I with her. It was a hot night, cuddling was close work; lying by her side, my mouth to hers, my belly to hers, my doodle pressed close into her thighs, my hand on her bum, our legs touching their whole length, I was talking of fucking, and she listening lewdly. What a difference ! I guided her hand to my prick; oh I my delight in that, and hers! how quietly it laid where I placed it. — then under my balls, her hand was quite full. of them, and there it lay, then again round my pego. Again it was beginning to swell, she lay with her long black hair floating on the pillow, her eyes closed in baudy reverie. "You have got my prick in your hand, it has been in your cunt and spent in it." She moved her head close to mine and kissed, my cock stood stiff at once.

I closed to her, feeling every part of her body, excepting that

which I had just injured. That came in now for its share: thrusting one knee between her legs I lifted hers so as to leave room for my hand between them. She prayed me not, she was sore, ill, it hurt her. Hurt her? I longed to hurt her, knew I was going to give her pain whilst I lied saying that no pain more would she feel, and then with a little gentle force, my finger slipping over her clitoris, I felt the cunt-hole gently, went up it, she wincing and moving her bum in an inciting manner, then up her orifice went my cock again, amidst murmurs and prayers to leave her alone, a glorious fuck.

Then I dozed, dropping off on one side from her sweet firm body; but excitement would not let me sleep, I kept awaking as fast as I fell asleep, a burning heat pervaded my penis, my mind dwelt on the day's work, her limbs were close to mine, cunt in reach of my fin- gers, smell of her body in my nostrils. The lights were out, she was slumbering with quiet regular breath. Up came my prick again, my fingers slid between the cunt-lips, felt the signs of my last pleasure, she awakened. “Oh ! don't.” She was ill, sore, very sore, I was unkind; but what woman can refuse the cock which has just wetted her. Now was a prolonged fuck; then over-come with fucking, worn with excitement, I fell sound asleep.

When I awakened the sun-light struggling through the red curtains cast a pink tint over every thing. We had slept eight hours, were laying rump to rump, naked and touching, for after much fucking, the fondest lovers turn their arses to each other. What a sight she was as she lay on one side, as sound asleep as a top, there had been but a sheet over us, that was off, and she was naked. She had a pretty foot, the leg was perfect, thighs and bum thinner than Camille's back-side, and thighs taken on fullness at later age, or after one or two years good fucking which serves quite as well; her breasts were superb, firmer and handsomer than Camille's. On one side I saw the black crisp hair which shaded her seat of pleasure; on the other I could, by putting my head on the bed, just see the dark hair creeping between her bum-cheeks, her flesh had the slightly brown tint common to French women; on the bed lay rounds of spunk mixed with blood, a smear of it was on her thigh on the bum-side. My prick rose again to stiffness at the sight, I wanted to piss violently, but could scarcely accomplish it. I looked at my shirt tail. Spunk and blood were thick on it, I found under the bed her chemise; on it profusely were the bloody seminal marks of her virginity. I felt a pain in my prick, and found the foreskin a little raw. I had paid' for hurting her by hurting myself ; but what did that matter; I was the first that had been up that cunt, had torn it open, my spunk was in her then, the bloody indications were all around me. I awakened her.

She looked at me, then conscious that she was naked, clawed up

the sheet; in a minute I was close to her. She went across to her own room to piddle, then into bed again she got, and in spite of her I put it into her. I felt the cunt tightening, looked at her: her manner was different, I felt her clasping me, she was doing it involuntarily, her breath came quickly, she was spending as my spunk came, her first pleasure with me; all before had been pain, — I knew that.

Then was more fucking, then she made coffee, we had eggs, bread and butter, again to bed, and more fucking. We went without luncheon, spending the entire day in bed, feeling, kissing, cuddling, fucking, and sleeping. We were both worn out, and perhaps might not have got up, excepting that I had to dress, to go downstairs, and then felt hungry, so we both dressed, went to the same place as the day previously, had a jolly good dinner as fast as we could and directly it was over went back. I kept my finger on her cunt when in the cab, both going and coming; the instant we re-turned we went to bed (it had not been made), and fucked, and fucked, and fucked, and then slept a dozen hours without awaking. A lovely time it was.

Next day I was used up, I never could accomplish the wonderful fucking bouts I have heard men brag about, but dare say in those thirty hours I had fucked her twelve times. She was very tired with it, and was so sore; I was also sore, my prick had slightly bled, the foreskin was torn, and through that fucking bout my prepuce was easier ever afterwards, I could pull it down better than I could before I had torn open her virginity.

The difference between the ways of a woman and man towards each other after they have fucked is wonderful. On a previous night a woman may have refused his kisses, and his embraces, and revolted at his hands touching her quim. He although longing for her, eager to join his body to hers, may have been timid, cautious in his language, hesitating in action, and until passion got full sway, might as soon of thought of putting out his doodle, and attempting to force it up her, as of trying it on his aunt. But what a change a night has made: they sit at breakfast he with satisfaction on his face as he looks at her and thinks, that her most secret parts have not been strangers to him, has felt between her thighs, the lips hitherto untouched by man, has been up her cunt, and spent inside it the essence of his blood. “She has given me pleasure, I have given her pleasure.” She looks at him wondering how she came to allow it, how she forgot her resolves, there need be no more disguise, nor hindrance in the way of their pleasures, of the pleasures she first tasted with him; all that she has beer taught to hold most sacred from man he has seen, felt, kissed, pierced, violated, and wetted in. The virginity she prided herself on he has destroyed, she no longer shuns him, but is ready to comply with all his wishes, hopes he will compel her soon to yield again. This is

the work of a few hours, and as she sits drinking her coffee opposite to him she thinks with him, what a change has taken place.

That was my state of mind with Louise. I had had virgins before without pride in having them, they came in my way, but never had I sought them. Two certainly had never been breached before, but it gave me no pride nor special gratification. This woman I had thought and thought about for months, coveted and paid for the sole pleasure of piercing her hymen. I had now the delight of experience, of leaving my sperm where man had never left it before. This girl of sufficient age, growth and form, I had bored with difficulty and pain, to her and myself, she had bled, I had bled, I had torn up her cuntal diaphram, had given her sexual pleasure, had revelled in her body. Shirt, and chemise, spunk and blood slobbered lay there. I was rested, she was fresh, and I sat at breakfast with as much complacency and jollity as a man could; yet- beyond fucking, I felt that I did not care one damn about her, and even felt sorry. I cannot explain why I felt that, but recollect it.

We had seven days before Camille would return, in those days I more than fulfilled my word to the girl, bought dresses, a ring, brooch, umbrella, parasol, in fact I don't know what I did not give, and must have paid fifty pounds; we dined out, went to theatres, ate, drank, and fucked like blazes.

French women when they have given themselves up to a man, do so with all their heart and soul. One day as luncheon began to operate on her, she nothing loth, she strong, healthy, and with passions roused, feeding daily in a way she had been unaccustomed to, yielded freely to my wishes. I placed her on the bed-side, threw up her chemise, kissed the dark crisp hair of her motte; her thighs separated, her limbs went up, and I saw the adorable vermillion gap, the ragged tear my penis had made. It was a small cunt for so fine a woman. What enticed, and incited me I don't know, I never shall know why dozens of women I have had I never have done it to, but I was taken with the feeling now. I looked, fingered, tittillated, kissed it, out went my tongue; it played lightly over the clitoris, then baudy frenzy seized me, and I licked and sucked her cunt. She wriggled, scarce knowing what I was about, when pushing my head away she cried out, “oh! mon Dieu, ah ! quelle bete ! aho l”

I had never done it willingly but to Martha, now the letch seized me furiously, every day afterwards I had my mouth to her, and when I was so fucked out, that I could come no more, would lay and lick her till she was worn out too with spending.

We had indeed no other amusement than fucking, talking about it, eating, drinking, and sleeping, which was to us all the charm of a honey-moon. I think I see her now, making my cock stiff under my

direction, her amusement at pulling the prepuce up and down was great, I almost feel her bum now as she used to sit on my knee, looking at the pictures in the baudy book; we used to talk it over until we went to bed, and eased our passions, what fun when we did not mind washing each other's privates, as we did.

We used to lay on the bed with my head between her thighs, licking her quim, she playing with my prick, but I never put my pege into her mouth, nor did she ever do more than kiss it.

On the day but one before Camille returned, we went to bed, had a fuck, then a second, her cunt felt funny, and I found her courses had come on, or as she called them, her periods. There was an end of my fun, nor was I sorry. Not having left her day or night, nor been to my lodgings, nor to my mother's, I was fucked out, and so was she, — so that her reds came on most opportunely.

Next day we were duller, there was nothing in her to make her a companion when not in amorous amusements. She became tiresome, and annoyed me by putting on her things one after the other, all day long, and asking me, how she looked in them, if she did not look better than Madame. Then how to tell her mistress she had got the things? what to do, if her mistress refused to let her wear them? how was I to see her again? At length we resolved to tell rousing lies about everything, — my behaviour was in fact most absurd.

The following day, a letter came to say Camille would be home that night. I took away my trunk and clothes, went to my virtuous lodgings; it was a relief to be away from cunt for twenty-four hours, and I could not bear a woman with her courses on.

Chapter III

Camille at home. • Her little game. • My greenness. • The house in O. . d. n street. • The glove shop. • Louise fatigues me. • Fred on the scent. • A cigar shop. • Three into one. • A clap. • Serious reflexions. • The sisters disappear.

A day or two recruited me, I wrote to Camille who met me in the street, she had sent the girl to the theatre with a friend, so I went indoors with her. “Have you done it to her?” was the first question, as if she did not know, I told her all. She questioned me with strong interest. I gave her the fifty pounds. Then she asked me if Louise had told me where she came from, and other questions, which I saw were put to see, if Louise had told about their relationship. As we talked I looked at her, comparing her with Louise, and saw the likeness stronger than ever. “Why stare so?” she asked. When she had heard of all our bum frolics she gave a sigh and said, “Well, if I had not brought her to London, she would have gone to Paris with A... . (mentioning some French name), and have had it done to her there, — so it comes to the same thing.”

Then suddenly, “Are you never going to have me again?” “No”, I had promised Louise. She looked amorously fascinating. “She won't know it, I have never had it since I left.” She was half reclining on the sofa, by intention or chance her legs raised up on the sofa, one flat, the other foot on its heel, exposing the recumbent limbs from foot to knee. “Do now”, said she. “No”, but I moved from the chair to the end of the sofa, and began stroking her leg with my hand.

She lifted the clothes just above the knee. I saw the large thigh nearly up to her quim, my hand involuntarily slipped higher, and began smoothing the flesh just above the garter. “Do it now”, said she falling right on to her back.

I thought of Louise, of my promise; I knew the look of both their cunts, — of Camille's the best, — desired to see, to compare it. I had been feeling Louise's cunt eight days, now thought I should like to feel Camille's to feel the difference, I knew her cunt was looser, and more hairy, her bum and thighs bigger, yet was I right in my comparison? my cock got uneasy, I helped it to rise in my trowsers by giving it a push outside.

“I won't have her”, I thought, “but there is no harm in feeling”, and began playing with the hair of her motte. “Your hair is longer than Louise's.” She laughed, “Do it, baisez-moi”, said she.

My fingers touched the slippery cunt, it was irresistible, the next instant they were groping and feeling. “Your bum is bigger than Louise's”, I said. She laughed again.

Sitting where I was, and playing at stink-finger, my position was inconvenient. “Come up closer”, said she. Then I sat by her hips, on the sofa-edge, she lifted her clothes right up: there was the quim, the jet-black bush, the fine round thighs, my cock was restive, my hands wandering, she unbuttoned my trowsers, gave my prick a squeeze, sending up the blood and completed my randiness. “Louise won't know, you shall kiss me”, and she raised herself to throw her arm over my shoulder. Like a young virgin who says, “no, no”, whilst she yields, I kept repeating “no, no”. The thighs had opened, I was pulling open the lips and trying to see the red inside; and still saying “no”, slid on to her, on to it, up it, and spent before I well knew what I was about. “Oh ! you are so quick”, said she. “you have spoiled me, I was just coming.”

She did not mean to be spoiled, trying her most baudy endearments, she held me tight, caressed me, as a French woman knows how, — better than any other. Forgetting Louise, my mind fell into its baudy dreams, I fucked her again, and then she let me get up.

And then to business. “What are you going to do for the girl?” she asked. “Nothing, I have given her money and things worth about a hundred pounds, and have paid you, when I have her again I shall give her money.” “You promised to do something more, if not what will become of her?” I did then recollect, that she had made me promise, but had attached no definite ideas to it.

“I relied on you, or would never have brought her; are you going to keep her, or let her be gay like me?”

I did not like either; to keep her I had no intention, did not even like the girl, though I liked plugging her. Said Camille, “We have had a row already, she won't work, and says she will wear the clothes she has got, although I have only seen a few of them.” “What do you expect?” I asked. “Set her up in business, selling gloves or perfumes, a small shop somewhere.”

Not liking the aspect of affairs, I left, it was the first time such propositions had been made to me. I felt inclined never to go near the house again, but had promised Louise to be with her soon, and always kept my word, so thought over the matter.

Keeping her was out of the question, I had heard that men who kept women, did so for other men; be-sides I had no idea of tieing myself up that way. I was not pleased with her: a fine girl, a fine fuck, a fresh woman who shivered with delight the instant the prick entered her, who was randy-arsed enough to learn anything in the way of copulation; she had been delightful to me eight days, and might for more; but she was coarse, vulgar, and had not two ideas in her head, was evidently violent tempered, and excessively vain. Set her up in business! why she had cost me hundreds to get her, why should I?

I could not make up my mind, and resolved never to go near her again; but two days afterwards, that funny sense of fullness came over my cock-knob, then the tingling, then the desire for cunt, then for Louise's cunt, the ragged slit made by my cock was before my eyes, and instead of quenching my wants in the channel of some other woman, I went there. Camille was just outside the door, and we conversed together in G. . d.n Sq....

She suggested my seeing Louise alone, and paying her (Camille) as I had done before. I did not mean to submit to that restraint, nor to keep her, but let her go her own way. “What does it matter, she must know you will find it all out, so why not at once?” I said.

“If she knows that I know it, I must turn her out (“I don't think you will turn your sister out”, I thought), “then I must put her into lodgings, and she will be gay.” “I can't help that.” We came to no conclusion, I left her, went to the door, rang, and Louise opened it. She kissed and hugged me in the passage, a minute afterwards she was on my knee grasping my prick, my fingers were on her cunt, our lips together; in another with tongues lapping together I was up her; in two or three minutes more we were quiet.

(I should so like to experience the feeling a woman has as she sits and talks with her cunt full of sperm, does it feel so very pleasant sitting so?) She poured out her griefs, Camille had asked questions, who had been there? how did she get the bonnet, the new boots? she had refused to tell anything, Camille had said she had better go. “Why not tell Camille?” I said, “if she did not like it she might lump it, as far as I was concerned”; but the girl was evidently afraid, — or was it sham?

Next day I wrote to Louise who met me, and I took her to a house into which I had never been before. For three weeks I met her on writing to her, and we spent hours together. She now had frequent rows with Camille, each time she came to meet me she put on more of her new things; at first she only came with a dress, then with the bonnet and something else, and at last with all the finery; she looked a hand-some swell, but a vulgar one. I ceased paying Camille.

One night she said Madame had had no one visit her for a long time, nor was she much out but often was all night, where she went she did not know; there was one man who came, a gentleman, she thought he was a lover of Camille's.

We came out of the house in **** street one night after a surfeit of voluptuous pleasures, when a woman stepped across the road, and lifted up her veil. “Oh! my God, it's Madame”, said Louise, and she got right at the back of me where I stood. “So”, said Camille, “I have found you out, you have been in a baudy house with my old friend.” She burst into a laugh, turned, and went away without saying another

word.

I don't know what actuated me in my course of conduct, at that time I knew well what I did, but my reasons are not so clear, I cared nothing whether Louise knew that her mistress or sister knew I had had her, yet I did not go to the house, firstly because Camille wished me not, unless she was out, and it did not suit me to be waiting for a girl who was burning to let me have her, and also because Louise was in a funk when I was with her in the house, and Camille was out. I was convinced they were sisters, and had a glimmering, that Camille would not like Louise to know she had been got for me by her; yet I thought that it must be found out.

As Camille walked away Louise began to cry, I could not get a word from her; we walked up and down A... street, she was frightened to go home, we went back to the baudy house, and there we slept. The next day we stopped there, and I went home with her, —Camille was within.

“So you have been to a baudy house?” said she, “so you have been fucked, fucked by my friend; you are a nice one to speak ill of other people.” “I am not a whore”, said Louise taking cheek. “Ain't you?” said Camille, “I don't know that.” “Say I am a whore, and I'll hit you”, said Louise going up to her. “Have it out by yourselves, I am not going to stop for a row”, said I, “Camille be good to the girl.” “If I had not brought her from France she would not be what she is.” What was I going to do with her? “Nothing.” Then the sooner Louise went out the better.”

Louise sat down, and began silently crying. I hate to see a woman cry, and always had one remedy, — could champagne be fetched? Mother Boileau condescended to fetch some. We drank, I got communicative, and began to tell Camille. She cut me short, wanted to know nothing, we had been in a baudy house to. gether, it was enough. What was I going to do? the girl would no longer work, and she was going into other lodgings, I might take hers for Louise if I liked.

It gradually shaped itself to this: I was to take the lodgings, Camille to stay rent free, a servant to be got, but one particular friend only was ever to visit Camille there; Louise took Camille's bed-room, Camille Louise's, I had in fact the pleasure of keeping both. The next night I slept with Louise in Camille's bed, slept there several times, and one morning Camille said, “You have got the girl with child, I quite expected it.”

This annoyed me. I had been getting tired for some time, did not like the girl, who became so jealous of Camille, wanted so much admiration, that she quite fatigued me. She wanted to walk in the streets to be admired. I had given her more clothes, she got careless,

wanted to go to theatres, and I took her. The Argyle was just opened, and I took her there, she wanted me to go there often. I had seen one or two other women I lusted for, but above all wanted to go to France with Fred who had returned from India; so her being in the family way bothered me. I got it into my head, that it was a plant, and took her to my friend the doctor who said it was a fact.

Camille asked me to meet her in G. . d. n Sq.. e, for convenience I took her to the baudy house; she had got mighty particular, made me go in first, and came in afterwards with her veil down, — she always now wore a veil. She again asked me what I was going to do. She had got the girl, and was sorry for it, at length she said, “I am going to be married, go into business, and will take her with me, if you will help, or I will get her home again to France, if you will give her money.” I agreed to think of it.

We sat on a sofa. As I looked at her I began to feel a desire for her. “Let us have a kiss”, said I, for old acquaintance sake.” “No”, said she, “I am going to be married, am perhaps watched, am frightened of being here. I expect my friend back from abroad daily, he may have come back now. Madame Boileau knows him, I must be careful.”

But how can a woman resist a man who has had her often, who knows every crack and cranny of her body, has looked at her motte long enough to count every hair on it, a few rubs on her clitoris, and back she fell on the sofa. We were both dressed, but plunging up her, and grasping her ample rump, I was soon enjoying her; when thinking of Louise, and I suppose comparing her mentally, I said in the height of my pleasure, “Oh ! I like fucking you better than your sister after all”, or something to that effect.

“What?” said she with a start as her cunt clipped, and jerked my prick out. Cursing, and damning at my interruption I drove it up again, and consummated.

“What did you say about being like my sister?” said she as I still lay with my doodle up her, “what sister?” I replied she looked so like Louise, that she must be her sister. “But she is not, although she is like me.” Then the matter dropped, and she slopped her cunt clean. I used to like a woman whom I knew not to wash it, when I was going to fuck her again, Camille had humored me in this, and as my lust came on for my second poke, used to bring my amatory pastime by looking at the cunt with my pleasure signs on it. So Camille washing astonished me. “I am going to be married, and must”. said she.

We had more fucking before we left. She was all anxiety about Louise, for I would say nothing. “You will never see me here again”, said she, “nor have me again, and may do with Louise what you like, I shan't be here, you will throw her on the town”. Then she veiled closely, and made me go out first. I waited at the top of the street ten

minutes, out she came, veil down, and shot off in the direction of G. . d . n sq. .e like an arrow.

I now with perversity longed for Camille, instead of Louise, but never had her afterwards, never sent my tallow up her, although I tried once or twice.

I began going about elsewhere, sleeping with Louise at times; but she was always pestering me about being in the family way, which annoyed me; and wanted such a lot of ballocking, that that annoyed me also. My cousin Fred wanted me to go to Paris with him, Louise said I was going to forsake her. One night after dining with her, coming out we met my cousin Fred, no-thing put him off, and he would walk with us. The next day he said in his old unchaste way, which some years in India had not improved, “So that is the woman your mother says she fears has got hold of you.” It was the first time I had heard, that my mother had any such suspicion, for although she had spoken to me about my wildness, she had never referred to a woman; but she had told my aunt, who told my cousin my mother was awfully astonished. For that six years I had shagged all our servants under her very nose, yet she had not the faintest suspicion of it, my pranks now coming to her ears, shocked her extremely. I told Fred, that I had had Louise's first, to which he re-plied, that he should like to rattle his stones against her arse. “Is she a good fuck? where does she live?” I did not mean his stones to knock against her arse as long as mine did, I replied, “Oh ! you are fond of her then?” “No”, but I preferred her to myself. “Lord, what does it matter?” said he, “white women are scarce in India, there was one that all in my regiment were fond of, there was not an officer who did not stroke her, none of us minded; we say “the more a cunt's buttered, the better it grinds.” I did not see it in that light, so with the remark from him, that she was a damned fine piece, we parted.

Two or three days afterwards he spoke of her again, said he knew where she lived, so I thought he was hunting after her which annoyed me; not seeing that if he had got into her, I could have left her with good excuse.

I had tried to learn from Louise if she knew where Camille went all day, but could learn nothing, one night in bed with her however, whilst handling each other's privates, and under the sympathy generated by the rub of my fingers on her clitoris; she on my solemn promise of secrecy, told me that an old friend of Camille's had opened a glove and lace shop in 0.f .. d street. I saw a small shop, there was a French-man in it whose face I seemed to know. I waited near it one night, and saw Camille leave the shop closely veiled, and take the best way towards G..d.n sq. .e. Madame Boileau was like an oyster I could get nothing out of her, although she took my money. I was sure that

Camille went to the shop daily, or nearly so, and as no man came to the house, suppose she got her cunt plugged in the shop parlour.

Afterwards Fred talked so much about Louise, that I said I kept her. “There are two there, do you keep both?” “Yes.” “Then you are a fool, you can't be sure of one woman's cunt if you are not with her always, but two together are sure to make a couple of whores,—no wonder your tin goes so fast.”

Meanwhile I went out with him of a night, and we had different women. One night three of us went to a cigar-shop kept by two women just by ****, it was not an unusual thing then for two to have a cigar-shop, with a big sofa in a back parlour, one keeping shop whilst the other fucked. From talking we got to business without intending it. Fred began joking the girls, we went into the back parlour, and had wine, one asked my cousin if he did not want to lie down and rest himself. He said “yes”, but wanted warmth to his belly when he rested. “You may have my belly to warm you”, said she. “What here?” “Oh ! they can wait”, said the girl, “and your quiet friend can find his tongue with my sister” (the other girl). I had not spoken, being at times timid at first with a woman, and especially a gay one.

We said jokingly, that we had no money. “I will take you all for a sovereign”, said she, “and the one who I say is the best poke shall give me another half-sovereign.” It was agreed, we tossed up for the order of the fucking, two went outside while the other had his pleasure. My turn came last, the excitement in thinking of what was going on made me in such a state, that I was no sooner up her than I spent; when I went out the other girl said. “You have been in a hurry.” My cousin was pronounced the best fucker. Whilst the strumming was going on in the parlour, people bought cigars, and tobacco—for it was really sold there, — little did they guess the fun going on behind that rod curtain of the shop-parlour.

A night or so after I slept with Louise, I felt uneasy in the tip of my prick, and saw unmistakably that it was the clap. It was not Louise's gift, for great was her surprise when I saw her twice afterwards, and never attempted to have her. She was annoyed, and said she supposed I had another friend, and put herself in such luscious attitudes, that I got a cock-stand, and could scarcely resist putting it up her, but saying I was ill went away. Fred said he should go to Paris without me, I was to join him in a fortnight. What with being indifferent to Louise, annoyed with her randiness, her vulgarity, and temper, being in fact tired of her and the expense, and now having the clap, I determined to break off; so wrote to Camille to meet me.

I told her I had the clap. “I thought there was something wrong”,

said she, “but Louise I can swear has never had any other man than you, take her to any doctor you like.” Then she told me, that in three weeks she meant to leave England, and Louise must do the best she could, she had taken means to bring on the girl's courses, would I send her back to France, or must she go gay in London.

I could not bear the idea of the girl being gay, so agreed to give her money to take her abroad with her, and she accepted. By her advice I wrote to Louise, said I had the clap, and feared I had given it to her, that she would not forgive me I was sure, and so never meant to see her again.

I sent a cheque to Louise, it passed through my bankers, and suppose the girl had it. Then went to Paris, my illness kept to me, so returned to London, got a little better, longed for Louise, stood opposite the house one night, nearly crossed over to have her, but resisted, and seeing a nice woman in Regent street went home with her. I was so impatient, that I pushed her to the side of the bed directly I was in the room, felt for her cunt, and spent in her in a minute, she had not taken her bonnet off. My spending hurt me, my doctor had told me I could go with a woman without fear of injuring her, but that for my own sake I had better abstain. She got up, and took off her bonnet, to see if lying down had hurt it. “I'll have you again”, said I. “Let me wash, you've spent such a lot, it's all running down my thighs.” Again I fucked her; and next morning my ailment came back. My doctor said it served me right.

Shortly after “lodgings to let” was posted up in Camille's windows, on calling, Madame Boileau came to the door. The two women had left, the shop in Oxford street was shut up, and I never heard of the women afterwards.

I am astonished now, that I was wheedled out of so much money for a French virgin. How I could have done much that I did makes me now laugh, I must have been very green, and Camille very cunning; but I was also rich, and generous, which accounts for much. I see now how largely I was humbugged, but cannot explain or reason about it. I am telling facts as they occurred, as far as I recollect them, it is all I can do. Certainly I had a splendid full-grown virgin for my money, the toughest virginity I yet have taken, a regular cock-bender, and had an uninterrupted honey-moon. Camille was a most superior harlot, genteel, clever, and voluptuous, such as are not usually found; with her and her findings I had a year's enjoyment, leaving me lav, blaze, and a half-cured clap. What with women, horses, carriages, cards, dinners, and other items, I was a few thousands poorer than at the beginning of my acquaintance with Camille.

It's my fate to have sisters, — how curious !—and thrice to have had the clap, and yet not three-andtwenty, — how hard!

I was very much used up, and needed rest for body and mind; never had I been so much so before. Up to the time of getting my fortune want of money curbed my lascivious tastes, and although I had servant after servant in my mother's house, the difficulties of getting them, gave me frequent rests, and prevented me generally from exhausting myself; perhaps I got just enough fucking to keep me in health. The year's rioting with Camille and her troupe, would have tried a strong man; I never counted them, but think, that in that year I must have poked something like sixty, or seventy different women, I poked everyone of Camille's acquaintances, I am sure, — so it was time I had a rest.

Chapter IV

Enforced chastity. • A sticture. • Health restored. Mrs. Pender. • A peep from a hay-stack. • In a cow-house. • Stable and barn. • Mother's satisfaction.

My clap brought on a stricture, obliging me to have a bougie passed every other day to stretch the pipe often, and causing me to piss clots of gruelly blood, about an hour afterwards. I dared not fuck, but once frigged, and it brought on the inflammatory stage again. At length I got better, but with a gleet which wetted the tail of my shirt through daily; doctors advised me to get a change of air, I went to my aunt's place in H. .tf .. dshire where I took cold baths, and did all I could to get myself well, — I was forbidden to touch a woman until permitted by the doctor.

Touch women I did not, think of them I did eternally, and deplored the time that I was wasting. I used to look at my female cousins, and long for them; my aunt whose flabby, brown-haired, thick-lipped furrow I glanced at in my boyhood I used to think about and should not have hesitated in getting a pleasure up it, had no other cunt been ready for me. I eyed the farm-women (coarse, strong, healthy bitches) with lust that made them look beauties in my longing eyes, I was boiling over with spunk, at the closet one day my turds were hard, and hurt me; the irritation affected my ballocks, my prick stiffened rigidly, I could not piss for it, the tip looked dry, as if gleet had ceased, I merely touched the top (not frigged), and out shot my sperm as I sat on the privy seat. What a relief ! but what a loss of pleasure not to have injected into some dear little cunt nicked in some smooth white bum! My prick seemed quite well, and I wanted to go into the fields to get hold of some girl doing field-work, or any woman, old or young, who had a cunt available; so I went to town to see my medical man about it. He pointed out to me how needful it was to restrain myself, I followed his advice, in two weeks was much better, and had determined to go to town to see him again about it, when I got well without him.

Some years before I had seen a farm-girl whose name was Pender, a fine lass with a merry face, and lightish brown hair; she must then I suppose have been about seventeen years old. From ogling and laughing, I got to kissing, with that she was pleased enough, and often I think put herself in my way to get it; a pinch on the bum she did not resent. Thinking all safe, I one day poked her near to her notch, and she only saying, “Adun now sir, do”, my hand went up her petticoats, I struggled with her, and we both fell on the grass near a barn, when my fingers touched her cunt. She set up a yell, my fingers were

stained with her monthlies (not the only time that has occured in my life), she sat for a minute crying, then walked away, leaving me in fear lest she should tell my aunt. She never did, but avoided me, and would not look me in the face. When older, I only thought of her when there, or when my memory ran back on the quims I had touched in my then short career.

Having now nothing to do, but to read, and idle about, I was wandering in the farm, fields, stable, cow- houses, everywhere, and soon knew all the faces on the estate. Among them was Pender, still so named, she having then been married about a year to a man bearing her own maiden name, and was then about twenty-three years old; a tall, strapping woman, with a bum as big as a washing-tub; brown she was from working in the sun, but fucking regularly as I supposed had cleared her complexion, she was a good, comely country-woman. Our eyes met, both at the instant thought of the day when I got my fingers red up her petticoats; she curtsied, and blushed, I laughed with a baudy look I expect, and said, “Well you still here.”

I spoke to her again on other days, her husband worked on the farm, and she was dairy-woman. When-ever I saw her my prick stood, and I avoided her, for fear of an erection increasing my gleet.

There was hay-making, — lolling about with a book I went to look on, it was at one or two fields off from a large rick-yard which was near to the farm buildings. There was a half-made hay-stack with a ladder against it, up which without any object I went idly, and laying down went on reading. It became cloudy, the head-man calling out said, “We'll have rain, cut off all on yer, and get the hay up into cocks, yes you, — you, — yes you too” (I did not know who he was talking to.) Men and women crossed the rick-yard, and went off in the distance, Pender was one, and was well ahead, when he called out, “You had better get the dairy-work done though.” She turned, and coming slowly back stood still a moment, then comfortably squatted, and pissed.

I laying half buried in the hay was not visible to her, but seeing her piddling, raised myself, and looked. As she finished she gave her clothes that usual hitch against her cunt, looked up, and saw me, turned round quickly, went away from the yard, and then as if she had forgotten, turned round with her head hanging down, and came through the rick-yard. I slipped from the stack, and met her at the foot of it, — we were surrounded with stacks.

Her face was red. “A comfortable piddle you had”, said I stopping her. “Adun sir”, said she. “A kiss, for old acquaintance”, snatching one. “I am married”, said she. “Don't care, so much the merrier, it's not so wet as it was, when I felt it some years ago?” “Oh ! lawk don't, I'm married.”

We had moved a little, were by the hay-sack then making, a heap of hay had fallen as they had lifted it from cart to the stack. I closed with her, kissing and hugging, gave her a push, and we both tumbled into a sitting position together on the heap, she half laughing, half resisting; then kissing her, suggesting pleasure, pulling out my prick, seeing a thick pair of legs in dark stockings, big thighs, a belly, some brown hair at the bottom of it, I felt cool flesh, a wet warm split, and was on her, up her, and spent in her.

I came to myself with a tingling aching sensation inside my prick, the stiffness, and spending had hurt the urethra which had been split by the bougie. I had a notion that blood must be coming, and still stiff pulled it out of her; the little lingering sperm on the tip looked all right, she had not spent, for I don't think I could have shoved more than once before I had emitted my semen. I threw myself on her to put into her again, but she baulked me. “Oh ! now for God's sake if my husband caught us there would be murder”, but I was burning with want, it was more than two months since I had clutched a woman's back-side, and spent up a cunt. Furiously I pulled her back, rolled over her, and fingered her; she rose spite of me, and went off. “Pray don't come with me, we may be seen, I wouldn't for the world we were seen coming out the rick-yard together.”

A minute's reflection made me wiser. I got upon the hay-rick again, saw men and women in the hay-field a long distance off, I called out names of one or two I knew, — no one answered, went into the farm-yard, hollowed there, no one answered, thence went into the cow-house,—there was she milking.

I stood by the cows, pulled my prick out, begged her to let me do it again, talked all the baudiness I could, reminded her of when first I wetted my fingers in her red-stained cunt, lifted up the cow's tail, swore if she did not let me I would put my prick up the cow. It was funny to see a woman whose cunt was full of sperm pulling vigorously at a cow's teats, whilst a man with his prick exposed was holding up a cow's tail, showing its cacked arse, and not too clean cunt. What absurdity will not a lewd man do?

“I must get this done, I am frightened, we shall be seen, we shall be caught”, said she. I dropped on my knees, and as she went on milking, put my fingers up her petticoats, the slit was wet with my leavings. I pulled her face towards me to kiss, whilst she kept tugging at the cow's teats.

When the cow was dry she took the pail across the yard to the dairy, emptied it, and came back, looking in all directions, called out some name, but all were at the hay-making, heavy drops of rain were falling. “Come to the stable”, said I, and laying hold of her pulled her in that direction.

I partly coaxed, partly pulled her, she looked uneasily round the farm-yard, and we entered the cow-shed. At one end of it was a cart-horse stable, close to that a large barn. With arm round her I led her towards the barn, there was straw and hay there; but in the stable in the first empty stall was a heap of fresh straw. I pushed her down on to it, the next instant I was fucking her, and what a fuck ! I shall recollect it to the last day of my life, it was delicious. It was two months since I had had a woman; here was a stout, fat-arsed, hard-fleshed, healthy country woman; rough, dirty with work, but whose thighs were white, and whose cunt was a clipper, who was randy, had every capability of giving a man delight. No highly fed woman clad in silks and satins, could have ministered to me as she did, as replying to my thrusts her cunt sucked my prick up her, and we spent together.

I raised myself up without uncunting; the straw rustling and crushing under us, too excited to lay still, after I had spent. She lay in quiet enjoyment, till putting down one hand to feel round our bellies, I roused her, then she wriggled, and out slipped my cock. “I must get up, for God's sake let me.”

We got up. I don't suppose that more than twenty minutes had passed between my first, and my second poke, still my prick remained stiff. She went quickly to the cow-shed, put down the milking-stool, sat down and began again tugging at a cow's teats, I again standing by her side with my privates hanging outside my trowsers.

I wanted to see her limbs, to feel her breasts. The idea of her cunt squeezing out its moisture on to her chemise as she sat on the stool, the desire to see every part of her, that irresistible want to see all, feel all, and satisfy every sense which springs up in the mind of a man when a woman has satisfied his voluptuousness for the first time overcame me. She tugged at the teats. “Oh ! go, pray do, — I won't, — you shant, — ye've done me over. — oh ! if you are seen here what will be said? — don't now get a poor woman into trouble, the milking must be done, if it's not what shall I say?” and tug, tug, went both hands milking.

Said I, No one would come back until they had raked up the hay out of harm from the rain. She knew better. “Yes they will if they are kept late, some one will go to the Hall for beer, and they come back through the rick-yard for cans; go away for God's sake.” I went back to the rick-yard, and saw a man coming as she had said, did not know which way to make off, but the hay-stacks helped me, and I dodged up to the Hall; it was about three minutes only from the farm-yard, and led to it by a lovely shady walk.

Female servants only were in the house, even my aunt and cousins had gone to the hay-meadow; soon a man emerged from the Hall with two huge cans in his hands : it was Pender's husband. He

went off with them filled I suppose. I walked across the lawn and pleasure-gardens which the fields surrounded, saw him in the distance, then made my way to the cow-house again. “He's gone.” “I have been so frightened”, said she, — but did not say it was her husband. She was still at the cows teats.

I would not be repulsed, nearly upset a pail of milk, and swore I would have her again. She refused, prayed me, then promised she would, if I would let her take the milk into the dairy. Permitting it, she stayed a few minutes, then out she came, looked all round, again called out a name before entering the stable. The next minute we were on the straw, my hand between her thighs. “You have washed your cunt”, said I. “I did it in the dairy”, said she.

I had a grope, tickled her clitoris, got my mouth on to her belly, my lips outside her cunt, we fucked, and again she went to her cow's teats. All this was in broad day-light, although evening was coming on.

She finished milking. “I ought to go to the hay”, said she; but I would not let her, held her back, and swore if she went I would follow her. “What have I done?” said she, “I must be mad.” Then she took as was her custom, milk up to the Hall, I awaited her return, looking at my cock from which to my delight, all signs of gleet had gone.

For some time I had had mostly gay women, this was a return to old times. It was pleasant to have a fuck on the sly, with a woman who showed real pleasure, who shivered with delight, and grasped me like a vice. Besides there was the stinging element of adultery. I laughed to myself at the idea of her husband's prick going up where I had been three times; my prick began to stiffen, and then droop, then rise again. I felt sure that, at the feel of her quim I should be all right. “If I can once get it up her, once feel her cunt-lips closing round it, get a good clip round her buttocks, I am sure I can fuck her again before they come back from the hay-field”, thought I gently frigging my cock, and looking through a crack in the door.

She came back. I went at her in the cow-house; the only immediate fear now was that a servant might come from the Hall. To make the story short, I got her into the barn, where the light was less; and she let me do more as I liked. I had a look at a thick brown-haired motte, a belly, and a pair of white round thighs a duchess might have been proud of, I kissed her cunt, and fumbling about from her navel to her arse-hole, fucking her with a long lingering fuck which left us both silent, and enervated. My cock lingered up her as I lay quiet, squeezing my belly up to hers, my lips still against her rosy mouth, and said, “You will have a boy this day nine months.”

And she did have a boy that day nine months. A second time that prophecy had come true alas!

With a kiss we parted; men were returning from the fields. I got to the Hall. At dinner my aunt said, “Walter you should have given us help, all should help hay-making, when rain comes on; but you are too lazy; what have you been doing?” “Dear aunt, I have been reading steadily ever since.” Said she, “How fond of reading you are for a young man of your age; how you can like to be so much alone, as you have been lately I cannot imagine, it would be better if you took more exercise.” She did not know the condition my cock had been in. And my mother was delighted at my being in the country, thinking I was getting steadier, and away from bad company.

Chapter V

Aunt at the dairy. • Morning amusements with Pender. • Female hay-makers. • Mrs. Whiteteeth. • An exhibition of cock. • Against a field-gate. • A night on the grass. • A sight from the barn-loft. • Robert the page. • Molly.

I could scarcely sleep that night. Pender seemed to me the most delicious woman I had ever poked. What if excitement had brought back the clap! what if I had clapped her! I had never after the clap had a woman until the doctor said I might. When I awakened, to my joy my prick was as dry as a bone; a woman was what I had wanted to complete my cure. The next minute my prick was stiff as I thought of Pender's charms.

It was a lovely morning, every available hand in house and farm was sent off to scatter the hay which on the previous night had been heaped up, Mrs. Pender excepted, whose dairy duty kept her at the farm. I caught her in the cow-house to her astonishment, for k could not have been more than six A.M. To rush up to her, and kiss her was instantaneous. She repulsed my wandering hands. “Oh I sir, don't now, — no never, never again (married women always say that), Missus will be coming, no never, — I'm a married woman, — now pray, — you shant.” I got her back up against a wall, my hand on her fringe, my mouth pressed to hers; how was it possible to resist? At ten paces was the stable, and the friendly hay. What a ballocking I gave her, with the summer sun shining through a window on to us, as we lay together in the early morning.

She sat down to milking with her cunt full of me. “They be all up at the hay”, said she, “but Missus comes every fine morning to the dairy (that was true), she won't be here for an hour; but if she were, what would I do? my husband will be back, he'll take break-fast to the fields, to save time, in chance of wet again coming on. Oh ! do go.” There was certainly all those chances. Off I went across the rick-yard, round the belt of trees which skirted the house and gardens, so that I seemed to enter from the opposite side to that where Pender sat milking.

“Is my aunt up?” “No sir, she won't be down till seven o'clock when she goes to the dairy.” I took a book, sat down till the servant disappeared, then running by the path soon to be described, was in two minutes in the farm-yard. Pender was in the dairy, resistance was vain, and with her back up against the dairy wall we fucked. I cut back to the house, and sat outside reading. Soon after aunt appeared.

Said she, “What is the matter, that you are up so early?” (I usually was asleep at that hour.) “I could not sleep, dear aunt.” “It

would do you good if you always got up early, come with me to the dairy." In five minutes aunt and I were there. Lord, how Pender looked when she saw us together !

Aunt took pleasure in her farm. Every morning if well she walked down to it, saw how many eggs had been laid, and if butter-making, etc., went on rightly. Pender attended, whilst aunt with spectacles on was looking at the cream-pans, and asking questions, I looking as if deeply interested in the matter, was pinching Pender's bum as she stood besides my aunt. "How hot you are Pender", said my aunt looking at the woman. "It is hot ma'am", she replied, perspiration streaming down her face. How very uncomfortable she looked.

At breakfast aunt said, "What do you think Walter has been to the dairy with me." "Lor'!" said my lady cousins, "that is wonderful; he to get up so early !" "Have you had that dairy-maid long, aunt?" "Why don't you recollect she was housemaid here once?" "No." Then aunt told the history, which till then I did not know.

At the time of my unsuccessful attempt at a feel, she was engaged to a young man; they quarrelled, he left the village to go for a soldier, came back; again a quarrel, and again off he went. After a time he wrote to say, he meant to marry another girl. Pender was in great grief. Just then a head-man on the estate, about fifty-five years old, offered her marriage, and in a reckless state of mind, she accepted him. Directly afterwards her sweetheart came back, his statement was a false-hood, told to try her. It was too late, and he went to America. "She is a very nice, steady woman", said aunt, "they lead a quiet life, but I don't think she is very happy, twenty-three and fifty-five are not a good match."

Food was sent to some of the farm-laborers at a meadow half-a-mile off. I had the pleasure of seeing my cousins, aunt, and two of the female servants in big straw hats, go off to the field. They thought hay-making good fun. I promised to join them, and directly they were out of sight cut off to Pender, dodged all round the rick-yard to see if I was alone, and found her tranquilly churning butter. The stable still ap- appeared the best place. Thither we went, and for the first time quietly, so to speak, I saw the article, and all its surroundings, which had given me several pleasures; and after fucking her I went to join my aunt, as I had promised her.

I had soon enough of hay-making myself, so laid down in the shade watching the hay-makers (nearly all women). As they moved along in rows, lewd thoughts occupied my mind. One biggish woman attracted my notice by her magnificent white teeth; looking at her short petticoats, and thick legs, lewdness increased to a cock-stand. I stared so as she approached me, that she could not fail to notice it. "It's hot", said I. "It be sir." She stooped with her bum towards me,

and lying down as I was, I saw nearly to her knees. “What would I give”, I thought, “to be close up to your bum-cheeks.” Dirty linen, dirty clothes, sweaty flesh, none of those objections occured to me. Then I moved farther up the field to get nearer, for working along the ridges, they had got away from my resting place, and again laid down reading a news-paper. I covered my lap with it, feeling my prick beneath it, then I pulled my prick out (what risk!), and just as she heading the file of women came towards me, and began turning round; I again spoke to her. She stopped, the others went on; I lifted the newspaper; there stood my prick, red-tipped as a berry. She looked at it, at me, and putting one hand up to her mouth as if to stop her laughter, turned and followed on the others with her work. Soon returning she was again facing me, I saw her white teeth as she smiled, and her eyes fixed on me; the other women turned round, she stopped for a moment, off went the news- paper, and she gazed at my doodle for a second or two again. She was further off then, and I saw her speaking to the woman just in front of her, who looked round; I thought she had told, and in a funk left the hay-field.

In the afternoon in the farm-yard, there were people about, and no chance of having Pender. My desire to have her was intense. After dinner I went to the farm, Pender had gone home, so I strolled into the lane which the farm-buildings abutted on.

Between the Hall and farm-yard was a shrubbery path; laurels, hollies and evergreens nearly met over head. It joined a belt of walk and plantation which skirted the lawns, gardens and a small paddock, and hid the farm-yard from the house. It took two or three minutes to walk from the farm to the house. The farm-yard on the other side opened on to a lovely village lane running between fields for a mile or so; on one side the land belonged to my aunt, the other to another proprietor. No one scarcely went along it but farm people. At one end were the two cottages in which I had fucked the two sisters years before; lower down past the farm-gates, were one or two other cottages in which lived farm-labourers, and in one of them the Pender's. The lane then joined the high-road, which led by a half-a-mile to the front of my aunt's house, and to the village. The farm-gates were always closed at dark. A great bell which when pulled set a dog barking was the way of getting in, after dark.

Leaving the wicket-gate ajar, I went down the lane, it was darkish, a fine summer night, but no moon. I knew where Pender lived, and by cunt attraction strolled in front of the cottage, though fearing to be seen.

As I left the farm-gate, female hay-makers who had worked till dark, passed, curtsying as they recognized me. I thought of Whiteteeth but saw her not. Turning back from Penders after I had strolled past

the cottage, I went up the lane languishing with lust, and leaned against a field-gate. I heard a step, — it was the woman with white teeth.

"Good night." "Good night sir." "Come here." She stopped, came close, I laid hold of her arm, and drew her close to the gate. "Come into the field with me, I will give you five shillings."

A slight chuckle, the white teeth show. "I dare not." But as she spoke I had got her back up against the gate, and my hand on her grummit.

"My old man will be waiting me, — I can't." Lifting her clothes I tried to impale her as she stood. "No, no, — some one will pass", said she in a whisper. I put my hand on the latch, the gate opened, and we were in the field; the gate closed with a snap. I led her along by a ditch to a turn in the hedge; she made no resistance, in a minute we were buried in deep grass, my doodle buried in her cunt, we had spoken in whispers, all was silent excepting the insects which chirped in the hot summer's night.

How delightful these chance pokes are; there was my prick which had not been washed since it had left Pender's cunt, now wetting to its roots in the cunt of an unknown woman, — and I'd only just recovered from a clap. Not a word had we spoken from the moment we entered the field. We copulated in quietness. My prick did not uncunt, but I moved my arse out- wards, when with tightening grasps, a heave up, and a tightening of her cunt, she whispered, "Go on doing it."

I could see the white teeth, but indistinctly, there was just sufficient light to see outlines, and anything white, but no colour. "I don't think I can, I have been doing it all day", I said.

"You've had one of the other women", said she in a whisper, "if I'd knowed it, you should not have had me", and with a jerk she uncunted me.

"No," said I, "it's a joke." She raised herself slightly to look me in the face, but it was too dark. "I thought not", said she; then she caught hold of my prick, fell on her back again, I saw indistinctly a broad expanse of thigh and belly. "Let's feel, — let's look." Wide open were her legs in a minute, I felt a great, cool belly, strong, thick crisp hair, my fingers moved easily up the buttered love-trap, I could not see the opening.

"Hush !" said she, "there is a footstep." Quiet on the grass we lay; tramp, tramp it came, past, and died away. "I wonder who it be", said she.

She had kept hold of my prick, and soon our bellies met. When done she hurried me not out of her, seemed to like my indulgence, till she whispered, "I must go, keep here till you can't hear my footsteps before you come out, we be near the yard, and if I be seen I don't

know what they will say."

"My old man's at the "Lion", but I'll go straight home." "Perhaps he'll have gone home." "Not he,-they allus sticks at the Public late, when they works late." And with her cunt reeking, off she went.

I followed, intending to walk round to the front of the Hall. Passing Pender's house, to my astonishment she was standing at the door. I went up to her. "Oh !" said she, "Fender will be home, I expect him every minute." She could hear his footsteps a mile off, but she would not let me into the house.

Opposite to Pender's was also a field-gate, I persuaded her to come out and stand there with me; the hedge hid anyone coming along the lane. "At the first sound of a footstep", said I, "I will go into the field, and you can cross to your house." I was longing for the woman, but scarcely thought I could do it after my day's fucking. The idea of putting my prick still wet with Whiteteeth's juices, into Pender's quim, stimulated me; my cock stood (in those days if it stood it was sure of doing duty). I closed up to her whispering love, and frigging her, she gradually getting be-sides herself with pleasure. At length up went my prick into her, and after a quarter of an hour's lamming, finished.

Meeting her husband in the lane might have cause suspicion, so into the field I went, intending to wait till he passed, laid down, fell asleep, awaking when it was broad daylight. I then waited two hours, walked round to the Hall, waited in the front till the door was opened, then went up to my room, and to bed. The servant saw me go in, and I imagine thought I had been out in the grounds without her knowing it, — certainly it never was known that I had been out all night.

I went to bed to rumple it, then down to breakfast, all the time thinking of some lie as an excuse for being out all night. "You were tired, and went to bed early I expect", said aunt. "Yes," said I. My limbs were aching from exposure to night-air, as I spoke.

Three days had made a great change in me. My prolonged abstinence from women, and now my recovery, my taking more to animal food, wine, and my usual mode of living, the quiet life I was leading, all my physical forces at their highest. My cock stood from morning till night, not a woman passed me, young or old, without my desiring them. I thought of nothing else, and to this perhaps is due the variety of poking I got. Luck usually falls to those who look out for it.

I have said there was a shrubbery round the grounds connecting with that from the Hall to the farm; quite on the other side of the Hall were the stables, and the gardener's house. None of the stablemen or gardeners were on the farm-side. The servants of the Hall slipped down to the farm to gossip, but it was not allowed. The only person who regularly traversed the shrubbery was Mrs. Pender, who twice a

day took milk, and dairy produce to the Hall.

Half-way down this shrubbery-path was a path connecting with that which went quite round the grounds. Cunningly contrived, and leading out of it was one to a large privy, usual in such grounds as my aunt's. A large octagonal house covered with ivy, with a door and two glass windows, a house devoted to shitting, but large enough to hold a dozen people.

One or two days after I had had Whiteteeth and Pender, I dodged about after the latter, but there were people about. I went off to the hay-making, but there were only men carting hay; so I went sniffing about the servants in the house, but nothing came of that. In the afternoon I went to the farm-yard, and prowled about to find some chance, and place to get Pender, and went up into the big loft in the barn over the cart-shed. Why I went up there I don't know, and had not been there a minute before I heard a scuffle, and a kiss. “I shant, now—you saucy boy”, said a female voice. Another kiss, and a scuffle. “I must go to the house”, said the female. I peeped: it was a nursemaid, and my aunt's page. The girl ran off, leaving the page. They did not see me.

My aunt's male in-door servants consisted but of a middle-aged butler who had been in her service many years, a slow, solemn man, a widower, and a page taken on when small, who had recently grown rapidly, and was a heavy, stupid, gawky lad, between fifteen and sixteen years old, too big for his place. My aunt, although always intending to dismiss him, kept him on out of kindness, but at length had said, “Page must go, I shall not give him a new suit, it will be waste of money.” He looked stupid as an owl, and as if an idea about cunt would never have entered his mind.

This boy stood still reflecting, then unbuttoned his trowsers, pulled out a stiff, big prick, and after pulling the prepuce down once or twice, buttoned it up again; stood still, again unbuttoned, sat down on some straw, reflected, and then frigged himself. After wiping his fingers on the straw he went off, leaving me wondering at his lust, the size of his doodle, and the quantity of spunk he shot. “That lumpish boy to do that!” forgetting what I did, when only a little older than him.

“Hullo! what are you doing here?” said a voice. — it was Pender's. He made no reply. “You'd better be off to the Hall, you've no business here.” “I was fetching the nurse-maid.” “Well she's no business here; you cut, they will be ringing for you.” When the voices ceased I descended, and went to the Hall.

The head farm-man had recently died, he, his wife and daughter, had lived in the cottage in the farm-yard. Pender's husband had taken his place, but still lived in his cottage in the lane. The woman whose

husband had died attended to things in general, the daughter assisted in the dairy, and worked very often up at the Hall. A pretty girl of a common, rustic style of beauty, and about sixteen years old; she used to curtsy to me when she met me, but I had never cast my eyes at her. As I skulked out through the rick-yard into the shrubbery-walk leading to the Hall I met her, stopped, and had a chat, a joke, and finished by a kiss, which she took in very bad part, and wiped away with her hand, as if I was quite disgusting. She was an only child, her name Molly.

Chapter VI

Joey and nursemaid. • The privy in the laui-el-walk. • Scared. • Whiteteeth in the ditch. • The nurse-maid's bed-room. • Robert amusing her. • A lost virginity. • Aunt and Joey. • Nearly caught. • Amatory instructions to nursemaid.

Lusting worse after the kiss, I went to the house. My cousins were out, my aunt taking her afternoon's nap. I rang my bed-room bell for something, simply to get a woman near me, in the shape of a housemaid who was as ugly as sin. I pulled out my cock when she left, and thought of imitating the page, but did not; from my window saw the nursemaid was out with the child, and strolled out to meet her. I must mention that the child (about four years old), was a married cousin's child who had gone to India with her husband; leaving the infant in charge of her mother, my aunt.

Nursemaid was a dry, plainish little woman whom I had scarcely noticed until the previous three days. I talked to the infant, and played with him, asked her if she would like a child, if she would let me be the father, and got a chaffing reply. Suddenly it struck me from the scuffle I had heard in the barn, that she and the page were very intimate, and said as a random shot, “You would not mind Robert cuddling you, would you now?” She coloured up, looked confused, then said, as if she did not recollect, “Robert? — who is Robert?” “Fat Robert the page.” “Pough.” said she, “that big boy!” She took up the child, and walked off, —not to the house, but a long way away from it. After a time I followed her; she entered a grotto, or very large summer-house which formed part of an artificial ruin in the grounds, and which was the scene of an amusing adventure with this very child some years later on in my life. There she sat down.

I saw what a good blind the child was, so went into the grotto to talk to him. He was sitting in her lap. in a minute said he, “I want to pee-wee.” “Hush!” said she, “I will take you for a walk.” “I will pee-wee”, said he, scuffling down from her lap, running outside the summer-house; turning round, lifting his petticoats, and pissing in front of us.

“You naughty boy”, said she. “What a little cock he has”, said I. She snatched up the child, went to-wards the house, and there was an end for the time of my talk with her.

I dodged from hay-field to farm-yard, thence to the house, saw Pender, saw the young wench (Molly) I have named, looked out for Whiteteeth; it was all no go. I had dinner, then strolled down to the village, saw Whiteteeth outside the public with her husband. Back to the house, saw nursemaid, said in a whisper. “I shall come and sleep

with you to-night." "That you won't", said she, "Master Joe always sleeps in my room." Randy and weary I went to bed, after nearly spending in my trowsers as I looked at my cousins' white necks in the drawing-room, and thought to my-self, "I will go to *** (the market-town a few miles off to which I have before alluded), and have a woman to-morrow." During the hot night thought of cunt, cunt, cunt, would not frig myself, slept. Awakened again with a stiff one, frigged, and then got repose. The next morning I increased my acquaintance with the young wench Molly, chaffed the nursemaid, and besought her to let me sleep with her. Again went to the hay-field, but hay-making was finished, the weather dull, and further hay-making postponed till finer weather.

Keeping a sharp eye on page Robert, I soon saw he was spooning nursemaid; detected him kissing her, and putting his hand on her belly outside her clothes. She seeing me, gave him a violent slap on the head; when I chaffed her, turned up her nose again and said, "A boy like that indeed; I beg you won't talk like that to me sir."

She slept in a room which was pi operly entered from the servant's corridor, which connected with the best part of the house through folding doors. But a door had been made in the room from best part of the house, so that my aunt, who had had a large family could more easily see how the children when there, were being looked after. This door was just by a lobby which led to the W.C.; any one going there might seem to be either going towards the W.C., or towards the servants' staircase, the nursemaid's room there-fore could be entered from either door, and on two sides.

By the door on the servants' side was a house-maid's W.C. and the servants' staircase which led also to the attics, where some slept, and to a lobby with rooms mostly used for lumber, and where the page had been put to sleep, away from females, or anyone else. The butler slept in a little room adjoining the pantry and plate-room, on the ground-floor.

Several days passed, I did not get a gay woman, but hunted incessantly in hopes of getting Pender, or Whiteteeth, or the nursemaid. Young Molly I did not much think of; she seemed too young, so chaste, so looked after, that I had no expectation, but do not recollect what my views about her exactly were. Then I did not care about young ones. A full-grown woman, large-arsed, with a full-sized and fully-haired cunt was my greatest delight; above all I liked room inside it for my cock to swell out, a tight cunt had no delights to me.

After a few days my luck came as it mostly has. I went again with my aunt to the dairy. Whilst she was talking to Pender a notion occurred to me. I did not go into breakfast, but waited in the turning leading out of the shrubbery between the Hall and farm-yard; and

hiding, saw Pender take up the milk; a few minutes later heard her returning, and stepped out. I had made up my mind to have her in the privy; have had women in similar places before and since, and daresay that other men have.

She gave a start. “Come here.” “No.” But I clutched her. “Oh! now pray, — if anyone comes?” “But there won't you know that, — come this way”, and I pulled her out of the main-walk. “Oh! don't, there's a dear gentleman, — hush! perhaps some one is near.” “VVhy they are all at breakfast.” “I don't know where my husband is.”

I had edged her down the path, and pushed her into the large privy. Pender was randy, that I see now. A woman in fear yields reluctantly, but she yields when she wants a man.

I locked the door and pressed her up against the wall. “Oh! I am so frightened”, said she, “later on I'll let you, — oh! if we should be found.” She was in a funk, but what can any woman do, who feels a man's warm prick outside her belly, and his hands fumbling at her clitoris? the sensuous touch goes through her likelightning. Soon we were both spending.

My head was on her shoulder, my prick oozing its last drop of sperm, when she clutched me violently with a stare of terror in her face. it scared me. “It is he, it's he!” she said in a screaming whisper, “oh! my God !” Tramp,—tramp, went a heavy male step in the shrubbery. “Oh! my God, I know his step!”

My prick flopped down, her petticoats dropped, but we stood close against the wall breathless. Tramp, — tramp, nearer, nearer it came, it passed the door, and died away in the distance. As he passed I peeped through the little red curtains over the window, and saw it was her husband's cap.

She sat down on the privy-seat, and buried her face in her hands. “My God”, said she, “What would have happened, if he had found me here? But what does he do up this path? he has no business here”, she added.

After a few seconds I went off in one direction, she as she told me, to her cottage, where she found her husband, and they had breakfast together; the good man not suspecting, that his wife's cunt was full of sperm. Such are the chances of me.

I went into breakfast. My aunt was annoyed at my being so late. A female cousin, —a pretty girl, — whom it was wished I should marry, poured out my tea. I thought, “Ah! my dear girl, if you knew where my prick has been a few minutes ago, it would astonish you.” I went through the farm-yard a little before mid-day into the lane, and passed Pender without speaking. I met Whiteteeth carrying a mug and other things in a basket in the lane. She smiled, I followed to the memorable gate, then stopped. “Come into the field,” said I. “I can't,

I'm taking my good man his dinner, some of the women may come this way." "I owe you five shillings, I'll make it ten shilling, — come." "I don't want your money." "Come for love then." "We must be quick", said she following me, and cautiously she looked round. We passed through the gates to the place where we had laid down before; now in broad day it seemed dangerously near the lane. There was a sinking in the surface a little further on where cows had trodden the ground down to get to a ditch; there she put down her dinner-basket. Throwing up her petticoats, I saw her cunt was dark-haired. We fucked rapidly, no fumbling, stink-fingering, or frigging. I gave her ten shillings. "Give it me in silver", said she, "if I change it in the village it will be known." I took it back, gave her all the silver I had, owing her some. She said she would meet me again in the evening, unless her husband was working in the same field with her; he was mowing then.

I had luncheon, and a cock-stand again, walked round the grounds, and saw the nursemaid with the child. A cunning little bitch she was, — I did not see that plainly then, — she was rolling on the lawn playing with the child, her clothes went up to her knees; it was carelessness, she believing herself alone with the boy. She had a thin pair of limbs in nice boots. I peeped out from the shrubs, expecting to see higher, but did not. The little boy again wanted to piddle, she pulled out his cock, and held it. Whilst so interestingly engaged I advanced, she put his clothes down. I walked by her side. "You like holding that?" said I. She turned away. "Let me sleep with you." "This is my bedfellow", said she laughing, and went towards the house, I in the opposite direction of course.

I waited in the lane in the evening. Whiteteeth came along with others, eyeing me with a smile, and there was no opportunity. It was lightish. I thought to get Pender in the privy again next morning. It was not probable that her husband would pass that way again at that time. I went to bed. In the middle of the night was obliged to go to the water-closet, and sitting there thought of the housemaid, recollected that my aunt had said she would have Joey, who was not well, sleep with her that night. "Why, she will be alone that nursemaid, she is a randy one", I thought; but was by no means sure I should succeed, having known others who would go a long way, but stop short at fucking. If she resisted and there was a row, I should be obliged to leave my aunt's. All this ran through my mind whilst sitting on the water-closet. Water-closets had not long been known, they were quite proud of having them in my aunt's house.

My cock rose up, as the girl's neat thin legs came before my eyes. Cock stiffer I went towards my bed-room, passed her door, heard her moving inside, and that settled me. Going to my room I put in the candle, and in my dressing-gown went softly back, turned the handle,

and pushed her door. It opened, and a sight met my astonished eyes.

She was lying on the bed, leaning on her elbow, in her chemise which was just above her knees, her legs partly up and open, her back turned partially from me as I entered. By the bed-side stood page Robert with his breeches opened, she was frigging, or feeling his great cock as she lay; the page's hand was between her knees, either on her cunt, or trying to get at it. They were in the enjoyment of mutual investigation. Whether it was going further I can't say. I believe she was frigging him, although she always denied that after-wards.

I had fairly entered the room before they (so engrossed were they with their pleasures) saw me; when with a shriek of , “Oh! my God I am ruined!—go (turning to the page), go out sir, or I will scream (to me), what's he here for? — what do you here sir?” Without a word the page turned and bolted, pulling up his trowsers which fell down to his arse as he shuffled out of the room. She turned on one side with-out attempting to hide her legs, or breast, and hid her face crying, “Oh! what shall I do? — what shall I do? —go sir go, — I don't know what he did here”, and other excited, incoherent phrases.

I do not recollect saying a word, but bolted the door by which the page had gone out, then that by which I had entered; the bolts of that had been shot, only they had not quite closed the door before locking. “Be quiet, don't be a fool, I'll fuck you, — let's be comfortable”, said I.

She refused. “Robert has fucked you.” “No he ain't.” “You were frigging him.” “No I wasn't, — oh! I don't know what you mean, or what you are saying.” In her fear, and agitation she had been betrayed into answering my assertions. “Oh! dear, — oh! dear !—but you won't tell, will you sir? — it will be worse for you if you do”, said she with a sort of threat, and altering her tone.

“I won't tell if you let me, — don't be a fool, — I will have you. If there is a row I will say I found you with Robert, and you and he will go out neck and crop. If they think badly of me I don't care; I shall leave, and in a few months they will overlook it; but you will have no character: you have been seen in the cart-shed with Robert.” She started at that. “It's a story”, said she, “who saw me?” and then she began to cry.

I pulled up my night-shirt, threw myself besides her, and pulled up her night-gown. My hand in an instant was on her cunt, her thin thighs closed to prevent me, but she was silent. “I will have you”, said I laying on her, and forcing open her knees with mine. Her resistance grew less. “I can't help myself”, said she, “you are a blackguard, all the women say you are, — don't, —oh! don't hurt me.” “Nonsense, you have had a prick up it before.” “No man has ever touched me.” “Let me feel then.” Her thighs slightly opened, I put a finger on it. “You have a very little cunt.” “Don't be rough”, said she. At length my

belly met hers, my hand was round her slender bum, my prick on the slit. I pushed, it did not enter as I expected, then I felt her cunt roughly, and made her cry out. “What a small cunt you have”, I said, and with a violent lunge pushed up it. She gave a suppressed gasp. “Oh! you hurt, oho.” I pushed home, fucked and finished triumphantly, for I had had her in spite of herself. We had spoken in whispers till she split, and then her cry was sharp, and loud.

I drew my prick out and myself upon my knees, to see how the cunt looked. She did not close her legs. By the light of the small candle I could see she has not much more hair on her cunt than a girl of sixteen years old. I laid by her side talking to her, then noticing my night-shirt said, “You are poorly.” “Nothing of the sort.” To put my fingers up to verify that, and look at them was the work of a moment. “Then I have made you bleed.” “You have hurt me very much, you brute.”

I did not like the girl nor her manner, didn't feel kind as I always do towards a woman I have had. “You little devil, to hear you talk one would think you had never had a man before.” “Think what you like, but I never have, — go away now.”

Her tight cunt, her freedom in permitting me to feel it, her sulky submission to all I wanted astonished me. I fucked her again, and found her cunt very tight still.

She was taciturn, and when I said, “I had better go.” “Go”, she replied, “I suppose we shall be kicked out, — what will Robert say?” We agreed that she was to tell Robert, that unless he held his tongue he would be kicked out without a character; that I was to tell him, that hearing conversation I had opened the door; that out of consideration for the poor girl would not tell my aunt; but that I should notice him, and if I found him misbehaving himself, would tell my aunt that he was not a proper person to be in the house. Then I went to my bed-room.

I slept but a short time, awakened with a cock-stand, and slipping on my dressing-gown sneaked without slippers to her room again; knocked gently, heard a sleepy voice say, “Yes ma'am”, and the door was opened. Spite of her opposition I got into bed with her, another fuck, she spent, and we both fell asleep. A violent push awakened me. A knock at the door. “My God it's Missus.” We were in the dark. Pulling my dressing-gown off the chair I slipped with it under the bed, forgetting the door thru which I might have escaped. “Let her in”, I whispered. Trembling she opened it. It was my aunt. “Here,” said she, “take Master Joey, he has kept me awake all night.” The nursemaid put him into the bed, my aunt standing by the side, her feet actually against my slippers. “What did you lock this door for?” said she, “have I not told you always to keep this door unlocked?” “I felt frightened”,

said the girl. Away my aunt went, the girl sunk on the chair. There was now a light. In a whisper from under the bed I said, “Play with the child.” She got into bed, took the boy in her arms, cuddled and talked to him, whilst I slipped out and regained my room. It was not day-light.

I had had three women the same day, had washed after neither, their lubrications had mixed with mine on my prick-stem and balls. A day or two following I had a stock of crabs; were they Pender's, or White-teeth's, or nursemaid's, or did I breed them? I had all three women afterwards, and never got the crabs again whilst at my aunt's. At the market-town I got a remedy, and was soon cured, but had to leave off fucking for a little while.

I had had the three women at a cost of five shillings; such luck never occurred to me before, or since.

I don't know when I have had such a jolly month's amusement as then followed, in getting first one, and then another of the women. All three met my wishes, but there were many difficulties, dodges, manoeuvres to get either of them. Nursemaid moving about with the child in all sorts of places, came in for the most cock. She was small-boned, skinny, and her face had the expression that people have when they have just taken medicine. Under other circumstances I should never have noticed her, but the extreme smallness of her cunt was a novelty. I thought at first she was a regular intriguer, but came to the conclusion that I had had the first of her; and that until then she had been a masturbatrix, and frigged her flesh off her bones. Rub her clitoris for a second, her eyes would open wide and roll with such intense voluptuousness that for a moment her face looked beautiful. I used to tell her, that she frigged herself thin.

I took you may be sure a great fancy to my little cousin Joey, for that gave me an opportunity of getting near the nurse. She was always out in the grounds with him in fine weather. I would throw the ball for the child to run after in the direction of the grotto, then walked round to see if any gardener was near, and tip her the wink. In we would go, and either against seat, or up against the wall, or more frequently laying her with back on the big rustic table, and her legs round my hips, I poked her. Once she laid the little child on the table, and played with him there, whilst I threw her clothes up behind, and fucked her dog-fashion. “Lay hold of his cock”, said I as bum-wagging indications told me she was coming, and she kissed his little cock rapturously till she spent. The little beggar! I wonder if in later years he recollected anything he saw. Years afterwards it was my fortune to see him fucking a servant in that very summer-house.

Whether the child was old enough, or not to notice what he saw, was a subject of talk with us. We came to the conclusion, that we were

safe. After luncheon, when my aunt took a nap, and my cousins went out driving (if I could avoid driving out with them, and what lies I told to do that), was my most fortunate time; for the servants were lazy after their dinner, and the garden excepting from gardeners, quite free.

The summer-house, called the grotto, was a big one, there were wide seats nearly all round, chairs, and a big table in the middle capable of dining a dozen people. I was once frigged in it by a young lady, and two different servants did I fuck in it. These adventures will be told in their place. There were several summer-houses about the grounds, and I had the nursemaid in most of them.

Once only I slept with her the whole night, or rather lay fucking her, we were frightened to sleep, for fear of being caught. Joey was away. She told me the page had been showing her his prick for nearly a year; and she let him come to her room that night just to see what he would do. “You were frigging him, were you not?” “I was feeling it about.” Then I told her I had seen him frig himself in the barn. “The servants at the Hall wonder at your being so much at the farm”, said she. “How the devil can they know that?” I thought to myself. It put me on my guard.

She swore no man had ever touched her before me. “You forced me, and made me bleed; I would not have let you, only I feared you would tell what you had seen, and I should lose my character.” She how-ever took now to fucking, and was insatiable in getting me up her; her little thin form clung to me in a wonderful way and she loved my penis to push to the utmost up her tight little cunt.

“So my Fanny's small?” she asked several times, “tell me about other women's; are they much larger than mine? I know I have very little hair on mine.” What nick talk we had.

She had been always nursemaid, had frigged her-self as long as she could recollect, had nursed a girl eight years old who frigged herself incessantly, she had to slap her, and tie her hands to prevent it. “Now tell me truly, did you ever frig any boy?” “Never”, but she had made their cocks stiff. She had frigged a girl, and been frigged in return. So much for nurse-maids. She said she was 27.

The morning after I first had her, I told Robert to come to the garden directly the breakfast was cleared away. He came. “I heard a noise last night as I was passing, opened the door, and caught you; I have a good mind to tell your mistress, but the nurse-maid has begged, and prayed me not; but if I hear you have ever mentioned this, or see you near her again, I will have you kicked out the next five minutes, and she too. — Be off.” Away he went, without a word. wonderful way and she loved my penis to push to the utmost up her tight little cunt.

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Chapter VII

Molly and Giles. • A country ale-house. • Pender's history. • How her virginity was taken. • Whiteteeth's ailment. • Molly in the loft. • Interrupted. Molly tailed.

I fucked Whiteteeth in the meadow one night again. We selected a field further off, which led to another bit of luck. She had left me, and I was stepping quietly, so that if met, no one might suppose we had been together; when I heard on the other side of a hedge, movements, and the voices of a male and female. They sat down within a few feet of where I was. I only heard imperfectly, and tell as well as I could gather what was said.

"I can't stay", said she, "mother will be after me, -she don't know I am out of the yard." A kiss, — many kisses, — a scuffle, — "be quiet", — then all was a mumble. Then "I won't, — I won't, — never again, — you shant." "Hush!" said he, "suppose some one is near." "Do let's feel it, -let's do it", said the male, "do it once, do it twice, it's all the same once done." I kept as quiet as death.

"No" (here something I could not catch), — "no, — it warn't no pleasure to me, — I've been crying ever since, — you won't marry me after all I dare say, though I let you do it." "So help me God I will, I'll marry you." He swore quite loudly. "Hish !" "Mother won't let us, she hates you." The female whimpered, then was mumbling, kissing, soothing, quietness, then all of a sudden, "Oh ! you're hurting me with your fingers." "Hish !—hish !-be quiet!" Then I could hear nothing;— then, "No, I'll be getting in a mess like Bess." Said the man half angrily, "She were a fool, she needn't a had a child; I knows a mother who can stop any gal having a child." "Now don't, — oh ! it hurts, — no, — oh !—hoe !" The voices sank; kisses came a slight rustling, and all was quiet.

Then I heard broken words from both, but in a subdued voice "I'll never let you no more", said the female, "you go that way." Kiss, kiss, and the cut off, the female towards the gate I had entered the field by, he across the fields. She piddled, and waited till he had gone. Dodging her I moved after her, and saw her enter the farm-yard, but could not identify her. It must be Molly I was sure, no other female at that time was likely to enter there. Why Molly has been fucked !

Next day I asked nursemaid about Molly. "Oh ! that's why you go to the farm so often", said she laughing jealously. "She's a good girl, her mother looks after her sharp."

I had most difficulty in getting Pender. She would not go into the privy again. I fucked her once or so in the barn, but at railroad pace; both anxious, the fuck barely worth having. "I'll go to mother's next

Sunday", said she. If P go to the Red Lion on Saturday night, I'll be outside in the lane." We met in the lane, but I could only get a feel, and arrange about Sunday. "I'll go to mother's at *** (the market-town), if the day be fine; P. won't come, he don't like mother, or he'll only come in the evening."

On Sunday I rode to the town, passing Pender on the road in her Sunday finery, went to a lane where was an ale-house and bakery below, a baudy house above, and took a room (Fred told me of the place years before). Pender went to her mother's, and so soon as people were in church came to the appointed corner. I kept well ahead of her, entered the house, and after hesitating at the door in she came after me.

"How could you be such a fool as to walk about outside like that?" said I angrily, for I had feared she would not enter. "I was frightened", she replied, "and oh ! I must get back to mother's by dinner-time at one, when the Publics and the bake-houses open."

It was a delicious day, and beats in my recollection many others of fevered enjoyment. Little by little I stropped a tall, fine, stout, healthy, country woman, a regular spanker; with white flesh, firm, soft satiny and smelling like new milk. She was bashful without affection, ashamed to expose her charms, yet proud to do so to me. She was clad in snow-white coarse linen, neat and clean from her boots to her head. What enjoyment we had! how we spent ! I fucked her three times before the dinner-hour, my prick or my finger was in her cunt for an hour and a half.

At half-past twelve off she went; in less than two hours back she came. She had said that a friend of hers was ill, and she had promised to sit with her (a woman cocking is never at loss for a lie). It was raining. The umbrella helped to hide her, but she was nervous about being seen. I had dinner at the house, the woman cooked well; the keepers were really small traders who did not mind their rooms being used for love-making, and had none of the dirty tricks of a Lon-don baudy house keeper. He fetched me a bottle of good sherry. I got as lewd as could be, and to her astonishment turned her face against the bed, threw up her clothes and had her with my belly against her rump. I shall never forget the comicality of that fuck, her protesting against it, and her wonderment at such an attitude. The novelty upset her.

I don't recollect much more what I did, but it was an afternoon of baudy teaching on my part, of confidences on hers; it was the first time we had a chat together on general matters. Speaking of her husband she said, "Why you have done it as much almost as he has done since we have been married." "What in a year?" "Yes, we were married several weeks afore he did it at all, so I told mother, and

that's why he don't like her."

She was warmed with wine, we were on the bed cuddling, my fingers at work on her clitoris, we were enjoying each other's nakedness. I pressed her to tell me more, and now narrate briefly what I heard of her first fuck, her grievances and troubles.

"After I spoke to mother, mother said to him, 'You don't want a wife much Mr. Pender, I think.' 'Why of course I do, I should not have married had I not.' 'Well it don't seem like it', said mother. Then Pender said, 'You mind your own business mother, or you'll make it hot for your daughter', and with that he went out, and slammed the door. Mother did not like to say any more, for fear he would ill-treat me. Soon after he said, 'What have you been saying to your mother?' 'Nothing', I answered. He looked queer, and still he did not do anything to me for some time.'

"When I was in bed I used to lay and cry, he'd say, 'What are you crying about woman?' but I never told. After that one night he took my hand, put it on his thing and said, 'Feel that lass.' Then he felt all round me you know', said Mrs. P. laughing, 'and he had never done that before, — and with no more ado he got atop and said, 'Not don't be a fool', and then he did it, — and that's all", said Mrs. Pender describing her first marital poke, — the real beginning of her married life, — as she laid side by side by me, with my prick in her hand.

I was curious, — a man always is in such matters. "Did it hurt you? — did he get up you quick?" "I'm sure it was pretty quick, I cried out, and it hurt. I was all in a tremble; then he said, 'Well you were all right and tight five minutes ago.' I bled a lot."

"Perhaps your old sweetheart had done it before?" "He never laid hand on me, but to kiss me." "Nor any one ?" "Oh! yes, they have tried all round I think", said she laughing, "you have, — so has the squire, and lots of 'em, you can't help that, — if a girl's taken unawares a man can get his hand on her thighs, but he won't get more; and I always slapped their heads, and there was an end of it." I recollect certainly her slap-ping at mine hard enough.

Then she relieved her mind. "He's not a bad man, he don't get drunk, and we don't quarrel ; but I don't care for him, and never did." "Ah ! you lost your young man, and thought you would be fucked by some one." "I did not think at all about it, but in a sort of spiteful fit, when he asked me to marry him, I said yes. I didn't think about his not doing it to me much, till a woman asked me how I liked it, and how often he did it; but I told her he did it a lot. Then I talked, and found men did it often to their wives, and he does not do it to me once in three weeks. So I fretted." "What do you do?" said I. She laughed, I gave her clitoris a rub. "That's what you do?" "Yes", said she. "Do you often want fucking?" "Every day", said Mrs. Pender

frankly and openly. “Did you want it the day I had you by the hay-stack?” “I just did.” Then she added that her husband knew she frigged herself, and usually said to her when she intimated that she should like him up her, “Oh! do it yourself, if your cunt's so hot, I'm tired.”

She had married a man much more than double her own age, who poked her once in three weeks; this healthy, well-fed woman of twenty-three who wanted a nightly roger, and could have spent half-a-dozen times daily with ease. She now had got me, liked me, was ready to do anything with me or for me as I found out, and was sorry for it.

At six o'clock she was obliged to leave. We were both fucked out, and parted regretting that a month must pass before she could venture to go to her mother's again. I had left her enough to think about, for I fucked her in several attitudes. It gave me pleasure to teach her.

Next day Molly ran in my head, so I fished about to hook her. She had seemed to me so young, that I had taken but little notice of her; liking the fat-cunted, biggish-arsed females best. Now I noticed her being so plump and fresh, and wondered I had never noticed her previously. When I met her, I looked in her face thinking, “Innocent as you look, your cunt's been wetted by a man.” I longed for her, but she was nearly always in the farm-yard, either with her mother or Pender, when not assisting up at the Hall; but when a man hunts a woman he is sure to get a chance, as will be seen I did.

Just after I had Pender on the Sunday, an annoying thing accurred to me. Whiteteeth worked in all parts of the parish, and she just now came to do something on my aunt's grounds, — weeding I think. Catching her one day alone I took some liberty. She resisted sullenly, looked up, and nodding her head said, “You gave me a bad illness.” “What!” said I. “Did you not?” said she. I swore I had not; did she think me such a blackguard? — would she see my prick? “Then my damned old man's given it me, and he swears I gave it him”, said she. She had a clap. I never had her afterwards, and was told that lots of men had had her. Fred told me soon afterwards, that he had, but that she had been quite steady since her marriage, he believed. I didn't undeceive him.

When the farm-work was over Molly stood some-times at the lane-gate. Loitering about I saw a man named Giles there, who when he saw me moved off. I laid hold of her once or twice, kissed and made the usual approaches, at last got a hot fit of lust for her, and felt I would do anything to get her once. After two women with well-haired cunts I did nothing but picture to myself that she had a small cunt, and but little hair on it, like nursemaid's, — and the idea excited me.

I have already described the barn, step-ladder, and loft; the

chickens sometimes flew up the ladder into the loft. I had seen Pender go up, and whisk them down. Looking about one afternoon (hay-making was again going on), no one seemed about, though Pender was in the dairy. I entered the barn from the brick yard side, just as Molly was going up the ladder, showing her legs innocently enough.

"What pretty legs", I cried. The girl scuffled up as hard as she could to get out of sight, I after her. She was chasing some chickens, and was as red as a turkey-cock in the face. I caught hold of her, prick standing, heart beating, and kissed her. She resisted, I put my hand up her clothes, and in the struggle we both rolled on to a heap of loose hay; I had felt the flesh of her thighs. "Leave off", said she, "or I'll call mother." Her mother was then ill in the farm-house.

"Don't be a fool", said I attempting it again. "Don't you do such things sir,-I'll call mother, it's wrong of you" "If you do", said I brutally, "I'll tell your mother Giles fucked you in the field last week."

Never shall I forget the look of the poor girl's face. "Oh !—oh!" said she breathless, "you didn't,-it's a story, oh ! now pray, — oh ! it's a shocking story, —I warn't in the field." "Don't. — oh ! it hurts", said I repeating other words which had been wandering through my brain ever since I heard them. "I heard you and the man say that."

She began to cry, putting her head in her hands. "Let me do it, and I won't tell,-no one will know, and you won't tell Giles, that's certain." She ceased crying, and fixed her eyes on me wildly, I got my hand up her clothes, her thighs were closed, she kept pushing me away, "No,-no,-no." Forgetting where I was, or that anyone might come up the ladder, I had my prick out, and with a struggle got my hand on her cunt. "You won't tell, really now?" "Not if you let me." A little more scuffling, and I had her down. She was quiet, and I was fucking with all the delight and energy which a fresh woman gives a man, when I heard "Molly, Molly" shouted out. With a violent start she uncunted me, and I spent over her motte. "Where are you such a long time Molly?" "There is a hen up here", said Molly who had started up, "and I think she has laid, but can't find the egg." And Molly disappeared down the ladder. "You're wanted up in the Hall", said the voice, — it was Pender's;—their voices died away. How pleased Pender would have been had she known the condition of Molly's motte !

Nothing is so irritating as spending outside a long coveted cunt, when another thrust or two would have left the sperm up it,-it is maddening. I could think of nothing but the girl; although I had barely felt, and had seen nothing of her charms, she seemed to me perfection. For a day or two I got no chance, so I wrote on a bit of paper, "You will get into a mess, unless you meet me to-night; I'll be in the barn at eight o'clock; come in through the wicket", — or

something to that effect. It was intended to frighten her, for she avoided me. I pushed the note into her hands at the Hall.

I walked through the farm-yard, afterwards and saw her, she shook her head as I passed. I said rapidly, —Pender was in sight, — "You had better." In the evening I hid myself in the loft, allowed the barn-doors to be closed, and should have had to stay all night there if some one had not undone one of the wickets; they fastened them outside.

I had been there a long time, it was dark. "I am in here till to-morrow morning", I thought, and walked up and down barely restraining myself from frigging, such was my state of lust. It was possible that circum stances might prevent her from coming, and I had given up hope, when the wicket opened, It was she; she came up into the loft; I caught her in my arms.

"What do you want? — you ain't a going to tell? -you ain't heard anybody say anything?" said she. I could not see, but felt her tears, reassured her, told her I loved her: who would know but us two? "What harm have I done you?" said the poor girl, "Giles is going to marry me, that's different, — oh ! don't now." I had pushed her on to some hay, threatening her one minute, coaxing her the next.

I was feeling her. My hand was roving over a plump little bum and belly, my finger entered a tight little split on which was a little crisp hair, my prick followed my finger, and on the new sweet hay, belly to belly, but not mouth to mouth (she would not kiss), my prick revelled in a cunt which seemed divine, and was soon drowned in a pond of its own making.

"Mother's better, and has gone down the lane to Pender's", said she, "if she comes back she will won-der where I am, — let me go." I would not, until I had again enjoyed her; and then the lass enjoyed me. She unclosed the wicket in the rick-yard which let me out. I got across a field into the lane, went past the farm-gates, and there stood Molly with her mother. "Good night", said I to the mother, then passing Pender's cottage, I went round, and up to the Hall.

I thought that having fucked Molly I should be contented; but the little cunt, the little hair, the small bum, made me want Molly again. I could not get her, she evidently did not wish for me; I had had her against her will, and so had her again afterwards. Perhaps only seemingly against her will, for though she resisted, and accused me of breaking my word, she had spent with me, and was to spend again, perhaps in spite of herself.

I cannot recollect the name of Molly's swain, though I have tried hard, so call him Giles, — it is a bumpkin's name.

Chapter VIII

Field women. • Fred at home. • Smith, the field foreman. • A rape of a juvenile. • Funking consequences. • Nelly consents. • Fred looks on.

Strolling into the fields one day, idly smoking my cigar later on in the year, groups of girls and women were at work. I talked to the field foreman and looked at the girls, especially the younger ones, and wondered if they had smaller cunts than Molly; of one whether she had any hair on her cunt at all. Some were apparently not more than twelve years of age. I longed to see their cunts, and joked with one or two of the larger girls; but a decided longing for young cunts had set in on me. “Pender”, said I one day, “what a lot of fast-looking chits there are in the fields.” “They are a bad lot”, said she, “there is one gal there only just fourteen in the family way.” I was just going to fuck Pender, and daresay finished quickly enough, for at that age if I was fucking, and thought of anything very baudy; with a sudden spasm I spent right off, even if I had only just got my cock up. Indeed women used to say to me, “How quick you are; why did you not wait for me?”

What with Molly, Pender, and nursemaid I was so well kept in cunt, that I only occasionally went back to London. I had dissipated a large part of my for-tune; fucking here had not then cost me five pounds, so that besides the novelty and delight of the intrigues and the risks I ran, it was economical; and things might have gone on so, when back came my cousin Fred.

A wide-awake fellow was Fred. When my aunt said how delighted they all were to see me so steady, and had never seen me enjoy myself so much at the Hall before, he stared. “He goes often”, said aunt, “with me to the dairy.” “Yes and pats the cows”, said a cousin. Fred winked at me, and when we were alone said, “What's your little game Walter, where are you cunting now old fellow?” “Cunt”, said I, “is of no use, my clap's not gone; but thank God I think it's getting all right again.” He was quite taken in. “You have done the best thing you could,” said he “there is nothing here much to excite you, no woman worth having, is there?”

We wandered daily over the farm and grounds, smoking and talking; he had been so much away, that faces were unfamiliar to him. “What a skinny bitch that is with Joey.” said he (that was nursemaid). “That's a fine woman”, said I indicating Pender. “Yes”, said he, “I recollect before she was married trying to grope her, and she nearly knocked me over.” “I would not mind having her.” “No chance for you my boy. Ah! has not that little Molly grown”, said he with a laugh, “I have often seen the little devil's arse, and her cunt too when a child,

playing about the place, — she is nice : I think I'll have a try on her." "Aunt's partial to her", said I. "Don't care." "She is very young." "Tighter cunt, and more to teach", replied he, — and I noticed he began to be very sweet to Molly afterwards.

One morning we walked into the fields, the fore-man came up and saluted us. He had been on the farm before Fred and I were born. "Well Smith", said Fred, "still at the old games, — any bastards lately?" "Oi am tow ould for that now Master." "Perhaps the girls don't like poking now?" "Oi they do, but they doon't like me as they did." Smith (my cousin told me), had had the credit all his life of poking all the agricultural laborers, and had been threatened with dismissal on account of it. "He might have had a worse berth", said I, "there are half-a-dozen girls in the field I would not mind sleeping with." "Why don't you have them ?" said Fred. "I don't want to lose my character here." "That be damned, you can always have a field-girl, nobody cares, —I have had a dozen or two."

I turned this over in my mind. We were again in the fields, on the way there he gave me a long account of how old Sarah used to wink at his having the field-girls; and indeed I had often heard him tell it. "You tell him you would like any one, and see what will come of it." There was a pretty sun-burnt girl about fifteen years of age that had given me a cock-stand. "That's a pretty girl Smith, I'd give a sovereign to have her, — is she loose?" "Don't think so yet squire, she be skittish; her sister's not fourteen, and they say she be in the family way, when one sister takes to it squire, the others generally do." "Where do you pay their wages?" I asked. The old fellow leered at me. "Why you be a taken a leaf out of young squire's book sir (it was Fred's advice) ; I pays them next at the root-stores", a shed about a quarter of a mile from the farm-yard, and in which he had a desk. The women waited outside the shed, each being called in and paid in succession. They were paid every night, excepting in hay-making times.

At pay time I strolled into the shed. One by one he paid. The girl I wanted came last. He told her he wanted her to take a parcel to the village. "Yes sir", said she. Off old Smith went to fetch the parcel,-it was the dodge, Fred told me so afterwards, the old goat always adopted to get a girl left alone with him.

Very randy but nervous I went out with Smith, then strolled back into the shed. The girl had seated her-self on some loose straw, she got up and curtsied. "Sit down my dear", said I, "you may have some time to wait", and talked to her. "You are very pretty, — you will keep your sweetheart waiting." Smiling she said. "I ain't got no sweetheart sir." Another look or two, and my randiness getting the better of me, I began chaffing suggestively, she sat down besides me, then I talked for

a quarter of an hour warmer and warmer, then kissing, tickling, and pinching her legs. This did not seem to affect her, she enjoyed it; then out I pulled my prick, and all changed at once. “Oh !” said she rising up scared to go. I pulled her back.

“Let's do it to you.” “I won't.” “You've been fucked.” “I ain't, — I am only fifteen years old (she did not affect ignorance of my meaning), leave me alone.” I threw her down, and got my hand up her clothes. She loudly screamed, and that is all I recollect clearly; I know that I struggled with her, offered her money, told her I knew her sister had been fucked, and a lot more. I was so much stronger that she had no chance, I rolled over her, she screamed, and screamed again (there was no one nearer than the Hall), I exposed her bum, her thighs, her cunt, and all she had. I was furious with lust, determined to have her; at last she was under me, panting, breathless, crying, and saying, “Now don't, — oh ! pray don't”, but I lunged fast, furiously, brutally, and all I heard was, “oh! pray,-pray now, — oh !—oh !—oh I pray”, as I was spending in her holding her tight, kissing her after I had forced her. Her tears ran down. If I had not committed a rape it looked uncommonly like one, and began to think so as I lay with my prick up her.

I got off her, saw for an instant her legs wide open, cunt and thighs wet and bloody, she crying, sobbing, rubbing her eyes. I was now in a complete funk, I had heard field-women so light spoken of, that they were so accessible, that I expected only to go up a road that had often been travelled. This resistance and crying upset me, the more so when at length rising, she said, “I'll tell my sister, and go to the magistrate, and tell how you have served me out.”

I really had violated her, saw that it would bear that complexion before a magistrate, so would not let her go, but retained her, coaxed, begged, and promised her money. I would love her, longed for her again, would take her from the fields, and every other sort of nonsense a man would utter under the circumstances. She ceased crying, and stood in sullen mood as I held her, asking me to let her go. I took out my purse, and offered her money which she would not take, but eyed wishfully as I kept chinking the gold in my hand. What a temptation bright sovereigns must have been to a girl who earned ninepence a day, and often was without work at all.

In an hour and a half I suppose, old Smith came back, he had really got a parcel for her to take. She began to cry, and blurted out that the gentleman had insulted her. “What, has he kissed you?” “More than that, — boo hoo.” “What has he done?” “Been dirty with me, — and I'll tell my sister, and go to the justice.”

“Pough child”, said Smith, “he arn't done you any harm, — a gent like him, — don't make a fuss,-make it up, it's all fair yer know twixt a

young man, and a maid, — daresay yer wanted him to be dirty with you, — a gent like him, you ought to be proud of sich a one making love to you,-here, take this parcel, and be off."

"Take the sovereign (she had refused it before), I'll give you more another day; it will help to keep you a while, hold your tongue, and no one will know", said I. She hesitated, pouted, wriggled her shoulders, but at last took the sovereign, and took up the parcel, saying she would tell her sister. Then said the fore-man, "None o' that gal, an' I hears more on that, you won't work here any more, nor anywheres else in this parish,-I knows the whole lot on you, I knows who got yer sister's belly up, — she at her age, she ought to be ashamed on her-self, and I knows summut about you too, — now take care gal." "I've done nothing to be ashamed on", said the girl, "you're a hard man to the women, they all say so, — ohe !—ohe !" "Well there", said he dropping his bullying tone, "the squire won't harm you ; I think you be in luck if he loikes you, say you nought;-that be my advice". The girl muttering went her way.

I followed her (it was getting dark), was so kind and coaxing, promised her so many fine things (I'm not sure I didn't say I'd marry her), that as we neared the village, the little lass let me pull her into a convenient grassy corner, and fuck her again. She promised she'd say nothing to anyone about it.

Next morning I had a fear, and was annoyed with myself. If the girl said anything it would be all over the parish in the afternoon, and in my aunt's ears the next day; all that for a dirty little farm-laborer. I had had none of that sensuous delight which both men-tally and physically is found in getting into a virgin, had never thought of having her as one, nor did I recollect much cunt resistance to my penetration; but she certainly was a virgin. In my furious lust, and with my unbendable stiff prick I must have hit the mark, and burst through it at one or two cunt-rending shoves. She had given a loud cry in the midst of it, "Oh! pray now, — oh ! pray", — but I had heeded it not. What excited me was her youth, her size, and the idea of having a little cunt with but little hair on it, some-thing smaller than Molly's. In bed, thinking of, and funking consequences, I longed for a girl still smaller, for one with no hair on her cunt at all. On further reflection I calmed. She had taken the money, and let me do it a second time; it was all right, and I rose, and went to the scene of my exploit.

The girl was not at work in the fields, and my funk returned. "Smith", said I, "is Nelly (let's call her Nelly) here?" "No, nor her sisters," "Sisters?" "Yes there are two; one a woman called ***, very much older, the other younger than Nelly, and the young un they says be with kid."

I went to the farm-yard, there saw Fred talking to Molly, "Ulloh,

you have taken a letch there." "I'll have her", said he. Pender went across the yard. "I would sooner have her", said I. "Aye, a damned fine woman, but coarse, smells strong I should say when she sweats, or is randy, and I like them younger." I was jealous about Molly, and walked away. Fred joined me, and after dinner, I like a fool told him all about the girl ravished in the root-shed in the Twelve-Acre field.

"Was she a virgin? — she is a plump little bitch, — you were in luck, — oh ! never fear there will be no row; the saying down here is, 'They all take it by the time they have half-an-inch of hair on their cunts.' She will be rather proud you have fuced her than otherwise. Has she much hair there? — has she any bubbies ?" I told him all I knew, which was but little, not recollecting even if she had any cunt-wig at all.

Next day the two sisters were at work again. I told Smith that after his dinner I wished to speak to the girl. The old cock-bawd told me to wait at the root-shed; and the girl came there to fetch his handerchief which he left purposely. When she saw me how she started. No, she had told no one, but was not going to let me do what I liked. A kiss. "I don't like your hand on my legs, — oh ! now you said you would not, — take your hand away."

My finger was on her cunt, I was feeling what little hair she had, my finger went up it, oh ! how tight it was! "Now darling let me, I won't let you go till you do, — there, what a dear little belly, — let me kiss it." "They will wonder why I am gone so long, — my sister will be asking questions, — do let me go." "No." "Oh !" I had her on the straw. "Be quiet dear,-my prick's up you, — be quiet,-a-h !-ah l"

With her cunt well buttered off she ran. I buttoned up. Just then at the door appeared Fred holding his sides and laughing. "What's up Fred?" "Oh!—oh!—oh !" "What's the fun ?" "Oh !—oh !-I've been looking at you fuck the little bitch. I saw her go in, and you go to the shed an hour ago, but did not know you were there then, so thought I would like the young one; it's five days since I've had a woman, and as I was going in heard your two voices, listened and looked till you had done the job."

"It's a damned unhandsome thing", said I in a rage. "You would have looked at me if you had caught me". said Fred. "You leave the girl alone, it's my manor." "All right, but I'll have little Molly, I have given her a kiss." Off he went, leaving me jealous about that one as well. He was treading on my heels a little too much to please me.

Four women I had poked now, being like a cock among hens, cared about neither, but could not bear the idea of Fred going up them, though I knew it was useless to try to prevent the young squire, the future master, a fine officer. Pender said to me one day, "The squire means harm to Molly; it's a shame for an officer like him to

harm a poor girl; I caught him kissing her, and putting his hands up her petticoats. I'll tell Missus if I see any more of it." "Do", said I, "you tell my aunt."

So she did, and aunt requested Fred not to go to the farm-yard, and Molly was all but locked up. In a few days Fred said it was damned slow, and went to London. I for a change went with him.

My departure put Pender in tears, she did all she could to get me up her, and before I left I got Molly into the loft on promising never to ask her again, and there had my first good look at her belly and cunt, and fucked her. Nursemaid I advised to avoid the page, or I would never have anything to do with her more. She grinned and said, "What a loss". Nelly I caught in the lane, fucked her and she promised to be chaste and never let any other man put his finger on her. Then I departed with Fred to virtuous London.

Before leaving, Mrs. Pender said, "I'm afeard I'm in trouble, my poorliness ain't come on for two months now".

Chapter IX

Laura and Fred: Vauxhall amusements. • A juvenile harlot-A linen stopper. • The hairless and the hairy: Ten and forty. • A snub: At my aunt's. • Nursemaid and page missing. • Pender with child. • Molly and Giles caught. • Mr. Pender's letch.

Theatre every night, heavy lunches, heavy dinners, much wine, and cigars never out of my mouth, that was the first few days proceedings. Fred was keeping a woman named Laura of whom I shall say more; she was always with us. I don't recollect having a woman for a few days, but it may have been otherwise. On the fifth or sixth night we went to Vauxhall Gardens to a masquerade. It was a rare lark in those days. A great fun of mine was getting into a shady walk, tipping the watchman to let me hide in the shrubs, and crouching down to hear the women piss. I have heard a couple of hundred do so on one evening, and much of what they said. Such a mixture of dull and crisp baudiness I never heard in short sentences elsewhere. Although I had heard a few similar remarks when I waited in the cellars of the gun-factory, it was nothing like those at Vauxhall, and it amused me very much. There were one or two darkish walks where numbers of women on masquerade nights went to piss, and many on other nights.

At supper Laura said, “Where have you been the last hour?” I laughed. “Tell us.” “Hiding in the shrubs where ladies go by ones, twos, and threes without men.” Laura understood. “Serves them right, they should go to the women's closets; but you are dirty.” “Well it was such a lark hearing them piddle and talk.” Fred always coarse said he never knew a woman piss off so quickly as Laura. Laura slapped his head. She had not been gay, and was very modest in manner and expression; but loved a baudy joke not told in coarse language.

The signal sounded for fireworks. Off we ran to get good places. I cared more about women than fire-works, and lagged behind, seeing the masquers and half-dressed women running and yelling (fun was fast and loose then). I passed a woman leading a little girl dressed like a ballet-girl, and looked at the girl who seemed about ten years old, then at the woman, who winked. I stopped, she came up and said, “Is she not a nice little girl?” I don't recollect having had any distinct intention at the time I stopped; but at her words ideas came into my head. She,-what a small cunt,-no hair on that. “Yes a nice little girl”, I re-plied. “Would you like to see her undressed?” “Can I fuck her?” I whispered. The little girl kept tugging the woman's hand and saying, “Oh ! do come to the fireworks.” “Yes if you She,-what will you give?” I agreed to give I think three sovereigns, a good round sum for a common-place poke then.

She told me to go out of the gardens first, get a cab, and stop at a little way from the entrance. In three minutes the woman and child joined me. At about five minutes drive from Vauxhall we stopped, walked a little way, turned down a street, and after telling me to wait one or two minutes, she opened the door of a respectable little house with a latch-key, went in and closed it. A minute afterwards she opened the door, and treading lightly as she told me, I found myself in a parlour out of which led a bed-room, both well furnished. Enjoining me to speak in a low tone I sat down, and contemplated the couple.

The woman was stout, fullsized, good-looking, dark, certainly forty, and dressed like a well-to-do trades-woman. The girl's head was but a few inches above my waist, and she certainly was not more than ten years, but for such age as nice and fleshy as could be expected. She had an anxious look as she stared at me, and I stared at her. The last month's constant desire to have a cunt absolutely without any hair on it was to be realized, I was impatient but noticed and re-marked, “Why you have gas !” — a rare thing then in houses. “Beautiful, is it not?” said the woman, and in a voluptuous and enticing manner began undressing, until she stood in a fine chemise, a pair of beautiful boots, and silk stockings. Engrossed with the girl whom I was caressing, I scarcely had noticed the woman; but as she pulled up her chemise to tighten her garter, and showed much of a very white thigh, I said, “I've made a mistake, I did not mean you.” “No”, said she, “but it's all the same.” She came to me, pinched my cock outside saying “oho” as she found it stiff, and then undressed the child to her chemise. I had white trowsers and waistcoat on, and was anxious about rumpling them; At my request she drew my white trowsers off over my boots with great care; then di-vesting myself of coat and waistcoat I stood up with prick spouting. “Look there, — feel it Mary.” The girl not obeying she took her little hand, and made her feel it. Sitting down I lifted the girl on to my knees, and put my hand between her little thigh.

“Give me the three pounds”, said the woman. All my life I have willingly paid women before my pleasure; but thought I was going to be done so demurred, and asked if she supposed I was not a gentleman, took out my purse, showed I had plenty of money gave her one sovereign, and promised the others directly I had the child,-and then pulled off my boots.

We went into the bed-room, she lighted candles, the gas streamed in through the open door. “Lay down Mary”, said she. “Oh! he ain't going to do it like the other man, — you said no one should again”, said the girl whimpering. “Be quiet you little fool, he won't hurt you, — open your legs.” Pushing her back, or rather lifting her up, there I saw a little light-pink slit between a pair of thighs somewhat bigger

than a full-sized man's calves; the little cunt had not a sign of hair on it. To pull open the lips, to push up my finger, to frig it, smell it, then lick it was the work of a minute. I was wild, it was realization of the baudy dreamy longings of the last few weeks. I was scarcely conscious that the old one had laid hold of my prick, and was fast bringing me to a crisis.

Pushing her hand away I placed my prick against the little cunt which seemed scarcely big enough for my thumb, and with one hand was placing it under the little bum, when the girl slipped off the bed crying. “Oh I don't let him, the other did hurt so,-he shan't put it in.”

“Don't do it to her, she is so young”, said the woman in a coaxing tone. “Why that is what I came for.” “Never mind, it hurts her, have me, I am a fine wo- man, look”, and she flung herself on he bed, and pulled up her chemise, disclosing a fine form, and to a randy man much that was enticing. “Look at my hair, how black it is, — do you like tassels?” said she, and throwing up her arms out of her chemise, she showed such a mass of black hair on her arm-pits, as I have rarely seen in other women, and rarely in an English woman at all.

“What the devil did you bring me here for,-it was for her, not you, I hate hair, — I like a cunt with-out hair.”

“Have me, and look at her cunt whilst you do it, -here Mary”, and she pulled the young one to the bed cunt upwards. But disappointed, lewd, and savage, I swore till she begged me not to make a noise, and saying, “Well,-well,-well,-so you shall, — hold your tongue (to the girl), he won't hurt you,-look his cock is not big.” She pulled the girl on to the edge of the bed again, and brought her cunt up to the proper level with the bolster and pillows. Then said the woman, “Let me hold your cock, you must not put it far in, she is so young.” I promised I would only sheath the tip; but she declared I should not unless she held it. “Wrap your handkerchief round it”, said she. I did so, and that left only half its length uncovered. Impetuously I tore the white handkerchief into pieces, wrapped round about an inch of the stem of my prick with it, which then looked as if it was wounded, and bound up; then hitting the little pink opening I drove up it. I doubted whether I should enter so small it was. It held my prick like a vise, but up her cunt I was, the woman promising the child money, to take her to Vauxhall again, and so on, and then put her hand over her mouth to prevent her hollowing, — she did not hollow at all really.

I spent almost instantly, and coming to my senses held her close up to my prick by her thighs,-there was no difficulty so light a weight was she. There I stood for a minute or two. “My prick is small now”, said I, “unroll the handkerchief.” “No”, said the woman.” I will give you ten shillings extra if you do, my prick can't hurt now.” The oddity of a woman attempting to unroll from a prick a slip of white rag,

whilst the prick was up a cunt; but out came my prick from the little hole before she could accomplish it.

Desire had not left me, holding the thighs open I dropped on my knees, my prick flopping, and saw the little cunt covered with thick sperm. There lay the girl, there stood the woman, neither speaking nor moving, till my eyes had had their voluptuous enjoyment. “I will give you another sovereign now, and then fuck her again.” “All right”, said the woman. “But she must not wash.” “All right”. I gave it, then took the girl up like a baby, one hand just under the bum, so that the spunk might fall on my hand if it dropped out, and laid her on the sofa in the parlour, where the gas flared brightly, opened her thighs wide, gloated, and talked baudily till my prick stood again.

Then I lifted her back on to the bed, and rolled the strip of handkerchief round the stem again; but I longed to hurt her, to make her cry with the pain my tool caused her, I would have made her bleed if I could; so wrapped it round in such a manner, that with a tug I could unroll it. The woman did not seem so anxious now about my hurting her.

Sperm is a splendid cunt-lubricator, my prick went in easier, but still she cried out. Now I measured my pleasure. With gentle lingering pushes I moved up and down in her. Under pretense of feeling my prick, I had loosened the handkerchief, then tore the rag quite away, and afterwards lifted her up, and then with her cunt stuck tight and full with my pego, and both hands round her bum tightly, I walked holding her so into the sitting-room to a large glass. There seeing my balls hanging down under her little arse, I shoved and wriggled, holding her like a baby on me, her hands round my neck, she whining that I was hurting her, the woman hushing, and praying me to be gentle, till I spent again. I held her tight to me in front of the glass, her thighs wide apart, my balls showing under her little buttocks, till my prick again shrunk, and my sperm ran from her cunt down my balls. Then I uncunted, and sat down on a chair. We were both stark naked.

The girl sat down on a foot-stool, the woman sat in her chemise. I gave her the remaining money, and to the little one some silver. Although I had had her twice, I scarcely had looked at her; both fucks must have been done in ten minutes. Now I longed to see the little cunt tranquilly. “Let me wash her cunt”, said I. “You can”, said the old one. I took the girl into the bed-room, she left a large gobbet of sperm on the stool, which the old one wiped off. I washed her cunt, threw her on the bed, and looked at the little quim. It seemed impossible I could have been up it; but from that day I knew a cunt to be the most elastic article in the world, and believed the old woman's saying, that a prick can always go up where a finger can.

Then after cuddling her, straddling between her legs and feeling my balls hanging between her thighs by passing my hand round her arse, I laid her on the bed, took a glance at the little cunt from a slight distance, and saw the old one in an exciting posture. She had thrown herself on the bed, and resting her head on one hand was watching me. Her chemise had slipped from her shoulders showing big white breasts, and the black thicket of hair in one arm-pit. Her chemise was up to her waist, one leg was bent up, the fat calf pressed against a fat thigh, the other extended along the bed, the thighs wide open, the middle finger of her left hand on her cunt, whose mass of black hair creeping up her belly and along the line of junction with the thighs could not be hidden by her hand. She was frigging her clitoris with her middle-finger, and she smiled invitingly. “Come and do it to me, I do want it so, — I have not had a poke for a fortnight.”

My love of a fat arse, and a big hairy cunt returned suddenly. I stood turning my eyes, first to the little hairless orifice, then to the full-lipped split, then to the little pink cunt, and then back again to the matured cunt. “Come, do me.” “I must go.” “Why?” “I came to have her.” “So you have, — now have me, you can have her again if you like after.” “Can I?” “Yes, -oh! come, I am so randy.” “It's late.” “Stop all night.” I said I would. Off the bed she got, put a night-gown on the child, laid her on the sofa, told her to go to sleep, and throwing off her boots and stockings, got on to the bed again.

I threw off my socks. “Shall I be naked?” said she. “Yes, it is very hot.” Off went her chemise, and the next instant cuddling up to me, she was tugging at my prick, kissing me, and using every salacious stimulant. Though a hot night, naked as we both were we felt a chill, so covered ourselves with a sheet.

“How old are you?” said I. “Guess.” “More than forty.” “I am not thirty-eight, although I am so stout, -feel how firm my flesh is,-how my breasts keep up.” I threw down the sheet to see her fully. She was delighted, turned round and round, opened her thighs, pulled open her cunt, exposed herself with the freedom of a French whore, and by the time I had seen all my prick was at fever heat, and I fucked her. Our nakedness was delightful.

We talked afterwards. She was not the mother, nor the aunt, though the child called her so; the child was parentless, she had taken charge of her and prevented her going to the work-house. She was in difficulties, she must live, the child would be sure to have it done to her some day, why not make a little money by her? Some one else would, if she did not. So spoke the fat middle-aged woman.

I was sleepless. After an hour or two I longed to see them side by side, that strange contrast in age and size, to try the difference with my finger as I had with my prick. She brought in the child, sleepy and

peevish, I plunged my prick in the little one, took it out, and put it into the woman. It was a delight to feel the difference, — the room in one, the confinement in the other's cunt.

The aunt annoyed me by putting her hand between our bellies to prevent my penetrating too far. It was not the stretching, nor the plugging, it was the boring too deeply which hurt the little one, she said.

I laid on my back and put the little one's belly upon me; stretching her little thighs, I felt round them; and guided my prick up her, then the aunt put her fingers round my prick and squeezed my balls. How funny to have that little creature on the top of me; how funny to be able to feel at the same time a big hairy cunt at my side. Such thoughts and emotions finished me, and after spending in the little one, she again went to the sofa, then with my arse to the aunt's arse we went to sleep.

She was the youngest I ever yet have had, or have wished to have. We laid abed till about mid-day. I fucked as much as I ever did in my life, and found that a tiny cunt although it might satisfy a letch, could not give the pleasure that a full developed woman could. Tight as it was, it had not that peculiar suction, embrace, and grind, that a full-grown woman's or girl's has. When I was getting drier and drier, the old one stiffened my prick, and I put it into the child; but oscillate my arse as I might, I could not get a spend out of me; then in the aunt's clipping though well stretched cunt, I got my pleasure in no time. A fuck is barely a fuck if a man's prick is but half up a girl, it wants engulfing. A very young girl never has the true jerk of her arse, nor the muscular clip in her cunt; so if a languid prick be put up it, it will slip out, unless the letch be strong; whereas a flab-by, done-for prick, once in the cunt of a grown women may be resuscitated, and made to give pleasure to both, if she uses the muscular power which nature has given her between bum-hole, buttocks, and navel.

We eat and drank, I paid liberally, and with empty ballocks and a flabby tool went away. White trowsers and a black tail-coat were then full evening dress at Vauxhall; but ludicrous in the day. I recollect feeling ashamed as I walked out in that dress in the sun-shine. She would not fetch a cab as she was most anxious about noise. She gave me full instructions where to write and have the girl again. About a fortnight after-wards I made an appointment, but she did not keep it. I went to the house and asked for her; a woman opened the door. “Do you know her?” said she. “Yes.” “She is not here, and I don't know where she has gone,-perhaps you're as bad as she is”, and she slammed the door in my face. A few years passed away before I took a letch for a hairless cunt again, — and then I was a poor man.

We went to Vauxhall on an ordinary night, and I showed Fred

where I had heard and seen the girls make water. Laura I got to like, and she to like me which led to something at a later date. In about three weeks or more I went back to my aunt's, through an indefinable longing to poke in a quiet intriguing way, the women I had had there. In London I had changed my women twice a day, and fucked every nice French women who walked in Regent Street.

My mother was again going to see my aunt, and was delighted that I would go with her. Fred had gone to Paris with Laura, and wanted me to go, but money was getting short with me, for I had been heavily robbed, and as ten pounds a day (a large sum then) was the usual cost of Paris to me, I declined, and to the old Hall went with mother.

I did not see nursemaid or page. “You have a new nursemaid for Joey”. said I to my aunt. “We dismissed the other, we found her to be an improper character, —and Robert has gone, — he was too big”, said she. For two or three days I could not get Pender, who MY 'SECRET LIFE looked miserable when I met her, shook her head, and looked up to the skies. I went with my mother and aunt to the farm one day, Pender for a second stopped behind, and said to me in a hurried whisper, “I am in the family way”, and then ran after my aunt.

Next day I saw her for a second. “Meet me next Sunday at * * *”. “I must”, said she. We had no opportunity of speaking before, for her husband or some one was always in the way. To make sure I next day slipped an envelope into her hand, in which was one addressed to myself, and a scribble asking her to say where I was to meet her. It came back by post containing in execrable writing the words, “My dear, same time, and place, if he be out, on Saturday night.” I did not comprehend, but waited outside her cottage that night. She did not show. On Sunday I went to ***, and long after eleven she appeared. Soon we were in the room over the beer-shop.

“I am in the family way, whatever shall I do?” I had thought over this, and replied, “Well, you have a husband, so it does not matter.” “I don't think he will believe it's his.” “He can't say it is not, and will be proud of it.” “That may be true, I did not think of that”, said she, and until I had fucked her I learn't no more.

I referred to the change in the servants at the Hall. “Oh !” said Pender eagerly, “there has been a row; do you recollect the nursemaid?-well they saw her feeling—hoh ! hoh !” — she burst out laughing, — “feeling the page's thing,-hoh ! ho ! ho !” “Feeling his prick?” “Yes, — ho ! ho ! ho !-and Missus turned her and page out the same night,-ho ! ho ! ho !” laughed Pender. “She was a dirty hussy.” “Why?” “Why a woman like that to be taking liberties with a boy like that, a hobble-de-hoy; poor Molly told me that one day when he came here he pulled out his thing before her.” “What, Molly?” said I,

thinking the young girl had had manifold temptations. “Yes, poor thing.” “Why poor thing?” “Well I am sorry for her; I told Missus about the young squire as you told me, and Missus told her mother to look sharp after her, — and so she did, and found that she used to get out of a night and meet Giles,-you know Giles?” “No I don't”, said I lying. “He works here sometimes, you must have seen him”, said Pender. “No.” “Well he works here, is a likely young chap, but Molly's mother hates him, —well she watched and watched, till one night she caught them, and him on top of her in the large barn, —he had got through the wicket on the far-yard wicket.” “How could she do that?” Pender explained to me what I knew perfectly well.

“On the top of her?” “Yes they were a doing it, —and she hit him hard on the head with a stick, and nearly stunned him before they knew she were there.” “Who hit?” “Why her mother, he were nearly insensible.

“Then Mrs. Brown asked me what to do, and I said he had better marry her, and she said he should not. So she went to Missus, asked her advice, and on account of Molly's character to say nothing about finding Giles taking liberties with her daughter. Missus said Giles at the end of the week was to be sent off, —and he's gone. Mrs. Brown scarcely lets Molly out of the house, and when I sees her I laughs to myself. That a young thing like that has had it done to her. Her mother told me you know, — I have sworn to tell nobody, but I don't mind telling you.” “She has seen two pricks”, said I, “page Robert's and Giles' ”. “Yes she has.”

I wondered whether he had spent when he felt the stick on his head. “I think he had”, said she, “for Mrs. Brown said she found his stuff on her child's chemise. Every day there is a row between them, Molly says she will go to service, her mother says she shan't, and that she will turn out a bunter, and bring her in her age with sorrow to the grave. Poor thing.”

“Pugh”, said I, “why make such a fuss about such a natural action?” “Well it be natural”, said Pender, “but she might have waited, she is very young.”

In the family way Pender was, and by me, — of that I had no doubt. Pender thought it was done the first time I had her in the rick-yard. 'Did he not do it about that time?” I asked. Pender hesitated, and on being pressed to reply at length said, “It's funny, I am always thinking about it, but it is a fact that he did it that very night; and when you have done it, he generally do it also that night. I can't account for its can't abear him to do it when you have, — can't abear his doing it at all now, and he does it more than he used.” “You spend with him?” “I don't, — I hate him then, I hate him altogether since I have known you.”

Now for a bit of experience which I write now, and years after I wrote this chapter of my narrative. I had a married woman who was fond of me. She assured me that whenever I had her, it was perfectly certain that her husband would do it to her that night. She thought that my fucking acted as a charm to fetch the other man. He neglected her for other women, and used, although a young vigorous man, to do it but rarely to her; but whenever my sperm had suffused itself in her cunt, his went there the same night. “You spend too then?” said I. “I do”, said she, “I think so much of you, so much of the coincidence and go home so wondering whether he will do it or not, that directly he pulls me about I think of you, and then fancy it is you doing it to me, not him, and I spend. I am angry with myself afterwards, but can't help it.”

Pender had said her mother was unwell as an excuse to get to ***, so must be back quickly. She was lying speechless, with eyes closed and my prick up her, I silently reposing on her, when the dock struck. Up she jumped, uncunting me, saying, “I must. go, I am to fetch the dinner from the bake-house, then I must get back home, unless P. comes”, and rapidly off she went scarcely dressed, and without washing her cunt.

Chapter X

Nelly and Sophy. • The beer-house again. • Sophy's belly. • On the road. • Against a tree. • At the baudy house with Sophy. • Her narrative. • Tom and the three sisters. • Fred on the scent.-Pender's troubles.

I had some food at an hotel, then returning on foot saw at the end of the lane two peasant girls in their Sunday finery. I looked at first without recognizing them, but as I got close saw one was Nelly, the girl I had raped. She stopped, I smiled. “You here, why?” “Taking a walk sir.” “Come with me.” She hesitated, looked at the other girl. “Never mind”, said I, “bring your friend with you.” Two minutes brought us to the beer-house again. “Stay here”, said I. I went to the side entrance which was up a yard, told the woman who stared when she opened the door to me to show the girls up the other way. They came through the shop, and stood curtsying when they came into the little sitting room.

I wanted Nelly when I saw her, and hence what I did; but was embarrassed now, for with the other in the room I did not know how to proceed without compromising her; so sent for some spirits. They sat Sheepishly. I said to Nelly with the view of getting rid of the other, “Perhaps your friend would like to call for you presently.” “She is my sister”, said Nelly. Impulsively I cried, “Your sister?” — “why she is the girl who was in the family way before she was four-teen.” “Oo—h !” said Nelly's sister, “what a lie, — what a shame to say such things of a girl, — who said so?” I was disconcerted. “I heard it, but can't recollect who.” Nelly never spoke, but sat looking at me with her tongue out on one side, and a funny expression in her eye. “I'll go”, said her sister. “Don't go”, said Nelly, “the gent's asked us in, and will be offended, -won't you sir?” “Yes”, I replied.

The liquor came, I dosed them with it, and a letch for the sister came over me. “She in family way, that young thing,-is it so ? — how I should like to see her belly.” My conversation got warm, then baudy, the girls got warm, and laughed at my smut. From kissing one, I got to kiss the other, then to pinch, poke and feel their legs, I spoke about women being in the family way, made light of it, wished I was so myself, and so on, and they let out as the liquor worked, and I questioned.

The younger was a little over fourteen years old, Melly only eleven months older. Said I, “A girl can't be in the family way before she is fourteen.” “Oh ! yes she can”, said Nelly. “How do you know?” She laughed. I plied the liquor, got the young one on to my knee, and my hand up her clothes. A yell, a threat to go, “nonsense”, from Nelly.

Then I shoved my hand up Nelly's petticoats, — which she permitted quietly. Then I had a strange whim.

"Stand close together with your backs to me, and put your hands behind you, and I will give you some-thing before you go; then each shall ask the other to guess what I have put in her hand." They did, and expected money. I pulled out my prick and balls, one girl's hand I guided under my balls, the other's round my prick. They touched at the same time and knew what it was, and turning round, "It's his thing", said the youngest.

"You knew it was a man's prick", said I. "you have felt one, and one has been into you, — let's feel your cunt, do, — you are in the family way, I know you are."

Then I sat between them, talking outrageous baudiness with my prick out. "Come into the other room", said I, "and let me see if you are in the family way, and I will give you this (producing a sovereign) ; if you are, or are not, you shall have it." She refused, but eyed the sovereign. Said Nelly, "Well, I wish he would ask me." "So I do, but she shall come first, you afterwards." The girl asked, "How will you tell?" "My dear I shall lay you on the bed, throw up your clothes look at your belly, and feel your cunt." "I shan't then." "Then you won't get a sovereign", and I put it bye. "I'll go with you", said Nelly, but I would not accept her offer. There was a pause, the sister sat reflecting, her gaiety was gone.

Soon afterwards I renewed the request. "Let him", said Nelly, "he won't talk, he don't know people in the village." The girl shook her head sullenly, Nelly looked at me nodded her head, and put her tongue out. I did not know what it meant, at last guessed. "Is she?" I asked. Nelly kept on nodding. "Well Nelly says you are in the family way." The girl began to cry. "What's the good of crying?" said Nelly, "you can't hide it long." The girl kept silently crying. I persuaded, Nelly persuaded, and at last she came into the bed-room. I could feel the poor little girl's hard belly, lifting her clothes I opened her thighs and looked; then she resisted, but a little only. I frigged her, kissed her a little, coaxed her, and then fucked her. She spent freely. It's my luck to get sisters.

"Tell me Sophy all about it, — how long since you were got in the family way?-your sister will wait.

She counted on her fingers and said, "Four months and about a week." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "How can you tell?" "I have never been done but on one day." "Nonsense." "It's true." "Do you mean that once putting it up you got you in the family way?" "I didn't mean that", said she, "he were only once with me, but he did it all night, and nearly all the next day." "A dozen times?" "Don't know, I was so ill, so sleepy." "Who is the father?" She shook her head. "I can't say, — dare

not, — it would be worse for me if I did.” “What are you going to do?” “Go to the work-house if they won't keep me”, said the poor girl crying again. She was rather watery headed.

It was an exciting termination to the day. After frigging her till she was in the seventh heaven, I fucked her again. It was the same bed I had fucked Pender on.

“You've been an hour”, said Nelly when we went in, “what have you been doing?” “Nothing but examining.” The girl stuck to that also. “Oh I gammon”, said Nelly.

“You come now”, said I. She would not, was sulky, and another hour went away. It was getting late, I pulled Nelly into an open-legged posture over mine as I sat on the chair, and lifted her clothes. Her back was to her sister. I got my cock between her legs, it rubbed her thighs, but she slipped away, turned sulky, and would not let me fuck her, though I felt her. They left, and I directly after. When clear of the town, and on the road it got dark, I joined them and learnt where Sophy lived, and could be met. Because Nelly would not let me I felt a want for her and made baudy requests. She got randy, and told Sophy to go ahead. Then I got her up against a large tree, and straddling my legs wide to get into her, found it difficult as she was short, but was poking her with vigor when we heard footsteps and voices. “Oh !” said she, “let me go, it's so and so.” Although I held her on my peg, grasping her bum, and hoping to spend before they came up, I being empty was long about it, so she uncunted me, and slipped away just in time. It was two or three men she knew, who seeing girls ahead ran after them, I dodging round the tree as they ran past. They over-took the girls, I followed at a distance sufficiently near to hear their low chaff, their attempts to kiss the girls, and the yells of the sluts when they attempted more.

When I saw Pender again I heard that her husband had for some reason gone to *** on the Sunday she was there with me. He stayed, and took his wife home. “Did he do you?” said I. She colored up. “It be a fact he did,-it be most curious. I were hot with running, and fetched the meat from the bake-house. After dinner he said, 'Well you do look comely, you do to-day, where 'as you been?', and he pulled me on his knees, and put his hands up my clothes, — and in all my life he never had done such a thing afore in day-time. Says he, 'Lass we'll have a game at mother and father.' Said I, 'Why P., you must have been drinking,' He pulls me down on to sister's bed which were in the corner of the room, and I would not let him. He lays, 'Don't make a row, for I means it', and so I let him do it.” Such games went on until full Autumn, I was always after one or the other as fancy led, or opportunity offered; but was obliged to be more and more cunning, for fear I should be found out. Although I had heavy fucking at times,

yet had good rests between. It was a jolly time, but mainly with three of the four women now. Nelly got the most of my cock at first, Sophy very soon after.

The little one in the family way had taken my fancy. I fucked her in the lane and fields, but mainly upright, the grass being now damp. One evening we went to the baudy house. I had pleasure in fucking her, but she was always crying. “Why do you meet me?” said I. “To get money to help me if they turn me out.” “When?” “When they find I am in the family way.” At last but with difficulty, I got out of her much about her seducer and give the narrative as near as I can in its order.

“Yes it is a big man, a fine, tall man, and quite a man, not old, not young. — Oh ! I dare not say who, it would be worse for me (a cry), — you won't tell Nelly,-how came you to know my sister? — do you do anything to her ? — now do tell me.” “Well tell me your history, and perhaps I will tell you about Nelly.”

“Well he got into bed with me saying, 'It's cold, -and it were, — let's lay here, it will be no harm, no one will know.' I said I would hollow, but there was no one in the house—Now I am letting out, and I won't.” She stopped, and would not tell more.

Persuasion, kisses, promises, and she answered my questions again. “He cuddled me, he was big and strong, and I could not help it; and then he pulled up my shimmy, and his shirt was up, and he put his belly close to mine.” “Then his prick was up against your belly?” “I shan't say”, said she with a modest fit, no sham. “Was it? — was it just as my prick now is?” Her story was exciting me, I pulled her belly up to mine, and my prick, a right good stiff one was between us. “I suppose it were”, said she, “I don't recollect, all seems in a muddle, he hurt me dreadful, I screamed, he put something over my mouth, and I don't know no more; but he was doing it right up, and I were hollowing, — and then I cried.”

“Are you sure you cried out?” “I hollowed I know, but I knowed there was no one to hear.” “Then you were in the house alone?” “Yes.” “What house?” “I shan't say, — Nelly is always asking, and I won't say, -you won't tell her, will you now sir, what I have told you ?”

“I don't recollect more”, she went on, “but he lay on me, oh! a long, long time.” “Not up you?” “Yes oh ! a long time.” “Did he keep on fucking?” “He kept on a doing it and stopping,-no he never pulled it out, at last I fainted or slept I suppose, for when I recollect more he was out of bed. Then he got into bed, and he did the same I can't say how many times. When it were day I said, 'Ain't you going to work?' and he said, 'No. If any one comes they will think I am gone, and if you say a word if anyone knocks I will murder you.' Then he got up, and showed me his razor, and said, 'Do you see that? — I bloody well

mean it, mind.' Then he got into bed again, and he did it again."

"Did you like it?" "I don't know, I was all pain, but I think I must at last; I was so muddled like and ill I could not move. Then he dressed and says, says he, 'If ever you tell I'll cut your bloody throat; now you say you were ill, and stopped at home from work', and he went away to his work." I guessed she had been raped.

Another day I had Nelly, and questioned her. She said she wanted to know, but did not; she guessed, but dared not say. Sophy had said there would be murder if she told who the father was, but she guessed. She was only eleven months older than Sophy, who must have been in the family way just before she was fourteen, had had her courses when thtirteen years old, and was "hankering after the chaps" quite early. "Mother used to slap her for it." Nelly's courses had only recently come on, she said.

Sophy although younger and slighter built, had more hair on her cunt than Nelly, and gave me the idea of being older. Neither were tall, both were larger in their thighs, haunches, and bubbies, than town girls of the same age, as far as I can recollect.

I can't recollect the order, but only the broader features of this part of my amorous history. I think that after the Sunday when I had Pender and Sophy I could not get to Pender, for the farm-yard from morning to night was full of laborers; so busied my-self with Sophy, who two or three times the same week met me at ***, and what I have narrated was told me there. It delighted me to hear about her virgin offering, it made my cock stand. Then I would fuck the little wench, and make her arse wag like the tail of a duck that had a thwack with a stone, then would question her again. If she said she should say no more, I used to remind her of what she had let out on the previous night. What delighted my sensuous imagina- tion, was the evident fact that the man was big, and with a big prick, and must have kept it up with her without uncunting till he had fucked her three times. Her praying him to go, trying to get from under him his grasping her to him so that she could not move, his laying quiet on her, then commencing his shoves, -all proved it. He seems to have began his assault on her about nine o'clock one night, and never went out of the bed till two o'clock the next afternoon.

"Has he ever done it since ?" "Never, he has never had a chance; he has tried to catch me coming home, but I always come with some one else; he has asked me, but I never would." "I dare say you egged him on; had he never made a baudy sign? Never shown you his prick?" "Both Nelly and I had seen that", said she, "we looked through the key-hole if we heard—." Here she stopped short, and nothing would make her go on, she saw she was on the point of giving the key to the riddle.

I advised her to get as much money as she could, and then if unkind she might snap her fingers at them. She had kept all I had given her. I had a feast with her of rump-steak and onions one night; she eat till she could eat no longer. I toppled her up with hot spirits and water, and then tumbled on to the bed with her. She was very communicative, I frigged her about till with a sigh she said, “Oh ! let's do it.”

“Tell me who did it to you then, and I'll give you another sovereign to keep you through your confinement; feel my prick, and tell me.” She reflected, she was so lewd, I knelt on the bed, my prick standing stiff in front of her face. “You won't ever tell any-body” said she, “will you?” I swore I would not. Rubbing her eyes she hesitated, then said, “Tom.” “Who is Tom?” “Hester's husband.” “Who is Hester?” “My sister,-oh ! don't tell, or he will murder me.” I saw the whole story at once. In another minute we were fucking. Afterwards she told me all.

There were three sisters, Hester married Tom, a laborer; Sophy lived with them, Nelly lived with their mother. Tom and Hester had a two-roomed cottage, in one they slept, in the other, which was sitting-room and kitchen, was a bed in the corner, where slept Sophy. The mother was dangerously ill, Hester went to assist Nelly attending her; so Sophy was alone in the house with big Tom, who took the opportunity to put his big prick into Sophy's little cunt, get her in the family way, threaten to murder her if she ever told, to turn Hester into the streets, and do any other amount of deviltry. Sophy was frightened of Tom and at first of her sisters knowing about her swelling belly, till it was found out. All was quite probable. I believed it implicitly. The size of Tom's prick, and the number of times he had done her were all described with modesty. I pitied the girl, and resolved to help her. Tom bore I found a bad character, and Hester no bet-ter, had been confined soon after she was married. The child was dead. All three sisters now lived with Tom since the mother's death.

“You knew all about fucking long before he did it to you.” “Of course we did. Nelly and I often talked about it, Hester told us what pleasure it was; we could hear Tom and Hester doing it. Nelly if sleeping with me used to listen. They used to hang a cloth before the door, — there were cracks in it,-if they did not, we could see through if there were light, and some- times they forgot. Nelly and I have both seen Tom's cock that way. Once he showed it to me as it were by accident; he was in the privy, and he called out to me to bring him a leaf. When I took it him his cock was out and stiff; he grinned, I looked, he took the leaf, and ran a hole in it with his finger, and put his cock through the hole, then he said, 'If you tell Hester that, she will turn you out.' So I never told, but I told Nelly. He did the same to

Nelly one day, but we held our tongues."

That is all I have to say about Sophy here. I had her from time to time until within three months of her confinement, for simple curiosity. I had no pleasure in it when her belly got big, but I kept her in money.

Nelly I also had. She came a saucy, lewd, low-tongued little bitch; but I liked her fuck. I found her larking with men, and stroked her more than once in the lanes. One night I caught her by surprise, and saw some male going off in the dark as I thought. "That was a fellow with you", said I. "No it was not." But her cunt had a most unusual wetness. I hesitated, and said that some one I thought had just wetted her. She was confused, denied it, and whimpered at my suspicion. I again felt her, and putting my fingers and thumb together was sure it was spunk, and turned away; but felt so randy, that I turned back after her, wiped her cunt with my handkerchief, made her piss, and then fucked her up against a fence.

As I relinquished my hold of her bum I heard some-thing fall with a chink. "Oh !" said she, "I have lost some money." It was very dark, I picked up the money, could not see what it was, but was sure from the feel it was gold, and said so. She had got it back before l made the remark, and would not let me feel it again. "You told me you hid the money I gave you." "I've been carrying it about for fear of its being found." I told her she was lying.

I had been out that day with my gun. On returning found Fred had come down from town, and been there all day; he had had a quarrel with Laura. I don't know how it struck me, but I asked, and found he had only just come in and said to myself, "He has fucked Nelly, it was his money she dropped, it was his sperm." I did not tell him so then.

The farm-yard now was never empty, they were thrashing in the barn. Molly was scarcely visible, and if in the yard her mother was at her back. When I did see her I winked at her and she laughed. She was growing wonderfully, and my desires turned to her. I had Pender one night or so; but a few hurried words, a smooth of the buttocks, a hurried grope with the finger, a silent kiss or two, shove, shove, shove like a steam-engine, and a pull out of my prick almost before the spunk was well out, was all I could get.

I was out shooting most days, and would walk across the farm-yard just to see if the coast was clear. After several Sundays had passed I got Pender again at the baudy house. P. took her being in the family way rather grumpily, and she hated him since she had been with child. She loved me, begged me to take her away, where, how, she cared not, so long as she knew that I alone could have her; she would live alone if I only came to see her once a month, she said.

I was sorry for this. What had been pastime to me was going to be misery to her. I had to show her the impossibility of my keeping her; then she said she would drown herself. Altogether it was not a very comfortable meeting apart from the fucking, which was as good as usual I dare say, though I don't recollect much about it.

Fred went backwards and forwards to London, I did occasionally, but not on his days, for he was in my way. I did not tell him now much about my little games, and got most of my women when he was absent. My mother and sister also went home, and I was glad of that, but it made it more needful for me to walk and drive out with aunt and cousins. I was constantly scheming and dodging how to get one or the other of the women, and that seemed to give zest to the affair; but I think now that the pleasure I gave the girls when I had them had much to do with it. Sophy and Nelly now came after me, as much as I went after them. Each now knew that I fucked the other. “When did you do it to my sister?” was a frequent question put by both of them to me.

Chapter XI

Out shooting. • A female carter. • A feel in the train. • Molly in London. • Giles in town.-Fred on the scene. • Molly at the Hall. • Copulation in uniform. • A sham illness. • An afternoon with Molly. • She turns harlot. • Gets clapped.-Her baby.

I was in wonderful condition. Early to bed, out-of-door exercise, good plain living, everything to make me so. I felt as if I could fuck all day. If one day I had neither of the women, the next day my prick stood from morning till I got to sleep at night. When standing quietly in the woods waiting for the driving of the game, I used if alone to pull out my prick and look at it, and thinking of cunt forgot to fire at the rabbits. Once I recollect shooting at a rabbit with my prick out of my trowsers.

Among the laborers I had seen was a strapping woman with big legs, withered face, and parchment skin, middle-aged, yet not actually bad-looking. The old foreman had said to me, “She ha been the biggest whore in the parish, I bet that there beant a man but what have had she when she were young. The first chap as had she, were the banker; she say it herself. I be sworn she likes a bit yet when she can get it.” She was as strong as a horse, if no one were handy, she would groom a horse, was often driving a farm-cart, and had the reputation of having whored since she was fifteen years of age. Waiting with my gun by a ride one day, my prick throbbing in my trowsers; I pulled it out, and felt it, laid down my gun, and in the trembling state of erection I was in had determined to frig myself; when I heard the wheels of a cart which soon came in sight. I saw it was driven by this woman who sat on a shaft with her legs dangling, and showing her big calves. Lust made me indifferent to consequences, had it been my grandmother I think I should have done the same. There was a cunt between those legs, that was enough. I forgot her age, position, the risk I ran of beaters coming, and everything else; I only thought of how to ease myself.

I nodded, “Good morning mother, come and help us a bit”, and out stood my cock in front of her. She laughed, and jumped off the cart which stopped. “Come here.” “No”, said she standing still and grinning. I winked and turned to the left out of the ride, she did the same. Without preliminary, almost without a word, I laid her on some grass drier than the rest, and had as good a pleasure out of her as I ever had in my life, or thought so. She went off with her cunt full, I tipped her. In a few minutes I was banging at the rabbits again. I don't think I was three minutes about it, and never had her again nor spoke to her, though I occasionally saw her and winked.

“I hait heard much of your gun squire”, said one of the game-keepers,” there ought to have been lots o' rabbits pass you in this beat.” I said I had scarcely seen any, — how could I ?

Rainy weather set in, Nelly and Sophy were avail-able but al-fresco, copulation impossible, and the long tramp or ride to ***, to the baudy house not to my taste. I had now no excuse for going to the farm, and no Pender. So one morning I set off for London. Just as the train started Molly and her mother appeared; she put the girl into a third-class carriage. At the first station the train stopped at I got into the carriage with Molly, who opened her eyes wide when she saw me. We were soon in conversation. Molly was going to an aunt's in London who was to meet her at the Terminus. You may guess which way my talk ran. I kept whispering lewd things in her ear. An elderly stern-faced woman got in at a station, fixed her eyes on us, especially on me, and at length said, “Do you know that young woman?” Her coolness nearly settled me, but I said I did, kept on talking, and was delighted when about two or three stations further on she left with the remark to Molly, “Take care of yourself my gal, and don't have anything to say to strange men or women.”

There are tunnels on that line. There were no lights then in third-class carriages. In one tunnel I kissed her, and on my kiss being returned, got my fingers on her cunt, and kept them there till approaching light made me withdraw them. It was a cold foggy day. I sat close to her wrapped in a travelling-cloak, and partially covered her with it and with my rug. I got her hand under my cloak and with the pretense of warming it, gradually introduced my prick into her hand, and there I kept it a quarter of an hour, she looking in such a fright all round' at the people every now and then, but enjoying the warmth of the feel. Just before entering London is another tunnel, I had another grope at her warm quim, and arranged my clothes.

I got her London address, and entered a cab, de- termined to follow her, and see if she was deceiving me. She waited, no one appeared to meet her, one or two men spoke to her, and as she told me later asked her to go and have drink. Then I got out. “No one is here”, said I. “Come and have some wine, you can say you waited ever so long should they come,-there is some error about meeting you.”

How could she refuse? Already had her fingers been playing round my cock, mine still smelt of her cunt. Telling the cab to wait, and putting her bag inside it, in three minutes I had her in a baudy house close by the Terminus (I dare say it's there now), and Molly's little cunt was again moistened by me. If her mother had known the risks, she never would have allowed her the journey to London.

When our heat was cooled by two hours dallying, kissing and fucking, she got uneasy about being found out. We put our heads

together for an excuse. The ad-dress was Paddington, she was to say she waited an hour at the station, then made a mistake, and went to Islington, and not finding the street there came to Paddington. The excuse turned out good, Paddington and Islington looked much alike on the scrawl.

I have often wondered at the rapid success I had with country women at that time. With women whom I saw daily, and with whom I had much opportunity, such as mother's servants, I was a long time getting my aim; but at that period of my life I was often diffident; even with gay women, a slight thing would at times make me cease speaking to them. But here I no sooner attacked than the females fell to me. I attribute it to the suddenness and impetuosity with which I made at times my advances, and the boldness with which I proceeded to baudy extremities. When I was once lanced, I was so strong, so lewd, that I am sure I communicated my lewdness to them by some subtle magnetism, even before I spoke. Then I was a Lon-don swell, a relative of the lady of the Manor, there was the pride which women of the humble class have, in being singled out for notice by a London gent, all these told. But my baudy, rapid assaults, lustful cunning and an innate power of stirring up voluptuous sensations in women when once I spoke, got me them more than anything else. When in the country, I was thinking of nothing else, and had nothing else to do but to hunt down cunts, and feed myself up for fucking them. When in London the game was different.

Molly's aunt was a greengrocer. Molly did not keep her promise to meet me, so I went to the place, saw her standing in the shop, and beckoned; she shook her head. I passed and repassed, on foot, then in a cab, till I thought the whole street would know me. At length she came out and said, “Aunt won't let me out alone, mother's told her not; I can only stay five minutes.” She wanted a post-office, — could I find her one? I did close by. She slipped a letter into the box, and begging me not to come near the shop, went back. I asked her to write me, and arranged to send my letters to this post-office. I wrote twice, and got no reply. Angry I wrote that I must see her, and had something to tell her; then I got a scrawl in reply. She met me, and I took her to a house near her aunt's.

Molly did not like me. When I got her into the room, she refused to let me have her, and begged me to tell her what I had heard. I invented some nonsense; and she said that was not what I had to say, she was

—IS 3— sure. I recollect sitting and talking with my prick out, and she looked at it sulkily; but she resisted me. I said, “How is Giles' head?” “What”., said she, “who told you ?” “Nobody knows but me”, said I. (It was one of the most blackguardly things I did in my life, and

am ashamed of it.) She shed tears, but no longer refused me. I gave her a sovereign saying, “That will be useful when you marry.”

I made her meet me again, and then she told me she would go to service. She went after a good many situations I know. I fucked her whenever she went out. She was getting hot-arsed, and she Shed the poking. One morning I passed the shop, and saw loitering about in the streets in a velveteen costume Giles. She had written to him I was sure.

I dodged them in a cab, saw her come out, and as fast as they could they went to a low coffee-shop where there were beds. I daresay my money paid for their refreshments.

Going to the street one day, there to my astonishment I saw my cousin Fred walking about. I was in a cab, and he did not see me. I asked Molly the next time if she knew if Fred was in town. She said no, seemed astonished, and I believed her; but I was sure Fred was after her, and could not imagine how he had found out her address. Laura perhaps took the starch out of him, for I never saw him in the street again. Molly now got fond of money. One day I took her to a baudy house near the Haymarket, feasted her, and fucked her till I was empty, and she full. Then I went back to the country to see my aunt, and soon again I got Pender. Said she among other gossip, “That gal Molly Brown will give her mother trouble, she has been after a situation in London, and her aunt says has been seen going into a house with a man, Giles has left the village, her mother believes he is after her, so she has sent for her back.” Sure enough in two or three days there was Molly, looking as fresh as a daisy, and as modest as a whore at a christening.

The mother told no one anything except Pender, and Pender told me. Molly then went to the Hall assisting whilst a servant was ill, and then I saw her every hour or so. Then Fred came back, and I saw he was making up to her, and told him of it. He acknowledged it, remarking it was a pity such a nice young girl should not taste the sugar-stick. “Perhaps she has”, said I. He thought not, there was a country lout she wanted to marry, and the mother looked after her closely. “I would give a ten-pound note to have her”, he said to me one day.

Shortly Molly appeared ill and pining; her face lost its bloom, I could not understand it. The bad weather keeping people at home had given me no chance of having her; if I saw her alone it was only for a minute, but I used to pull my prick out and show it to her. I have done it in the corridor, my aunt walking in front of me. I tried to get her to come out, but she would not, besides Fred always appeared on the scene. My delight was to get in the way when I knew there was the best chance of his seeing her alone. So we baulked each other.

There was some military inspection not far from us, Fred was going in his uniform, with my aunt, cousins and self, and all but two servants were allowed to go. The carriage was at the door when I was taken short, and being in my bed-room ran to the W.C. As I came out, I saw Fred at the end of the corridor near the stairs, walking quickly but quietly, and heard his footsteps descending to the Hall. “What's up?” thought I. He has been dressed a long time, why on the first-floor now? He passed his bed-room without going in. A suspicion crossed my mind, and being close to it, I put my ear to the nursemaid's door (the one with two doors in which I had had the skinny nurse-maid), heard a rustling, and quickly opening the lobby-door connecting with the servants' stairs, I saw Molly looking hot, flushed, adjusting her collar and hair, and going downstairs rapidly, she didn't see me. Instinct told me she had been fucked by Fred.

I rushed downstairs, Fred and all were in the carriage, aunt angry at waiting so long for me. I told her my ailment, said I would ride after them directly I felt better, so off they drove. The butler and Molly were in the Hall, they and the cook the only people in the house. I sent off the butler to the village to get me some medicine, and said to Molly in a stern way before him, as if I had never seen her, “Are you doing the housemaid's work young woman?” “Yes sir.” “Arrange my room as quickly as you can, for I am not well, and shall lay down there.” “Yes sir”, said she looking so hard at me. “Do the room at once”, said the old butler. Off she went. I saw him go off on his errand, and ran upstairs to my bed-room. There was Molly. I bolted the door, and pulled out my prick. Never had Molly resisted me more, she struggled, fought. What would happen if some one came? She would be ruined. “No one can come my darling, all are out but cook, and if she misses you she will think you have ran down to your mothers.” But she strug- gled on, begged, implored, she would meet me; she would do anything if I would desist then, she was poorly and could not. It was useless. I had been against my will chaste for some days. The fascination of the prick overcame her, she yielded, I threw her at length on the bed, mounted, fucked, and in half-a-dozen thrusts the job was done.

I recollect keeping her under me, and with my dawning senses what I had seen a quarter of an hour before came through my mind. Prick up her, and leaning on one elbow, I looked at her long; the possibility of my prick then laying in Fred's spunk mixed with my own, instead of horrifying me as it would have done, had I thought about the matter before in a cool state of mind, sent a delightful tittillation through me. I grasped her firmly, drove my prick home again, and said looking her in the face, “Fred has just fucked you.”

“Oh I” said she with such a start that she uncunted me, “oh! what

a wicked story, — let me go." But I was flat on her, she writhed, said I was insulting her; but my prick drove on, it hit, and went up. "I am sure he has, — shove, shove, — I saw him—shove—leave the room—shove—and you came out the other door, — shove, shove, shove, — lay quiet, — shove, shove, shove." "Oh I let me go." "I shan't, — shove,-wriggle, —shove, — oh ! my love,-ah !—ah. — a ! oh—o I—ah !" Our wet lips met, and the final wriggle settled our movements, sighs and conversation. She was quiet enough now, tranquillized by her pleasure.

"Oh ! if some one comes." "I will say you are not here, and no one can enter. Fred has just fucked you."

"It's a lie", said she rolling off the bed, and going off quickly with her cunt full.

The butler came back with the medicine, I threw it down the closet, and went down to the dining-room. In an hour or so, I rang for some tea (how was I to get him out of the way again?). I went to my bed-room, rang; up came Molly. "Let us do it again." "I won't, you have insulted me." "Bring me a great can of hot water." Then I rang for all sorts of odd things, making believe I had a bad attack of colic, showing her my prick each time, till she let me do it at the edge of the bed. Her cunt had been well washed. We were quiet, afraid of being overheard, a woman knows how to avoid being compromised when she has once intrigued, — but the poor girl was in an agony of fear.

"I've been into the nursemaid's room", said I, "and there is the mark of some one having been on the bed-edge." "Well it's not me." She stuck out that she had been in the room alone. "Why there at all?" She had only passed through the room to piddle.

In the afternoon I called the butler, and sent him to the village again, to get me another mixture. In the dining-room I rang, and Molly answered. "I am going to ring in my room again", said I, "you come." No she would not. I went up and rang.

The cook answered my bell. What a baulk ! but I was equal to it, — the cook had no business to come up, it was Molly's place. "Do you think that Mrs. Brown or Pender, or some one on the farm has got anything good for diarrhoea?" "I'll go and see", said she good-naturedly. I knew she must be gone ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour.

I followed her downstairs, soon rushed into the kit- chen, bolted the kitchen-garden entrance, laid hold of Molly, whose horror was extreme at the idea of being caught, and I fucked her in the butler's pantry, where he slept. With my cock dripping as I pulled it out, I ran up to my room. She had just had time to unbolt the door before the cook appeared, and she brought me some medicine from Mrs. Pender, which of course went down the closet.

I went to my bed-room, revelling in the intrigue of the day, and wondering how often Fred had had her, and whether that day was the first time. Whenever my cock grew stiff I rang for Molly, and showed it to her. She grew demoralized at the constant sight of the cock, but there was no time for a fuck; I promised her a new bonnet to get me another opportunity. In a couple of hours she came, I had a voluptuous caprice, turned her belly on the bed, her rump towards me, for a fuck from behind. She objected, “What are you going to do? You can't do anything like that.” “Yes my love, easily.” “I don't like my clothes up like that.” Two or three times I had to turn her round before she was quiet, and then we consummated. Molly was astonished. She had never been tailed in that attitude before I am sure.

It was about eleven o'clock when Fred and the others had set forth; they returned to a late dinner. I had fucked Molly five or six times. Then I went to bed, my aunt and cousins came up to me, and were so kind. So was Fred, who told me all about the inspection, and never suspected my game in the least, nor any one else. The last words I said to Molly that day were, “Fred has fucked you.” Again she swore that he never had. To keep up the deception and excuse my staying at home, I had eaten scarcely anything all day, and felt I recollect awfully hungry when a bed.

The empty pleasure of occasionally showing my doodle to Molly was all I could get afterwards. Nelly or Sophy -I forget which—I got to the baudy house at ***; whichever of the two it was, came half wet through with muddy boots and under-linen which so upset me that I did not poke. The servant who had been ill came back to the Hall, and Molly left. I had Pender (whose belly was then showing its intentions awfully) up against the gate opposite her cottage one wet night (but “cock and cunt will come together”). Said she in the slight interval between our meeting, fucking, and parting, “If that gal Molly is not in the family way,-her mother's found it out, — oh ! such a row.” That accounted for Molly looking depressed.

Soon Molly went again to London, and I did the same day, but not in the third-class carriage. We spoke at the station. “For God's sake go”, said she, “aunt's coming.” “I'll write to the post-office”, said I, and did. Then she met me, she got a situation directly, but I tempted the girl. “Tell your aunt you are wanted a week earlier than you are, and come and stop with me.” The devil was with me, Molly got into a cab with her box, and was set down at a station; there I got her into another, and we drove to a small hotel where I had taken a room. She only stayed with me five days; I took her to theatres and other places, but not out in the day; fed her up, and fucked her and myself out. The sheets were always slobbered with spunk and once or twice I made

the woman change them. Molly had become lecherous, and no doubt reckless, and I had the delight of teaching her baudiness (which is the main pleasure a virgin gives you over a gay women), but she did not care about me. She was often crying, but a little friction on her clitoris usually cured that. On the last day I asked her if she was in the family way? She admitted it, and went to her situatiton. “I think it's you who have done it”, said she to me. I told her it must be Giles.

She stopped a fortnight in her situation, then went no one knew where. Pender told me when I went back. I was sorry, went to town hoping to find her, and wrote to the post-office. By some chance-perhaps to get a letter from Giles—she went there. A week after-wards my landlady said a young woman had called on me. “A lady?” said I. “Not at all, an overdressed young woman.” It was Molly, who called again. I went to her poor lodgings, she fenced my questions, said she meant to go back to her mother's. Pressing her as to how she lived, she said she had the money I had given her. “But your bonnet, your clothes, — what do you do of a night?” She could not evade it, Molly had turned whore. I never knew who had put her up to getting her living by her cunt; but a fellow-servant had left with her, and had got the next room to hers.

A woman who takes to whoring takes to lying. I could not learn exactly how long she had stayed at her situation, or much about her movements. I stayed with her the night, she let me pull up her clothes, and open her thighs with a freedom she never had done before; from which I inferred she had had more than one prick in her split since I had been up her last; she was voluptuous, and her cunt was unusually juicy.

I went back to my aunt's sorry, for I seemed to have been largely the cause of Molly going astray, and did not know then that a gay life is as happy as that of the wife of a farm-laborer. Restless I went again to London, saw Molly who looked fearfully wretched, would neither let me fuck, nor feel her, and then broke out in an agony of tears, saying she was ill, something was the matter with her. “With your cunt?” “Yes”, said she, “do look.” Poor Molly opened her plump thighs, stretched open her cunt, and gave me every facility. Her quim was in a high state of inflammation, and it had a discharge. A medical student who saw her said she had the clap, and gave her medicine. “Oh ! do look again, tell me if I am very bad, — shall I be worse ? — oh ! I am so sorry I did not keep at my situation”, said she.

Once in my life since, another girl made me a similar confession, and those are the only two who confessed to an illness at the time they had the illness on them.

I told her she could be cured, but horrified her with the description of the disease to which she might be subject, took her to a

doctor, paid her lodgings, counselled her to go home, to hold her tongue, and refuse to tell any one anything, excepting that she had left her situation. She promised, but was frightened of her mother.

She said she had never been into the streets since I had left her. I had a fear of the clap, and did not intend any commerce with her; but lust overcame me, and we fucked all that night to the damage of the sheets again. I wrote an anonymous letter to her mother, telling where the girl could be found. She came up to town and took her back. Molly's cunt proved to be all right.

A woman is such a fool that she must tell some one everything. Mrs. Brown told Pender about the anonymous letter, and Mrs. P. told me; but I don't think any of them knew the girl had been on the streets. Molly's belly soon afterwards showed, Mrs. Brown thought better of Giles, he married her and they went to live a few miles off. She had a child, and every one thought it was Giles' begetting. I suppose he knew nothing of the girl's pranks, for luckily a cunt cannot speak. Then Mrs. Brown left aunt, and Pender and his wife came to live in the farm-yard.

When it became known that Molly Brown was de-livered of a child, my aunt remarked (Fred told me) that she was not married a bit too soon. “I had that little devil two or three times”, said Fred, “and on the first day I was in uniform. Do you recollect Walter, the day you were ill?” And he told me how it came about; but I never told him that I had had her; I never spoke of having had a woman, if I thought I should injure her, whatever my desire or vanity might have been.

Chapter XII

Nelly and Sophy. • Nelly at the Argyle. • In town with Fred. • On the sofa with Mabel. • The effect of black stockings. • Interference. • In bed. • Mabel's bad habits. • A ladies' school. • The bathroom. • My cousins naked. • Maria the curate's wife. • Cunt inspection. • Servants washing. • Flat fucking.

I may as well finish about Nelly and Sophy, although the occurrences I now narrate happened some time afterwards. Nelly got in the family way, told me I was the father, and told Fred he was, for he had had her. We both checked her, and said that half a dozen might claim the honor. She and Sophy left the village. Sophy I never heard of or saw again, that I recollect. Two or three years afterwards, I was at the Argyle Rooms. A woman looked at me, smiled, and pointed me out to another woman, then came up smiling and said, “Don't you know me?” It was Nelly, who had become harlot by profession. I was then a poor man, but slept with her at Brompton. She had heard I had ruined myself. I had her afterwards once or twice, but soon gave her up. Harlotry was successful with her, and I could not pay her price. Though she was a swell woman, she did not want me to pay at all, but I was proud. She always declared that I had had the first of her, but could not say I was the. father of the child.

Mrs. Pender now had a chance.. At night there was often no one in the farm-yard but her, she could therefore go into the barn when she liked. Her husband finding the dark nights dull went frequently to the village Public; then I used to enter the big barn from the rick-yard, she having left the wicket open, and she had a good bombasting on the straw and hay. But I grew tired of her big belly, liked a bed and nakedness, and to see and feel in comfort the cunt I was to bestow my attention on. Fucking on straw was all very well with a new piece. I could generally not tell her face from her arse, excepting by feel, for of course we had no light in the barn; so I grew tired, and gave it up.

Then Fred and I went to town, he to see Laura, I to get promiscuous fucking, and other amusements. Laura who was one of the few women of her class whom I have found to be well educated, had a female friend stopping with her from her native place Plymouth. Her name was Mabel, a pretty modest-looking girl. Laura had given out that she had married Fred, and this girl had been entrusted to keep her company. I tell the tale as it was told me. I dined with them daily, and in fact all but lived there.

One night we went to the theatre, and back to Fred's, had a jolly supper, and got as merry as sand-boys. It was a cold foggy night, I said I would not go home as it was about three A.M., and would sleep on

the sofa. Our conversation had been pretty warm. Fred remarked that I had better sleep with Mabel. Laura was surprised at Fred. Mabel laughed, and baudy insinuations passed without baudy words. Fred said he should go to bed, and off he went. Laura expected Mabel to go to bed, but she put it off laughing and joking. Laura got angry, Fred came out in his night-gown swearing if Laura did not come, he would go out, and get a woman; and off Laura went. Fred wanted a fuck before he went to sleep.

Mabel and I sat talking, both heated and randy. It got colder, she got sleepy, I would not let her go, so she laid on the sofa. I drew a chair to her side, and both drinking whiskey and water time rolled on. “Oh ! I wish I were Fred”, said I. “Why?” “Because he is between Laura's thighs, belly to belly, how warm, how delicious this cold night.” “Oh ! for shame !” “Nonsense my dear, quite natural and proper, we are made to keep each other warm, and give each other pleasure.” “When we're married”, said she. “Married,-pough !-then millions would never taste the pleasure.” My words grew warmer, I kissed, and was kissed, edged myself on to the sofa, little by little felt my way from her ankles to her thighs, and behold me smothering her with kisses, with my hand on her cunt, her hand on my prick.

A modest woman will let you take liberties much more readily if you kiss her whilst taking them. Sit at the foot of a girl on a sofa, and try to force your hand up her clothes, she may resist you; sit close by her side, bend over her, kiss her, and at the same time your hand may find its way to her cunt, almost with-out hindrance.

So was it now. Mabel was scarcely modest. I recollect the conviction coming over me that she was no virgin, and if I had doubts before, the way my finger slipped from her clitoris up the love-pit and plugged it, confirmed them. She lay with her eyes fixed on me, palpitating gently with voluptuousness. Her petticoats up to her knees, I saw legs in black stockings, one in wrinkles, the other half-way bagging down the calf, and her feet in shabby slippers.

I had at that time a horror of black stockings, which affected me at times so much as to deprive me of all desire. Once with a gay woman who had black stockings I was unable to poke her, spite of her blandishment, till she put white ones on. As I now saw Mabel's legs a disgust came over me, desire left me, and my prick began to shrink; I may have been tired, or had had my sperm drawn too much the night previously; that is likely enough, I don't recollect; but know I got nervous, a fear lest she should doubt my man-hood, a sense of shame overcame me. I tried to rally, but in vain, for once that nervousness on me, it vanquished me. I ceased to probe her quim with my finger, my prick shrunk out of her hand, and the titillation ceasing, Mabel turned away her eyes, repulsed my hands, and drew her clothes down,

looking at me full. I sat speechless.

“Are you i;l?” said she. “Yes”, said I overjoyed with the suggestion, “a faintness came over me, and a giddyness, — I shall be better directly.”

She believed it, gave me cold water, and we sat for a time. I looked at her beautifully white neck, thought how white her bum must be, tried to get the black stockings out of my head, but could not. It must have been past four o'clock in the morning when I asked her to lie down again, but she refused; the spell had been broken, the weakness gone, and she said she should go to bed.

“Is your bum as white as your neck?” said I. “Laura says I am the whitest fleshed women she ever saw, all the girls at school used to say so.” In my mind's eye I saw the white bum and thighs, my lust came back at a rush. “Let me see it”, I said, and I laid hold of her. The flood-gates of my baudiness were loosened, and as she afterwards told me, I let fly a torrent of voluptuous words, enough to have excited the passions of all the women in London. I had forgotten the stockings. She kept refusing, denying and evading me. “Hish l hish ! Laura will hear you.” Laura did, and came in her night-gown. “I came to see if you had gone to bed”, said she. “You need not have troubled yourself”, said Mabel. “As long as you're here I shall look after you; when you're at home you can do as you like.” “I'm quite old enough to take care of myself.” They quarrelled. Mabel resented her interference. Fred roared out from his bed-room, “What the devil are you going in there for?” and Laura not replying, came in in his night-shirt. After an altercation Fred and Laura went back to bed.

Then Mabel said she should go to bed, must go up for five minutes, but would be down again. “To piddle eh ?” Taking off my boots I blew out one candle, took the other, followed her, and opened the door. She was on the piss-pot. I closed the door, and locked it. Five minutes afterwards I was on the bed fucking her with her legs in black stockings, and five minutes afterwards uncunting, the first words I said were, “I loathe black stockings.”

“I can't bear them myself”, said she, “but I am in mourning.” People in mourning wore black stockings then.

She was anxious for me to go, so that Laura could say nothing positive, whatever she might think. I would directly I had her again. We got into the bed together, and I had her, and then again. That is all I recollect, and that after the fuck we both fell asleep, and were awakened by a knock at the door. It was late in the morning, and broad daylight, Laura was knocking. I opened the door. Laura looked at me, and then at Mabel, and said, “Well the sooner I send you back the better.” There was a somewhat bitter row between them, short but sharp, in which Mabel gave as good as she got. Laura went away.

Mabel turned round and wept; then we fucked, and went to sleep again.

This is the only point in my history with Mabel much worth noting, except that when I knew her from top to bottom, and found she got out of bed, and washed her cunt after my sperming it, I asked her, “Why did you not wash the first night?” “Because it's unlucky”, said she, and I never got any more out of her; but she had known the sensation of a prick in her cunt before mine, that I found out the first night.

She was a well-arsed, well-made, plump girl about twenty-one years old, and had a wonderfully white skin. She had been fucked before, but I believed from all I learnt from her, Laura and Fred, that for two years a prick had not entered her. A man who had paid his addresses to her had deceived her, then cleared off, I expect after tailing her.

I did not profess to keep Mabel after this, but paid for the second-floor rooms (Fred had taken the upper part of the house, three bed- and one sitting room), and my share of the living, and slept with her almost regularly for a short time, gave her money, dressed her, and did all a man does who keeps a woman; but I never cared much about her, and was not constant. She like Laura was fairly educated. A few months afterwards she went back to her native town, and al-though she wrote to me, I never saw her again, and had some idea that Lord A.... kept her, why I shall tell further on. One reason of my being indifferent to her was that she never properly washed herself. Her beautiful white flesh never seemed to need it, but I did not like a woman who just smeared her face and neck, and never below. I told her of it, and she was offended.

About three weeks after I first had Mabel, Fred and I went to shoot with some friends at ***shire; it was towards the end of November, all the leaves were well off the trees.

As said I had female cousins by several aunts, two of them about seventeen or eighteen years of age were at a finishing-school for young ladies. It was a large old-fashioned house kept by three ladies of whom one had been married a year, although then forty years old, to a curate about sixty-five years old. The sisters unmarried were between fifty and sixty years old, stern and stiff-rumped. Maris the married one, fat and forty, with jet-black hair and merry hazel eyes, had been disappointed in her youth, and when this clergyman, whom she had known all her life, proposed, she accepted I suppose for companionship, and because it gave her consideration in the neighbourhood.

The house was originally a very big old mansion, large enough for two schools, and had been roughly divided by walls and partitions

into two houses. The smaller was inhabited by Maria and her husband, and the kitchen-garden was attached to it. All access to the pleasure-grounds of the other, or school-part of the house, was bricked up. In an establishment for young ladies, all of a fuckable age, and none without hair on their cunts, it would never have done to leave male access, not even to a curate sixty-five years old. The gardeners were elderly men, they came round by the house to go to the kitchen-garden, which supplied both houses. Mrs. Maria used to go round to the school daily.

The air of the neighbourhood was fine, and although not professing to lodge people, if any of the female relatives of the young ladies at the school desired it, they could go and stop for a week or two at the curate's, of course paying for so doing.

Fred and I had invitations to shooting not far off, just as my aunt went to stay a week at Mrs. Maria's and to see her girl. Our friends could accommodate Fred only, and sooner than be separated, and for other reasons, we wrote to the old curate to know if he could receive us two men, — and my aunt as well, —which he did. We took up our quarters there. I had unpacked, and went into Fred's room. “Here is a jolly cupboard”, said he opening the door of one big enough for four people to stand in. “If a woman were sleeping here, she would always be thinking some one was hidden in it; it's a jolly place for boxes and clothes.” He was hanging up something, when he stopped and listened. “Damned if there are not women laughing”, said he, “hish !” But he heard nothing more.

Two or three minutes afterwards he said, “Here Walter”, and both listening heard the voices of women, but very indistinctly. Fred lighted a candle. Said he, “Here is an old door screwed up, it leads into a room. What a lark to get it open, or a hole through it; nothing I so like as to hear what women say, when they think no one hears them.”

I suggested it was unfair, it might be his sisters' room. “It don't matter”, said he, “it's all in the family.” He went to dinner, and then back to his room. He at once got to the closet, undid his gun-case, and taking out the gun-screw, tried to loosen the screws of the door, but could not. Off he went to the village, came back with a screwdriver, and with some labor opened the door. Then we found ourselves in another empty place nearly as big, and at the end of it rough boards nailed across a frame horizontally, and as we supposed covered over on the other side. It evidently had been a passage, and when they separated the house, they had screwed up the door into the room of which we did not yet know the use, leaving the door at the end next Fred's room as it was, and had fixed up some woodwork across the end of the passage, thus making the large closet at one end, and the

empty space at the other. We were dusty with our job.

After breakfast next day, aunt, Fred and I went round to see his sister and cousin. We saw their bed-rooms accompanied by them and aunt. We were in fact shown over the house. Fred had previously looked well at the outside, to see how the windows ran. “What is that room which is shut off ?” “Oh !” said his sister, “that is a bath-room; look, such a nice one.” We entered it; it was the room up to which the pass-age at the back of the closet led. Fred winked at me, and when we got back he roared. “Oh I lord, we shall see them naked, — the boards have twisted, there are cracks next the bath-room, — we'll run a knife between one, and through the canvas and paper; then we will see through, — oho ! ho ! we shall see the girls bathing, —there are two or three damned fine girls.”

Had it been servants, I should have been delighted at a peep; but to rip a hole to spy on young ladies, and one of those his sister, revolted me. “Damn it Fred, it's not the thing, one is your own sister.” “Pough! you have seen their cunts.” (It was not the two I had seen.) “Ah ! those were children.” “Well ** and are only larger, and have hair on their cunts, and you need not look.” “But if we are found out, we are disgraced; if it were at an hotel or elsewhere, I would not mind.” “It won't be found out.” “They will see the crack in the paper.” “They won't, they will think it split by the boards warping, if they do; besides there are cracks and some shelves up, I know exactly the place.

Nothing stopped him, and after boring, prodding, and getting a chair to stand on to find the right place, he at length made some cracks a few inches long with a knife, and we saw day light through the bath, towels, clothes-pegs, and a large cane settee or sofa. I would not look at first, but so weak is man's nature concerning a woman, that at length I did, and a thrill of pleasure shot through me as I thought of seeing the naked girls, and strange enough I recollect a feeling of curiosity about the figures my two cousins would cut if they were naked. I thought of the quims of his sisters some years before, and wondered what difference between these and those.

Carefully locking the closet we went out. When we returned Fred peeped at every opportunity, but saw nothing that day. The next morning Fred awakened me. “Get up, they are going to bathe, a servant is fill- ing the baths.” It was a cold dark morning. “I shan't.” “Don't”, and off he went. In a minute or two however I was by his side. We saw two young ladies enter, strip, and take their baths; the candle-light was imperfect, but we saw them rub their bodies dry, and scrub the wet off their cunts; we saw their hair above and below, and all their little secrets. They were, we afterwards knew, sisters.

“I shall burst”, said Fred, “how do you feel Walter?” I was

maddened by desire like him at the sight of the fresh, modest, naked girls cleaning themselves so unsuspectingly; all this in whispers.

Another girl or two came in, they hurried through the operation as if they did not like it. “Here is Carry”, said Fred. I peeped and in came my two cousins. “Lord what a lot of hair she has got on her cunt”, said my shameless cousin. “It's a damned ungentlemanly thing Fred.” “Well don't look then”, said he. But I did, — I could not help it; my sense of honor was strong, my lust stronger, and I saw both naked. “Holloa ! here is Mrs. Maria”, it was. She stripped. A fine round, plump, middle-aged woman with a mess of black hair between her thighs, that would have sufficed to stuff a sofa-squab. Fred was smitten. “I'll be damned”, said he, “if I would not sooner have her than all the others.” I could not get his eyes away to let me have a full look, so much was he taken with her. Indeed when she put one leg on the chair, and rub-bed the towel well round her cunt and arse, showing two big, well-set globes, and round arms and thighs, the black hair in her arm-pits, the black hair below, she looked in the feeble light not more than thirty years old, and as fine an arm-full as a man could de- sire. “What a pity she has never been fucked”, said Fred, “I'll swear old * * * can't do it to her,-he can only frig her.”

Only four or five ladies took a morning bath; we saw the same on two or three mornings. We were shooting all day. Fred then went to shoot with a friend some miles off, I stopped with my aunt at the Rev. ***'s house till his return, and walked out with them. Fred went away on a Saturday afternoon, I went to my bed-room, thought I would have a peep into the next house, and went to Fred's room (he had left me the closet key), and saw the bath-room quite bright with a large fire. I asked for a fire to be lighted in Fred's room which was bigger than mine, observing that it was so much better to write in than mine; then making a great display, I sat down to write letters, locked the bed-room door, and stationed myself at the crack in the closet.

Oh I what an evening! It soon became evident that the whole household would wash that night. The young ladies came in mostly one at a time, sometimes in pairs, the mistress came in from time to time. The ladies came in, in loose gowns, a chemise and slippers, all but undressed. Everything was quite decorous, the mistress mostly present. Each girl would deposit her gown and chemise on a chair, turning her rump to the other, and get into the bath. When they left it, they stepped out, and came straight to the spot where I could best see them, their cunts towards me, and began to dry themselves. Servants came in and emptied the baths. Some used only a foot-bath. All was done so quietly and demurely that I could scarcely hear a word they said; no girl was supposed I think to see either the bum or belly of the other.

Once when the mistress left, a pair of girls were together, and threw off reserve. One time they got into the bath together, and smacked each other's bums. The younger girls had come in first in the evening, the elder ones later. The mistress did not come in with the elder ones. This pair talked about my cousin and me. They stood in front of the fire; one tripped across the room, and bolted the door, then each one in succession put a leg on the chair, and they looked at each other's cunts. Able to bear it no longer, I frigged myself, and may as well say at once that having be-gun so, I went on. From half-past eight till about ten o'clock did bathing go on. I looking, and frigging my-self as often as my cock stood. I saw in succession nearly all the ladies, and four female servants.

Most of the girls who took cold baths in the morning did not come in at night, my cousins excepted. Every one had hair on her cunt. I knew and recollected some for years afterwards, and when I saw them walking out, or in the ground from our bed-room window, and when my cousins came in to dine with us at the Reverend's house, bringing two of the other young ladies with them ; I recollected the look of their bums and bubbies, the quantity and colour of the hair on their cunts as well as if it had been my own prick. I could not converse, my eyes went from one to the other of the girls as their charms rose up in my mind, my prick throbbing. Aunt noticed my silence, and joking me asked if I was falling in love.

It was difficult to hear the conversation; what I did was for the most part chaste, and about trifles, the only exception was the two girls who looked at each other's quims, and stood near me, half facing the fire. It ran something like this: “I wonder if men look at each other's things.” “I dare say they do.” “Boys do, Miss Y.... said she saw two of her brothers rubbing each other's things hard.” “Law !” “Yes.” “Is it not funny that the man's things should be put right up ours?” “Lor yes.” “It seems nasty.” “I wish you could ask *** to let us see that book again.” “I have, and she has not got it now.” “It was fun.” “Yes”,- and they both laughed. “Make haste, they will wonder why we are so long.” “Ring the bell.” “Yes.” “Open the bolt.” “Hish ! here is some one.”

The servants came in two by two, the mistress came in with the first pair, and told them to put the fire out. When she had gone, “The old skinflint”, said one servant, and put coals on after saying 'yes' to her mistress; To me it was always more exciting to see a woman in stockings and boots, than quite naked. The young ladies had come in undressed from their rooms; the servants came dressed, bringing candles with them. They were full-grown women, I felt more pleasure in seeing them gradually undress and uncover. One, a middle-aged woman, said aloud, “I shall only wash my feet, it's so cold.” She took

water out of the big bath, put it into a hip-bath, pulled off her shoes and stockings, tucked her petticoats up to her thighs, and washed her feet by the fire. She was a big-limbed woman, I could not see her cunt. I had seen a dozen that night, yet because I could not see this one's cunt I seemed to long for it. The other had stripped, and got into the bath, and I could see her naked. She was ugly and middle-aged. I would sooner have fucked any one of the young women than her, and yet I recollect feeling the most furious baudiness about her, and frigged looking at her.

Then in came two strong-looking women, but much younger, “Stir the fire, — don't make a noise, or there will be a row about coals”, said one. “They are all a bed”, said the other. Both stripped to their chemises, one went to the bath. “I shan't wash after cook”, said she, and she let off the water. “The water won't be warm, they have drawn off so much.” “Then I won't wash.” she replied. Then one woman stood by the fire with her back to it, and lifted up her chemise to warm her arse. I saw it sideways as she stood, boots and stockings on.

The other came to the fire. “It will take five minutes to run clean out”, said she. Both drew chairs in front of the fire, sat down and raised their chemises, one edged closer to the other, inclined her head to the other's thighs, and kissed it, then looked, and placed her hand on the cunt. I could not see the cunt, her back hid it, for she had turned her back to. me; then the other one's hand crossed and the two women sat feeling each other. I don't think they said a word, if so I could not hear it; their heads were from me. They sat for three or four minutes, kissing and feeling each other.

“Is the door locked?” said one quite aloud, and getting up went to the door, and tried it. Then one laid her clothes on the big settee, and laid down on her back, the other threw up her chemise, kissed, and perhaps licked her cunt. I only know her head covered the cunt, and then she mounted her. I thought it must be fun, for although I had once seen a woman on the top of another, and had heard of such things, I was incredulous. Now I saw them together like man and woman, sometimes between each other's thighs, some-times with legs interlaced, and hands grasping each other's buttocks, the thighs of one raised up round the other's limbs, the mouths meeting, the backsides wriggling and twisting without ceasing. If they laid so one minute, they remained in each other's embraces nearly half-an-hour, sometimes quiet, then wriggling again. I heard not a sound, don't recollect hearing kisses, or anything; but it was difficult to hear, unless they talked loud.

The light went out, there was a glimmer from the hot fire. Said one getting off, “Is there no other candle?” “No.” “You must get down

to the kitchen for one, we can't go up without light." Off went one, slip-ping her gown on first. The other gently stirred the fire, sat down, put her hand on her cunt, and frigged it. I can't say if she had pleasure, but her head fell back, and one side her face was then towards me. I saw it all by the flame of the fire, which she had poked. The other came back with two bits of candle, and they went away, having put on their gowns, carrying their other clothes with them, neither having bathed. Then I went off to my own bed-room, frigged out. The loudness with which the servants talked, corn-pared with the young ladies, was very noticeable, though when on the top of each other on the settee at the end of the room, I could not hear a word.

Chapter XIII

Fred on flat-fucking. • In town with Laura. • Back at the school. • Pictures for young ladies. • Fred's ankle.-Mrs. Maria's weakness. • To London alone. • Laura and Mabel. Three in a bed. • A risky poke. • Groping for the pot. • Nearly caught. • Fred joins us.

When I awakened on Sunday, I thought I had been dreaming, the images of a dozen and more modest naked women passed through my brain. I could think of nothing else, waited at the gate to see the young ladies go off to church, and followed at a distance, walking with Mrs. Maria. I tried to guess from the backs of the ladies which was which, every now and then looked at Mrs. Maria, thinking of the hirsute charms of her cunt and arm-pits. At church in an old-fashioned square pew, I could see many of the young ladies' faces, and looked at them during the whole service, thought at times that I mistook one for the other; but no, although each had a bonnet on, and was in full dress, I recognized each face, recollected, bum, bubby, and motte of each. My well-frigged cock stood from Psalms to Sermon. I went to church in the afternoon, because a few pious girls liked two services. My cousins, and two other young ladies dined at the Reverend's, it always was an early dinner, to let him get to church. In the evening I again went to church, because the servants went; and sat close to the two women who had played at fiat-fucking. The astonishment of my aunt at my going to church three times was so great, that although I told her I went because I did not know what to do with myself, she wrote to my mother about it.

On Sunday night Fred returned. You may guess we saw on the Monday the morning bathings. I told him all excepting that his sister had come to bathe. “Did *** and *** come?” (naming her and cousin). “No.” He was satisfied. I told him about the two servants. Why I lied about my cousins I cannot think, but was half ashamed of looking at all, and it seemed more sinful to have seen my cousins than any one else.

Afterwards Fred told me that in India he kept three young girls all together in a bungalow; had bought them from their parents as virgins at about twenty shillings each. He was conversant with female life there, and explained how the women satisfied their leches with each other in harems, if they could not get men. His girls, he said, did it, and did it before him. I was amazed and wondered, and half thought him lying. All my knowledge of women extended to their relations with men, and although I had seen twice women on the top of each other, and seen one gamahuche another, I still regarded them as baudy tricks got up for my amusement; and had never realized the

idea of women having leches for each other, as men have for frigging each other. The latter had indeed passed away from my mind as a boyish habit, no desire to feel a prick then entered my mind, I even disliked touching a man. So I heard what Fred told me, but remained incredulous, and was approaching middle-age before I realized the fact that frigging an-other fellows doodle was agreeable, and that some women find similar pleasures with their own sex. The flat-cocking of the two if they were at it, which I now don't doubt, left no agreeable or voluptuous impression on me.

After breakfast having no shooting, Fred and I went to town to see our women. Five minutes after our arrival, both were being fucked. We found sitting with Mabel and Laura, the mistress of Lord A and will call her Lady A. . . . After we had pumped our sperm out, we all went into the sitting-room, Lady A.... was there still. Fred asked me what I had been doing, I asked him the same, there was a general warm talk without coarse language. Lady A.... told the girls they were lucky, for she had not seen Lord A... . for a month, and had not had anything done to her for that length of time.

Fred then went out, and returned in an hour. Taking me a side he showed me baudy engravings, which he meant to throw into the garden of the school, where the young ladies walked daily after breakfast if fine. I objected that his sister and cousin might find them. He did not care. “It will make them all so damned randy, that they won't know whether their arses are at their backs or fronts.” This was all through my telling him what I had heard the two girls in the bath-room say to each other; and he actually that night got over the wall, into the pleasure-grounds, and laid the prints in a long building, half shed half summer-house. From his bed-room window we could see over the wall which separated the Reverend's garden from the school-garden. I suggested sending them to a young lady by post. “No, she would keep them to herself.” I must mention that each lady had a separate bed- room; they were not allowed to go to each other's bed-room, they met only at meals, or in the class-room, or drawing-room, or when out of doors. No,-the prints had better be seen by several, they would tell each other, and thus all see them. The idea of the girls seeing baudy pictures tickled us immensely. I had then wondered why the school-mistresses made it a rule that no lady should go into another's bed-room, and once asked my female cousin. She said she did not know.

Directly after breakfast we saw the ladies in the garden, pulled down our blind, and peeped. “There is Carry”, said Fred laughing as his sister showed among them. We saw a group approach the spot, the next instant all their heads were close together, looking at something. Every now and then one would stealthily look up towards the house,

then another would, as if they feared being seen. On being joined by two or three others, they all moved out of sight into the shed, and we saw no more.

Fred was delighted, he did nothing but suggest how such and such a one felt at that moment. “I dare say their cunts are as hot as fire, their thighs squeeze, their arses wriggle as they walk; they will all frig them-selves to-night.”

Fred soon afterwards said he must go to town by the next train. I would go too. “I must go to so and so”, said he, “so can't be with you much.” I resolved to stay. Going into the house I saw Mrs. Maria dressed, she was going to town. “I will walk with you”, said Fred, “to the station, we shall go up to-gether.” Mrs. Maria went to London to make purchases, and do all the business for the school. Neither came back till the latest train; I was sitting smoking with the Reverend when his wife returned, she looked worn out. Soon afterwards in came Fred, who looked as if he had been out all night. Said he to Mrs. Maria in a surprised manner, “Have you only just returned?” “Yes”, said she in an innocent way. “We have both come by the same train then without knowing it”, he replied.

I don't know what thoughts led to it, but the conviction came over me that he had seen Maria's thighs closer than he did through the cracks in the bath-room partition. I noticed his manner next morning, saw him look at her, and she at him at breakfast, and said to myself, “He has fucked her.”

Next day we had shooting. At night Fred went to town. Next day Mrs. Maria went, and came home late, Fred not returning till the following morning. Mrs. Maria looked so tired that her husband noticed it. “She has had her belly-full again”, I said to myself. As she took her bath next morning (Fred not with me), she rubbed herself dry, put on her chemise, and felt her cunt; it was a prolonged feel. I told Fred of that. His remarks were evidently intended to mislead me.

We wanted to see the Saturday night bathing, though my aunt wanted to return home; but as we had shooting on Saturday, she consented to remain over Sunday. My cousins again dined with us at the Reverend's, and two of my cousins' special friends. What pleasure I had in looking at them, knowing the looks of their backs and bellies as well as their faces, wondering what they thought of the baudy pictures, at the way in which women continue to look so modest, talk softly, look in a man's face, and keep a demure demeanor, even if lust be stinging their cunts. It is the training in hypocrisy, which is so large a part of female education.

On Friday Fred sprained his leg, on the Saturday it was too stiff to go out shooting. I did, and returned to dinner. Mrs. Maria had attended to him, her husband was at church nearly all Saturday, so

perhaps she had rubbed a little higher than his ankle. My aunt spent all the time she could at the school, or walking out with her daughter and niece.

Fred's sprain was an excuse for going to his bed-room whither I accompanied him. In the dusty closet Fred's lameness was better. In came the young ladies, the younger ones first. It was a pretty sight, a decently voluptuous one, to see the dainty white-fleshed creatures throw off their dresses, and stand naked, one by one entering the bath, rub their flesh dry, and their cunt-wigs free from moisture; to see one with her bum towards you, rubbing her back vigorously with a towel pulled straight with both hands, whilst her bum-cheeks, loins, and thighs quivered with the motion and friction. Another put one leg on a chair whilst she rubbed her quim dry. Then came the servants. Again I recollect having my lust more stirred at seeing the fuller grown women strip, and stand with boots and stockings on; than at seeing the virgin ladies naked. I can't account for this at all. I write exactly what I recollect.

When we saw Fred's sister, he whispered that all his family had a good deal of hair on their privates. I saw his prick soon afterwards. He spoke as if he were intimately acquainted with the cunts and pricks of the whole family. The two young ladies who looked at each other's privates did not do so again, the flatfuckers took no pleasure in each other's arms, they soaped each other's backs, and helped to dry each other; both rubbed themselves in front of the fire,-a fine couple of women. “I want to piddle so”, said one just as she finished bathing. “Piddle in the bath”, said the other, “there is no one else going into it.” And she did so standing up, then jumped rapidly out, and they both laughed.

I have seen before and since through key-holes and peep-holes women and men wash, but it was with difficulty. Here all was fairly clear. The crevice admitted enough sight, to distinguish form, face, feature, and colour of hair and eyes. I thought of it for years, but never told a man. Oftentimes when fucking, the bathing spectacle came into my mind, and fetched my sperm out of me in a moment.

The next morning we jobbed a few more holes between other boards, so as to make it look as if the shrinking of the wood had cracked the paper in more than one place, carefully closed the door and dipped the heads of the screws in vinegar to darken them. The whole looked rusty, and as we hoped when we had done no one would ever guess the game we had been up to. We swept up dust from the carpet, and pushed it under the bottom of the door, and I think our prank never was known. The old house is pulled down now.

I went to church again for the pleasure of staring at the ladies, it was rapture to look at them, and think of their virgin cunts, think they

had seen the baudy prints. My cousin Fred had gone out somewhere, Mrs. Maria, who usually went to church with her husband, was ill. In the middle of the service a thought came into my head. Feeling sure that Fred was after the middle-aged plump lady, I left the church, and went back, knocked at the door twice before it was opened, and then by Mrs. Maria. Said she, “I let both servants go out.” She told me this without my asking her any-thing, her hair seemed a little rough, her manner excited. I sat down, told her I had felt faint, and had a cholic in church, and so had come home. “Fred has been unwell too”, said she. “Indeed?-I thought he was out.” “He returned, and has been in bed this hour.” “Oh !” said I. It was clear to me why her hair was rough. Fred was abed, but awake. Had Mrs. Maria been fucked on that bed?

My aunt and I left the next day, and went to the Manor-House; Fred to my astonishment could not get out of bed, so bad was his sprain; so we left him there. At the Hall I got so lewd that I went up to London, and rushed to Laura's lodgings the next night.

“Both abed sir”, said the servant who let me in. Finding no one in Mabel's room, I went down to the first floor. The women were in bed together. Laura opened the door to me, and got into bed again in the dark; for company sake they slept together when we men were both away, she said.

Lewd with prolonged chastity, the two servants in the bath-room ran in my mind as I sat chatting in the dark room. After having slipped my hand under the clothing on to Mabel's cunt, “Have you been amusing each other? — which was man, which woman?” were questions put and answered with real or assumed ignorance, but with some giggling. Laura as I have said never allowed a baudy word, so I ceased; and Laura I suppose savage at Mabel having all the groping to herself, said, “You go first, and warm the bed, and Mabel will come up to you.” “No, you go and warm it for me Mabel.” “I won't.” “Then I won't.” Mabel seemed to me thick in speech, muddled in manner, and half asleep.

I fetched my candle. The women looked so fresh and handsome. “I'll sleep with you both”, said I beginning to undress.

A slight altercation,-what would Fred say? — the servants think ? — no she would not permit it, — she knew the games we should be up to. Mabel said, “No, —no, it wouldn't do.” The more they said no, the quicker I undressed, and with prick lifting up my shirt, forced myself into bed, by the side of Mabel. Laura jumped out the other side, her white legs showing half-way up her thighs as she did so.

She stood by the bed-side wrangling, and looking at me as randy as possible, spite of herself. I should not stay, — she would not go to bed. “Well my dear Laura, go up to our bed.” “I shant.” Tired of

standing in the cold she said, “Well will you promise to keep quiet?” “Perfectly.” “Come on”, said Mabel, “Fred won't know.” So putting out the light into bed got Laura. Perhaps she thought she would like on the quiet to hear the amatory talk of Mabel and myself, — hear if she could not see or feel our tricks,-who knows?

“Turn your back to Mabel,-go to sleep Laura, — now you won't see or hear.” “You know your promise, —don't you let him Mabel.” “How can I help it?” said Mabel in a muddled manner. “You are a couple of dirty beasts”, said Laura turning her rump towards us. We heeded not, for we were fucking. Laura spoke not another word, she lay as if asleep. Then I fell fast asleep on the edge of the bed cuddling Mabel. It was close packing.

I awakened cold on one side, hot on the other next Mabel, who lay snoring profoundly. The regular breathing of Laura told me she was asleep. My prick was stiff, and as I thought of the two women by the side of me, it got ungovernable.

“How I should like a put into Laura”, I thought, but had a high sense of honor, and checked the desire. “What, Fred's woman?-for shame Walter. — Well (reflecting) he took my two women in the country. — Yes”, replied my conscience, “but nothing made them yours,-not completely at least, one had had another man, but Laura is his woman, his temporary wife, he is fond of her, he keeps her.” But my prick kept throbbing with desire to be up her.

I thought of Fred's description of the thick hair on her cunt, of the quickness with which she pissed, of all he had foolishly told me of her perfections, until my brain whirled. “There can't be any harm in just feeling her flesh, — no one will know.” I could only guess where she was in the darkness; but carefully stretching my hand over Mabel quite slowly, it touched a bunch of night-gown, and then warm flesh. She was lying on her back, Mabel had her rump towards her. I raised myself gently up to feel further, touched the hips, the thighs, then the smooth belly, further on, and my hand laid in the thick hair of her cunt.

Up to that time I had my reason, could reflect, pause, control myself; the woman of any friend of mine was safe from attack from me, but I had had a fancy that there had been once or twice in Laura's look and manner towards me, a slight gleam of de-sire; yet the idea of having her never had entered my head, I should have chased it instantly. But from the moment my hand lighted on the crisp thicket, reason left me, voluptuous desire overwhelmed me: I forgot Fred, almost forgot Mabel.

Slowly, inch by inch, I moved myself half up and my arm over Mabel as she lay, fearing it would wake her, and slid my finger down between Laura's cunt-lips, and gently frigged, listening to Mabel's

snoring, and Laura's breathing. At length I must have produced a voluptuous sensation, she got restless, and opened her thighs, moved, clasped my hand, and in a peevish sleepy tone said, “Don't Mabel, — what are you doing?”

“It's I”; I whispered frigging on. “Oh !” said she pushing my hand away. “Oh ! if you wake Mabel.” She kept repulsing my hand saying “don't”, I replacing it. My hand frigging her clitoris.

She turned her backside towards Mabel, I then fumbled between her bum-cheeks; but she was too far off. Slowly I got out of bed, and feeling my way round the foot in the dark, I got to Laura's side. She heard me. I put my mouth to her ear, “Let me dear”, and thrusting my hand under the clothes felt her cunt from motte to bum-hole. “Oh ! no, if Mabel—” Mabel's snoring reassured me. Little by little I uncovered her, lifting off the clothes, got on to her, up her, and without a word, without a whisper, without resistance or denial we fucked gently, pausing at intervals to listen, hiding our emotions and pleasures as we spent, Laura's flanks and my hand close to Mabel's rump, my leg al-most touching Mabel's leg, she still snoring like a pig.

“Go”, said Laura, her mouth to my ear, and uncunting me. Quietly, without reply, I got off, and back again crept stealthily to Mabel's side, and at the very moment that I was lifting the bed-clothes Mabel awoke, and said directly, “What are you getting up for? — where are you going?”

I was for a moment at my wits' end. “Where is the pot?” said I. “Under the bed”, said Mabel. “Laura!” Laura did not answer, and breathed heavily. I pissed, and got into bed. It was a close tit. Mabel took hold of my prick. “It's wet”, said she drowsily. Down went my hand, the hairs were wet and sticky. Mabel was too sleepy to notice what the wet was, yet I feared. “Turn on your back dear”, said I. She did. I got on her, and put my prick in though not stiff. “Don't, — I'm tired, — wait till morning, — get off, Laura will hear.” “Here is a lark”, thought I, and got off her, turning my bum towards Mabel's belly, as the best way to economize room, and I was soon asleep again. She snored off instantly.

Excitement wakened me early. The house was quiet, it was quite dark, we all three talked. Laura laid sulking, I reminded her of Fred's remark at Vauxhall about her pissing quickly; that only made her sulkier. At length upstairs I went with Mabel to our bed-room, to prevent the servants knowing anything. When we came down to breakfast, Laura and I looked at each other hard. When I got a chance of speaking to her privately, she would not hear the deed alluded to; re-minded me that Fred was my cousin, and a good fellow. After that I never spoke to her on the subject for weeks, I felt ashamed of myself; but for all that my cock would often tingle, and raise its head when I

looked at her. One day there she being alone, we fell talking about that night. I had never known her so warm; we wondered Mabel had not heard. “And the hair of my prick was wet with our spending Laura.” “No it was yours.” “No yours.” “Let's try again.” She rushed out of the room.

The night after poking Laura I took them to the play, at supper Mabel drinking rather freely, Laura said that she had better not take as much as she had the last night. Then I found she had lushed rather freely, which accounted for her sleeping so soundly. She had a strong liking for liquors of all sorts.

A day or two afterwards Fred arrived, looking as if his prick had never left a cunt for a month. I asked him how Mrs. Maria was, he laughed, and repeated that he should not mind having her; but said no more. Soon after we went back to the country, to spend Christmas at my aunt's. My mother, Tom, and one of my sisters also came. They were much in my way.

For brevity I compress the events of the next few months; it is a pity, but it would print to three the length otherwise. Briefly I was obliged to get back once or twice to my aunt's to see Pender privately, though I did not want to have her. I was mostly in London. One or two funny whoring incidents I must leave out altogether, and for the same reason: brevity.

Chapter XIV

My cousin at home. • Pender's belly. • A lawyer's letter. • Action for crim-con threatened. • Suspicions. • A compensation. • The Penders leave. • Wholesale whorings. • A frolic at Lord A...'s. • After dinner. • Newspaper readings. • A strange rape. • Bets on pricks. • Pricks felt. • Fred on his head. • Beds on the floor. • Free fucking. • End of the orgie.

My cousin came home from school, and when dancing or talking with her, I used to think of the look of her bum. One young lady from the school whose posteriors I also knew came to stay. Fred and I used to laugh about the adventure, and about his sister and cousin as much as about the others.

Mrs. Pender's belly was like a mountain, her husband I fancied scowled at me. Mrs. P. looked scared, and whisking past me in the farm-yard one day with a milk-pail, said in a low voice as she passed, “For God's sake keep away”, and I did, feeling uneasy, In cold weather my aunt ceased to go to the farm-yard, our own shooting was over, and I had no reason for crossing the farm-yard; but at the end of a week my cock was so much in want of amusement, that I made up my mind to have a poke up Pender if I could, and way-laid her in the shrubbery-walk. She told me that on a particular day her man would go some distance to buy cattle, and she would try to meet me in the barn. Chance favored us, we fucked, and talked at in- tervals for two or three hours, she having a poke, then going out for a time, coming back again, and so on.

I heard that her husband suspected her and me, he was sure it was not his child. Some one had seen me and her together in the lane, he would not say who. Said Mrs. P., “I don't know what, but I am sure he is up to something bad to you or me, and I live in a fright; I can scarcely eat, drink, or sleep for thinking about what's to happen.”

About a month after this, I received a letter from a lawyer in London saying he wished to see me. I went, and found that he was instructed to bring an action against me for seducing Mrs. Pender. I denied all, but it was of no use. I at once went to my solicitor, who after a time feared the case could be proved against me. The action would be brought for damages (there was no divorce possible then), and there would be the scandal, the annoyance to my aunt, and the horror of my mother. The only chance of getting a word with Mrs. P. was way-laying her in the laurel-walk. When I saw her she looked the picture of misery, her husband had refused to sleep in the same bed with her. At about five o'clock one evening, it being quite dark, she had given me a signal during the day, I went to the privy. There I

fucked her, she said how utterly miserable she was, and asked me to take her away. Uprighters were never to my taste, and now her big belly made it far from pleasurable. I got worried, and at length after much legal annoyance, agreed to give five hundred pounds, on condition that I had a letter from Pender saying that he was very sorry for what he had done, that he was convinced he had made a mistake, and was then sure of his wife's fidelity, or some-thing to that effect. Before this was quite settled, Mr. Pender got leave of absence, and went away somewhere. My solicitor asked me whether I had any reason to suspect that Mrs. P. had told her husband. Immediately I became savagely suspicious, went to the cottage under pretense of asking for Pender himself, although I knew he was away, and insisted she should meet me at the town. I thought of nothing until we met, but how I should entrap her into a confession, and worked myself up into a belief that the couple were making a market of me.

She undressed, I caressed her, with hand on her cunt, looked at her and said, “Your husband means to make a fortune out of me.” “What he, — ho, ho, ho”, she cried, “the wretch,—oh ! I shall be exposed, -ho, ho”, and was as white as a sheet. When she got better, I told her all, she knew nothing about what her husband had done, and begged I would pay nothing, — she would drown herself. — and I left, convinced that the poor woman was true to me.

Pender gave notice to leave, and forfeiting wages left his place, and went to the North of England. Months afterwards I received a scrawl saying that the child was exactly like me, that P. was not unkind, but she was unhappy, would like to see me; and if I wished it she would run away, and be as good as a wife to me. There was no name or address to it, and I never heard of her afterwards.

I thought all settled, and that no one would know about it; but for all that it leaked out. Months after-wards being at my aunts, I got into one of her servants, and after giving her a good fucking one night, and telling her after a fuck not to wash, she said, “I don't want you to get me in the family way like Mrs. Pen- der.” She had heard that. How the devil did it leak out?

After Christmas Fred and I went to see our women, he wanted more than I did. I had some harlotting; not being at all faithful to Mabel, I had fits of great incontinence, and as many as three different women on the same day, at times.

Exceedingly nice women were then to be met in the Quadrant from eleven to one in the morning, and three till five in the afternoon. I would have one before luncheon, get another after luncheon, dine, and have a third women. I would at other times go under the Opera colonade, where they used to assemble in the summer evenings with low dresses showing shoulders and breasts; to see them, even if I did

not want a fuck. I had an insatiable desire to look at their nudity, would strip them, make them piss, feel them all over, leave, and in an hour perhaps have another. I had no leches for fancy postures. To see their thighs and cunts in free but graceful attitudes was sufficient pleasure. During this time the following occurred.

An intimate friend of Fred's was Lord A.... he lived with a lady who was called Lady A.... I don't think she had been gay, and in that respect resembled Laura and Mabel. The three women were much together. We often saw Lord A and all became friends. Lord A.... was not very true to his lady. He lived in B . t . n street, where he had at that time the whole of a handsomely furnished house, but only could half occupy it. His indoor servants were a middle-aged woman who cooked, a maid who was her niece, and his valet, who waited at table as well. A woman who did not sleep in the house came daily. He had grooms and a coachman, but not in the house. Lord A.... had quarrelled with his father. He had been in the Guards, and drank very freely.

He invited us one night to dinner, and gave a splendid one. By the time we had finished, we were all noisy. It was never our custom to use baudy language when in each other's company. Laura had a great aversion to it. Mabel liked me to talk baudy to her, but did not talk it herself. Fred always after dinner would let out a warm word or so, and was at once snubbed by Laura. For all that our conversation after dinner was generally warm with double entente.

On the night in question our conversation got to open voluptuousness. Fred and Lord A.... went in for it, Mabel laughed, Laura hished and hished, said she would leave, but at last gave way, as did Lady A.... ; then we men got to lewdness. Whenever any sensuous allusion was made, my eyes sought Laura's, hers seeking mine; we were both thinking of the quiet and quick fuck we had, with Mabel snoring by our side. We compared our thoughts on that night, but at a future day.

Just at that time a case filled the public journals. It was a charge of rape on a married woman, against a man lodging in the same house. She was the wife of a printer on the staff of a daily paper, who came home extremely late; she always went to be leaving her door unlocked, so that her husband might get in directly he came home. The lodger was a friend of her husband's, and knew the custom of leaving the door unlocked,-in fact he was a fellow-printer.

She awakened in the night with the man between her thighs, had opened them readily, thinking it was her husband. It appears to have been her habit, and such her husband's custom on returning home, or so she said. The lodger had actually all but finished his fuck, before she awakened sufficiently to find out that it was not the legitimate

prick which was probing her. Then she alarmed the house, and gave the man in charge for committing a rape. The papers delicately hinted that the operation was complete before the woman discovered the mistake, — but of course it left much to the reader's imagination.

Fred read this aloud. I knew more, for the counsel of the prisoner was my intimate friend. He had told me that the prisoner had had her twice, that she had spent with him; that he had often said he meant to go in, and have her, that she had dared him to do it, and that she only made a row when she thought she heard her husband at the door on the landing, although it was two hours before his usual time of return. His prick was in her when she began her outcry.

With laughter and smutty allusions we discussed the case. “Absurd”, said Laura, “she must have known it was not her husband.” “Why?” “Why because—”, and Laura stopped. “If you were asleep, and suddenly felt a man on you of about my size, and his prick up you, very likely you would not tell if it were mine or not”, said Fred. Laura threw an apple at his head. Decency was banished from that moment, a spade was called a spade, and unveiled baudiness reigned.

“I should know if it were not you”, said Lady A.. . looking at Lord A. . . “How?” “All! I should, — should you not know another woman from Laura, if you got into bed with two women in the dark?” said she to Fred. “I am not sure for the moment if with a woman just her size, and as much hair on her cunt”, said he. “I tell you what Fred, I won't have it”, said Laura ill-tempered, “talk about some one else, I won't have beastly talk about me.” “I'll bet”, said I, “that if the ladies were to feel our pricks in the dark, they would not tell whose they each had hold of.” Roars of laughter followed. “I should like to try”, said Mabel. “So would I”, said another. “Would you know, if you felt us?” said one women. “If I felt all your cunts in the dark, I'll bet I should know Marie's”, said Lord A.... “That is if you felt all round and about”, said Fred, “but not if she opened her legs, and you only felt the notch.” “I think I should.” “Why?-is she different from others?” Lord A.... was going to say something, when Marie told him to shut up.

So we went on, the men in lascivious language, the women in more disguised terms, discussing the probabilities of distinguishing cunts or pricks by a simple feel in the dark. Each remark caused roars of laughter, the women whispered to each other, and laughed at their own sayings. Lewdness had seized us all, the women's eyes were brilliant with voluptuous desire. More wine was drunk, “Call it by its proper name”, said Lord A.... when Marie remarked that a woman must know her own man's thing. “Prick then.” “I will bet five pounds that Mabel would not guess my prick in the dark, if she felt all of us”, said I. “And I'll bet”, said another. “Shall we try?” said Fred. “Yes”, said Mabel more fuddled than the rest. Baudier and baudier, we

talked, laughed, and drank, and at length set to work to make rules for trying, all talking at once.

One proposed one way, one another. “I can't tell unless I feel balls as well”, said a woman. “Will they be stiff when we feel?” said another. “Mine will”, said Fred, “it's stiff already.” “So is mine”, added I.

“How shall we know where to put our hands, if we are in the dark?” said Lady A.... “If a man is in front of you, you will find it fast enough”, answered some one. Laura had now yielded to the baudy contagion, and made no objection, though Mabel and Lady A.... were the most forward. Then Lord A... rang the bell, and told his valet he might go out for the night, and his house-keeper and maid they might go to bed, which they did at the top of the house, as we supposed. The sequel proved that to be doubtful, and that they must have had a most edifying night.

After lewd squabbles, we arranged that each man was to give the woman if she guessed the prick right, ten pounds; the men were to be naked, the women to feel all the men's cocks, and give a card to him whose prick she thought she knew. The room was to be dark. No man was to speak, or give any indication by laughing, coughing, or any other way, under penality of paying all the bets. The women were to lose if they spoke, or gave indications of who they were.

I took three cards, and wrote the name of a lady on each of them. Then each lady took her card, and they went upstairs to the bed-room pell-mell and laughing. The women were to stand of a row in a certain order against a side of the room, we to follow in an order they did not know. They were to feel all pricks twice, each giving her card to the man at the second feel, if she knew the prick. We undressed to our shirts, took off our rings, so as to leave no indications, and in that condition entered the room. The dining-room door we closed, there was no light on the first-floor lobby, nor in the bed-room, for we had put out the fire there. So holding each other by the shoulder, we entered, closed the door, and we were all in the room together in the dark.

We lifted our shirts, and closed on the women, each of whom in her turn felt our pricks. One felt mine as if she meant to pull it off. On the second feeling, we got somehow mixed, a slight tittering of women began, some one hished, and the tittering ceased. Two hands touched me at the same time, but one withdrew directly she touched the other's hand. A card was put into my hand, afterwards another card touched me, and was withdrawn. After waiting a minute I nudged the man next me. “Have you all given cards?” shouted out the man. “Yes”, shouted the three women at once. Then we all burst out laughing, and the men went downstairs, leaving the women all talking at once like

Bedlam broke loose.

Looking at our cards, we found that each women had guessed rightly her man's prick; but we changed our cards, and called out to the women who came rushing down like mad. “Not one of you has guessed right”, said I, “you have all lost your bets.” “I'll swear I'm right”, said Lady A. . ., “it's Adolphus that I gave my card to.” This set us all questioning at once. “What makes you so sure?” “She says it's very long and thin”, said Mabel, “and so it is.” “Hold your tongue”, said Marie. “I felt it”, said Mabel. “They all seemed the same to me”, said Laura, “and one of you pushed my hand away.” “It was I”, said Fred, „you wanted to feel too much, you nearly frigged me,” “Oh ! what a lie.” Then we told the truth, and that each women had won, which caused much noisy satisfaction, then we had more wine, we men still with naked legs.

I have told all I can recollect with exactitude, but there was lots more said and done. Fred pulled up Lord A...'s shirt, his cock was not stiff. “That's not as it was when I felt it”, said Mabel. “You've guessed pricks, but for all that you would not know who fucked you in the dark.” “We should”, cried out all the women. “Let's try”, said Lord A. . . “All right”, said Mabel. “We are not prostitutes”, said Laura. “A little free fucking will be jolly, let's take turns about all round”, said Fred. Then the room resounded with our laughter, all spoke baudily at once, every second, “prick”, “cunt”, “fuck”, was heard from both men and women, — it was a perfect Babel of lasciviousness.

“I'll bet ten pounds a women doesn't guess who fucks her”, said Lord A... We echoed him. The women laughed, but led by Laura refused, and squabbled. All wanted the bet to come off, but did not like to admit it. We had more champagne, the men put on their trowsers, we kissed all round, and talked over the way of deciding such a bet, the women got randier, one showed her leg to another, and at length all the women agreed to take part in the orgie.

The rest I shall tell as truthfully as I can. The drink and excitement I was under makes it difficult; but I will tell nothing I am not quite sure of. We arranged a plan with such noise and talking, that God knows how it was arranged at all. Where were we to poke? — in the bed-room? Impossible, there was but one large bed in Lady A...'s room, and one in the back-room. How were we to fuck all together? We all rushed up-stairs, took all the beds and pillows from both rooms, and from the upper rooms, and put them on the floor in the large room, making one long bed, after moving aside the furniture. The fire had been put out. All this was done with shouts and yells, a fearful lascivious riot.

The women were to lie down in an order known to us, Lady A... nearest to the door, and so on. There was to be absolute silence. Each

man as he knelt between the woman's legs was to put a card with a number on it under her pillow. We men knew which number each had, the women were not to know which man was to have her, directly we had fucked we were to return, each woman was to produce her card, and guess who had been up her, they were to be in their chemises, we in our shirts. I never shall forget the looks of the women as they went upstairs to arrange themselves for the fucking, but think that they scarcely knew the rules of what they were to do.

The women undressed quickly enough, for we had scarcely had time to tie up our faces in napkins to pre-vent our whiskers being noticed (Lord A.... had none), before a voice shouted out, “We are ready.” Then with shirts on only, up we men went. I only recollect kneeling down between Lady A...'s legs (we had agreed among ourselves how to change our women), giving a card, feeling a cunt, and putting my prick into it, then hearing the rustling of limbs, hard breathing, sighing, and moans of pleasure of the couples fucking fast and furiously; of my brain whirling, of a maddening sensuality delighting me as I clasped the buttocks of Lady A..., and fucked her. We must have spent nearly all together, none when we compared after, recollected more than his own performance. All were quiet. I was feeling round my prick which was still in Lady A...'s cunt, when a light flashed powerfully through the room. That devil Fred had risen, and lighted several lucifers, which then was done by dipping them in a bottle, — they were expensive. What a sight was disclosed at a glance !

All three women lay with chemises up to their navels, Lady A... on her back, I on the top of her (rising rapidly at the light). Next to her Mabel seemingly asleep with thighs wide open. Fred kneeling between them, holding the lighted matches, Laura on her back with open thighs, eyes closed, Lord A... cuddling, but nearly off of her by her side, and his prick laying on her thigh. The women shrieked, and began pulling down their chemises. I swore at Fred, the women joined chorus. “Most ungentlemanly”, said Laura getting up. That got up Lord A... Mabel lay still on her back as if ready to be stroked again. But all was said. In a minute the lucifers burnt out, and it was dark again. Scuffling up we men went downstairs, leaving the women chattering. Soon after down they came, looking screwed, lewd, and annoyed that the bets were off, and all chattering at once.

Mabel was quarrelsome. “You”, said she turning to Lady A..., “said that your husband's thing was long and thin, you tried to mislead me in the bet, you wanted to make me lose.” They had evidently been discussing their men's pricks.

“So you have been telling how each of us fucks”, said Fred. Laura denied it. “We did”, said Mabel. “It's a lie Mabel, if you say it again,

I'll tell some- thing more than you will like to hear about yourself." Mabel retorted, Lady A. . . chimed in. It was a Babel of quarrelsome lewd women, with their cunts full.

I feared a row, and that Mabel might after all know more about my having had Laura, the night we all three slept in the same bed, than I cared for; so I pacified them. Fred said we had better try again, Laura objected. "Oh! yes Mrs. Modest", said Mabel, "when you found it was not Fred, why didn't you cry out?" "I didn't know", said Laura. "Ah ! ah ! the printer's wife", we shouted, then more baudy talk, recriminations, and squabbling. Laura said she should go home, Fred said she might go by herself. Lord A... who had half fallen asleep, said it was too late, and we had better stop. Some one said we could soon again make the beds comfortable in the upper rooms. "That be damned", said Fred, "we will all sleep on the floor as they are now." "Free fucking for ever", said I. Laura said I was a blackguard, Mabel said she should like it, Lady A... said she didn't care, if Adolphus didn't, Adolphus said any cunt would suit him. He was reeling drunk as he spoke.

All this time we were in shirts and chemises. One woman had thrown a shawl over her, one a petticoat, but their breasts flashed out, their arms were naked, their legs showing to their knees, the men were naked to their knees in their shirts. The scene was exciting, the women hadn't washed their cunts, Fred said so. Mabel asked him if he was sure of it. No, he would feel. Laura told him he must be drunk, and was a beast. "Drunk?" said he, "look here." He turned a sommersault, and stood on his hands and head, his heels against the wall, his backside in the air, his prick and cods falling downwards over his belly, his shirt over his head. Lady A... took up a bunch of grapes, and dashed it on his ballocks. Then we chased the women round the room, tried to feel them, and they us. It was like hell broke loose, till we agreed to sleep on the floor together, any how.

No lights; lights and piss-pots were put in the back bed-room,—a woman suggested that. "You're frightened of farting", said some one. The women went up to make the beds more comfortable, whilst we men fetched candles from the kitchen, the others being well nigh burned out. The women had washed their cunts, we had more wine, and then we all were pretty well screwed, and Lord A... pretty drunk when we went up to them.

Up to that time I was sufficiently sober to know all I have written, and plenty more. Surely I could tell a lot more of our conversation, but it would prolong the tale too much. After the last bottle of champagne I was groggy, recollect less clearly, was in a half-sleepy, feverish, excited, and baudy state, my sleep was broken by others, but when awake my prick stood immediately, and I moved all night from

one woman to another, fucking, and then dozing.

To satisfy Laura, and keep up a sort of appearance, we had said we would only have our own women, who were again to lay in a certain order. Directly they had left the room, we agreed to change. A... doggedly insisted in having Mabel, so I was to take Laura, and Fred Lady A. .. It was such a lark. My prick was up Laura, when she cried, “It's not you Fred.” Then were simultaneous exclamations, “I'm not Mabel”, — “What a lovely cunt !” — “Leave me alone”, — “Feel my big prick”, “Damn, a cunt's a cunt”, hiccupped Lord A... “Oh ! — ah !” — “Ha ! my love fuck, — my darling, oh !” — kiss, kiss, — spending,—” Aha !” — sighs of delight, “cunt”, — “fuck”, — “oh !” — “ah I ah !” And I fell asleep on Laura amidst this.

Awake again. By my side a wet cunt, a heavy sleeper. Turning round, my legs met naked legs. I stretched out my hand, and felt a prick, perhaps Fred's, I don't know. Getting up I felt my way stumbling over legs to the wall to the furthest woman, and laid myself on her. “Don't Adolphus, I'm so sleepy”, said she. The next instant we were fucking. Others awakened. “Where are you?” said some one. Then all moved, one man swore, a hand felt my balls from behind. I was spending, and rolled off the lady; turning my bum to her. Then I touched Mabel, and put my hand on her cunt. A man dropped on her, and touched my hand with his prick. Ejaculations burst out on all sides, the couples were meeting again, then all was quiet, and the fucking done. Then all talked. All modesty was gone, both men and women told their sensations and wants, “You fuck me,-Feel me. — No, I want so and so”, Laura as lewd as the rest.

Again awaking. A hand was feeling my prick. “Is it you Laura?” “Yes.” I felt her cunt. “Oh! let me go and piddle.” But I turned on to her, and we fucked. “How wet your cunt is.” “No wonder.”

Again I awakened, some one got up, and fell down. “Hulloa! who is that?” “I want to piss, and can't get up”, said Lord A... in a drunken voice. Some one opened the door, a feeble light came across from the back room, we helped him up and he stumbled along with us men to piss. Then he insisted on going down- stairs. He could scarcely stand, so we helped him to the dining-room, we lighted more candles, he swilled more wine, tumbled on to the sofa, where we left him drunk and snoring, and found him snoring the next morning with the heath-rug over him. We two went back to the women. “I've fucked all three”, said Fred. “So have I.” “Laura's a damned fine fuck, ain't she?” Some one shut the room-door opposite, as we reached the landing. We pushed it open. Two ladies were pissing: Marie and Laura. “Where is Mabel?” “Drunk”, replied one. The two were past caring for anything, pissed and went back with us to the bed-room. I took a light there. Mabel was on her back nearly naked, we covered her up, for it was

cold. Then I fucked Laura, and Fred Lady A. . . The light we left now on the wash-hand stand, as we looked at each other fucking and enjoyed it, and then we changed women. There was no cunt-washing, we fucked in each other's sperm, no one cared, all liked it, all were screwed, baudy, reckless, Mabel snoring.

I awakened after a heavy sleep, chilly, feverish, headaching, and thirsty. I drew aside the curtains; it was late, light, but foggy; a nasty winter's morning. Fred and the three ladies lay snoring, some covered, others partially so, the floor looking as if every article of bed-furniture had been thrown down with a pitch-fork. I drank water, and fucked out as I was, my lubricity was unsatiated. I could not resist gratifying it.

Moving stealthily I uncovered the sleepers one by one. It was easy enough, as the clothes lay loose and in shapeless heaps. I saw Fred's prick touching Mabel's haunch, contemplated Laura's thick-haired quim, saw spunk on her chemise. She looked lovely. Lady A.. . on her back, her hand over her cunt, red stains about her, and on the sheet which I pulled off of her,-her poorliness had come on. Mabel on her back looked ready for a man. My cock stiffened, I laid myself on Laura, and awakened her. That awakened Fred who mounted Mabel. Both couples took to the exercise in the foggy day-light, and a long time we were in con-summating. “Oh ! do leave off”, said Laura, “I'm so sore.” My prick was excoriated, it had not been so for many a day.

Never have I been in such an orgie before, never since, and perhaps never shall be; but it was one of the most delicious nights I ever spent. So said Fred, so said Mabel; and Laura admitted to me at a future day that she thought the same, and that since, when she frigged herself, she always thought of it, and nothing else.

I thought of nothing else for a long time. Nothing has ever yet fixed itself in my mind so vividly, so enduringly, except my doings with my first woman, Charlotte. At the beginning of my writing these memoirs, this was among the first described. The narrative as then wrtten was double its present length, and I am sorry that I have abbreviated it, for the occurrences as I correct this proof seem to come on too quickly. Whereas we dined at seven o'clock, and it was one o'clock I guess before we all went to bed together, and the stages from simple voluptuousness to riotous baudiness and free-fucking were gradual. At eight o'clock not one of us would have dared to think of, still less to suggest, what we all did freely at mid-night.

Chapter XV

Morning headaches. • An indignant housekeeper. • A saucy valet.-Consequences. • Fred leaves England. • Lady A...'s invitation. • Laura a widow. • Farewell Laura. • Adieu Mabel. • My guardian's remonstrances. • Parental advice. • Ruined. • Reflexions. • My relations.

With headaches, heated, irritable, thirsty, worn out, we arose; the men quiet, the women quarrelsome. The women began to dress, some where they had slept, some in the other room. We went down to Lord A..., and awakened him. He went upstairs, and bawled out to the housekeeper (he had rang the bell violently several times without her appearing). “Make us some tea directly”, said he. She answered, “I shant,-make it yourself.” “I'll dismiss you if you don't.” “I ain't going to make tea for prostitutes”, said she, “and we are not going to keep in such a house.” Fred said the wine was bad, or his head would not ache so. A... said Fred knew nothing about wine. Mabel who had heard what the housekeeper said, bawled out that she would go up, and tear her eyes out. The free-fucking tone was gone, each man seemed jealous, and spoke harshly to his woman. At a remark of Marie's, Lord A... told her to go to another room. No, she should not till Mabel was out of the house. Mabel not quite sober, told me I had better go home with Laura. Fred said Laura would go home with him. Laura was quiet, and tried to get Fred to leave with her, and told Mabel she would be better if she took less liquor. At length we separated. We four were going to the same house, but went in separate cabs, then to our own rooms, and had breakfast separately there, — a thing we never had done before. We always lived in Laura's apartments, and shared the expenses.

After breakfast Mabel and I went to bed, late in the day we awakened. I was refreshed, for then a long sleep restored me from any excess. Although I did not like Mabel's behaviour, and did not care about her having had the other men as I thought, yet it annoyed me; but it had the effect of giving me a strong lech for her for some time. I used to think as I fucked her, of my prick rubbing where Freds and Lord A...'s had rubbed. It delighted me to say, “Should you know it was my prick if you had just awakened?” — “Did his hurt you, when he pushed like this ?” — shove, shove, — “Tell me how Fred goes just before he spends.” We used to fetch each other by talking over that night; but she did not recollect very clearly, and declared she was sure I had not had her, although I certainly had her once that night, and when the spunk of Lord A... and Fred's was in her. It used to horrify me when I thought of that, such was my masculine inconsistency then.

We all four dined together, but were a little re-served until wine was in us, then we laughed about the night; but Laura saying we had better forget it, we agreed not to talk about it again, nor did we with the women. Fred and I used often to do so, he never seemed so happy as when he was asking me, if Laura was not a damned fine fuck, but directly I said yes, he was silent.

The frolic brought about a great deal of mischief. Lord A...'s housekeeper and maid left that day, they would not stop. I dare say they had seen and heard enough to tell them the games we were up to, for we were not particular about shutting doors. Lord A... regretted the cook, because she was such a good one. She told the valet, and soon after he was insolent to Lady A.. ., so Lord A... kicked him out. He summoned A... before a magistrate for an assault, and A... was fool enough not to compromise it. The man told a lot. The owner of the house gave Lord A... notice to quit, he and Lady A... went to lodgings, and the publicity embroiled Lord A... still more with his family.

Neither was the friendship between us all quite the same. Laura and Mabel quarrelled. Lord A... would not let his mistress visit them unless he was with her, Laura would never leave Mabel in the room alone with Fred. Occasionally we still dined together, and went to the theatre. One night when we had had much wine, we joked about the night, and the women got quarrelling. Laura said the affair was disgraceful, and had it not been for Mabel, it never would have happened. Mabel bounced off to her own rooms. Soon after I took separate lodgings for Mabel. There she was always in tears, if I left her long, and if away a day or two, she wanted to know if I had been with Laura. Lady A... visited Mabel, and was frightened to let her Lord know it. Then Lord and Lady A... quarrelled, he had the clap, and gave it to his mistress. Fred and I were always excellent friends, and at some annoyance through the women, suggested we should go to Paris, and leave them alone in London.

Before going I met Lady A... walking out, who asked me in, in saying Lord A... would be glad to see me. As I had not quarrelled with him, I thought a chat might heal our coolness. When indoors, she called out to him, and professed to be surprised at his not being there. If I would wait, he would be in soon. We got nearer and nearer to each other on the sofa, began talking about the free-fucking night, of the good aim she had made with the bunch of grapes on Fred's balls, as he stood on his head. We got very lewd, I kissed her, she me. Would she know it was I who was up her, if I came in in the dark to her? She could not say, but should know it was not A.., — a beast. “Beast, why? — have you quarrelled?” Then she told me that A... was often drunk, and stayed away from her for days. “He has got a disease from a beastly gay woman, and hasn't slept with me for weeks.” “And

not had you?" "Of course not." "Oh! don't you want it?" "No wonder if I do." At once I put my hands up her petticoats, felt her nice plump thighs, my fingers rub-bed on the smooth quim. "Oh ! don't—I can't bear it." I pulled out a stiff prick, and put it into her hand, we toyed with each other's genitals for a minute, then she sunk back on the sofa, I on her, and we copulated.

I stayed the whole evening with her, fucking at intervals. A... did not come back. I am sure she knew he would not, and had asked me in because she wanted me to have her. She did not tell me she had had the clap, nor I her,-it was Mabel who had told me.

She hinted she should like to meet me again, and I made some half-sort of promise, but never did. Mabel became more and more expensive, discontented, lusty, and quarrelsome, and she was not clean. She would feel my wet prick after it had left her cunt, and then cut bread and butter without washing her hands. We had rows, and I left her, giving her a handsome sum of money. Laura said she had gone back to Plymouth with Lord A..., who had left Lady A... Then Fred, I and Laura were just as we used to be. He seemed to have forgotten everything, and I never presumed on having poked Laura. We went to Paris, leaving Laura in London with her sister, who came up to stay with her, — a nice girl.

Though short of money now, Fred and I at Paris took no heed, but rattled away as if our purses were inexhaustable. His furlough was nearly up. We had no end of women. "Old *** (naming a relative) will leave you all his money", said he, "he's fond of you, and has no one else to leave it to." I and all my family thought that; my mother had repeatedly warned me that he was discontented with my goings on; but I counted on his love for me, love since I was a baby; so I played at Paris a jolly game, regardless of money.

When I came back from Paris, I tried to retrench, but found it all but impossible. I got rid of Mabel, spent five shillings for my dinner, where I used to spend twenty, went to live with my mother, put down my horses and carriage, and discharged my man and grooms. But as I diminished my amusements and extravagances generally, so I seemed more and more to need women. My cock stood all day, and half the night. Women I had by dozens. I tried to reduce their fees, and did to a little extent, but for some years I had been accustomed to a liberal expenditure in that article and though to a country girl I could give five shillings, to a Londoner I could only give gold, and never refused more if they pleased me, and were not satisfied.

Fred then went abroad to his regiment. He made arrangements for Laura to have a small income, not a tenth of what she had had, but enough to keep her in a quiet way. I at first was to pay it to her. She was to have it as long as she remained steady, and he hoped she

would go home, hoped she would keep steady till his return, — his return which was not probable in less than seven years at the least.

One night when together, we laughed at the absurdity of expecting it. “Walter, is it probable that a fine woman She that will be content with frigging herself?” “No.” “She will be fucked, — I would if I were she, —it's a shame to wish her to go without fucking. If I were married to her, she would go with me, but a man can't take a mistress to India, he could not live with her, and all the regiment would be smelling at her tail, — she will be fucked, and I can't help it.” Tears stood in his eyes. “You give her a grind old boy, if she must have it, I'd rather you did it than any one, and it will keep her quiet. You have had her,-do you recollect that night? — oh ! God, what a spree ! I never had such a spree before in my life, and never shall again.” I said I would take care of her as if a sister, as to having her, he might dismiss such an idea from his head, and I meant what I said. He went abroad, and was killed in battle. I loved him.

Laura went into humbler lodgings, I saw her often, but never made the slightest advances. Soon she could not make her money do. Her mother came up to stay with her, and she had then partly two to keep. She dressed plainer, sold or pawned her best things, told me all, and how it was impossible to make the money do. Then I made her a present, she kissed me, and that set my blood boiling. Her mother wanted her to go back to the country, I advised it also; it was agreed she should, and her mother went back. A day or two afterwards I called on her, she got me a chop for dinner, and sent for wine. We talked about Fred, she cried about him, I kissed her to comfort her, she kissed me again as we sat on the sofa, my arm went round her, I pulled her hand on to my shoulders; and that spree at Lord A...'s came into my head.

“You miss a bed-fellow Laura, don't you?” “Oh! no, but I miss poor Fred, he was so kind.” “Do you recollect that night?” “Don't mention it, I am ashamed of it,-oh ! don't look at my boots, they are so shabby now.” I had began at the ankles, as I always did, it was on the road. “You are not so stout as you were my dear.” “There is not any difference in me.” I pinched her thighs outside her clothes. “All! I'm no thinner there I'm sure.” “Let me feel.” “Oh! now don't,—it's a shame.” “My darling, you are as smooth and plump as ever,-I know the feel of those beautiful thighs, I've laid on them.' Soon my hand was between them, my finger on the clitoris. “Poor Fred”, said she still crying, her head on my shoulder. In another instant her hand was round my prick, her thighs open, my hand restless, and roving all about her cunt. “Lay down.” “I won't.” “It won't hurt him poor fellow, he is far away.” For a few minutes we coaxed and fondled, kissed and cried, saying it was not fair, and we never would. Then cock and cunt

getting hotter and more sensitive, I pushed her flat on the sofa, and we fucked ecstatically. Rising she sat looking at me, her clothes half-way up her thighs, I looking at her with my wet prick hanging its head. Then we hugged, kissed, and did it again.

"It was to be", said she (as if poking her was fate). "Quite true dear, but let's go to the bed, the sin is no greater if we do it ever so many times." Into bed we got, and there I think we laid for sixteen hours. Laura was, a lovely bed-fellow. I had a good look at the hair on her cunt, it was very long, curled round, and completely hid her cunt, even when standing with her legs slightly open; and when she pissed, she left drops of piddle on the hair. On her that bush was handsome, but very long hair is not generally handsome on a cunt, and I have disliked it on others; but it is not often found. I am describing here what I saw more coolly, and often on future occasions rather than what I saw and recollect of her cunt, on that night of exhausting pleasure.

I had now but little money to spare, but gave her a little from time to time, and a great deal of bum-basting. One day she said, "I'm in misfortune again." She was in the family way, had been so before by Fred, but had managed a miscarriage. She now got one, but was seriously ill, and sent for her mother, and when she got better she went home. I sent Fred's money to her there for some time, then she wrote me to send it to a post-office, and afterwards to send no more, as she was going to be married. She hoped I would never tell Fred, that I would burn her letters, and if I ever saw her, would not notice her. I never saw her again. She wrote to Fred about her marriage, and he was delighted at it, as well as at saving his money. I have finished her history, so far as it was connected with me; and must now take up my narrative at a time before this.

Friends were going to Paris, I went with them, and a jolly loose time we had for a few weeks. I made acquaintance with six or eight of the best baudy houses, and had women galore. Theatres, excursions, high-feasting, unlimited whoring were the characteristics of my trip. I returned empty in pocket, and knocked up with copulating, yet had had none of the excitants with women that I have had there since. I rushed at cunt directly I saw it; my physical enjoyment was so intense, that I could not dally with my prick, but let it satisfy itself as soon as it liked. The varieties that Camille had given me left no taste for them. Cunt, belly, and thighs, seen, felt, and fucked in regular fashion, was my delight. Heaps of bills met me on my return. The thought of becoming bankrupt horrified me. I disposed of my remaining property, paid all, and was left with a few hundred pounds. I pass now over a short time of which there is nothing to be said, but that I was economical in all but women.

My remaining guardian and my mother had been always at me with advice, which I entirely disregarded, and flung away money in all directions. Had I only spent it on women it would have lasted years longer. That which women had I do not regret, they have been the greatest joy of my life, and are so to every true man, from infancy to old age. Copulation is the highest pleasure, both to the body and mind, and is worth all other human pleasures put together. A woman sleeping or waking is a paradise to a man, if he be happy with her, and he cannot spend his money on anything better, or so good.

Soon after, almost dependent again on my mother, who did nothing but upbraid me, my hopes centered in my old relative, who had promised to make me his heir. He was not so gracious to me as he used to be; he murmured at my extravagance, and supposed that any money I had would go down the same sink, by which he meant women. He died suddenly, just as he was in greatest wrath with me, and left me nothing.

All hopes were dashed to the ground. Laura was my consolation till she left. For a year of my life I was needy and discontented, but not so miserable as I was fated to be. I pass over that period, there was not much in the amatory line to tell of. Fucking is a commonplace thing, the prince and the beggar do it the same way, it is only the incidents connected with it that are exciting. Voluptuous, reckless, youth and beauty together, make the vulgar shoving, arse-wagging business poetical for the time, but it is animalism.

Then I committed a more fatal error than spending a fortune in jollity; what it was will be guessed, it is only referred to here to connect my history. I was then in my twenty-sixth year.

I add a few observations which on reading this written many years ago, seems now needful to explain even to myself.

Most of my relatives lived in the provinces, and were wealthy. We visited each other periodically, but distance (there were few railways then) prevented them from entering into my daily life, still less my secret life. Fred's mother was nearest to us, and as the episodes show, she and her family were most mixed up with my affairs. An aunt in London, childless and rich, gave me most money, and afterwards left me a good sum. I cared but little about those living at a distance. With a cousin from the North I had some rousing debauches, which were at the time known to many of my family. He is still alive, but pious, and with a large family, and would not like to know I am writing this. Jolly old Ben, I won't narrate our sprees, for you may live to read this, — who knows?

Chapter XVI

Married, and miserable. • Virtuous intentions. • Consequences. • Mary Davis. • A virtuous child. • Low class fucksters. • A concupiscent landlady. • Reflexions on my career. • On the sizes of pricks.. • My misconception.

My life was now utterly changed; married. I was quite needy, with a yearly income (and that not my own) not more than I used to spend in a month, some-times in a fortnight. Every shilling I had to look at, walked miles where I used to ride, and to save a six pence, amusements were beyond me, my food was the simplest, wine I scarcely tasted, all habits of luxury were gone, but worse than all I was utterly wretched. I tried to make the best of my life and could when by myself be cheerful, even in the recollection of the past fun; but there was that about me now which brought sorrow over to me. The instant I saw her, she checked my smile, sneered at my past, moaned over my future, was a nightmare to me, a very spectre.

I tried to like, to love her. It was impossible. Hateful in day, she was loathsome to me in bed. Long I strove to do my duty, and be faithful, yet to such a pitch did my disgust at length go, that laying by her side, I had wet dreams nightly, sooner than relieve myself in her. I have frigged myself in the streets before entering my house, sooner than fuck her. I loving women, and naturally kind and affectionate to them, ready to be kind and loving to her, was driven to avoid her as I would a corpse. I have followed a woman for miles with my prick stiff, yet went to my wretched home pure, because I had vowed to be chaste. My heart was burning to have an affectionate kiss, a voluptuous sight from some woman, yet I avoided obtaining it. My health began to give way, sleepless nights, weary days made me contemplate suicide. It seemed as if I never could have happiness again, yet my physical forces, or so much of them as lay in my generative organs, seemed unimpaired. I neither drank nor debauched, and my prick stood incessantly; neither random frigs nor night-dreams stopped it.

My only relief from misery was in thinking over the pleasures I had had, yet all seemed such a long time past, that it was She a dream. Then a desire to have other women became invincible. I had no means to get those I had been accustomed to, and seemed to have no idea of going economically to work for my pleasures, but at length began to walk through streets inhabited by very poor gay women, in a neighbourhood I had known in my early youth. Then I found out other poor quarters, and one night with but a few shillings in my pocket, after thinking of throwing myself into a canal, I found myself

at a spot where women of a somewhat better class lived in its centre, and on its outskirts very poor harlots.

“I will,-have I the money? — can't help it, — if one won't another will”, and I slunk into a street, half ashamed of entering it. Saw girls standing at doors, never paused for selection, nor to see if one looked nicer than another, it was cunt I wanted. The moment I turned the corner of the street, I cared not who or what, as long as she had a petticoat and what it hid from sight. I took the nearest.

“Will you let me have you for five shillings?” was all I uttered. I recollect it as well as possible, hanging my head, ashamed of my offer, and not looking at the girl, ashamed of being seen in the neighbourhood.

“All right”, said she turning round. I followed her through the little narrow passage of a four-roomed house into a little room with a bed on one side of it. I looked at her, and she at me for an instant only. “Here are the five shillings”, said I. “Shall I undress?” “No.” “Shall we get on the bed?” “No, at the side”, -and whilst speaking I had half lifted her on to it. Laughing with a peculiar chuckle she fell back, pulling up her clothes. I saw plump thighs, dark hair, felt giddy, could not see, recollect opening the lips, and began to spend as the tip of my prick touched her cunt. Following the spunk as it shot up the passage as it opened its way, with one thrust I was up her, and had finished. Fifty times in my life up to the time I pen this, has a similar rapid ejaculation occurred to me when randy.

“Didn't you want it!” said she. They were the first words I recollect being uttered as I bent over her. How divine she seemed. “Let me do it again.” “Oh! you ought to give me a little more.” “I'll give you a shilling, it's all I have I fear; but more if I have it.” “Very well then”, said a soft voice. Oh ! what a heavenly few minutes they seemed to me, — they still seem to me, — as I fucked her again. First and second fuck must have been all over in five minutes. I had not uncunted.

“Pull it out”, said she after an interval, my cock still keeping in her; but I kept close to her, and up her. “Be still dear, do pray, — I'll see what money I have.” My hat and my great-coat were on, it was cold, I had only unbuttoned my trowsers enough to get out my prick. Keeping still up her, I thrust my hand into my trowsers pocket, pulled out all the money I had, and put it on the bed beside her. “See, it is all I have, every farthing, a little more than I said, — let me do it again, — there is more than seven shillings”, —and pressing well on to her haunches, I began wriggling my prick.

She turned her head, looked at the money, but did not touch it. “Very well”, said she in a low voice, “but take it out, — don't make my chemise in a mess, I have not another clean, — don't make a mess

on the bed if you can help it." "I shan't." "Yes you will, you have spent such a lot, it's running out now."

I withdrew. She took a towel which was close at hand, wiped her cunt and spread another for her bum. I threw off hat and coat. Soon now we were both on the bed, I up her, and leaning on my elbow for the first time really looked at her. Up to that moment cunt, cunt, nothing but cunt was in my mind. Now I saw that her eyes were blueish, her hair dark and wavy, I recollect our staring in each other's faces for a minute or two without speaking. A candle on a little table close to the bed showed a strong light on us sideways; then we both fucked with vigor, and Mary Davis spent with me, — she spent with me, that poor little gay woman.

"You are a nice poke", said the girl. I got off the bed, sat on a chair by the fire, and looked at the merry face of the little gay woman as she smiled at me whilst washing her quim. The pleasure I had just had, the entrancement of the carnal pleasure contrasted so strongly with my misery at home, that I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. She rubbed her quim dry, then silently came up to me, put her hand on my shoulder, and stood without uttering a word till my passion was over. "Are you unhappy?" said she in a gentle tone. Yes I was. "Never mind, I dare say it will be over some day-we have all got unhappiness."

Her kind voice and manner-she a gay woman who owed me no kindness—so contrasted with the coldness elsewhere, that it made me worse and again I sat sobbing, and taking no notice of her; she still standing with her hand on my shoulder.

"Have something to drink", said she. "Yes",-but recollecting myself, "No, I have no money, I have given you every farthing I have." "Never mind, — do you like gin ?-I do." "Yes." She called out to the landlady, "Fetch me a shilling's worth of gin, and mind you don't take any,-mind a shilling's worth fills this .bottle to here (giving the landlady a large medicine bottle), don't take any, and I will give you a little. I'll pay for the gin", said she turning to me.

I sat looking at the fire. "You have not washed yourself", said she. "No, are you unwell?" "No, I think I am all right, but we can't always say you know, and it's best to wash after us", — and I washed.

I took hot gin and water, and got cheered, even began to smile when she said, "You are a gentleman, ain't you?" "Yes I think so." "I am sure you are by your manner, but you are poor I suppose." I told her the entire truth, my heart was so full, I told this strange gay woman all my trouble, all my misery, wanted more gin and water, and having in my pocket a gold pencil-case, a gift of an aunt's, "Get some more gin", said I, "take this and pawn it, for I have no money." She would not. "I am sure, if you say you will bring me the money, that

you will. I will pay for more gin."

So sitting, talking, and drinking gin and water, she sitting opposite to me listening whilst I told my troubles, and my burst of troubles over, relieved by my confidences, I became aware that she was plump, fleshy, good-looking, and had a mild sympathetic eye. Up to that time cunt alone had fascinated me, now I thought of the woman, and a liking for her because she seemed kind stole over me; desire to have her, caress her, spend in her on that account, rather than a desire for her cunt alone, thrilled through me as I looked at her sitting half facing me by the fire; her clothes slightly raised, that the warmth might reach her limbs, one elbow on her knee, the hand supporting her face turned towards me full of interest. And so an hour or more ran away.

"I want you again so, but I have no more money." "Never mind, you may have me, — shall I undress?" "Oh! do, — do, — how round and plump you are,-but I have no more money." "Never mind, — give me more when you see me again. Come into the bed, — see the sheets are quite clean, — no one has slept in them, I take the clean ones off every night, and put on others before I go to bed,-stop with me all night." We both undressed, and jumped into bed together. I was frantic with pleasure as I cuddled up to her plump warm body, and felt her from her neck to her knees; rolled over her, and kissed her, till I settled down between her thighs; and then Mary Davis and I fucked, and laid still, and then fucked again, and so on, till I could do it no longer.

It was three in the morning. "Stop all night", said she, "I will give you a nice breakfast in the morning." I would not, had a strong desire to keep up appearances of propriety and happiness at home, if I had not the reality; so with a sigh rose, and dressed, borrowed a shilling of her, and went out into the street. Silent and dirty it was, and raining hard as I walked home to my miserable bed.

At dusk next day with impatience I went off to Mary Davis', gave her what I had promised, and money for that evening besides, and when I had had her, we sat down and talked again.

She was a short woman about nineteen years old, plump without fat, but as nicely covered as any woman I ever saw; had a big bum, large thighs, plenty of room between them, and dark hair on her cunt which had strongly developed lips, it was large outside in proportion to her size. She had a soft, kind face, beautiful grey eyes, nearly black hair which draped naturally, and was altogether as nice a little woman as one could have wanted. I have wondered often how she could have settled down in a neighbourhood of costermongers, and taken five shillings for her person, when she might as well have been a two-sovereign woman, had she tried elsewhere. I put her up to

trying at a future day, but she never would.

Her room was about twelve feet square. A large bed took up one third of it, a table next the only window, two chairs (one easy), little cupboards in the recesses by the fire-place, on which stood china and glasses, a small wash-hand stand, a chest of drawers, with slop-pail, coal-scuttle, and looking-glass completed the furniture. All was scrupulously clean, the bed-linen white.

Having broken my virtuous resolution, I never re-gained it, and for a week fucked Mary from six in the evening till two the next morning. My week's amusement cost me about two pounds, but then that modest sum was too much for my pocket, so I left off for a while, and gave Mary a chance of keeping her other friends. They were mostly poor clerks, she told me, and married men better off, who gave her a pound, or at times paid her rent if in arrear. She paid I think but twenty-five shillings a week for her board and lodging together. My too exclusive attentions for a week had prevented her regulars from coming. There was lots of cheaper cunt in the neighbourhood so to send them away with full balls was dangerous.

The house was kept by an old man and woman, he a carpenter almost too old, yet who went to daily work. He used to fetch gin and beer for us. There was no lodger in the house. They were a decent couple, and after a time I used to talk to the old woman, and when Mary once went away ill, she got me a beautifully shaped girl, I had offered her money to get me a girl of about fourteen years of age, a virgin. The streets about there swarmed with girls and boys who played about at night, I could hear their smutty language as they ran after each other yelling, laughing and quarrel-ling. She tried, but never could; she was not a woman who undertook that sort of thing, but the money tempted her. “There are lots of girls about”, said she, “their mothers don't care what they do, but you want a virgin,-Lor ! where's she to be found?-when they's about thirteen or fourteen years old they won't be kept in, they is about the dark streets at night, and Lor ! if you heard what I have in the streets where the costers' barrows is, of a night!” And so the old woman intimated that all the young girls of that select neighbourhood, were got into by the coster boys, and that a virginity was a rarety at fourteen years old. I afterwards groped several young girls in those dark streets, and there was certainly no obstacle to my fingers searching their cunts.

“I thinks I knows a steady little gal, whose mother's just died, her father ain't no good, and you and Mary must ask her in; I can't have nothin to do with it except gettin her here.” One day afterwards she told me she had asked the girl to tea, and that she was as curious as could be to know all about it (meaning fucking). “She knows as much as we do”, said the old woman with a chuckle. “Was far as talking

goes and she would like to know as much as them as does it as well, but she is timid; there is three of them, she is the eldest, the father leaves her in charge, you shall see her." Mary Davis had gone home ill. The girl was brought in, I sent out for gin, a nice little girl she was, and she drank some of it. The old woman then left with a wink. The girl took my kisses very well, never said a word, so getting on by degrees I talked to her about naked people, and getting children, felt her ankles and legs, then told her I woulld give her a shilling if she would feel my cock. She did not say a word, but stood still, my arm round her waist, whilst I pulled out my stiff prick. Then she bent forward curiously, whilst I put her little hand round it, and guiding it, pulled the foreskin down from the tip. Then I put my hand up her clothes, and felt her thighs and bum; but on bringing my hand to the cunt, she broke away in tears saying, "Oh I no sir, — I would rather not sir, —I'm much obliged to you sir for showing it me, and the shilling; but I would rather not sir,-oh ! let me go, let me go, — Mrs. Smith, — Mrs. Smith." The old woman was listening, and came in instantly. "Oh! what are you doing to her?" said she in a whining tone, "what is the matter my dear? — don't cry, — oh ! you should not sir", — and winking at me, away she went with the girl; then came back, said the girl was scared, and she feared it was no go. "But if you heared her talk, you would think she would let any man do anything with her."

Half-an-hour afterwards the girl had composed her-self, and came back. I had more gin, the old woman again left us, the girl had another shilling, and again she felt me. I began talking to her about the parsley-bed out of which children come, and generally on the subject of generation and its working tools. "Now dear don't be alarmed (she seemed as timid as a hare), you know what a cunt is?" "Yes", said she, "it's a nasty word,-poor mother told father he was a beast cause he said it when drunk." "Well my dear, some-thing comes out of a man if he puts this up a cunt, and that gets children, — lay hold of my prick, and you will see",-and guiding her little hand I frigged myself with it. But she cried out when I attempted to feel her cunt, and I never had her. The old woman said she was frightened to bring her again, that she and Mary Davis might manage it together, and when Davis came back I wished her to try, but she refused to have anything to do with it. The lech passed away, for it was but a whim. At that time I liked large well-haired cunts.

I am anticipating, for this took place nearly two years after I first had Mary Davis. That girl got fond of me, and I liked her. I got a little better off, and used to give her more money; but she always took what I gave her contentedly. The only thing I can remember out of the common course of lecherous events in such acquaintances, is that I

took one for spending over her, used to fuck up to spending-point, then pull out my prick, and frigging it, emit my semen on to her belly, breasts, or thighs; then I began fucking again, almost directly I had discharged and looking at my spunk lying on her flesh. When my pleasure came on again, I would put her hand on to my spunk; and directly her fingers touched it, it fetched me, and she as well, although she always said it was a dirty trick. But I only did this a few times. I began also to use French letters, for reasons she advised me to do so.

The neighbouring streets were full of poor gay women. She heard that I had been seen going into a house in the neighbourhood, and cried about it. Her health got bad, her womb began to fall, and the doctor said she was not strong enough for a gay life. She told me she was the daughter of an under game-keeper, that a young tradesman kept company with her, she liked him, and he said he meant to marry her. Bringing her home one evening when she had got out on the sly, they felt each other's privates on the road. Very soon after she and one of her sisters were allowed to go to some village-dance. Her sister walked off with her sweetheart;

Mary's young man took her to some cottage, did it to her twice, and then walked home with her. She did not know whose fault it was; his or hers, for from the night they had felt each other, she thought of nothing else till she had his prick up her. Her father found it out, she ran away to London, became gay, and had never lived in any other house but the one I visited her in. “Whenever I saw him after he had felt me” (her lover) she would say, “I felt in a flurry all over, and could think of nothing else, I longed to feel his hand on my thing again,-she soon did.”

She went home ill, came back, her womb got worse, she went to a hospital, got thin and fretted, again went home, and I never heard more of her. I had great pleasure in her society, it was my greatest solace to tell her all my misery, for she was a complacent kind creature. It was wonderful to see how clean everything was in that little square room, yet with the exception of the fire-place, she cleaned everything herself. At about two o'clock in the day she was dressed, and standing at the door, to catch passers by. She never spoke to them unless they spoke to her. She was to me at first a novel experience but I soon had plenty of experience of the poor class of women in adjacent streets.

I found it not wise to go into the streets well dressed, so put on old things, drew my hat over my eyes, assumed a slouching gait, and walked along slowly, talking to the women fill I found one I liked. Their salutation usually was, “Come here dear, — come and see what I have got to show you.” “What?” “Such a nice cunt, — such a lot of hair.” “Such a fat arse”, would say another. “How much will you let

me for?" "What you like, — come in." "I have not much money,-let me look at your cunt for a shilling." "Come in then." Another would say, "Make it two, and I'll strip." Many a cunt I have seen for a shilling. If I did not like it, I went further on, or into the next street.

The street-doors were usually open, the women when dressed lolling just inside them, with head out, but dropping back if they saw a likely man, and addressing him as he passed in loud or low tones, according to their cheek. If a woman I had had and expected to see was not visible, my way was to step inside the passage, and listen at the door; if through the key-hole I saw a light, or heard voices, there was business on. If in the evening the outside shutters of the room were closed, I knew the woman was engaged for a long time, perhaps her own man, a cab-man, a costermonger, or some man of similar class was with her, if late. The women there though about the same price, or cheaper, had quite different manners from the Waterlow road ones. There were rarely more than one woman in a house, and always on the ground floor, the landlord or lady living in the back room, or upstairs. The rooms were mostly let to working people, who seemed quiet enough.

Lots of children were about, who played in the streets at day, but disappeared if quite young towards dusk. If a man stopped and talked to a gay woman at the door, the children of the house usually went in, always did if more than about ten years old. They drew back as if they knew that a bargain for fucking was to be struck, and I believe knew all about it. They were mostly girls who sleeping in the same room with their parents, I dare say had seen the game of mother and father played often enough. The bigger girls frisked about the streets of an evening with boys of the same age, or not much older.

If a woman could get you to enter the passage, she almost pulled you into her room. "Come in, — don't stand there,-come out of the way of the lodgers, — I'll tell you if you come in,-well make it half-a-crown, -I've got such a nice cunt, — such a fat arse, — feel my bubbies,-look here, — come in, and let me feel your prick."

This was all said rapidly, and according to the inducements the woman had to offer. It generally ended in my going in, and the bargain was completed inside. "I'll frig you, — do anything you She, — look here (showing rapidly her breasts, and covering them up again),-here is a big pair of legs (pulling her clothes up), — yes you may fuck me how you She, — oh ! yes I want to piss bad." I have heard this hundreds of times. Once inside ! never came out without paying something. The women always said or did just enough to wet my appetite for knowing or seeing a little more, so I paid, and often enough was disappointed, and left; but saw a lot.

In these streets about seven in number, during a period of two or

three years, I had many women, even whilst I visited Mary Davis. I dare say fifty women I fucked, and felt as many more before I ceased going to the neighbourhood. Two or three of the adventures there are alone worth writing. At one house I was robbed of a pin whilst actually fucking the woman.

A tall broad-built woman of about thirty, was loll-at a door one night. I do not recollect having seen her before, for I knew many women by sight, even though I had not had them. She looked like a coster's wife. I should have passed on, but for the lewd way in which her eyes met mine. I stopped, she instantly looked rapidly up and down the street, went back inside the door-way saying very loudly, “You want my lodger, but she has left here”. but as she said this, she stepped inside the front room, and beckoned me in both with hand and head, her eyes wide open, and looking anxious. Slowly I followed in. She was so big that I thought I should like a feel, and if I liked that would pay more, and have more. “I'll give you a shilling to feel your cunt.” “Very well”, said she standing still, and not attempting to lift her clothes slightly as most of the women used to do. I got my hand on her thighs, she pushed it away, retreated towards the bed and sat on it. I took out a shilling, and as usual put it on the mantel-piece. “There is the money, — let me now.” She no longer resisted, I felt her, and she opened her legs to facilitate my groping. She put her hand on my shoulder. “Is your cock standing?” said she in a whisper. “Yes feel it”, said I unbuttoning. She grabbed at it as if she meant to pull it off.

Her manners struck me as uncommon, and I began to feel uncomfortable; but under the squeezing of my cock, and the feeling of her cunt the usual desire to leave one's sperm up her came over me. “Let me fuck you,-I'll give you two shillings more.” Without reply she fell back on the bed, I began to throw up her clothes. “Oh ! no I can't let you do that.” I had when with strange women just then been using French letters, and the fear of infection came over me when she would not submit herself to my inspection. “You have got something the matter with you, and I shan't, I said. “Nothing of the sort”, said she angrily, “I'm not gay, — I'm the landlady,-I am married, and have three children, — they are abed in the next room,-you may see them if you like. My lodger's gone,-you've been here afore to see her,-I've seen you afore,-but I'm not gay, and can't have anything the matter with me,-it's impossible.” All this nearly in a whisper. Astonished I laughed. “Don't make a noise”, said she, “I don't want the lodgers to know I am in this room, they know it's empty, — come on”, and grasping my prick again, she surrendering herself more freely to my investigations.

“Where is your husband?” “Away on a job in the country; I haven't seen him for three months, and have not been touched for that time, so help me God; you may do it without fear,-there then look, if

you must", said she, letting me throw up her clothes, and look well at her cunt, which I opened. "I'm a quiet woman." Then she turned round, twisting herself so that she could get hold of my cock as I stood pulling her about. "Come on my dear." The next minute I was spending up her.

"Go on, you were so quick, — go on", said she in spasmodic utterances, jerking her bum, clutching me to her, and using the same endearments as any other woman,-women are all the same, from the princess to the peasant. I had spent quickly, but shoved on as well as I could, and in a second or two with a sigh, her cunt relaxed.

I moved out of her quickly, for fear of the ladies' fever haunted me a little. She lay with her clothes up to her navel, till I had washed myself. "There is no towel or soap", I said. Then she moved. "I'll get you some, — but don't afear me,-hush !—don't make a noise, — wait five minutes for me, lock the door, and put out the light." I stood aghast at this request; it was in a low neighbourhood, costermongers, tramps, and even a nest of thieves I had heard was not far off. "What the devil does she mean? — what game is up?" came across my mind. "I won't put out the light", I said. "Well hide it in the cupboard, lock the door, and if any one knocks don't answer,-perhaps my late lodger's friends may come, not knowing the has gone, —I don't want any one to know any one is in the room." This was all said in a whisper; she went out, shut the door gently, and walked to the back of the house, leaving her three shillings. I heard her foot-steps, and faintly afterwards the sounds of talking in the back room,-the partitions in the poor houses were thin.

I dried my tool with my shirt and sat on the bed, looking round at the poor room, wondering what dodge was up. She did not return, and thinking over the incidents, came to the conclusion that she was not a gay woman. There was just that difference in manners, in getting on to the bed, in taking her pleasures, and in her whole behaviour about the fucking, which there always is between a woman however loose she may be, but who does not fuck professionally, and the regular trader in her charms. I saw it then, and I see it still clearer writing about it now.

Nevertheless I began to think of leaving, feeling uneasy as she did not return for more than ten minutes. With my hat on, I was just about to run off, after hearing a man's footsteps pass along the passage, when I heard a voice cry up the stairs, "Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Brown, I'm going out to get a mouthful of fresh air, —if the children cry, will you see to them?" A shrill voice replied, a female step passed my door, into the street. A second afterwards the door slowly opened (I had unlocked it as I heard what I supposed were her footsteps going along the passage). In she came, holding up her finger for silence, then

quietly closing and locking the door, she stood smiling at me. “Don't make a noise, they think I am out”, she said.

I looked fully at her now, my lust satisfied. She was a big woman of say thirty years of age, coarse, common, but clean; she had a dress on which opened in front like that of a woman who suckles, and some sort of cap on her head. I did not know what to make of it, for she stood as if waiting for me to speak. I did not, and taking the candle, she put it down on the floor by the side of the drawers, or something of the sort, and remarked, “They won't see the light through the crack of the door now.” Again a man's heavy foot-step was heard: “That's my upstairs lodger”, said she when she noticed my listening.

“You are really not gay?” said I. Then she repeated what she had said before, and sat on the side of the bed by me. “You have big breasts”, I remarked. “Yes I was a fine woman, every one said before I married.” It is impossible to be near a woman without wishing to ascertain her hidden charms. In the hurried embrace with her I had thought of nothing but cunt. At that time of my life, to see a woman, to long for her, to make my bargain, and to fuck her, was often an affair of not much more than ten minutes; it was only after the fuck that I looked well at the female I had pieced.

“Let me feel them”, I said. She hesitated, but I undid the dress, and felt two breasts large and white, and pulled one out. “My nipple is spoilt with suckling”, said she, “I've not yet done giving milk.” “Let's have you again.” “Yes”,-and she got on to the bed. “Let me see your cunt.” “Oh I no, — don't, — I won't.” My suspicion came back; with my prick out I still hesitated. “I've not washed myself since you did me”, said she. “Well wash your cunt.” She took my basin, and washed herself. Then I had a look at her cunt, and again fucked her. Lord how she enjoyed it, and so did I, that big coarse woman; but she would not let me look long at her belly, perhaps marked through child-birth. She had thickish, lightish brown hair on her quim; it was a cock-squeezer too, and how wet it got in our copulation. I remarked it to her. She said, “I'm wet, and no mistake.”

I lay on her afterwards, my prick dangling against her cunt, and talked. Her husband was an artizan away on a job, she kept the house, and let lodgings; her husband was half his time away. “You've seen the girl who was in this room,-I recollect you, — I've seen you in the street more than once, — You've been with the woman opposite. I didn't mean anything till you spoke and stopped, but I'd been dying for it, been wishing almost I were gay; the gal opposite had just gone in with a man, and I was wondering what my husband was doing, and just then you stopped and looked, and I thought I'd let you. Do it again”, said she slipping her hand between our bellies, and grasping my ballocks. And I did it again, as soon as I could.

“I've never had another man but you and my own man I'll swear, — ask in the street, they will all say I'm respectable,-but don't tell on me. I frig myself almost every day, if you must know, but that don't satisfy me, a woman who's had three children,-if I'm in the family way now, I'm in a mess, but I'm not so much to blame, am I ?-think, three months away from your own man !—but I tell you as you spoke to me I was a dying for it, — the girl who was here in this room used to say, 'Well Mrs. ***, you are a fool to pass your life almost without a you know what.' Well I was a dying for it, and she and lodgers would always tell me what the men did to them; and yet I never have had but you.” So we lay talking for a time, she answering my questions, and sometimes volunteering remarks; but never leaving go of my prick, and every now and then saying, “Ain't you a fine man !—you just are a fine young man!”

There were noises at the street-door, men were talking, a smell of tobacco reached us. “It's the upstairs back”, said she, “he will stop there till he have smoked two pipes, so for God's sake don't leave”, — and she sunk her voice lower. “Oh ! I must put out the light.” Saying so, off the bed she got, blew it out, and got on to the bed again. There we lay quite another hour, speaking in whispers, feeling each other's privates, never washing, the spunk drying up as our hands fumbled about each other, I talking baudy, and telling her what gay women would do, she telling me she knew all about it, for her ground-floor lodgers were always gay. I asking questions about herself, heard that my cock was about the same size as her husband's. Wondering at the tightness of her cunt, as she had had three children, she said that the size was the same as before she had had a man. If she got in the family way she would be in a mess; she did not think she should, as she had not quite done suckling. She did not know how she managed to keep so firm and plump, for she had meat only twice a week. “What then?” “Potatoes and herrings”, — did not know what she would do, if she did not get another lodger soon to pay the rent, — she often could not pay for a meal.

About two o'clock in the morning there were lumping boots going upstairs. The lodger had gone to bed. We lighted the candle, I washed (there was still no towel), and no sooner had I washed than she laid hold of, and kissed my prick, stooping to do so,-and then we fucked again.

We parted, she took my money. “I will keep this”, she said, “it will help me.” I said it was for her. She let me quietly out, begging me never to mention what had taken place between us to any gal in the street. “Though they won't believe you if you do, for I have a good character. I've seed you often go in with them.” I had fancied no one ever saw me in that low street, and wondered if any other person had

recognized me there.

I never had her again. Once or twice I saw her at the street-door, but so soon as she saw me she rushed in-doors, and I had too many fresh and younger women at hand to care about her. Here was a case of a woman who could not restrain herself, owing to the long absence of her legitimate doodle, and gave way to her uncontrollable passions for that night. That was the only conclusion I could come to.

Then soon afterwards I had the clap. Mary cried, and declared she had not given it me, and I am sure she had not. Then almost for the first time I began to use cundums, or French letters, as they are called. I did not like them, but had suffered so much from gonorrhoea, that I carried them in my purse in readiness.

My experience with this poor class of women was soon considerable. Satiated, sick of them, yet I continued to frequent them for the simple carnal pleasure of coition. There was no sentiment about it, no liking for the women, for though their manners sometimes amused me, they more frequently shocked me, and the poverty of some distressed me; but I had no money for choicer entertainment. My vigor was great, my pleasure in copulation almost maddening, a cunt was a cunt, and I got my pleasure and relief up it, what-ever its owner might have been. A sensuous imagination aided me. When once my prick was up a woman she was for the time more or less invested with charms, and her imperfections forgotten. I used to shut my eyes, and fancy I was stroking a houri with the finest limbs and ivory flesh, and could fancy all this up to the moment of ejaculation, I fancied thighs and cunt which were not those of the woman who was at that moment doing her best to please me.

There were occasions when the women when naked revolted me, my prick refused to stand, and I departed without copulating, but those occasions with this class of women are not worth noting. I have been subject to this sudden revolt and prostration, sometimes even when the woman was most beautiful. Nervousness, fear, some sudden dislike, and even most ridiculous reasons have caused it.

I should have mentioned that gradually it had taken hold of my mind that my prick was a very small one. How this notion first arose I cannot quite trace, I certainly had it in a degree when a youth, and it be-came stronger owing to the remarks of some French women. The men I saw fucking at Camille's had very large pricks, and no doubt they were selected on that account for exhibition; but I did not know that then, and used mentally to compare mine with theirs, and also with those of some of my former schoolfellows, and to my disadvantage.

With many harlots of both high and low class I had talked about size; each told me of men who had big pricks, rarely of those who had

small ones. Experience has since taught me that harlots like talking about big pricks, for size affects their imagination agreeably. Of ridiculously small ones they make mention for a laugh, the average sizes pass without their notice. I used to ask them how mine compared with the big ones they spoke of, and got at last into my head the erroneous opinion about my own machine. At times I would produce it with an apologetic remark. “My prick's not a very big one, is it?” — and was much pleased when the woman's reply was complimentary. I know now from the inspection of many men's, that mine compares very favorably with the average, and is larger than most; but for many years I was of a very different opinion, and at times was almost ashamed of my prick, so much so that when a woman said it was as large as most, and many said that. I did not believe them, still less did I believe them when they said it was a handsome prick; then I thought they were hum-bugging me.

Now as I add these few words written years after the foregoing, and after having seen some dozens of pricks, both languid and erect, I know what they said was true, and I know that there is a size, a form, a curve, and a colour in pricks which makes some hand-somer than others, just as undoubtedly there are ugly and handsome cunts.

Chapter XVII

Irish Kate.-Drink, heat, fleas, and French letters. • The bricklayer afterwards. • I give luck. The lost breast-pin. • The cholera's victim.

One hot night in summer I slouched along one of the streets, and stopped in front of a woman who stood lolling against the door-post. I recollect her and my first sensations perfectly well, her white face, and dark hair hanging behind her in a net, her low dress, low in front, — showing a luscious neck and bust as white as her face. Her dress was of a very light colour, so her neck and face must have been white indeed to look so white by contrast. The street-door was close to a street-lamp, which shed a strong light on her face as it was turned upwards, and with her hand and arms folded behind her she lolled, her back against the door-post. She was a full-sized woman, but young, and exactly what pleased me then; black and white, young and full of flesh. I stopped, and gazed at her. She fixed her eyes vacantly on me, but neither moved nor spoke to me.

There were gay women standing at doors not far off, common men also at some stood smoking. They understood the habits of the neighbourhood, and never took any notice when a strange man and woman talked together at a door. I did not like to speak to a woman if others, or men were near, and would at times walk about till the coast was clearer. But this girl struck me with strong lust suddenly. “I'll give you a shilling to feel”, said I. No answer, but she kept staring at me. “Half-acrown then”, thinking my offer too small, and stepping inside the passage to get out of sight. “Come in”, I said. She made no reply, never took her back quite from the wall; but turning herself round, continued looking at me, her head slightly moving about as if she did not understand.

Staggered at this behaviour I was coming out again to leave, but her lovely look fixed me. “I'll give you five shillings”, said I, “to have you.” “Have me”, said she, “have me what?” Her voice was thick and broken. She turned into the passage. “Will you let me have you?” “Come and fuck”, said the husky, thick voice. She passed me, stepped heavily into the room, staggered to the bed, and then I saw she was drunk. I had not noticed it before, being absorbed in her fleshy beauty, and the desire to see her cunt, and all of her, and join my body to hers.

There was a single candle in the room, fluttering, and needing snuffing, but no snuffers. I snuffed it with my fingers. The room was in disorder, the pot full, water in the basin, the bed unmade, the whole place the picture of disorderly, drunken, harlotry. A night-gown wa4

lying on the floor, clean linen on a little table. It looked so miserable, that I thouht I would go away at once, so took out five shillings, and laid it down. “There is the money”, I said, “I shant stop.” “Come and fuck”, said she in reply, rolling on to the bed, and pulling up her clothes. She had but a gown on, nothing else. Thighs and legs as white and fat as her neck came into sight, and a thicket of hair at the bottom of her belly as dark as the hair on her head. The sight altered my intention, I walked to the bed, and placed my hand on her cunt. “Fuck me”, she blurted out in her drunken voice again. I felt wild with voluptuous delight, as my eyes gloated on the big breasts and thighs to where her garters and stockings hid the flesh from view. All was dazzling white except a nearly crispy-haired cunt in the middle of it. The contrast was exquisite, was absolutely dazzling.

A strange train of ideas (how oddly they spring up at such times (came into my head. “You've just had a man”, I said, “your cunt's wet, — you've just been fucked.” “He ain't fucked me for three days,-we have been a drinking gin, we have, — he paid, he hain't fucked me, — you fuck me”, said she making a grab at my prick which was buttoned up yet, — “fuck me, — you shall fuck me.” All this was said in a hoarse, drunken, incoherent manner, but the “fuck me” with a sudden violent energy, as if she suddenly felt a stinging desire to have her cunt stretched. “Fuck, — I'm bloody randy, -where's your prick?”

I took the light, pulled open her thighs, almost put the candle in her cunt. She let me do just as I liked repeating, “Fuck me.” She was beautiful, her white firm flesh, her big round thighs, the lovely globes of her arse would have excited the dead. “Pull off your gown.” “I shant.” “You shall.” I helped her up into a sitting posture, and pulled it off in an instant. Then she fell back naked, showing peeps of black-haired arm-pits. The next instant I was up her, and injected her. How beautiful she seemed as I moved my prick up and down in that cunt, spite of the drunken manner, and the miserable surroundings.

A most violent letch for her took hold of me. The women in the streets I have described had fine women among them, but for the most part they were plain in face, indifferent in form somewhere, and hideously coarse in manner; but the beauty of this woman was so great, I forgot all her coarseness. When I came to myself after my pleasures, she was fast asleep. She had perhaps spent, that and the liquor called gin over-powered her, and she forgot her business. Then the biting of fleas worried me for half-an-hour, I spent my time in hunting for them, and scratching myself, snuffing with my fingers the only tallow candle, and now and then holding it over her to look at her beautiful face, naked body, and unwashed cunt. The heat was intolerable. To be cool I gradually took off all clothing but my shirt, at last took off that, and then sat at the edge of the bed naked. I pulled

open her legs, each lay just as I placed them, wide apart. I held the candle between her thighs, and opened her cunt-lips. Masses of thick sperm lay over her cunt, and hid the entrance of the prick-hole. I played with it as my baudy fancy dictated, frigged her, dipping my finger in the spunk below, and then rubbing it on to her clitoris till it was dry, twisted down her cunt-hair till it was wetter, and played every trick which a lascivious fancy dictated. Gradually I stiffened under this exciting amusement, and throwing my naked body on to hers, fucked her again. God only knows if she knew I was fucking her, or not,-I don't. She awakened after I had spent, turned on her side, and when I tried to get her on her back again, she swore.

Whether the slight dozing had relieved her brain, or whether the fumes of the liquor had evaporated, I don't know, but she soon became more conscious, and though stupid, yet more awake. Her voice had still the thick utterance, her answers still those of a person only partially understanding what was said to her. I expect I had excited her passions by my fingers, and not by what I said, for after awaking she again blurted out, “Fuck me, — I want a fuck.” A grab at my prick showed that she knew where to find the means of giving herself pleasure, and I gave it her. Then I dozed.

Knocks at the door aroused me, and a shrill voice cried out, “Kate, Kate.” I listened, “Are you alone?” said the voice. I shook Kate, and awakened her a little. “Some one is knocking at your door”, said I. “Oh! damn,-arseholes”, said she turning on her side, and dozing again.

“Kate, — knock, knock, — Kate, are you alone? — I'm going to bolt the door, — they are all in”, said the voice.

Kate made no reply, I was dressing, so opened the door. “I'm here, and am going directly.” “Is she drunk?” said the woman. “I think she is.” “Do you know her?” “No.” “Well I will leave the door open.” “I'm going,-wait.” There lay Kate dozing. When dressed I said, “I have left five shillings on the table.” “Awake her”, said the woman (for I heard and saw it was one). “You had better.” “Kate, Kate”, sung out the woman. I shook Kate, who turned, opened her eyes, and said, “Oh ! damn, — don't.” “Come in”, said I to the woman. She did, and shook Kate. “Oh ! arse-holes. “She's been lushing for three days”, said the woman. “Mind there are five shillings”, said I, and disgusted I left, resolving never to go near the drunken beast again.

But the woman had made a great impression on me. I was always, even quite early in life, taken with a crummy woman, quite as much as with a pretty face; and although so low a woman, I longed for her again, and before many days sought her. It was on a blazing hot afternoon of a summer's day, the sun shone brightly on the front of the houses on one side of the street, the other was in shade. A street with perhaps a dozen carts and wheel-barrows through it in a day, where

children played in the roadway, and women sat on the footways. I went along slouching on the shady side, slowly looking, and not quite recollecting the number of the house, and saw Kate sitting on a chair on the footway by her door.

She looked up vacantly as I got close to the house, with that look which a low-class woman has who thinks the man above her, and not Shely to take her. “Come in”, I said turning into the open door, and she followed me, bringing her chair. “I'll give you five shillings”, said I. “All right.” “Take off your dress.” “All right, but give me the five shillings first.” I gave it her. She began undressing, her gown off left but her chemise. “You don't want my chemise off ?” “No,-lay at the side of the bed.” She laid herself down, threw up her chemise, and the lovliest pair of thighs ,belly, and cunt that ever man saw were disclosed. To look, to open its lips, and thrust my prick up her were the work of a minute. I roared as I touched her. I am told by women that at that time of my life, when thoroughly randy and I saw the cunt I liked that I gave a low roar as I closed on it with my pego. Kate told me that I did so this time, when my prick first neared her thighs. I did not then talk when in a woman's em-braces; but fucked in silence. I pulled out my prick, “Lay still,-keep your thighs open, — let's see your cunt”, said I trying to keep her in her position. “Oh! arseholes”, said she closing her thighs, and getting up, and looking at me.

“Did you get your five shillings the other night?” said I, “you were drunk.” “Lor! are you the gent?” said she breaking out in a laugh, “I didn't know you, —now I see you are She him, — yes I was lushy, — so you've come agin. — Lor !” and she laughed. “How of-ten did you fuck me?” I told her. “Sit down, and talk”, said she, and we both sat down on her little cane-bottomed chairs.

“So you fucked me four or five times, — I don't know if I spent or not, damned if I do, — think of your lying there, and being bitten by the fleas, — the room was washed out yesterday, there ain't no fleas now. So you pulled me about, — what a beast, rubbing your spunk about on my cunt. — but Lor! a cunt's the proper place for it.” After a few minutes similar conversation she suddenly said, “Let's fuck agin.” “Well let's strip,” Off went her chemise without reply. Gloating over her I stripped naked, and was soon on her, and up her. She had not washed. She enjoyed it. How we hugged each other's nakedness! The first words she uttered afterwards were, “You are a bloody fine fucker, — where did you learn to fuck so well?” giving me a vigorous kiss, and squeezing her cunt up to me as she said it.

I washed, and wanting soap (she had none), she went to the door, and called out for some. The woman brought it. Then there was no towel, and again standing naked at the half-opened door, she called out to the landlady to lend her one “I shant”, said a voice, “you have

now got two of mine." "Oh ! arseholes", bawled out Kate slamming the door, "the bugger won't let me have one, — here dry your prick with my chemise, it's quite clean."

Kate stood naked looking at me as I rubbed myself dry with her chemise, bending slightly forward, holding her fingers under her cunt. "What a lot you've spent", said she putting down the basin with my water in it, and beginning to wash. "That's not clean", I re-marked. "Oh ! it's all the same spunk", she replied, and afterwards, "You may look at my cunt if you like", and she threw herself on the side of the bed, thighs wide open. She was faultless. I pulled a chair to the side of the bed, and contemplated her cunt at my leisure. The dirty white blind down in the window only just mellowed the light, it was as light as day, I could have hunted crabs, had there been any in her motte-thatch.

She asked me to give her gin. Some was sent for, then we sat drinking, she taking it neat, I mixed with water. "Let's fuck", said she again, and we fucked. More gin, more fucking, she was quicker to want fucking than I was. It was getting dusk, then she said, "You're going, ain't you? I want to make a few shillings to-night, — my rent's due to-morrow." I gave her another five shillings, made her piss in the basin, and we fucked again. I was fucked out, and at last she spent twice to my once, our bodies were sticking to-gether with sweat as we fucked. Then for a few minutes we went to sleep. "You are a gent", said she, "I likes you,-I hopes you'll come agin, and see me, — I likes a real gent."

As I went out I saw a man standing on the other side of the road looking like a bricklayer. Turning back after I had gone a hundred feet or so, I saw him cross the road, and go into the house. I went back, the street-door was as it always was, open. Stepping inside I heard a male voice through Kate's door, a woman came out from the back. "Who do you want?" said she. "Kate." "Oh! she has got a friend with her,-shall I knock?" "No", I replied, and went my way. I didn't like the idea of her having a working-man after me, or before me. I was not then a philosopher, "But what does it matter?" said I, "a man's a man."

I saw Kate next day, and told her she had had a man after me. "Yes directly,-a chap I knows had been awaitin an hour, and he come in in a hurry. 'I'm done', says I, but he would,-he's a rough un, and he'd fucked me before you was at the end of the street." "Why you had not washed your cunt." "No", she laughed, "the bugger went right into your spendings, —he never knowed, and I had a good un of a cove after him,-you brought me luck. I've got two new chemises, and four towels, — let's fuck,-let's fuck", said she laying hold of me, and unbuttoning my trowsers. My balls hung over her bum in no time.

I visited her at intervals for about a year. She had the whitest flesh I ever saw, and was very beautiful in face; the hair grew exceedingly low on her forehead, yet it did not disfigure her, from her neck to her calves her form was perfectly voluptuous, but she had big feet, and her hands were large. I could not bear to see her feet in great boots, and when looking at her lovely form used to keep my eyes from them. Her cunt was perfectly beautiful and small; black, white, and carmine were never more exquisitely blended. She was revoltingly coarse in her talk, and even when sober her voice was rough. That I did not like, but her language disgusted me. To anything she did not like she said “arseholes”, said it more frequently than any other word until I stopped her. “Give me some gin”, she would say. “No you have had enough.” “Oh ! arseholes.” Every body also was a bloody bugger, or a bloody shit. She was lewd on me for a time, and made me fuck her more than I wanted, but as I checked her foul language she became indifferent to me. “Oh ! I'm obliged to hold my tongue I suppose”, then she would sulk, and then, “Well let's have another fuck”, and all would be right till I stopped her foul tongue again.

Half her time she was drunk. I would go there, not see her at the door, then call out to the woman, “Is Kate in?” “Yes she's drunk, I ain't seen her since the morning.” Sometimes her door was locked, nothing then roused her, and away I went. At other times she was in the bed, or on it, and all but insensible. Several times I lucked her, put five shillings in her pocket, and left without her knowing I had had her until after-wards.

I had now fits of timidity, and used French letters at times, even when she was quite sure she was all right. One day when she was very drunk, I had her with a letter on, and as my cock dwindled out I eased the letter off it, and with my finger pushed it well up her cunt, and went away without paying her. I should like to have known what she thought when she found the French letter up her. I never alluded to it, and she never did. Why I behaved so I don't know, it is a wonder to myself. That night I had entered her room, and left unobserved by any one.

When she was a little drunk only, she got spoony, and I could not get away from her, she would lay hold of my prick, and keep to it. “I can't do it again Kate.” “Get on me, and I'll make you”; and she usually did. Then as liquor overtook her she ceased to wash her cunt after fucking, would turn on her side, and go to sleep. I left her often snoring with her cunt full, the money on the table.

It always was a wonder that she kept such a beautiful skin and look, but she did; and always was cool, fresh, and healthy-looking, even if she had been drunk for twenty-four hours previoulsy. Her breath and body were as sweet as milk, yet she never had a bath as far

as I know, but performed all her ablutions in a little basin, throwing the water into the street when she had done with it. I have seen her wash from head to foot that way in a quart of water, and a wet rag, and when done she looked like ivory.

She was called Irish Kate, why? — I never knew, nor did she. She was not Irish.

I had words with her one day, having lost a diamond pin. She had been pulling me about that night, but the same night I had been into a house with two women, and had felt their quims. I offered more than the value of the pin, but never got it back. After that I did not go near her again for a long time, but at length so longed for her that I did. She cried with joy, and kept me fucking till my back was well nigh broken.

Then I was for some time out of England. On my return, burning with desire, I went one night to her house. She had died of cholera, which was then raging.

Chapter XVIII

Costermongers children. • A small girl, mother, and mangie. • A French letter fetched. • Young Gallows' exploits. • The customers' linen. • A hard-fleshed bum. • Invitation to anus. • A strange letch. • One big with child. • Fucked for a sovereign and pleasure. • A creole. • My misery. • Reflections.

Close by Kate's was a street with a carriage way, at one end narrowing to a footway only. On one side a row of small houses, on the other a very high blank wall. Costermongers' barrows and carts stood in the carriage way at night; clothes-lines with ragged garments hung across the street in the day. One dark night prowling about, cunt-feeling young girls and baudying generally, I went up this street. I had been up it before, and loved to hear the boys and girls chivying each other among the carts, hinting baudiness as they caught the girls, and kissed them, the girls squealing when liberties were taken with them. Occasionally standing in the shadow of the carts, I listened whilst a man would stealthily go up against the blank wall, a woman follow him. I would stand feeling my prick till I saw them come away (in two or three minutes usually), and rush into Mary Davis' or Kate's to get a relief for my excited ballocks. There was but a feeblish light in the street, and in one part of it none.

As I passed I saw a small girl standing inside the door of a house, and thought I would like the little one. Sometimes I wanted the biggest woman I could get, sometimes the smallest. She took no notice of me, I repassed, and there she still stood. “Is she gay?” I wondered, “she does not look it.” Lots of girls and women not gay stood in a similar manner in those streets. Again I passed, and stopped. “Will you let me come in, and give you a kiss?” “Yes sir”, said she stepping back.

I stepped in after her, one or two steps down. The room was below, and entered direct from the street. A miserable place; on one side a mangle, on another a poor dirty bed, a tile floor, dirty walls, wooden furniture, all miserable. Had I known, I should have been horrified at entering such a hole, but in my lust I thought of nothing but the young girl, of the probable hairless cunt, of her little bum, her smallness and freshness. She looked fifteen years of age, and was quite short.

She closed the door, and looked. I looked at her. “I'll give you five shillings.” “All right sir.” “Let me look at your quim.” “All right sir”, said she getting on the bed. I pulled up her clothes, and saw the little thighs, and the little cunt with a very small quantity of lightish brown hair on it. How tight it was to my finger ! I took the guttering candle. “I'd like to fuck, but am frightened,-let me look well at your cunt.”

“I'm all right”, said she putting her fingers down, and stretching open the lips, “quite clean indeed sir.” “When were you fucked last?” “It must be a week.” “Arn't you every night?” “I don't get the chance”, still laying on her back, and stretching her cunt-lips open, “I only go to the door quite late, when the neighbours have gone in, cause they ain't gay close here.” The house was the last in the street where it narrowed to a footway.

I raised her up, laid her lengthways on the bed, and put my pego into her hand, but fear came over me, and it would not stand. “I must do it to you, but play with it a little.” She laid hold of my prick. “It's not stiff.” “No my dear, frig it.” She began. “Do you like feeling a prick?” “I likes feeling men's things”, she replied, “they are such funny things, first little, then big, then little again.”

“How old are you?” “Over fifteen, mother says.” “Where is your mother?” “In the back room,-look it's getting bigger, I did not think it would be so big, —don't hurt me with your nail sir please”, said she frigging away clumsily, and when it was stiff leaving off, but looking earnestly at my pego. I kept probing her cunt with my fingers, wondering at its smallness.

A desire came to make her youthful mouth utter baudiness. “Say cunt dear.” “Cunt.” “Say fuck.” “Fuck.” “You know what fucking is?” “Putting that into this”, said she with a chuckle, “ain't you going to do it?-I'm quite clean.” “Let me look again.” Again the little hand down, and stretched the lips. I prepared for action, again fear seized me, and down my doodle drooped. “No dear, lay still, and I'll frig myself over you,-turn on your belly,-let me see your bum, — there that will do.” I put some spittle on her bum, and rubbed my prick against it, but longed for the hole between her thighs. “Have you got a French letter?” “I'll ask mother”, said she going into the adjoining room. In came a woman of middle age suckling a baby. “She will fetch one, give her the money, — make haste now, — never mind your bonnet, — run, — run. She won't be long”, said the woman to me.

“Your daughter?” I said to the woman who stood suckling her baby, and staring at me. “Yes sir.” The baby took to howling. Swinging it about to quiet it, she went on in a whining tone, “We are so poor, we are almost starved, we are, — what was I to do for a living? — I've nearly lost all since my husband's left me, and can't afford to keep a big gal She that; if she will go wrong I can't help it, I can't send her out, — I catched her with a young Gallows, and the mischief were done, it were, I knowed it, and I knowed it would be, so I did, — I could not keep her in, and the chap were allus arter her,-she must live, and she's better at home doing that, than doing it away from me”,-and much of the same sort in a whining, apologetic tone without stopping, without my asking.

“Has she been gay long?” “Bless you sir, it ain't more nor two months since I catched her with young Gallows,-he is in qued, — serve him right; but he'll be after her agin when he is out, he will.” “Where is your husband ?” “Oh! the vagabond's gone off with a hussey, and left me with three children, — this here's the last. Drat you”, said she shaking the infant which would not leave off howling. “Oh ! here she is.” The girl entered the house with the cundum, and the mother and baby disappeared.

The affair was not enticing, my cock was flabby again, but the little wench's naked belly stirred and stiffened me. I prepared the letter. “Did you ever see one before?” “Yes a gent had one here one night, but he did not put his thing into it.” “What did he do then?” “He blew it out, and popped it off”, said the girl. “Oh ! you wet it,-let me see how you do it, — does it not feel cold? — it's a nasty thing. Indeed I'm all right, — gals has diseases from doing it I know, but I ain't, — look”,-and again the girl distended her cunt-lips without any modesty or affectation.

Fearful, but (as often was the case with me and French letters), my cock and the letter would not agree. My cock stiff without it, drooped its head directly the wet flabby sheep's-gut touched its tip. At length it was over my doodle, and shoved up the little cunt after much trouble. “It don't feel nice”, said the girl. A few shoves more, and I lost all prudence, pulled it off, and drove my naked prick with such a thrust up her little quim, that she cried out. Her cry of pain gave me pleasure, and fetched me.

No one can lay so close up to you as a thin girl, two stout people can't stick together like two lean ones. As I came to myself the little girl was wriggling under me. “Oh ! dear, just as it was beginning to feel nice, —why did you do it so quick?” “Do you want it?” “Oh! I do, — do shove a little”, — and the little cunt squeezed itself up to my belly, and wriggled my doodle in her. I accepted the invitation, the girl spent, and I had a second pleasure up her, after I had pulled my prick out for a minute or two, to inspect it.

She brought me a basin, soap, and a napkin of beautiful quality and white. “Ulloh ! is this yours?” “It's something we had to wash and mangle”, said the girl. “It's a table napkin.” “Yes sir.”

“Don't you make a living by washing and mangling?” “No”, said she, “we have lost our business, father ran away, took linen, and sold it, — people won't trust us, — none of those who lost their linen, — others don't know us. Thank you sir”, as I gave her the five shillings, “we don't have as much sometimes in two days.” “Wash your cunt my dear.” She went out of the room, and came back saying she had washed it. I felt it, and she had. Then I talked for an hour with her.

I was curious. “Tell me who first did it to you.” “I shant.” “It was

a coster lad, your mother has told me." "She has not." "She has." "Yes it was a coster I knowed, he's been locked up for a row, and breaking windows, — he is seventeen." "When did he first do it to you?" "I shant tell you", said the girl laughing, "mother's listening, I know she is." I had the poor girl on my knee, was pulling her pretty tight little cunt about. "I'd like to do it again", said I. "You may, and welcome", said the girl. "Ain't you fucked every night?" "No, I wish I were,-to get money." "Where is the five shillings?" "Mother's taken it, she always does." I fucked her again, gave her a trifle more, left, and never had her after.

Then I had a woman of a singular build: she was shortish, and had the hardest flesh on her bum I ever felt, it was impossible to pinch it. She was a very large bummed woman, it was quite out of proportion to her size, so were her breasts. She was as near as I can recollect about twenty, but had the form of a woman of thirty, her cunt was almost hairless, and had no lips, the lappels and clitoris showed when she was standing up with thighs closed; when her thighs were open her cunt looked as if the lips had been cut off, she had lightish brown hair and almost colourless eyes. Her room was ragged, and I always found her cooking, she wore garters of ragged ribbon below her knees, and ragged slippers. For all that I went to see her I suppose a dozen times, and nearly always fucked her from behind, dog-fashion. The arse-cheeks were so firm, that I delighted to feel, and slap them as I fucked; and spite of her big bum I recollect no woman whose cunt I got further up in that position, as I did hers.

One day she said whilst I was fucking her, "I thought you were going to try the other hole." I looked, and her arsehole was as plainly visible in the rear as her split was visible in the front. I can't tell now how it came about, but know we began talking about that hole, and its pleasures. One night from talking I got to action, she said she would like her bum-hole broached. Such things were not to my taste, but egged on by her talk I tried; then she said she was afraid it would hurt, and although we talked more than once about it, and she always asked me to try, it always ended in nothing, and I avoided her soon after.

In the next street a woman after I had done her said, "You have got me in the family way." Something led to my remarking that I should like to fuck a woman in the family way, and her saying that she knew one who would be confined in a fortnight, a nice woman, a fine woman, her sister, the. wife of a mechanic, but badly off just now. I can't tell what had made me take such a desire, but I said I would give a sovereign to see her cunt and big belly, and fuck her, and would give five shillings if she would get this for me, not believing she was a married woman, or her sister, al-though the wench said so.

Asserting that it was no gay woman, and that a sovereign would be a great help; she would go and see about it, if I would wait. Returning she said that if I would really give a sovereign her sister would let me, but that I could not stop long, for fear of her husband. We went into an adjacent street of poor houses, but evidently with a different class of tenants. She entered one, I waited close by till she beckoned me in, then I found a decent young woman with an enormous belly who asked me to show her the sovereign first, then to give it to her first, which I would not. She dallied, and put off the affair, and I thought I was hum-bugged. At length she got on to a clean al-though humble bed, the other woman pulled up her clothes, I smoothed her belly, and with much trouble got her legs open, and tried to see her cunt.

She resisted, but gave way under the persuasion of the other woman who kept saying, “Do now, — what did you say yes for, if you meant no? — a bargain is a bargain, — don't make a fool of me, — well if you are ashamed now, you should abin afore”, and so forth. At length I had had a good look at her cunt.

Then I longed for a fuck, indeed took a letch for it, pulled out my prick, and asked her to let me have her. “Not she”, said the sister, “you have seen all, and must be off, her man may come home at any minute.” The big-bellied one was much more quiet, laughed, I took out my sovereign, wetted it with my spittle, and balancing it on the top of my prick, told her to take it off, which she did in a very clever way; for in-stead of taking it off with one hand, she shut one hand against the other, enclosing my prick and the sovereign too in her hands. Both women laughed, and the gay one said, “Well Mary, you've had more than one man's in your hand now at all events, you'll never tell Jack I'll swear, — now go sir,-her man don't like me here, and he won't like you, I'll swear.”

My letch overcame me, I forgot how poor I was, and would have given my clothes off my back for a poke up the cunt beneath that hard big belly, so asked her again, and stood with my prick out, both women laughing. I prayed her to let me again feel, and she consented. She was then sitting down, I had to put my hands up her clothes, and stoop to do it, my back was to her so-called sister. She laughed, and looking at her sister whilst I felt her, caught hold of my prick, gave it a grasp, and immediately relinguished it. Her sister did not see this done.

I dallied a few minutes with her cunt, and fancied that if the other woman was out of the way the big-bellied one would be complaisant. So I asked if there was good gin to be had. It was a bait that the sister took at once. Yes there was. I gave her money to fetch gin, and to buy a bun and a bottle of ginger-beer; a move to keep her

out of the way as long as I could.

I had buttoned my trowsers up, and ceased feeling and asking; but the instant she was gone, out I pulled my stiff-stander. “Let me fuck you.” “Oh ! she won't be long.” “I won't be a minute.” I flew to the door, and locked it, the woman got up from the chair; made no resistance, raised her bum with difficulty on to the bed, opened her thighs and we fucked in a jiffy. It seemed that I no sooner was cunted than we both spent. I unlocked the door, and by the time the other woman re-turned, not six minutes had passed. The two sat gin-drinking a few minutes, and then the harlot and I left together.

As I uncunted I whispered, “When your sister is gone I'll come back.” “Very well.” The gay woman made off at the end of the street in the direction of her house. Waiting a minute I returned to the big bellied one, who was at the door, we went in, and I locked the door. “My man may be home at any minute”, said she, “So we must be quick.” I threw her on the edge of the bed again, her cunt was still covered with my sperm, and turning her arse towards me we fucked dog-fashion. She enjoyed it. The instant my prick was out I was off. I never saw her, or her sister again.

Both women were tallish, and spoke with a strong Northern accent. I quite believe the one with the swollen belly was not gay.

These are the most noticable events which occurred during the period of my narrowest means. In that time I must have seen the privates of fifty women, and copulated with nearly that number. Had it not been for their pleasures, coarse as they were, I think I should have made away with myself, so miserable was I. How I accommodated myself to the class I can't imagine; for although a few were nice, prettyish, healthy women, the majority were low coarse creatures, living in poor single rooms which were often not clean; but both rooms and women were as good as could be expected for the few shillings I gave for their pleasures.

My strong animal wants carried me through, and added to that perhaps was a certain amusement in noticing the difference in manner between them, and the highly paid Bonarobas, whose silks, satins, and laces I had helped to pay for at the rate of a sovereign an hour, and often higher. Besides as already said, my imagination helped me. When my prick was up one of the ill-favored ones, and I was clasping a flabby backside, I used to shut my eyes, and fancy some charming creature whom I had had elsewhere. I cultivated these dreams in copulating.

Up to this period I had tailed a neighbourhood of free cunts, as far as trifling sums would get them me. A shilling a feel, or a look at the nudity, and for half-a-crown to five shillings at the outside for complete enjoyment was a tariff generally accepted.

Then a remnant of my former fortune which had been in litigation was settled in my favour, and I had a little ready money. Immediately I left off frequenting the poor Doxies of whom I have told, and went to a higher class, in a better neighbourhood. My money was soon gone, for I had debts among other things to settle out of it. Whilst it lasted I had some very nice women, among whom I shall always recollect a tall, superbly shaped creole, with dazzling white teeth (a feature in women which always has had a great at-traction for me), and who was one of the most voluptuous women in her embraces I ever yet have had; but she was plain almost to ugliness. In the rest of my amours there was nothing to need special notice, they were all fugitive, and the women were changed frequently.

It is difficult to narrate more without divulging my outer life. I would fain keep that hidden, but it is impossible, I shall however tell as little as may be and obscure it, but without falsifying or distortitng any facts relating to my amorous pranks, some of which were not sought by me. I fain would have led a steadier life, and wished a home with a woman I could love; but I had an unquiet home, and a woman there whom I hated in bed and at board. I tried at times to over-come my antipathy, abstained from women for weeks at a time, so that sexual want might generate a sort of love, but it was useless, without reward, and a life of misery was before me. I broke out under it, wonder I did not break down, and should have done so, had it not been for whores. Cunt came to my rescue, and alone gave me forgetfulness, a relief far better than gambling or drinking, the only other alternatives I could have had recourse to.

And now I pass over a short period, in which I did much the same as I have just written of, until a lucky sympathy brought me a happier change in my amours.

Chapter XIX

My home life. • Heart-broken.-In the parlour. • Maid Mary's sympathy. • Don't cry master. • On the sofa.-Both in lust. • Impotent.

I was still poor, but had got into an employment, and was living in a small eight-roomed house. I kept one servant only, but was pinched to keep up appearances. None of the outside world could have known how much I was pinched. I went home regularly, sat for hours by myself reading, brooding, fretting, and even crying bitter tears, at the time I take up my narrative.

Our servant was named Mary. A tall woman about twenty-one years of age, splendidly built, stout of form, and with big breasts and haunches. Her face was lovely, her eyes almost the most beautiful hazel I ever saw, its expression dove-like, her complexion as clear and bright as a rose. She looked as if she ate three meals a day, shit regularly, slept eight hours, and was fucked nightly, and was in brief a most lovely creature, and the picture of health. She had a mouth filled with lovely teeth, one of which was missing, and showed its absence when she laughed, it was the only defect visible about her. Another handsome woman whom I have had since, had also lost two front-teeth, which showed in a similar manner, but that lady always smiled, and rarely laughed, so as to avoid showing the defect. False teeth were a rarity in those days, and quite beyond the means of poor people.

She had been with us about three months. There was mystery about her, like a former servant of my mother's, she scarcely ever wanted to go out. At times we heard her singing, at others sobbing, and it used to be remarked that she was moping. I thought my wife knew more about her than she said, but to her I spoke as little as possible about anything. Mary was an in-different but willing servant, was said to have come from the country, to have been living with an aunt a short time in London, and that ours was her first place. She was with us pretty well worked and scolded, but not by me.

I had been struck by her beauty and her ways, which were winning, friendly, and unlike a servant's, yet with-out being presuming, and I was as kind to her, both in manner and word as I dared to be; but I had been annoyed and suspected for speaking kindly to servants, and to avoid strife was cold, even harsh to them in manner. Mary was witness of the sullen domestic misery in which I lived. I had seen a pained, sympathetic glance at me at times when she heard our wrangles, and was confident that she pitied me.

Nevertheless I had no sensual intentions towards her, holding it as fitting carefully to respect my home, whatever I did out of it. I might have thought about her hidden charms and probably had had

that tingling in my prick which a pretty woman often gives a man however virtuous he may be. But it went no further.

My last clap may have made me abstinent, or want of money had, or perhaps other motives which beset a man who wished a different order of things in his home affected me, for I know that for weeks I had barely had an emission, excepting by nocturnal dreams; and though dying for a genial fuck, yet avoided it, and worked at my occupation to get money and forget my troubles. This woman changed all my resolves, and launched me again into sexual pleasures. I may remark also, curious as it may seem, that instead of fattening, and getting strong by abstinence, I got just the reverse. Every time I spent involuntarily on my night-shirt, I awaked fatigued, agitated, nervous. I lost appetite, got thinner and thinner, and more and more miserable the less I had women.

One fine summer's afternoon I came home before my usual time, it was about four o'clock P.M. Mary opened the door, she was alone in the house. I went to my room, then came down into the parlours, and for a time sat there looking into my garden and smoking. Grief overcame me as I looked round at the home in which there was no one to welcome me, so I walked into the garden, and saw the maid doing some work at the back kitchen door. “Your mistress is out?” I had never on any day asked that before, as far as I can recollect, not caring to know; and she might have been upstairs. “Yes sir.” “Did she say when she would return?” “No sir, but it will be I dare say about the usual time.” “When is that?” “Half-past five, or six o'clock, perhaps later.” I again turned down the gar-den, and as that did not relieve my dullness, returned to the house. I could not read though I tried, sat down on a chair by the dining-room table, laid my head on my hands upon it, and thought of my unhappy home till I cried bitterly.

A hand laid on my shoulder, a voice said, “Don't you take on so Master, — don't you now, — she's not worth it, — cheer up, — don't you take on so.” I looked up, it was Mary looking full at me, her eyes full of tears.

I started up astonished. “I beg your pardon”, said she looking uncomfortable, “I couldn't bear to see you so unhappy.” Her interest in me struck me to the heart, without premeditation I threw my arms round her, pressed her mouth to mine, it unresistingly met it, and we passionately kissed for two or three minutes; kissed till I recovered my senses, my tears still running down, and then said, “Mary you are kind, — you are a dear, good girl, — a good, affectionate, loving creature, -I am unhappy, miserable, but how do you know that?” “How could I be off of knowing? — how could you be anything else with her? — but don't take on so Master, — she beant worth it, — and you so good, and so kind, — I hate her when I look at her, and then

look at you. Oh I I beg your pardon sir, — don't say anything",-and as if astonished at herself, she disengaged herself, and stood looking at me. I closed with her again, folding her tightly to me, and we kissed till we could kiss no longer. My tears fell on her face, and hers ran down my cheeks, so close were they to-gether.

The parlours divided by folding doors mostly open, ran from back to front. A sofa was close by the dining-table. "Sit down", said I. She did. I put my arm round her neck, pulled her face to mine, and kissed again that divinely pink and velvety cheek. Then her arm went round my waist, and lips to lips, each instant we kissed, and sat and talked of my miseries; yet as far as I recollect not the slightest desire to have her had then come into my head, all was delight at my trouble being shared, at a kind, soft, pretty woman commiserating me. After long talking and kissing, and looking at her, a sense of her great beauty suddenly struck me, just as if I had never noticed it before. I recollect telling her so.

Then a thrill of desire shot through me and staggered me. I trembled as the want overtook me, and drew her closer to me, kissed more fervently, and sighed. She sighed. My lust had kindled hers, and yet I had not spoken of it. My hand went on to her knees, I felt the thighs gently, felt their plumpness through the summer clothing, slowly my hand dropped lower kissing her all the while, and bending her forward with me, as I bent forward, with my dropping hand.

A long pause. I scarcely knew why, and then my hand went still lower, till it touched her ankles, still kissing her, and bending her with me (oh! how well I recollect it), then my right hand went quite slowly up her clothes to her knees, and there I stopped, frightened at my advances. Opening her eyes she gently re-pulsed me, and murmured, "Oh ! Master, — Master, — what are you doing,-pray don't." Her eyes were filled with soft passion, her resistance physically would not have moved a butterfly, but morally she affected me. I became conscious of what I was driving on to unpremeditatingly.

I desisted, removed my hand, but passion now controlled me. I kissed again. "Let me feel, oh ! let me dear feel you", bending her forward with me, I re-placed my hand. "Oh ! Master pray don't, — think what you are doing, — of who I am", said she lovingly. "Oh ! I won't", said she sharply,-but too late, my fingers were on her clitoris, I had begun that gentle twiddling which always ends in fucking. "Ohl— no, — oh I - pray." Voluptuousness had overcome her, her mouth was glued to mine, her eyes fixed on mine; gently they closed, then opened, always looking into mine. Her breathing was short, she was past thought, she was mine. Gently pressing her back on the sofa, she raised her limbs, I lifted her clothes, and tearing open my trowsers threw myself on her. My fingers for an instant touched her cunt, a

rapid probe, and then my prick ! My God! it was not standing, not a bit of swell or stiffness was in it, it was as a sucked gooseberry, a mere bit of dwindling, flexible, skinny gristle, a piece of loose, flabby flesh, and nothing more.

I had been occasionally, but rarely suddenly unequal to love's duty as already told, had gone home with gay women, my prick standing as I entered their houses, then suddenly it had shrunk, something about them having upset me. Occasionally it was a sudden fear of the ladies' fever, or something looked less inviting when their petticoats were off, than I had imagined when drapery hid their charms, or else the fear that my prick would be thought small. At other times I could not account for it at all. I told my doctor of it. He said that it was nervousness, but the knowledge that I had once been so affected, affected me often afterwards when I went indoors with girls. “Shall I be able to fuck?” I used to think, I who had already fucked two hundred women. But so it was, a fear of inability brought on inability. The power often returned to me a few minutes afterwards, yet some-times not for hours.

There was nothing to account for it now, I had more or less abstained for weeks, there lay one of the choicest female forms ever presented to man's eyes, a dark-brown crispy-haired cunt with a tiny bit of pink clitoris showing between a large pair of thighs like ivory, and a sweet face above turned on one side with eyes closed, and blushing a yielding up to me. And " liked the woman, felt mad for her, yet as my prick rubbed against her pleasure-pit, it became useless. I got up, looked at her as she lay motionless with thighs extended, stood almost frantic, frigged my prick, probed her, and again threw myself on her as I stiffened; but no sooner had my prick touched her beautiful cunt, than as if bewitched, it shrunk from entering it, I could not even thumb it up.

I broke into a sweat. “My God what will she think of me?” I dreaded to get off, and look her in the face, feeling so ashamed, I kissed her taking her head in my hands, again got off, kissed all round her cunt, and smelt its inciting aroma, asked her to be still, said I should be all right directly. So time wore on, she never moving excepting to push her clothes down as I rose and exposed her, nor opening her eyes, nor uttering a word. “My God what is the matter with me, I don't know but I can't”, I said at last. Then she put quite down her clothes, and sitting up on the sofa gave me a kiss, said, “I must go, and see about laying the things for dinner”, and off she went.

I did not stop her, but was glad when she left the room, being so ashamed that I could not look at her. It was a relief not to have to speak, to excuse, to explain. I was reeking with sweat from exertion and nervous anxiety sat thinking and frigging, felt sensation of

pleasure without stiffness, and only stiffened after half-an-hour's rubbing. With prick out and in hand, downstairs then I went, she was boiling potatoes. “Mary come up, come, I am all right, let me.” She would not. “I can't Master, I can't, — what will Missus think if she finds nothing ready? Nor could I induce her. I incited her by talk, she kept on ejaculating “oh !” to my baudy remarks, and blushing like a rose; but I could get no more. “If Missus comes home, and sees you through the area, what will she say? — Pray go up Master.” Yielding under the fear of being surprised, at length up I went to the parlour.

I knew she would be up to lay the cloth, waited in the parlour till she did, keeping my prick in hand, and trembling with anxiety. When she had laid it, “Now”, said I, “look here.” “No, — no,-no, — Missus may be home,-pray think of me.” But a stiff prick close to a randy woman is a great persuader. “Come dear, come”, and I pulled her. Again she was down on the sofa, again that divine belly was under me, again as I opened the lips of her cunt my prick dwindled to nothing. “Hush! there's Mistress' step, — there is the front-gate slamming. “Get up, — get up, oh! let me get up.” Upstairs I rushed to my own sitting-room as I heard a knock at the door, and had only time to but-ton up my disgraced doodle before I heard the woman tramping upstairs to our bed-room above. How I loathed her!

Half-an-hour after that I sat down to dinner, having composed myself. Mary brought up the dishes. The instant I saw her my cock stiffened, it kept stiff all the evening, I could not sleep for it, was tempted to fuck, or frig myself, but did neither, feeling sure I should have Mary, and would not spend a drop of my sperm till I did. “What does she think of me? — will she believe I am a man ? — will she let me again ? — when shall I get the chance? — what enervated me so at the critical moment?—oh! my God if she lets me, and I am seized so again, what shall I do then? — and so on ran my thoughts. I lay planning how to get her the whole night, and awakened haggard and unrefreshed in the morning.

Then I reflected less nervously. “My finger has been up her cunt”, I thought, “no pain, no recoil,-how quiet she laid, — then she has been fucked before, — then what must she think of me?” and so on ran my thoughts till I was in an agony of disgrace. My haggard look was noticed. I was worried, and should not be home to dinner. “Why?” That was my business. Well then she would spend the afternoon with Mrs. ***,-would I fetch her? Yes at half-past ten o'clock. She wanted to come home earlier. Then she might come by herself. Well then she would wait for me till half-past ten.

Chapter XX

The next day. • On the door-mat • On the sofa. • On her belly. • Eight hours fucking. • At a brothel. • An afternoon's amusement.

Instead of being late I went home about two P.M., just after luncheon time. “Is Mary alone, or not?” I thought, and had arranged for that. I waited in a cab, told a boy to take a letter to No. **, but not to give it unless the lady was at home; if she were not, to bring it back to me, and he should have a shilling when he returned to me. If asked, he was to say he had been told to leave it, but not to say by whom. The letter was properly addressed, but inside was a sheet of blank paper only. Back he came with the letter,-the lady was out.

Even then I was not sure, so drove up and down two or three times in front of my house, to see if I could discover any signs of Mary not being alone, and then I dismissed the cab. My prick had been standing on and off all day, I was in a fearful state of nervous erotic excitement. When I thought of her beautiful belly my prick nearly lifted me off the seat, the next minute I had fears of being taken as I had been the day previously. Would she let me now? — would she be in the mood?-would she not laugh at me, instead of putting her arms around my neck, and her eyes fill with tears? My heart beat audibly with these tumultuous thoughts as I knocked at the door. To my horror I felt my prick shrinking as I stood on the landing feeling it through my trowsers pocket.

Mary opened the door, surprise in her eyes, and a slight look of fear. “You sir!” “Is your Mistress in?” “No sir.” To step inside, close the door, place my arms round her, and kiss her rapturously was the work of an instant. She kissed me, and I her for a minute, and glory to God my prick was like a rod of hot iron standing up against my belly, and throbbing to emit its juices up the dear girl's cunt, against which its poor little tip not twenty-four hours before had dangled and rubbed so uselessly.

A stoop, a struggle. “Adun now—Master, — you shant,-oh! you musn't”, and again I was upright, my lips on her sweet lips, my finger on her clitoris, her face scarlet with modesty, her eyes closed. What woman can long withstand that irritating, voluptuous., restless movement, of the male finger on her cunt? Soft words now, “Oh! don't”, as I stooped down to lift her petticoats, and she pushed them over my hand. Another slight struggle, again our lips meet, again my finger rubs the smooth clitoris, now her hand grasps a hot prick, and with her lips to mine she stands with her back up against the wall of the passage close to the street-door on the door-mat. So we stand kissing and feeling, I don't know how long, for who can count time in

such delights.

"Come to the parlour, come." "No, no, — oh ! pray." I edged her along, one hand still up her petticoats, she trying to push them down. "No I won't,-there now." "Do Mary dear, — let's do it, — I'm a man,-let's do it, — look, look how my prick throbs for you, — it will spend." Removing my hand from her cunt, I seized hold of both her hands with mine, and began gently dragging her along the passage to the parlour, she leaning back gently resisting, I leaning back tugging her, my prick red-tipped, stiff, and throbbing standing out in its randy glory between us.

I got her into the parlour, a flood of sunshine struck full on us from the back window as we did so (windows both back and front in the long room). There she seemed half unconscious. Kind of heart, pitying, liking me, her splendid healthy physique, her fully-developed passions, passions of which she had tasted the full pleasure, but which had been for a long time ungratified, were roused to intensity by the feel of my prick, by my groping her cunt, by the excitement of the position; all had relazed her nervous system, and absorbed her in voluptuousness. What did she think? Did she think at all? — did she ever know? How can I recollect what I thought in that maddening moment of fierce desire to have her? I grasped her round the waist, and pushed her to the sofa. No resistance, not a word was said. My arse knocked hard against the table, and hurt me. She is down on the sofa, her petticoats up, I see the creamy flesh, large round thighs, the dark hair on her cunt for a second, I am on her, up her, a slight sob as my prick goes up with the thrust of a giant, and we are spending in each other's em-braces, mouth to mouth, belly to belly, prick to cunt, ballocks to bum-cheeks, almost the instant I had covered her, and grasped her smooth fat buttocks. I have no sense of time, all is oblivium and elysium at the same time.

Our sighs of pleasure are over, there is no uncunting, no stopping; but with rigid prick still up to its roots in her cunt, on again we go fucking in earnest. Now is the higher pleasure. The first was a maddening desire for each other, a fuck finished before it was begun. Now we are fucking with soft pleasure, and the thoughts of the greater pleasure to come, of my spunk to spurt, of her juices to ooze to meet it, in a cunt already flooded. I recollect smoothing her hair back from her forehead as I fucked, of kissing and meeting her tongue with mine, and spending with rapture, then waking from a doze, and finding her half asleep, I on the top of her, my cock still up her. My trowsers not let down had ridden up, and were cutting me tightly under my balls with a painful sensation, and all this was on a narrowish sofa, a modern cheap bit of furniture unlike the grand big one in mother's house, on which many a servant had had her cunt basted by me.

She lay with her beautiful head on one side, with eyes closed, with her long hair falling loose, and her cap tumbled off. As I lay I loosened my braces, and little by little took the strain off my testicles, and my balls fell down into their natural position. I put my hand down to feel how my prick lay, the sperm was oozing out all round it. I wanted to see her quim, and pulled out, then putting my hands against the sofa-squab, I pushed myself gently up, rose on to my knees between her thighs, and looking down saw the sperm between her cunt-lips.

She opened her eyes, pushing gently down her clothes; but the glance had been enough. With prick still stiffish down I fell on her, and was up her again in the twinkling of an eye, lodging my prick in preparation for another fuck.

Now all is clear, our lust assuaged. “I've fucked you, — I'm a man you see”, I cried triumphantly. She closed her eyes, my prick came out, I pushed it back, again out, again up, and so on for a time. A long business was fucking now, long friction, no result, then a long rest, our genitals joined, their hairs glued together, yet no fear of a failure. My machine went on ramming, moans of pleasure at length came from her, her hands clasped me tightly, and with a heave and cry of “Oh ! my darling”, she again spent with me, my prick aching with its labour of love.

Then I dozed an instant on her, she seemed asleep, I was squeezed uncomfortably next the wall, my prick satisfied with its duty, at the first movement left her cunt. I moved her to get off, my trowsers had dropped to my knees, entangled my legs, and I gently fell on to the floor, catching at her outer thigh, and pulling it off the sofa as I did so to break my tumble. Up she sat dazed, her petticoats above her knees, I at her feet, looking intently where her closing thighs hid the seat of our pleasures from me.

“Oh ! my gracious !” said she starting up, and letting down one front-blind quite, and half of the other (there were two windows that side of the room). The brilliant sun had lowered, and came into the room in a flood of radiance from the back-window, and the room was light and bright throughout its long and narrow length. Although in a very wide street, the neighbours from the houses opposite could easily have seen right into our room, could have seen us on the sofa. Usually when sitting in the room at that hour of the day, we kept down the blind of the back-window to prevent this. Worse than that, the steps to the street door were so close to one front-window, that by stretch- ing forward (very much it is true, but I had done it), any one could see into the room, even on to half of the sofa on which Mary and I had been amusing our-selves. What an awful risk we had run.

We looked at each other anxiously. “Oh !” said she, “if any one

saw us!" I looked through our blind. Every blind in the houses opposite was drawn down to shut out the sun. Then I sat by her side, did nothing but look at her for a time, so delighted and satisfied was I at having vindicated my manhood, until she rose to go. That aroused me, and I stopped her.

"Let me go." "No." "If Mistress comes home—" "She won't." "She may." "No,-I've fucked you,-you thought I was not a man, did you not?" "Do let me go." "Come up again then." "Well presently." "You are going to wash your cunt." "Hush Master." "You shant go." "Now let me." "Kiss me then." We kissed and kissed. Could I do it again? The idea of her moistened cunt inflamed me, I pulled her back, thrust my fingers on to her cunt spite of her resistance, and never shall I forget the feel of that and her thighs. "It's dirty of you", said Mary, and disengaged herself she rushed downstairs. I followed her into the back-kitchen, were she washed her quim in a wooden bowl, but did not dry it. I chaffed her, then we went into the front-kitchen, sat down, and looked at each other with-out speaking, like two amorous cats, she blushing, and turning down her eyes as if she guessed what was in my mind. At length I blurted out what was there, I always did it till much later in life, and I had grown wiser. "You've had it done to you before to-day." "Oh !" said she starting up, then sitting down again, and bursting into tears, "Of course I have, — poor fellow,-poor fellow,-why did he leave me!"

Embarrassed and sorry at such a consequence of my speech, I tried a few words of comfort. She dried up her tears, and began her household work. I followed her about, talking, kissing, and putting my hand up her clothes, until in due time we adjourned to the parlour, and then again I fucked her, this time on the hearth-rug, the sofa-squab under her head, the sofa was too small for comfort.

Time was before us, all seemed delicious, the domesticity of the amorous amusements, the passion with which she returned my embraces, her modesty and enjoyment were all so like the days when I fucked my mother's servants. The difference between her sensuous embraces and the matter of fact fucking at five shillings a head I had been so long accustomed to, overwhelmed me with gratification. We had tea. Then as I had had no dinner, and there was none for me, I ate bread and cheese, and opened a bottle of port-wine, and in an hour we fucked again, and again. At nine o'clock she had supper, and we fucked after it. She sat on my lap, I played with her cunt, she with my prick, and we kissed till our lips were sore. But nothing would induce her to let me see her limbs, nor do more than feel her cunt, and take my pleasure in it.

From two in the afternoon till ten at night was I feeling her quim, kissing, and fucking. We were both exhausted. I got into bed intending

to say I had come home ill, took a pill to open my bowels, and begged in a pot that night to keep up the sham (there was no closet in the house). As the street-door bell rang I was in my night-shirt, standing by her side, trying to frig my prick up to standpoint. In bed I jumped, down-stairs bolted she. In ten minutes it was, “Don't make that noise, I have a billious headache.” I never closed my eyes that night, could scarcely believe what had occurred, and tossed and tumbled, thinking of the pleasure I had had. Though we had been nearly eight hours doing nothing else, it seemed not an hour. How often I fucked her I don't know, it seemed as if I was at least half of the eight hours up her cunt, which is absurd; but it was one of my greatest feats in the fucking line, the longest and most pleasureable.

Next morning, haggard, jaded, worn out, the billious attack got the credit of it, I laid abed all the morning, and went out late. When at business I fell asleep, unable to work, came home at about the same time as on the previous day with no idea of chance favouring me, but it did. Mary was alone, and we fucked as hard as we could. She laid the cloth and dinner-things my sperm dripping from her cunt. I had just spent up her as the street-door bell rang, buttoned up my trowsers, turned on my side on the sofa, and shammed sleep. “Is your Master home?” “Yes Mamm, he seems quite ill.” “Where is he?” “On the sofa, fast asleep I think Mamm.” Again the billious attack had all the credit of it. I had pulled down the blinds which covered the window through which the room could be partly seen from the landing outside. Five minutes after I was sitting at dinner with the smell of Mary's cunt on my fingers, my prick sticking to my shirt, for I had never washed it, nor piddled since it had left Mary's body.

Luck helped me for a day or two. The illness of a relative took the other person interested in this out of the house at unusual times, and Mary and I did all we could in an hour or two. It was more exciting now than ever to see a woman bolt downstairs directly she had been fucked, to cook potatoes, or to eject me from her cunt, and leave the fuck undone, because there was a ring at the bell. It was old times come again, but with greater risk, more serious consequences if found out, yet with greater zest and enjoyment.

Then luck ceased, the house was never left, and all I could get was a stray kiss, and a slight feel of her quim. But oh! the delight of that rapid feel round the warm, smooth bum and thighs, and the push up between the warm, moist cunt-lips when I got it.

Then came her holiday. We went to a baudy house in E. .t . r street. She had a large paper parcel in her hand when I met her. “What's that?” “Cherries, — I know you are fond of them, so bought some.”

What a jolly afternoon we spent. Although I had had her many

times, she had not willingly let me see her person, I had had glimpses, and no more now. In a trice she had stripped to her chemise, I to my shirt. What lovely breasts, what splendid limbs, what thighs and arse-globes. In an instant I was on the bed with her. After a fuck we fell fast asleep, she had done so similarly at my house on the sofa, and on the floor. She always did after a spend. I never met such a woman in that respect. As regularly as she copulated she went to sleep after, and said she could not help it. When awakened she asked for cherries, and we lay and dallied, and ate cherries at intervals. There was now no reticence, all her charms were open to my sight and touch. “Why did you not let me at home Mary?” “My linen warnt clean,” I remember that well. “How many times did we fuck that first day.” “Don't you know? I've been trying to recollect, and can't”, she replied laughing.

She was a lovely woman, had firm, smooth, creamy flesh, was as plump as a sucking-pig, a fat cunt of my favorite style then, and the loveliest coloured hair on it I ever saw; but it was ample, both inside and out-side, I had experience enough to know that even then, though its grip of the prick was heavenly. Her form and figure was if anything, what may be called thick, the ankles and wrists were thick, but neither feet or hands were large, her breasts and bum were faultless. Take her all in all she was a superb creature, and had such a complexion'

I sent for wine and biscuits, for we got thirsty and hungry, and then amidst amorous dalliance we chatted. She astonished me not a little about her career. I was always curious with a woman whom I had poked, and till I had heard something about her was not satisfied. Whether lies or truth I always got a history of some sort out of a woman of Mary's class, and usually got the main facts truly. I have tested them. But not so with gay women, they mostly lie heavily.

“Master (she always addressed me so in country fashion and dialect), you know.” “I?” “Yes.” “No.” “You do.” “What nonsense.” “Ain't she told you?” “No.” “Why she knows all about me, she caught me crying one day, spoke kindly, it made me open my heart, and I told her all I —yet she has never told you?” “Never, and if you have told her anything about your-self that you had better have kept to yourself, you will regret it.” “I fear I shall.” Then little by little, amidst tears and caresses, she told me her history, and again did on future days, and I saw her letters, rings, jewellery, silks, and other proofs, I knew the town she lived in, know some of the people in it whom she mentioned, and was satisfied with the truth of every part of her story. One gentleman she named was to have married one of my sisters, — how strange !

Chapter XXI

Preliminary. • Maid Mary's seduction. • Flight. • Desertion. • Going to the post-office. • A halfpenny signal. • Against an arm-chair. • The privy watched. • Nearly caught. • Mary suspected. • Dismissed.- In lodgings. • Service again. • My cousin sir. • Letters lost • Mary disappears. • Seven years afterwards. • Sequel.

The daughter of a small inn-keeper at the town of B. .t . n, she was at a public hall. A young gentleman danced with her, afterwards paid attentions to her, and induced her to run off with him. “Oh! I was just as bad as him, poor fellow! When he got me into the room I felt sure what he was after, knew it was wrong, knew he would want me, and that I should let him. I wanted to let him do it, to be all to him, I did not want it done to me for myself, not that I recollect, I dare say I might, but don't recollect that; but I wanted him to do with me what he liked, anything he liked, anything he wanted to do me. I would have let him do anything that would make him happy, and seem as if I belonged to him entirely, and he to me for ever.”

“And he did it?” “Yes. I stopped out all night and next day, and then went home frightened. I was father's favorite, he had been hunting for me like mad all over the town, and letting people know I was not at home. He hit me,-there was such a row !—my sister spat at me, and called me a whore. I never slept all night, and hadn't slept the night before, what with his a pulling me about and doing it, and my fear of being found out. I was ill, and father kept me locked up in my room a week, because I would not tell him where I had been and with who. I said I had been to an aunt's, he went to her, and found I had fibbed. At length he let me out, because he wanted me to attend to his business, and the first man I saw in the bar was my dear boy,-I nearly fainted.” — These were as nearly as posible her own words describing her seduction, they are so unlike the confessions I have had from other women, that the very words sank deep into my mind.

After that he used to go and drink at the bar, her father talked with him, not knowing he was the man who had broached his daughter. She was watched till life was unbearable, her sister worried her (she had no mother), neighbours who had thought well of her began to sneer, a country swain who liked her was saucy to her, one or two swells in the neighbourhood who had been accustomed to see her about, and ad-mired her beautty, were now free in their behaviour. One took liberties with her, and in the public-house began asking her smutty questions. Weary with all this, liking the man whose sperm had wetted her virgin cunt, perhaps longing to have more (although she always declared to me that she had no

recollection of that desire affecting her), one night she ran away to Lon-don with him.

They lived in London nine months. Then came grief. He was the son of a West-India planter who had sent him to London to pass as barrister. His father's agents found out the connection with Mary, and wrote to the father that he was spending his money, but not advancing his career. His father objected, then threatened, and then his allowance was stopped. They lived on what they had, until penniless. He wrote that he was going to marry Mary, and his father replied that if he did he need never return and might starve. He was a gentleman, and could not get his living, he tried but failed. Then the father wrote, requesting him to return, and saying he would provide for Mary. Misery stared them in the face, and he consented to go home.

His father remitted money. The first thing he did was to take all Mary's jewelry and clothes out of pawn, and then to arrange for her to live. He promised to come back, and marry her, and some sort of such promise was made by his father's agents. He begged her to go home, but she would not. Then he put her to lodge with a small middle-class woman whom he bribed to give Mary a character as a servant, for he declared he would remain, and ruin himself for ever, if she neither would go home, nor go to service. Mary remained there a couple of months, dressing plainly, and only going to see him in his lodgings at night, or to meet him at places where it would not be known. Then he went to India. Repeated threats of his father, and his want of money would let him stay no longer.

The father arranged that Mary should be paid fifteen shillings a week, and they paid it for some time. She wanted to write to her lover, but had mislaid his address, the agents said that their instructions were to stop the weekly payment if she corresponded with him; but he wrote to her, she replied, and then their payments ceased. Her lover then sent her money; but his father found that out, and kept him penniless. She was in London now alone, knowing not a person, again he sent her trifling sums, but begged her to go out to service, or she would become a gay woman (I have seen his letters). She used to go out, sit down on a green close by, and cry all day. One day a middle-aged woman accosted her, she told a little of her grief to her, it was something to tell her grief, even to a stranger. The woman told some plausible story, and she went to see her (I had the address). There the woman asked to see her partly undressed, and told her that with such legs and breasts she might have silk dresses and jewelry galore, in fact incited her to be a gay woman. True to her lover, she did as he advised. The female with whom she lived gave her a character as a servant, and with that she came into our house.

The way in which the old bawd got to see her legs was amusing, I

often thought of it; not knowing a bawd's dodges then. She asked her if she wanted to piddle, took her to a bed-room, and as in sitting down she showed a little leg, the woman broke out into ecstacies, and asked her to show more. Much flattered she did, and then came the old woman's suggestions.

“From the time he left you till the other day, had you never been poked?” “Never, by all that is good. — I would not have injured him, — I was shocked when the old woman told me about getting money by my legs. I hoped he would come back, and always thought he would. But he never answers my letters now, al-though some money came for me the other day, and I know it must be from him, although the writing is not his; even when you threw me on the sofa that day, I thought I was wronging him for a moment, till I for-got everything but you.

“But oh! I have had a weary life since he left, father I hear has failed, what sister's doing I don't know, — sister I heard tells everybody it was all my fault, and that the old man never held up his head after I ran away, — perhaps it's true”, said she with a flood of tears, “but I was a good gal to him, till my poor Alfred took me away.”

I have never before or since heard anything more simple or touching than that girl's tale, as told me in the baudy house. I could almost swear that every word was true. We stopped at the house till time for Aviary to leave. I had paid for the rooms two or three times over, being still inexperienced. When we came out we were famished, having eaten nothing but cherries and biscuits nearly-all day. I bought buns, and we ate in the cab, I feeling her cunt at intervals, and once making a fruitless attempt at a fuck. The smell of her cunt on my fingers at that time I dare say gave a relish to the buns, for I liked her. She went in first, ten minutes afterwards I did. What a look we gave each other as she opened the door! Old times again, and this time as charming as those in every particular.

For some time afterwards it was impossible to have her, for we never were alone, our only chance of exchanging whispers or a kiss was on the stairs, or when the other woman went to the privy. In those few minutes we used to stand whispering, kissing and feeling each other. Then at table I used to feel her legs with my toes, putting my feet out of my slippers as she put things on the breakfast or dinner-table, and looking the other woman in the face all the time. This was so pleasant to me, that I came down in the morning with-out socks, saying the weather was so hot, and when I could get the naked toe up just to touch her thigh, my prick would stand at the instant. But this was poor pleasure, and I resolved on a course which I had actually to write to tell her of, so little opportunity had I of conversing with her for the time.

Our old-fashioned house was one of a row with a narrow frontage, and four stories high, had a long narrow garden, and a privy about thirty feet from the back-door, hidden by some evergreens, the common mode of building in London at that time. On the first floor was my own little sitting-room and a drawing-room, and above two bed-rooms, the back one serving as a dressing-room for me, above those a servant's attic. With one servant only we helped ourselves a good deal as may be supposed. One bath sufficed, one of us took it first, the other using the same water, it was a not very big flat tub. I usually took it first, then went downstairs, and read till breakfast-time, and so got my five or ten minutes opportunity. But she began to take her bath irregularly, or not at all, and came down at times so quickly after me, that I was cautious, and so the opportunities with Mary were lost. She was probably suspicious, but I never knew.

The scullery or back kitchen-door led up to the gar-den by a little flight of steps, and in the summer it was always wide open. Anything let fall out of the back-window would fall just in the doorway. This gave me the means of signalling. It was arranged that if Mary heard a penny drop on to the stones by the door, she was at once to go up quietly to the parlour, the ground-floor room as said, was divided by folding doors, in the front was the dining-table and the auspicous sofa, in the back a small table where we breakfasted.

One morning dressed I waited till the woman stepped into the bath, and then looking out of the window, dropped a penny. It fell just where Mary stood cleaning my boots. Then downstairs I cut, and there was Mary in the parlour waiting. She resisted me, but she wanted it as badly as I did, and sticking her back against the partition close to the door, so that we could catch the first sound of any one coming downstairs, we fucked. My God what a rapid fuck it was, but what enjoyment! it was the old trick again of but a very few years before in mother's house. Mother still lived there.

This we did several mornings, then I lost even that opportunity, after being nearly caught in the act, and with prick throbbing to let out its sperm, I had barely time to subside into a chair, and take up a newspaper. That so scared Mary that she would not come up again when I dropped a penny out of the window.

Then she asked to go out to buy some things, which being granted, again we spent a jolly hour or so at the baudy house in E. .t . r street. That night I sat her on my prick, and did her in the cab, I never did so to her but once. I put her up to asking to go to the post-office with a letter, it was at about five minutes walk from our house. Close by was a lane leading to large vegetable market-gardens, and there we took our pleasure, and were nearly caught at it by a man passing by. I went home first, and when the door was opened was

answered, “The girl has gone to the post-office, she must have gone somewhere else, for she has been a long time.” Then in came Mary. “Where have you been such a long time? Your Mistress says you have been half an hour.” She got a scolding, and the Mistress went up to bed. I told Mary to come into the garden, it was a dark night and cloudy, and half-way down the garden I put into her, up against the wall, then she went in, and upstairs to bed. I followed soon, and said, “What keeps that girl up so? I have been walking in the garden, and she has only just gone upstairs.” “She ought to have come up directly I did”, said the other. I locked all the doors of the house at night, and was the last up.

Several other risky incidents occurred in a few weeks, and then from some suspicion I imagine, I never got a chance of having her. When I came down to break-fast the girl was rang for to go upstairs, going out was refused her, she was told in the middle of the day, “If you have any letter to post, go out now, you can't go out this evening.” The Mistress seemed to stay a shorter time even in the privy than usual, and often on some pretext sent the girl upstairs or somewhere just before she went to the poopery. I was evidently suspected.

One day she did not. No sooner had she gone out of the back-door than I called up Mary. “Let's do it.” “I will.” “I don't care if she does catch us”, said I furiously. “lean forward, look out into the garden, I will do it dog-fashion.” There was a lowish-backed easy-chair which I usually sat in by the breakfast-table, up against which I pushed it. Anyone stooping over it, and looking could just see through the window the head of any one coming away from the privy. My impetuousity prevailed, I threw up her clothes over her backside, and plugging her cunt, was soon in exstacies, Mary in a funk, submitting, and with me looking whilst we fucked, out of the window for her Mistress' head, which as I have said, we could not fail to see. But our pleasure came on, and in our joint delight we only thought of the lubricity of our position. “Look out darling.” “Yes-I am.” “Oh !-a-h !-are.” “You're loo—k—look—ing?” “Yes—oh !—ah !-be-ququick,-ah !-ash !” I had spent, my belly was still squeezed up against her bum, my prick still up her, my hands rubbing her flesh, when I heard a footstep at the back-door. To pull out my prick, drop my dressing-gown over it, let fall the clothes over Mary's posteriors was the work of an instant. Rushing towards the door I met her Mistress just as she entered it. Passing her I rushed out towards the privy saying, as if ready to shit myself, “What a time you have been there. I thought you were going to stay there all day.” It had been raining, the ground was wet, and just in-side the back-door she had paused to wipe her feet on the mat. Had she not done so she would have caught us in the posture, for we had both spent, and lost all consciousness for the minute, I was

dreaming leaning over Mary when I heard the feet rubbing on the door-mat.

I stopped a sufficient time at the privy to show that I really wanted to go there. When I went back to the house I found Mary had fainted right off in the par-lour, and dropped a tray. The shock of fear at being caught had been too much for her nerves, and she rolled on the floor showing her legs. My wife jealously told me to leave. I did, but in a funk for I saw on one of her stockings unmistakeable stains of spunk mixed with poorliness.

We talked over it afterwards, wondering if it had been noticed; but I never knew. Mary recovered and got up just as I went out of the room. Her Mistress afterwards remarked that she was a fine-made, but coarse, strong woman, she called all stout, well-filled women coarse.

Her Mistress asked her what she had bought the day she had gone out shopping, and she showed her some things, which most unfortunately she had shown before, then her Mistress said it had been merely a pretext to get out. She told me of it, and when Mary's regular holiday came she refused to let her go. Mary insisted, there were words, I was consulted, and said she ought to be allowed to go. “You always take a servant's part.” “It's a lie”, said I. “and I won't come home till time to go to bed.” “I shall be alone in the house then.” “Serve you right” — nd off I went. Mary met me an hour or two after the proper time whilst I kept anxiously waiting and fuming, either under the portico of the lyceum, or about there. Then we spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in voluptuous delight.

“I'm in the family way”, said Mary with a sigh. “My God are you?” — how unfortunate !—are you sure?” “Yes, I knew I should be.” “What is to be done?” “What I have done before.” “You have been in the family way then?” “Yes twice, he wanted me to have the child, but I would not unless I were married.”

I kept out for an hour after Mary's return that night, and had a row for the Mistress was sitting up. Next day I had a latch-key put on the door, and told her she need not sit up, then went home at three in the morning, and found her sitting up. Then I told her if she did so again I would stop out all night, but again she sat up awaiting me, so I went off and did not go home till the next night. That settled it.

Mary took medicine and was ill, another monthly holiday came, and was spent at the house. A few days afterwards Mary was looking blank. Her Mistress told me she had dismissed her. “Why?” I asked. “She was no good, and not a good servant.” Mary was sacked at the end of the week, I could not of course interfere without injuring the poor woman, and implicating myself, — no good to either of us.

So soon as she had left our house I was told all that Mary had told me of herself, the Mistress evidently feared that Mary might seduce

me, or go astray somehow. That is what the poor girl got for telling her true history to her. Said she also, “She has been taking strong medicine, and I believe it was to bring on her courses.” She knew they had stopped. Her sister had advised her not to keep a female in the house who had diamond rings, a gold watch and chain, and silk dresses. It was evident to me that the pow girl's history had been told to more than one person.

Mary broken-hearted took lodgings in a cottage close by, and did needle-work. “Nothing”, said she, “shall make me go to service again, I only did it to please him, hoping he would come back to me, but I hate service, and don't care what becomes of me.” She was always at home. I visited her regularly for two or three months, giving her what little money I could, but she was reckless and would spend money in comfort, though not in show. She came out with me not in her silk dresses, but her plainest ones, and little by little pawned her dresses, rings, and all her finery. Then she worked harder and harder, besought me to give her just enough to keep her, however humbly, for go to service she would not again. Again she got with child.

All this time of course our fucking was regular, but although I liked her, and more than liked her, I never had a strong affection for her. When her money was gone, and she was poor in clothes, she was still cheerful. I gave what I could, but could with difficulty keep out of debt, and insisted on her going to service. “Then we shall never see each other”, said she, and begged me to go on, allowing a trifle; I did so, being content with her, never finding her out, never having a suspicion of her having another man, and feeling much anxiety about her.

But none of my money was my own, and what use as a beggar could I be to her? — so yielding to my solicitations at last she again went to service at a short distance from my house. Then I found out a convenient house close by, she got out as often as she could, and we had stealthy meetings and pokings in a hurry. The old lady and her middle-aged son with whom she lived liked her, and indulged her; so we often got two or three hours together, yet the difficulty of meeting be-came irksome, she got restless, would go as a bar-maid (she understood the business), go to America, go any-where so as to get away from service. Then circumstances prevented my meeting her for two or three weeks; when I did again she reproached me, and hoped I had not got any one else.

Soon after she told me her sister was in the family way, having been seduced by the young man who was to have married her, I saw the letter describing this. “I am glad of it”, said Mary, “for she was hard on me.” The sister came to town, I wanted to see her, but Mary would never arrange it, though I saw her letters frequently. Then I

made one or two appointments with Mary which were not kept, went to the house one evening, and whilst Mary was whispering to me at the street door, her Master appeared, and asked who I was. Mary said I was her cousin. Then he ordered her in-doors, saying they did not allow their servants callers.

Then her Mistress began to treat her harshly; and we thought some of my letters had been intercepted. I was obliged to go abroad for a time, and wrote to tell her. On my return I found letter after letter from her at the post-office. She was about to leave, wanted my advice, would I allow her ten shillings a week, she would make it do; be faithful to me, and live close by me; go to service again she would not, she would sooner go on the streets, her sister had done so. Again an upbraiding letter, — she never thought I would have neglected her so, I who was so kind and affectionate, I whom she loved so much, — if I did not reply it was the last I would hear of her.

I dressed myself up shabbily, and at dusk went to the place she lived at. The Master opened the door but did not know me again. She had left, had gone he knew not where. “Why?” did I ask. Then I tried all possible places, but I never heard of her for years, and greatly feared she had gone gay; but although I haunted gay places to find her, I never saw her there.

Some seven years afterwards I met her. She had gone to service again, and had written to tell me where. I never had that letter. There was again a bachelor son in the house, who made advances to her, and finally kept her. Meanwhile I had moved my residence, and oddly enough opposite to the house in which her protector had lived for many years with his mother. Mary actually knew everything about my domestic affairs almost as well as if she had lived opposite to me herself, for my neighbours knew a good deal about me. He kept her at a nice little house some miles off.

It was opposite the National Gallery that we met in the dusk of the evening. I went to J. . .s' street with her, and to bed, and fucked her with rapture till I brought on her poorliness in floods.

Her protector had just married, parted with her, and given her money. She was going home to her native place, — what to do I don't recollect, — she was still lovely, although somewhat broken. I never saw her after that night. About five years afterwards she wrote to say she was badly off, would I send her a trifle. I sent her two pounds, she thanked me in a letter, and said in it, that she often cried when she thought of me, and past time, — and I never heard of her after-wards.

I could tell a lot more about my doings with this lovely creature, for everything connected with her is as fresh in my memory as possible; but must go back to that time when coming back to England I found she had left her last situation, and I could not find her

whereabouts.

But I must add something which was omitted when I abbreviated the manuscript for printing. I revelled as said in the smell of a nice woman; with the poor cheap women I had for some time had, their smell offended me, I avoided kissing them even, why I can't say. With Mary this delight returned, her aroma over- powered me, and added to my voluptuous delight in her embraces. On every possible opportunity I used to lift her petticoats, and smell her flesh, it intoxicated me, and instantly made me wild with lewdness.

Volume 3

Chapter I

Straightened circumstances. • Promiscuous whorings. • The garden privies. • Our neighbour's daughters. • Effects of a hard turd. • Masturbation. • Bum-trumpeting. • Seeing and hearing too much. • A pock-marked strumpet. • A neighbour's servant. • Don't wet inside. • On the road home. • Cheap amusements. • Bargains. • Watching brothels. • Cunt in the open. • Clapped again. • French letters, and effects. • Income improved. • Piddle in the bye-streets. • An uprighter. • My pencil-case. • A female bilker. • A savage frig. • A silk dress soiled.

I felt such a void, that I came to the conclusion that I had fondly loved Mary, and missed greatly her kind, sympathetic association. For a long time I could think of nothing but her, even when I fucked other women, and got so miserable about her, that I rushed into indiscriminate cheap whoring again. I had still not money for the best class of women, and did not like baudy houses; but there was no help for it, and so whoring I went, and largely in the Strand, for at that time in E. .t . r and C . t .... a Streets there were many and nice brothels at all prices.

But I for some time abstained from women, and had wet dreams. My mind ran constantly on Mary, and when I saw a nice girl, used to wonder if her cunt was like Mary's, and this specially of two girls about nineteen and twenty years of age, daughters of one of our next-door neighbours.

The privies of the houses in our terrace were built in pairs, the garden wall divided them and partly the cess-pool which was common to the two. I used to take pleasure in watching to see these girls go to the privy, and although the idea of a female evacuating revolted me, yet used to try to get to our privy when one of the girls went to theirs, and would stand smoking just inside the passage by the back-steps of my house, tip-toeing to catch a glance of their heads, and stopping myself from bogging sometimes, so that I might get there at the same time. Directly I saw a head off I followed quietly, and if the weather was quite still we could hear footsteps in each other's gar-dens too well.

The cess-pool had at the time I write of just been emptied, the turds dropping and flopping down could be heard, it was not nice, but it did not shock me. I liked to hear the girls' piddle splashing, and used to push my prick back, and sit back on the seat, so that my piddle might drop straight, and make much noise. It pleased me to hear the joint rattle and splash we made if we pissed at the same time. I did this so constantly, that I could tell which girl was there, for the

piddle of one always made twice as much splash as the other's. Up would stand my prick, and often J could not piss for its stiffness, directly I heard the girls splashing.

One day I had a hardish motion, and was randy that morning almost to pain. One of the girls was there. I strained, my cock got stiff, and began to throb violently, and shot out its spunk as I strained. I went back to the house, and just entering it saw the other daughter go towards the privy. Back I went and sitting down frigged myself as I heard her evacuations drop, so randy and charged with sperm was I.

After that I occasionally frigged myself at the privy, and used to picture to myself the girls sitting there, their clothes up round their rumps, and slightly up in front showing their limbs, and piddle squirting, but I always thought of both girls as having cunts like Mary's. After a time we knew a little of the girls, and when talking to them I used to think of the same thing. The idea used to fascinate me, and they used to say (I am told), that I was a strange man, for I always stared at them as if I had never seen a woman before. They little knew what was in my mind when I was staring.

Just after the emptying I could not only see their wax as it fell to the bottom, but the paper with which they wiped their bums, and could hear them fart. Sometimes the two came together. One day by a sudden whim I let a fart as loud as I could, and heard a suppressed titter, they I think never knew I could hear, for usually I tried to be as silent as possible. I never coughed when there, and used to pull open my arse-hole to lessen the noise of my trumpet, and singular as it may seem did this out of a feeling of delicacy. Soon the cess-pool was half-filled, with water, and I could only indistinctly hear. Then I grew tired of the game, and again let off my sperm up cunts instead of spilling it on the privy-floor, for sorrow always came over me as I saw it on the floor. A few months after this I took a dislike to the girls through thinking of what I had seen and heard of them, it seemed to shock my sentiment of the beauty and delicacy of a woman.

A confused number of random whorings and miscellaneous fuckings took place about this time, I can-not tell to a month or two, but it began directly after Mary had gone. I tell of one or two of them.

At the back of the Lowther Arcade one night I took a poor little girl seemingly about sixteen years old to a house. She had a nice but thin form, and was as white as driven snow. When I had had her, I wanted to see her face more clearly, but she held a handkerchief to it, and half turned it away from the light, her privates she allowed to be inspected as I liked.

She was marked badly with the small-pox, and was nevertheless handsome, but with that sad expression which the pock-marks often give. Gents did not like it, she said. It was a dreadfully sloppy, snowy

night. “Don't go yet”, said she, “it is so warm here.” So I sat a while feeling her quim and talking. “Do me again, I want it now, I did not when you did it before.” So we fucked again. “Do I please you?” said the girl putting her hand to my face. “Yes my dear.” “Will you see me again? — do.” I was always careful about promising that, and hesitated; but at length said yes. Again I rose to go, again the girl asked me to stay, it was so warm. “Pay the woman again and say you are going to stay till ten o'clock. There was such simplicity about her that I consented. The woman put coals on the fire, and we sat by it warming our-selves.

After a time she said, “I don't think you like me.” “Why?” “Because you don't feel me about.” I laughed, and said I had been feeling her. Time ran on. “Won't you do it again?” “I can't dear.” “Let me try to make you.” “You may, but I can't.” She came to me, knelt down, played funnily, but awkwardly with my cock till it stiffened, and again we fucked. “You won't see me again, though you say you will.” “Why not?” asked I wondering at her sad manner. “They all say they will, but they never do, — it's the small-pox marks they can't bear, I know it is, — I'm tired of this life.” Then suddenly she laughed and said she was only joking.

I never did see her again. Such a young, white-fleshed girl, and so fond of the cock, or else she had had but little of it, I have rarely met with. She said she had only been out two months. “The other girls tell me what to do with men, and the old woman where I live tells me; but I always does what a gentle-man asks me, I can't do more, can I?” said she. “Other gals say they have regular friends, I haven't.” I shall never forget that poor little girl.

On a cold evening a week or two after this, I saw a shortish, dark-eyed girl going along the Strand. She walked slowly, and looked in at almost every shop. I could not make up my mind if she were gay or not. She was warmly wrapped up, her style that of a well-to-do servant. I passed and repassed her, looked her in the face; her eyes met mine and dropped, then she stopped and looked round several times after unmistakeable gay women as they passed her, then went on again. Opposite the Adelphi she paused and looked at the theatre for a long time, a gentleman spoke to her, and seemed to importune her, she took no notice of him, and he left her. After walking on for a minute quickly she loitered and looked in the shops again.

Near Exeter Hall my cock which was in want of relief giving me impudence, and liking her looks I spoke to her about the things in the windows. At first I got no reply, and she walked on. “Come with me, and I'll give you a sovereign.” “You can buy it then.” What it was I don't recollect. She seemed uneasy and wavering, yet made no reply. I repeated my offer (it was just then money beyond my means, but I

had hot desire on me). She looked up the street in both directions, and asked, “Will it be far?” I took her at the instant for a sly gay one. “You know I am sure, it's close bye.” “It's getting late, I'm in a hurry.” Looking both ways quickly and uneasily she placed her arm in mine, and hanging her head down pressed close to me. We walked quickly, and soon were in a snug room in a house at the back of Exeter Hall.

“This is not a public-house”, said she looking round. “No, but you can have a drink if you like.” “A little warm brandy and water then.” I ordered it. “Take off your bonnet and cloak.” She hesitated. “Tell me the exact time.” I did, and then she took them off, sat down, and soon sipped brandy and water looking at me. Thought I, “You must be a servant after all.”

I began to caress her, and got my hand on her thighs asking her to come to the bed. “I must go soon, let me go soon.” “I will, but let me see your legs, and feel them.” She let me pull the clothes up to her knees, then pushed away my hand but I thrust one up, and just felt the cunt. She gave me a shove, and nearly pushed me over, for I had dropped on to my knees, a favorite attitude of mine at such times. Savagely I got up. “Don't be a fool; if you mean to let me do it come to the bed.” She hesitated. “Give me the money first.” “Oh !” thought I, “she is a whore diseased, and a bilk, so I refused. “You really will give it to me, won't you?” “Of course, but I'm not to be done that way.” Then I got her on to the bed, and threw up her clothes. She resisted. “What do you take me for?” “Why a whore”, said I savagely. It was a word I rarely used of a woman, still rarer to a woman. She pushed my hand angrily away and sat up.

“I am not, and wish I had not come here, and would not, only I want money for my poor mother, I thought you a gentleman, — I'm not the sort of a woman you say, I'm a servant, I am indeed.” “Well if you are, you have been fucked." “That's neither here nor there, but I'm not what you call me”, — and she pouted. “Lay down dear, — let's fuck if you mean it, if not let's go, — let me feel you, and you feel me.” I pulled her back on to the bed, laying down by the side of her, and put my prick into her hand. It was persuasive, for soon I was having that delicious rub, probe, and twiddle. Then I got a sight of all but the cunt itself, the inspection of that she resisted. A fine pair of limbs, a fat backside, lots of hair on her split I could feel. My friction told, she began grasping my prick like a vise, — she was going to spend.

Nice to her that, but I wanted my pleasure. Again I got savage. At length quietly, and feeling my prick all the time she said, “Promise me something.” “What?” “Don't you wet inside if I let you.” I promised, and turning on to her belly fucked her, and for-got my promise, even if I ever meant to keep it. We were soon near the crisis. “Don't—now,

—oh !—wet." "No dear." "T—aake—care." "I'll pull it out just as it comes dear." "Don't—we—wet, oh !—ah !—wet", she gasped out as clutching her arse my prick went fiercely up her, and spent every drop against her womb-tube, my spend made doubly pleasurable, because she did not wish it in her cunt.

Said she with a long-drawn sigh, "You've done it all inside, — you should not." "I could not help it, you are so charming, I could not pull it out and make your clothes or bum wet", said I ramming on, and keeping my prick tight up her lubricated cunt, "Let me get up." "Not yet." "Oh! do, I'm in a hurry." "Lay still dear." "No, I'm in such a hurry, — what o'clock is it? —do tell me what o'clock it is, — it will make me lose my place if I'm very late."

I uncunted, told her the time, and she washed her cunt. "Let us do it again." She was wanting it. "I've such a long way to go." "Where?" She told me, and it was on my way home. "I will take you home in a cab." On the bed she got, I overcame her scruples, kissed her knees, her thighs, all the way up to her cunt. The thighs opened widely, a second's inspection of a cunt at that time of my life made me think of immediate pleasure, and after promising not to wet in her again, she reminding me of that, till she lost all care or heed in her pleasures. I spent up her as before.

We went home in a cab, and felt each other all the way, she said she was keeping her mother who was poor, she feared dying. At the end of the road she got out begging me not to follow her. I did not, and never saw her again. She had hazel eyes, spoke with a country accent, and I quite believe was a servant. Although soon after this a little better off, I had difficulty in keeping out of debt, and the cost of amatory amusements prevented my having women as often as I otherwise should have done. I used to try the cheap women at times, and often successfully. Would walk backwards and forwards between Temple-Bar and Charing Cross for hours, looking at the women, thinking which I should like, and whether I could afford one. Sometimes I would follow the same woman, stop when she stopped if a man spoke to her, cross over, and wait till she moved off by herself, or if with the man, would follow them to a brothel, return to watch for her coming out, and wait 'till she did so. This pleased me much.

Then I began to feel women in the streets; they frequently came out of the E. .t . r Street-houses, and round by the side-entrance to Exeter-Hall. That end of the street then was all but dark.

Stopping a woman. This was a frequent dialogue. "A nice night dear." "Yes." "Been taking a walk?" "Yes." "Been to piddle?" "Yes." They usually when I knew they had come out of a house, said they had been to piddle if I asked them. "A shilling to feel your cunt." "All right, give it me." With the left hand I gave the shilling with the right

I fingered their quims. “Open your legs dear, — a little wider, let me feel up, — have you been fucked to-night?” “No.” It was always no. I delighted in hearing them tell that lie. “Come with me.” “How much?” “Give me a sovereign.” “No.” “Ten shillings then.” “I can't afford more than five shillings.” “No, not for that”; but they more often said yes. Sometimes I went with them, more frequently not. The lesson I learned was that most woman denied that they had fucked more recently than the day before, (it was always the day before), and that a little bargaining reduced the price of their pleasures.

If intending to have a poke I waited for a girl known by sight, and then often could not find her, then I saw those so dressed that I could not offer them a small sum. On other nights I went up to the girl with the fattest legs, and made advances. In this way I shagged many of all sorts and sizes, many of them poor creatures, others plump, fine, strong, healthy women, whom I was surprised took the small sum for their professional exertions. The end of this promiscuity was that again I took the clap, which laid me up some weeks, and made it again needful to open my piss-pipe by surgical tubes.

Then I was timid, used French letters, and took to carrying them in my purse again, but always hated them. Often my cock stiff as a boring-iron would shrink directly the wet gut touched it, and compelled me to frig up to near the crisis before I could insert it in the skin. Sometimes it would not stiffen completely till up the women. I used to drop my tool in a state of partial rigidity into the letter, then thumb it slowly up the lady's orifice; then the warmth, the clip, the buttocks wagging, and the look at the belly and thighs between which I was working brought it to the proper stiffness. I usually had the ladies at the side of the bed, when wearing these cundums.

Sometimes my passions overcame my prudence, and a fair lady for her favors got her price. Then I was filled with regrets, and had to content myself with a feel for some time, or wait days till I could afford the full gratification of my senses with another woman, because I had not the money. Then I fell again on my five shilling offers. About this cunt-feeling there was something very peculiar in me : unless I liked the look of the woman I did not like to feel up her cunt, and after I had been groping used to spit on my fingers, and rub them dry, and the smell off of them on to my handkerchief.

Some little time after my clap however I came into a better income through the death of a relative. It was small, but made a difference to me of great importance. I spent it all on myself, that is to say on cunt, and although some of my country relatives must have known I had come into the property, those most interested in knowing it I believe never did. I now longed for nice women whom I could talk and spend the money with. The rapid business-like fucking in the

baudy houses was not to my taste, I had scarcely gone to the Argyle Rooms, then not many years opened, for fear that my taste for nicety of manner and something more than mere cunt might lead me into an expenditure still far beyond my means.

It used to wound my pride to hear a woman jeer at my offer, or say, “What the devil do you take me for”, or walk away wagging her rump with offended dignity when she heard five shillings named, or say she would frig me for the money. Now I could offer more I was more happy in my mind; but there are a few adventures to be told before the time when an easier pocket enabled me to have better female companions.

The angle of the street named as leading out of the Strand was dark of a night and a favorite place for doxies to go to relieve their bladders. The police took no notice of such trifles, provided it was not done in the greater thoroughfares (although I have seen at night women do it openly in the gutters in the Strand), in the particular street I have seen them pissing almost in rows, yet they mostly went in twos to do that job, for a woman likes a screen, one usually standing up till the other has finished, and then taking her turn. Indeed the pissing in all bye-streets of the Strand was continuous, for although the population of London was only half what it now is, the number of gay ladies seemed double there. The theatre-side of the street from Trafalgar-Square to Temple-Bar was nightly for some hours one large flock of them, and there was not a street or court on the whole line named, and on both sides of the Strand in which there was not a baudy house. I have been in a dozen.

I used to prowl about to see the girls pissing, and when I had cheek enough, stand and piss by the side of them. That delighted me much. One night I saw two women go up a court, one directly squatted, and I followed. When one had done I asked her to let me feel her. She did. Randy but poor that night the feel of her wet cunt made me reckless. As I gave her a shilling I remarked how I should like to have her, but that I had but five shillings to give.

“You won't have me for five shillings, but you will get some one who will, — you have lots of cheek to offer it.” “I am sorry, but I can't help it if I have not more.” Had I not ten shillings? No, only enough for the room. All this time I was feeling her. Then her hand went outside my trowsers, feeling at my rock. I slipped it out, she took it in her hand. “Have you not been a long time in the Strand to-night?” said she. I had, and wanted a woman, only I had so little money. I did not know the form or face of this woman, for we were in the darkest place, and the night was dark and cold, but I felt that she had a silk dress on, lots of hair on her cunt, and a large arse. “You may do it here for five shillings”, said she. I had never done it in the open in

such a place, but consented. Groping in my pocket I found and gave the money, and then she stepped away from me, — a bilk I thought.

It was not so. She went up to the other woman who was standing at the corner, and telling her to look out for the police, came back to me, and again placing her back up against the wall, I fucked her. “Wasn't it nice !” said she dropping her petticoats. And then we stood and talked.

“Stand a drink”, said she, “you've got some silver.” I did not mind, and was curious to see her. She called her friend, and all three went to a public-house, the lady with all my emission in her cunt. I found she was a full-grown woman of about thirty with dark hair, dark eyes, and with a bold expression in them. We had mulled port-wine, then something else, and stood drinking till all my money was gone. Her companion left us saying she had not gained a farthing that night, and must do so.

My woman then got pleasanter, and wanted more liquor, my money was gone, but I had a pencil-case, and asked the bar-man if he would lend me a few shillings on it. He did, and I then spent more on liquor, then we went out together again into the cold street; she pissed, saying the cold and the liquor had made her leaky. “I wish you would let me again”, said I. Well she would, and up against a wall again we fucked heartily. With my spunk in her we walked together into the Strand. She said she would like to see me again, but I never did. Whilst fucking her the second time she shoved her tongue almost down my throat, and breathed so hard. I never fucked a woman in the street who did so, either before or since. A few nights after I got my pencil-case back from the beer-man.

One night a nice, strong built woman about thirty years of age seemingly, took my five shillings, and went to a house with me. She was dressed in black silk, neat but shabby. She sat down on a chair, and pulling up her clothes rearranged both her garters, showing what I expected, and what I had engaged her for; a pair of fat legs. Then down went her clothes. I began feeling her, she pushed her bum back on the chair, but her thighs and the hairy ornaments I could feel. I was awfully randy, my prick was raging. “Let's feel you”, said she. Willingly I let her grasp it, then she moved her arse forward, and I had the pleasure of just feeling a moist clitoris from which I was diverted by a painful squeeze she gave my prick. She was squeezing no doubt to see if I had any ailment. The effect of the squeeze, which made me call out, was to make me mad with randiness. “Take off your things, and let me do it.” “Where is the five shillings?” I placed them in her hands, she pocketed them, and got up. Lifting her petticoats I pressed her towards the bed where she was standing when she had spoken, but she pushed down her petticoats, and moved away.

“Not likely I'm going to take off my things for five shillings”, said she as the money slipped down into her pocket, “give me fifteen shillings more, and I will, — I'm a fine-built woman”, — and she pulled her clothes clean up to her waist, turned round like a tetotum, and after showing both arse and belly, slowly dropped her clothes again.

“Come to the side of the bed.” “No I shan't, you've had a feel for five shillings, give me fifteen shillings more, and I'll give you pleasure I know, — I'll do all you want me.”

“I can't.” “Then I can't.” I had not a pound in my pocket, but if I had, am sure indeed I should have given it to her, but I could not. “Give me ten shillings, and I'll pay for the room then”, said she. “I didn't know what house I was at, but generally they asked at those places the price of the room first.

“Just as you like”, though I was dying for a fuck. “Then I will go.” “I have paid you, — if you choose to bilk me I can't help it.” “I don't want to bilk you, but I never let a man have me for five shillings, and I never will, — give me five shillings more.”

“Let me feel you, if you won't let me poke you.” “You may do that.” Leaning her bum against the side of the bed, I began groping; she complaisantly moving one leg up on to a chair, so as to open her thighs well, got hold of my prick, and began frigging it. “Give me another five shillings”, said she coaxingly, and under the influence of the masturbating process I gave it to her. She gave my penis the most delicate tittillation whilst I was searching in my pocket for the money, but she would not let me after she had got the five shillings. She went on frigging me, repeating that she never let any one have her unless she had a pound given her.

I was annoyed, and hated frigging. Here was a well-formed woman, a cunt at hand, and yet I was to spunk out on to the floor, was being made a fool of. Stopping I said, “You don't mean to let me, whatever I give you.” “Yes I do, for a sovereign.” “Frig me then.” She took my tool in her hand, and frigged. “Let me spend against your cunt.” “No.” “Against your thighs.” “No.” “Oh !—ah !” Finding it was coming she left off. “Give me five shillings, and I will”, said she, but I would not, began frigging myself, and spite of her pushed one hand up on to her thighs, and frigged away with the other. “Take care of my dress”, said she. The savage delight of doing what she wished me not, came over me. Turning my prick I shot my sperm copiously over her silk dress, and finished by flinging from my fingers what remained of it towards her face. “You damned dirty beast, you did it on purpose.” “Serve you right, you cheating whore”, said I putting on my hat, and leaving her with a towel wiping off my sperm, and cursing me as she did it. I don't know when I felt so spiteful against a woman as I did

against her. My discharge was quick and copious, I saw it on her waist downwards. I have been bilked before and since, but have mostly pardoned the woman, for sometimes I have thought the poor things had their courses on, or some ailment or deformity; but I still seem to hate this one.

I may add that at the time these doings took place there were but three theatres in the Strand.

Chapter II

Preliminary remarks. • A dress-lodger. • Lucy. • Sweet seventeen. • An impudent demand. • A row. • The bawd. • My watch requisitioned. • Exit barred. • Bill. • Funking. • Determination. • The poker and window. • Vici. • Apologies. • A cautious retreat. • My revenge. • Lucy scared away. • Brighton Bessie. • Washing by fire-light. • Friendly intimacy. • The house in B.W Street. • Lascivious evenings.

I have read through the two volumes in print. There are typographical errors, the names of women and places are once or twice wrongly given or spelt, but the context corrects that, and it matters not. What is important is; that owing to the brevity with which some occurrences are told, they almost seem improbable; this is the result of not printing my narrative all through exactly as I wrote it. In the manuscript, items of conversation, and numerous details of the behaviour of myself and female partners in my amours, were written down just as they occurred, and showed how the climax was reached; how little by little man and woman inclined to each other, how one pressed, and the other yielded, how from modest talk and chaste kisses our chastity gradually was lost, how by touch and sighs and yielding to the swooning lust which coursed stronger and stronger through our veins, our genitals inflamed, swollen, and sweating, drove us to contact with each other, till the carnal coupling ensued, and prick and cunt revelling and wallowing in each other's juices, drowned both wants and senses in voluptuous oblivion.

These details also gave studies of character, and specially of my own character, and as I now read the narratives in print after the lapse of so many years they seem to me to be needed to explain myself, even to myself. It is too late. The manuscript is burnt, that printed in its stead must be taken as truth or not, as scepticism or faith prevails in the reader, if ever there be one but myself.

Nor can I less abbreviate even now and in the future I fear, for the full narrative would entail too much expense in printing, and prolong the time of completion. Yet what pleasure I had in the wordy veracities as I wrote them, childish, fantastic, ludicrous, as some of the doings and sayings now seem! How unlike the doings of the couples in erotic books which I since have read, books written with no other object but to stimulate the passions, — no object that of mine in writing this.

The narratives were written in the present tense, but in print have been altered to the past, which gives them an air of a studied composition, written as a man might write a novel; but the writing

extended over well nigh forty years, and barely a word has been altered, excepting those due to omissions.

There are however a few remarks added here and there to explain the circumstances and connect the incidents; these are needful to explain lapses of time, and to show the continuity of the history, for all the amours were written separately; yet often I had two or three women in hand at the same period. So in arranging them chronologically a few additions and observations were needful to explain, and these are of them.

One muddy night in the Strand there was an exceedingly well-dressed and very short-petticoated (they all wore them then) girl of about seventeen years of age; her legs especially pleased me, they were so plump and neat, and her feet so well shod. After my offer had been accepted, we went to a house in a court just by Drury-Lane Theatre, and to a top-floor front-room very handsomely furnished. She lived there, and was a dress-lodger as I found afterwards. She was beautifully clean, had fine linen, and was no sham in any way; a fresh, strong, plump, well-made young girl with lovely firm breasts, and a small quantity of brown hair on her cunt. Cunt and breasts looked only seven-teen years, backside, thighs, arms, calves looked twenty. She stripped, and with but one feel and a stretch of her pretty cunt-lips, and a moment's glance I plugged her, and recollect now my enjoyment of her. Then I dressed, and so did she. Though so young, she was a well trained whore, had much pleased me by her freedom in manner, even to the way in which she washed her cunt and pissed after her fuck. I was not with her I should say twenty minutes if so long; my lust for her had been so strong.

“What's this?” said she disdainfully as I gave her half-a-sovereign. “What I promised you.” “Oh! no you did not, I expect, five pounds.” I expostulated. “Look at this room, look at my dress, — do you expect me to let a man come here with me for ten shillings?” “Its all I promised, had you refused I should not have come with you.” Then I put on my hat, and moved towards the door; she placed her back against it. “You don't go out of here till you give me three sovereigns.” It must be added that I had paid for the room what appeared to me then a large sum.

I was in for a row, had not as much as two pounds about me, and was fearful of exposure, just then a row in a baudy house would have injured me if known.

I gave her ten shillings more, she took it, but re-fused to let me go, she did not believe I had so little money, — I was a gentleman, let me behave as such, — no I should not go till I gave her what she asked. I tried to pull her from the door, but could not, then sat down on the chair, saying that if I must wait, why so I must.

She tried coaxing, I told her I was entitled to another fuck for my other ten shillings. Well I might if I gave her another twenty shillings. I put hands up her petticoats, and fingers up her quim, thinking she was giving way, — but no. I had forgotten my fears in my randiness which came on again by fumbling about her rump and cunt, and pulled out my prick stiff again. She bent over me, and gave it two or three frigs. That so excited me, that verily I believe I should have given her the money if I had had it, for the pleasure of having her again; but putting my hand into my trowsers, found silver only to something like a pound in value, and told her that. Then losing her gentility she said, “I'm damned if you do go, you bugger, till you have paid me properly.”

Fear of exposure came over me, but I hid it, and sitting down looked at her as she stood against the door in her petticoats, her handsome limbs showing bright in their silks, and her plump breasts just squeez- ing the bubbies over the top of the stays. Laying hold of my tool I pulled it out. “Stand there as long as you like, you look lovely, — as you won't let me fuck you, I'll frig myself.” Suiting the action to the word I began fist-fucking, not meaning however to finish so. It was but chaff, for indeed I was funky.

She stood looking till I said, “I'm coming, — I'm spending, — lift up your petticoats, and let me see your cunt.” Then unlocking the door and opening it quickly she bawled out, “Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Smith, come up, here's a bilk, come up quickly.”

I was now near spending as may be guessed, but buttoning up, went towards the door. She heard me, turned round, came in, shut the door, and stood with her back to it till a woman came in; and then she told her I had given her ten shillings.

The woman was incensed, was I a gent? she was sure I was, why not pay properly then? — a beautiful young girl like that, just out, — look at her shape, and her face, — she had written to a dozen gents who knew her house, and they had all come to see this beauty, — all had given her five pounds, some ten pounds, they were so delighted with her, — and much of the same talk. The girl began to whimper, saying she never had been so insulted in her life before.

I told her that I had only promised ten shillings, but had given more; that the girl was certainly beautiful, and the room elegant; but I was poor, and would not have come at all had I known the cost. I had not the money, and therefore could not pay. Then the bawd's tone changed. She was not going to have the poor girl insulted in that manner, she knew better about my means of paying, and I should not go till I paid more. We went on wrangling until the bawd said, “Well if you have not money give us your watch and chain, we will pawn it, and give you the ticket, and you can get it out of pawn.”

I had hidden my watch, — nearly always did so then when I went with whores whom I did not know, — but saw in this a threat, and was getting more funky, yet determined to resist whatever came of it; so said I had no watch, and if I had, that I would see her damned first, before I gave it up. “Oh! won't you”, said she, “we will see if you won't, — we don't allow a poor girl to be robbed by chaps like you in our house, — call up Bill”, said she to the girl. I saw that a bully was about to be let on me, and my heart beat hard and fast; but give up my watch I made up my mind I would not unless they murdered me. I had an undefined suspicion that they would illtreat and rob me, and prepared for the worst, — my pluck got up then.

But fear of exposure was before me. “Look”, said I, “I have no watch, I have given her twenty shillings, here is every farthing I have about me”, and emptied my purse (there was but a shilling or two in it) before them, and put all the money I had loose in my pocket on to the chimney-piece. There was I think about seventeen shillings in all. “Look it is every farthing I have, — you may have that you damned thieves, — take it and let me go, — see my pockets are empty”, — and I turned them inside out.

“You've got more”, said she, “be a gent, give her three pounds, she never has less, — look at her, poor thing!” The girl stood whimpering, she and the woman stood with their backs to the door, I with my back to the two windows of the room which looked out on to the public court; the fire-place was between us, the foot of the bed towards it; the fire was burning brightly, the room was quite light. There they stood, the clean, fresh, wholesome-looking lass, and besides her a shortish, thick, hooked-nosed, tawneycolored, evil-looking woman, — the bawd, — she looked like a bilious Jewess.

The woman kept repeating this, for a minute or two. I refused to give any more, and grew collected. “Come now, what are you going to do?” said the woman, “you are wasting all her evening.” I took up half-a-crown off the mantle-shelf, and pushing the rest along it, “I must keep this”, said I, “but take all the rest, I have no more, — I have no watch, let me go.” The woman laughed sneeringly, and did not touch the money, turned round, opened the door, and called out “Bill, Bill, come up.” “Halloh !” said a loud male voice from below.

I turned round, and with a violent pull, tore aside the red window-curtains, and throwing up the window, and putting my head out beneath the white blind, I screamed out, “Police !—police !—murder !—murder! —police !—police !”

Beneath the very window stalked a policeman: heard me he must, the whole alley must have heard me, but the policeman took no notice, and stalking on turned round the corner out of sight. Then the fear came over me that he was bribed, I feared they might be coming

behind me, and turned round; the woman was close to me, the girl at her back. “What are you doing?” yelled the woman, “what are you kicking up a row for? — shut the window, — go if you want, who is keeping you? — this is a respectable house, this is.”

A tumult of ideas and fears rushed through my mind, I feared Bill was close at hand, and pushing the woman back with one hand I seized the poker with the right one. “Keep back, or I will smash you”, said ! flourishing it, and again I shouted out, “Police I —police!” but not with my head out of the window this time.

The old woman backed and shut the door again, the young one came forwards speaking in a hurried tone, the old one dropped her voice to a whine; she did not want to keep me if I wanted to go. “Shut the window, — let her shut it,—give the poor girl two pounds then, and go.” Her house was a respectable house, the police knew it, why did I come to such a house if I had no money? The girl cried, I blustered, swore, and all three were speaking at the same time for two or three minutes.

“Let me go.” “Who stops you?” said the old woman, “give me the money.” “Open the door, and go out first then.” “I shan't”, said the woman with a snap and a look like a demon. I turned round, and with the poker made a smash at the window. The curtains had swung, the white blind was down, but I heard the glass shiver and crash, a shout of “Hulloh !” from some one in the court. I raised the poker again against the looking glass. “Get out, or I'll smash this, and you, and everything else in the room”, striking a chair violently, and breaking it. I now did not care what I did, but was determined to fight Bill, or any one else, and not be robbed.

The women were cowed, they cried out, Pray drop the poker, — they meant no harm, — the girl always had three pounds at least, if I would not, — why I would not, — they never have had such a row in the house before, — to have her twice, and give her ten shillings was shameful. “A lie you bloody bawd, I have only had her once, and she has had twenty shillings.” “Well, there's a good gentleman, go, and don't make a noise as you go downstairs, — look at her, poor thing, how you have frightened her, — she will let you have her again, if you like, — won't you Lucy?” — well come along then, but don't make a row, — leave the poker, —what do you want that for?” whined the woman.

I would not relinquish the poker, they should go out first. The woman went, the girl waited behind to put on her frock. As she did so the little bitch lifted her petticoats to her thighs, showed her cunt, jerked her belly, winked and nodded her head in the direction of the old woman. I did not know nor heed what she meant by her nod and wink. “Get out, — get on, — get out, — I won't have you behind me.”

She made a farting noise with her mouth, and dropping her clothes went out. I followed her, looked at the doors on each landing as I passed, fearing some one might come out behind me, and edged downstairs sideways, looking both up and down. One door slightly opened and closed again; at the street-door the old woman said she was so sorry, it was all a mistake, and hoped to see me again. My blood was roused, I would have smashed woman or man who stood in my way, and eyeing the girl said, “Look at me well, if you meet me in the Strand again, cut away at once, get out of my sight, or I'll give you in charge for annoying me, or robbing me, you bloody bitch, look out for yourself.” Then dropping the poker on the mat I went out, glad enough to be away from the den.

About a fortnight afterwards I saw the girl in the Strand, followed her for a quarter of an hour, saw her speak to various men, saw that an old, common, low servant followed her at a distance, occasionally stopping to speak with her, and turning up a street for that purpose. There was a fascination about looking at the girl; she was showily but handsomely dressed, her legs looked lovely. I longed to fuck her again, but without any intention of gratifying my lust, for I loathed her whilst lusting for her. She turned up C. t.... a Street, stood over the gutter and pissed standing, the old woman talking to her and partly hiding her whilst she emptied her bladder. I waited till she had done. It was only about half-past nine o'clock.

She came towards me thinking I wanted her. I moved back close to a lamp, and raised my hat. “Look at me you damned whore, you attempted to rob me the other night, go out of the Strand, or I'll tell the next policeman you have picked my pocket.” She turned on her heels and bolted without uttering a word, the old woman after her, cursing.

A month or two afterwards I saw her again, she was speaking to a group of gay women. Said I, “That bitch attempted to rob me the other night at Court.” “It's a lie”, said she, but again turned round, and ran up a side-street as fast as she could. I don't recollect seeing her afterwards.

I often used to go and look at the house when that way, it was such a needy-looking house outside with a narrow steep staircase starting close to the street- door. No one would have imagined it was so handsomely furnished inside (although I only saw the top-room). Two or three years afterwards there was a row there, a man tumbled down the stairs (or was pitched down), and was picked up dead. The owner of the house was transported. I don't know if it was the same man who was called Bill, but suspect it was, and that many a visitor had been bullied out of his money in that house.

One night about this time I saw a well-grown, stout woman who

looked four-and-twenty. “What a thigh she must have”, thought I, “can I afford her?” and I felt in my pocket. Ten shillings with the room besides was too much for me that night. I passed her again looking her in the face, and longing for her, until she knew me and smiled. She had a bright laughing eye. Summoning courage I gave her a signal, and she followed me up a bye-street.

“I have only five shillings.” “Lord ! you do want it cheap, — make it ten shillings.” “I can't.” “Well I can't.” “Three half-crowns, and then with the room I shan't have a shilling in my pocket.” I used to speak in that frank way to them. She laughed. “You are an odd sort of chap, — well come along, — what house are you going to take me to?” “Where you like, — I don't know them.” “Oh! yes you do”, said she, “you know well enough with that eye of yours.” We turned into a house which we both knew, not one of the most expensive.

I was exceedingly pleased with her manner, and in her house still more pleased with her face. Her eye was one of the merriest, she was bright, and fresh-colored, yet the general color of her flesh was slightly brown. Her plumpness made me so randy I could scarcely wait to. feel or look at her, I wanted to push on to the fullest pleasures at once.

She eyed me pleasantly, and made some remark about the smallness of the sum, which made me uncomfortable. She saw it, and laughing showed a set of beautiful small white teeth. I gave her her money at once, and then began preliminaries. The room I re-collect well. There was a large four-post bed, a large wire screen three feet high all round the fire-place, like those in nurseries. The house-woman flattened the fire down, and took away the poker, — to prevent the fire being stirred I suppose. There was but one candle, and the room was dark, there was scarcely gas in any of the houses in those days.

I drew her to me, my hand roved about her bum, belly, and notch, I asked her to undress, desire in-creasing by the feel of her thighs made me inquisitive. She would not undress, was in a hurry, some other night perhaps, not now. Impatient so that I might begin, I placed her on the edge of the bed, putting a chair for one of her feet. She lifted up her clothes freely, and I saw her cunt.

It was surrounded, though not in great quantity, with fine chestnut brown, soft, thick hair, her thighs were large, round, fat, and firm, the split looked small, was small outside, and I found it to be small inside as well. A large bum squeezed together by the position in which she was lying closed up almost the cuntal opening, so that just where the prick must intrude itself, the hole could scarcely be seen, her flesh had the slightly brown tint of her face. How is it that at a glance all this was seen, and remembered ever since? What fascination a cunt has! Strange that a mere gap close to an arse-hole should have

such power.

In admiration of her cunt and its surroundings I held a candle for a moment between her thighs. “Hold your quim open, — do, — do.” Her hand came down, the fore and middle-finger went on either side of the split, and distended the lips, showed the red lining, a clitoris, small, and nice-looking, and small nymphae sloping down to the narrow carmine darkness, closing up gradually and tightly between her bum-cheeks, squeezed up and closed by the weight of her body pressing up her bum the bed.

“I can bear being looked at”, said she. “Then open your legs wider, — wider dear.” Wider they went. Candle in one hand I pushed the finger of the other up her cunt. Then all delight of the eye was merged in the maddening desire to fuck. Putting the candle somewhere it fell down, and was extinguished; at the same moment slipping my prick to the opening, with a smooth glide up it went. Before I had moved my prick half a minute I was spending, before I had had a wriggle in her, before I had well clasped her buttocks, I was leaning over her sighing, and had finished before I had well began. I now think I feel my sensation up her as I write this, of the rapturous smoothing of her buttocks as I finished. Some women make me recollect them thus.

“What a bore”, said I squeezing my belly dose up to hers, “I hate to be quick.” I heard her laugh, but could not see her face. She did not hurry me out of her, but at length nature caused me to withdraw, and we got the candle lighted. Washing herself whilst I stood talking and regretting my haste, holding my unwashed prick in front of her, she laughing and saying I must take my time an-other day, emptied the basin, and turning round asked if she should wash me. Years had elapsed I think since a woman had done so to me, then it was by a French woman. The offer comes to me now as having been an unusual one. Delighted I let her. Delicately handling my doodle she soaped and washed it, making complimentary remarks about it as she did so.

The operation excited me, I stiffened. “Oh ! I do so want you again, — let me.” “No its late, — if I don't make money before twelve I never do afterwards, — see me another night, — besides you can't do it again yet.” “Let me feel you then only for a minute.” She approached me, one hand I put to her cunt, the other thrusting between her fat bum-cheeks met the tip of the fingers on the other hand. “My prick's standing so.” “It's not.” “Feel it.” She put her hand down and felt, I stiff to the utmost kept asking her to let me again. “Well get on the bed then”, said she after feeling me quietly for a minute, — “see the candle has burnt down, it won't last long.” By the time she had said this she was lying down with her clothes up above her navel.

We were fucking with intensity, the candle went out, I felt her kisses. “Oh ! what a lovely cunt you have.” “You've a nice prick, — who taught you to poke so nicely?” Our tongues met, — silence, sighs, short shoves, spunk, — and all was over. “Let me wash your cunt.” “Very well.” “You wash my prick.” “Yes.” The mutual washing over we separated, I promising to see her again. We had washed by the fire-light alone. Next night at the same time we fucked again. I stripped her, and was enamoured of her body if not of herself. She made no sign of wanting to leave me, but rather wanted to keep me. I had not since I lost Mary tasted a woman's mouth, with this woman I was delighted in doing so, though with the ordinary gay women I could not bear their tongues. Whilst we were fucking they knocked at the door saying they wanted the room. Bessie swore, “Damn her”, said she, “for interruping us, — and the money I have brought her.” This increased my pleasure, and Bessie participated in it. After fucking her twice we sat by the fire and talked, she warming her bum, her petticoats up to her knees, my hand on her quim, and airing my balls. “If you want me another night, and can't see me, ask the woman about, — ask for Brighton Bessie, — there are two Bessies, so mind, — Brighton Bessie”, said she as we parted.

I found I could talk to this woman. Whilst doing so she would sit on my knees and feel my prick, and I feel her privates. I had long wanted such a free-and-easy acquaintance, for nothing annoyed me like the sham modesty of doxies, their shuffling out of showing me their cunts, their hurry to get me up them, and away afterwards. Bessie had none of this. Like Camille, Mary, and all women I ever kept to long, she let me do absolutely as I pleased, and without hurry would copulate, then sit and talk till we were ready again for the exercise. But they did not at the house in Street fancy our staying so long at their busy time; so she arranged to meet me at B. w Street one night, and took me to a house there which was dearer, but where she said they rarely interrupted couples. It was nearly opposite to the Opera-House, since built. It had a very large frontage, six or seven windows of a row I think, a dingy-looking building that most people would have passed without noticing, or would have thought it a dwelling-house of poorish people. The knowing ones would have guessed that it meant something hidden and convenient. There was no light outside, but if you pushed the door by night or by day, it opened into a darkish lobby, then passing through a glass door with a glimmer of light at the back, a woman met you, and conducted you to a chamber, big or small, handsomely or poorly furnished ac-cording to price. In it there must have been twenty rooms, and there was more bum-wagging, more seed spent, more sighs of pleasure in that house nightly, than in any other house in London I should think.

It was dearer; but if you stayed for hours no one ever interrupted you. There were in Winter good large fires, the rooms were a good size, there was no gas, two candles were given, if you wanted more you paid extra. Wine and liquor of fair quality was got for you. The furniture was somewhat dingy, but all the rooms had sofas on which two could lie, and beds large enough for three with clean Iinen always. It was one of the most quiet, comfortable accommodation-shops I ever was in, and with Brighton Bessie, I passed there many voluptuous evenings.

I took a bottle of champagne with me there one night, the first time I ever did so to a baudy house when I met a gay woman; but I wanted that night a long, quiet evening with a free woman, and had one with her quite after my own fashion.

I had Bessie often for about two years, and at in- tervals for two or three years after that, the last was about ten years after I had first met her. I never had a passion for her, nor did I keep only to her; but through the Winter of this year, as nearly as I can recollect, I had few but her. After next hot weather my lust ran riot, I got also better oft, and treated my pego to variety, but we then frequently met at B . w Street. Poor Bessie fell in love with me, and was fond of liquor as I shall tell, now will only tell of the way our evenings, and at times afternoons were passed together.

If warm enough we used to strip, and lay outside the bed; if not got into bed. As she was beautifully shaped I first took my delight in contemplating her, then I laid along the bed, my head near her knees, she the reverse way, and again I inspected. Some-times she twiddled my cock, and I her clitoris, but generally the time was spent in putting her in every voluptuous posture, and fucking in all sorts of positions. She liked it. “It's all my eye”, she used to re-mark when we talked on the subject saying, “I don't like it, — I like fucking and baudiness, it's the best thing in life, — a short life and lots of fucking is my motto, — women who say they never spend with men are liars, —they all like it as much as I do.” She was but twenty-one years old, although her stoutness made her look older. And now I leave her for a time.

Chapter III

A change in taste. • A small cunt longed for. • Hunting in the Strand. • Yellow-haired Kitty. • Her little companion. • Oh! you foule. • The house in E...t.r Street. • Double fees. • Kitty's pleasure. • Objections to washing. • Have the other gal. • Cleanliness. • Home occupations. • I ain't gay. • Kitty's males.

I don't know why my erotic fancies took the desire for a young-lass, but they did. My taste had for the most part run upon the big, fleshy, fat-cunted, and large-arsed; now perhaps for contrast, perhaps from sheer curiosity, the letch took possession of me. A small cunt, tight and hairless perhaps, — I wondered how it looked, felt, and if pleasure would be increased by it, and though my prick swelled when spending until I have groaned under the grip, even of a large cunt, I longed for quite a little one. I had never had a very young girl, — excepting the little child, — Nelly and Sophy had both a little hair on their mottes, so I would try for a youthful quim and one if possible with no hair on it.

I was not versed in the walks and ways of little ones, and looking about at night saw none. Talking about it at my Club, I heard they were to be seen mostly in the day-time, so I looked out in the Strand for what I wanted, and during day-light.

On a blazing hot afternoon in June I walked about a long time thinking of youthful harlots, but saw none, or if I did could not distinguish them. At length I saw two young girls idling about, looking in at the shop windows on the other side of the way. One was dressed all in black, and was taller and stouter than the other. They were not got up in any showy way, but looked like the children of decent mechanics.

They took no notice of any one, nor any one of them, they stopped at a shop, and I noticed that the biggest had the largest legs. A plump form had as said attractions to me almost superior to face. Crossing to the other side of the way I passed them, looking them full in the face. The taller one was good-looking, white-faced, and had goldenish hair, a colour I could not bear. They looked at me, but there was nothing to indicate fastness. Returning I met them again, the same stare, the same indifference. Thinking of their little cunts, and getting randy and reckless I determined to try. They stopped at a sweetmeat-shop; going to the side of them, and looking into the shop, not at them, so as to prevent my being noticed, “I'll buy you whatever you want if you will come with me”, I said. The bigger of the two edged away from me, after looking up in my face, whispered something to her companion, and they both moved along the street

without noticing me further.

I was disconcerted, and went over to the opposite side of the way again watching them, they went to a print-shop, and looked in; the big one looked in the direction of a lolly-pop shop, and up and down the street. She was looking after me evidently, so I crossed over, met them full-face, and as I passed said without stopping, “Come with me, and I'll give you money.”

I turned a corner, and looked, they were at another shop, the bigger girl with her arm round the smaller one's neck. I again passed them, going back to do so, and saying, “I'll give you three and sixpence.” That was the exact sum, and then turned up a street which led to baudy houses, and waited at the turning into the street.

The two girls turned the corner, stopped, and talked, the bigger laid hold of, and slightly pulled the smaller, and seemed to be persuading her. Failing apparently she left her, but turned back, spoke to her again, and both came on together. Then I turned into the back-street, the two girls appeared at the corner of that, and then stopped and talked for a minute. Tired of waiting I thought I had made a mistake, and going slowly back heard the bigger one say, “You are a foule.” “Oh ! you foule.” “Come he wants us.” “You foule.”

“I don't want her”, said I, “but you. — come”, — and returning entered a baudy house, the outer-door of which stood open, thinking the bigger one would follow, and sure now that she was a harlot. I then passed through the inner door which as usual then had a glass window covered with a red curtain.

A minute elapsed, the baudy house-keeper had been spoken to, but the girl not coming, I opened the door to look out. The bigger girl was just inside the outer door, and was pulling in the other one. “Come you foule, — you said you would, — he'll give you money as well as me, and I'll give you some of mine too, — well you are a foule”, quite bawling it out. There was not much secrecy needed in such things at those times, in those streets.

“I don't want her”, said I hurriedly, it's you, — come in, or I won't wait.” She came in, the other girl disappeared, and we were soon in a bed-room together.

It was the first house at that end of the street, had been newly opened, and was furnished in a style not like a baudy house; no show, neat and clean, but cheaply; no bed-hangings (and in those days most baudy houses had bed-hangings), the blinds were new and white, the beds quite clean. The top-floor room where I went for economy was two shillings and sixpence. The woman of the house was tall, comely, and middle-aged. As I paid her I noticed she had fat red cheeks. How curious that I should recollect those red cheeks. She had a white apron on, and was a civil sort of creature.

The girl stood still staring at me. Sitting on the edge of the bed I stared at her, filled with baudy curiosity and the appreciation of novelty. “Why won't you have the other gal?”, said she. “I don't want her, nor want two, — and she is a dirty little imp.” “No she ain't dirty, she washes herself like me, — let her come up.” “No, — come you here.” “She is quite clean,-I wash her myself sometimes.” “No, come here I tell you.”

The girl came to me dawling. I put my hands up her clothes. A fleshy little bum met my hand, then in the front a smooth belly, a motte almost hairless as it seemed. She said not a word, but gave a sort of jerk of her body, and as my hand touched her bum it jutted forwards, and as I drew my hand round to her belly she drew her belly back. It did not seem like shame. She did not utter a word. “Take off your things”, said I.

She drew away from me, and took off her bonnet, then stood still. “Off with your things”, I said throwing off some of mine. “I can't take them off, — if I do I can't fasten them again, they are in a knot.” “Take them off.” “If I do you will have to fasten me.” “So I will.” Slowly she stripped to her chemise. “Take that off.” “I won't.” “Come here then.” She came. Laying hold of her I lifted her bodily, and threw her with her back on the bed, throwing up her chemise and stretching open her legs quickly. She gave a sup-pressed “hoh !” put her hand down to her cunt, and felt her mons nervously.

Take away your hand dear.” She took it away, then I pulled open her little thing. Such a delicious little gap it was, with the smallest possible quantity of golden hair just showing on it; such a smooth white belly and thighs, and all so plump, that I was wonder-struck at a young girl being so round and fine. I had not expected under that shabby black clothing anything so nice. I was charmed with her head also; in a big black and shabby bonnet I had seen nothing but a white face and large blue eyes. Her hair was golden in tone, bright and flowing.

Whilst pulling off my trowsers she sat up and asked, “Is it big?” For the instant I did not quite know what she meant. “What's big?” “Your thing, — measure it.” I went up to her pulling out my pego. “It is big”, said she. “It's little”, said I. “It ain't,-it's big.” “No.” “Yes, — don't push hard sir, — will you now?” “No my dear I won't, — Is it bigger than other men's pricks ?” “I shan't tell you.” “Well lay down and open your thighs”, — again I lifted her on to the bed. “Don't you do it hard”, said she getting up again, “or I won't let you.” “Then I won't pay you.” Back she fell, I wetted my prick, put it to the notch, and with a shove or two was well up her. She gave a “oh, — oooh !” and then laid quiet. Grasping her fat little bum I fucked, then stopping pulled out my prick, and looked at her cunt. “What are you a going to

do?” said she in an astonished way.

“Get quite on to the bed dear.” Slow at obeying I helped her into the posture, and got on to her, and brought my pleasure to an end, lying on the top of the pretty little girl.

I lay on her long afterwards, and tried by the muscular contraction of my arse-cheeks and ballock-roots to stiffen my pego again. She laid quiet all the time with my prick up her, but I could not manage it, my prick shrunk.

A second erection without uncunting being impossible, I got into a kneeling posture between her open legs, and checked a slight movement on her part saying, “Now lie quiet, — don't move.” There was I kneeling between her thighs; looking down I saw her half-opened cunt with the gruelly tide issuing from it, took my prick in hand half its potential size, flabby and wet, pulled back the skin, and out rolled a large drop of sperm on to her thigh. She lay quite quiet, looking at me, her yellow hair falling all around her head as it lay on the pillow. Now I was astonished at her beauty, I had not noticed it fully before.

“You are very handsome, — how old are you?” “Fifteen and a little.” “You must be more.” “I don't know, but mother says so.” I looked at her cunt, the hair on it was not an eighth of an inch long,, scarcely any of it, and of course showing no intention of curling, but her form was so round that I could not believe she was so young. “Fifteen and a little”, she repeated, her aunt and her mother had been disputing the day of her birth; her mother was out of her mind when she gave birth to her. “Aunt says I ain't fifteen.”

“Give the other gal a shilling, — do”, she broke in whilst I was questioning her about age, and kneeling between her thighs. “What are you so anxious about the other girl for?” “She lives over us, and is my friend, — will you give her a shilling? — do.” “Why?” “Do, — if you don't I shall give her a shilling of mine, and give her some of mine anyhow, — you said you'd give me three and sixpence, didn't you?”

Curiously amused I laughed. “I'll give you a shilling for her, if you let me do it to you again.” “Oh! do”, said she.

It was hot, I had not reposed after my pleasure, so quitting my kneeling position I laid down besides her, and began feeling her breasts. She turned her head towards me. “You have not washed yourself”, said I after a minute's amusement with her bubbies. “It ain't no good if yer ar going to make a mess in it agin, — when you've done it I'll wash it all out together.” I thought from that speech she was not an old one at the game, yet after all she only behaved as every young girl I have had usually behaved, they have mostly objected to washing their cunts directly after a poke, I think they rarely wash it until requested. There must be some sweet tranquillizing pleasure which a

man's sperm gives to a woman's cunt, and makes her undesirous of washing it out. It is only when a woman knows it is good for her health if she be gay, that she ever does it. No married woman washes the sperm out of her cunt, yet in the morning after a night's fucking you never find the sperm if you feel in the cunt for it, — where does it go? — it is absorbed I sup-pose.

We lay thus and talked. “How old are you really?” “Fifteen and two months, as I told yer, — I always was fat, but ain't so fat as I was though, — father used to say I should get fat on gruel.” I should have guessed her full sixteen had it not been for the little hair there was on her motte, and the delicate pink small cut, and tight prick-hole. “How long have you been gay?” “I ain't gay”, said she astonished. “Yes you are.” “No I ain't.” “You let men fuck you, don't you?” “Yes, but I ain't gay.” “What do you call gay?” “Why the gals who come out regular of a night dressed up, and gets their livings by it.” I was amused.

“Don't you?” “No, mother keeps me.” “What is your father?” “Got none, he's dead three months back, —mother works, and keeps us. — she is a charwoman, and goes out on odd jobs.” “Don't you work?” “Not now”, said she in a confused way”, “mother does not want me to, I takes care of the others.” “What others?” “The young ones.” “How many?” “Two, —one's a boy, and one's a gal.” “How old?” “Sister's about six, and brother's nearly eight, — but what do you ask me all this for?” “Only for amusement, — then you are in mourning for your father?” “Yes, it's shabby, ain't it? — I wish I could have nice clothes, I've got nice boots, — ain't they?” — cocking up one leg, “a lady gived em me when father died, — they are my best.”

“Are you often in the Strand?” “When I gets out I likes walking in it, and looking at the shops, — I do if mother's out for the day.” “Does she know you are out?” The girl who had been lying on her back with her head full towards me, turned on her side, and giggling said in a sort of confidential way, “Bless you no, — she'd beat me if she knew, — when she be out I locks them up, and takes the key, and then I goes back to them, — I've got the key in my pocket, and shall be home before mother, — she is out for the whole day.”

“Do the children know you're out?” “No, I says to them, 'You be quiet now, I'm going to the yard.' ” “What's the yard?” said I not reflecting. The girl thought a minute, chuckled, turned her head, and was silent, she was actually blushing. “What's the yard?” Suddenly it struck me, “Going to the privy?” She burst out laughing. “Yes that's it, I say I'm going to the privy, and then I comes out with her, and they can't get out, so they are all right, and we go back together if she's with me; if she ain't I go back by myself, — there”, — and she stopped satisfied with her explanation. “They may set fire to themselves”, said I. “There ain't no fire after we have had breakfast, I puts it out, and

lights it at night if mother wants hot water."

"What do you do with yourself all day?" "I washed both of them, I gives them food if we've got any, then washes the floor and everything, and then washes myself, then I looks out of the winer." "Wash your-self." "Yes I washes from head to foot allus." "Have you a tub?" "No we've only got a pail and a bowl, but I'm beautiful clean, — mother tells every one I'm the beautifullest clean gal a mother ever had, — I wash everything, mother's too tired. Sometimes we all go out and walk, but that's at night; sometime I lays abed nearly all day." She was beautifully clean in her flesh, her linen was clean, its color awful; but what could be expected from a pail, a bowl, and one room to dry things in. "You can't always be washing." "No, I do all the mending and making, — look how my finger is pricked", said she showing it.

I had been smoothing and feeling her all over, her unwashed cunt had come in for its share of my attentions, I had been twiddling it till outside it was dry. Recurring to the never-failing, and always charming theme, I got close to her, kissed her, my fingers sought the innermost recesses of her tight little orifice. "Don't you like fucking? — does it give you pleasure?" "It never gived me much pleasure that I know on", she replied. "But you don't dislike it?" "Not if they don't hurt me." "Do they ever?" "One or two have, if they push hard, — but I shan't say no more, — there."

There was a frankness, openness, and freshness about this girl which delighted me. Question after question I put, and would be answered; if evaded I put it in another shape, but she seemed willing mostly to reply. I put into her little head things she had never dreamed of, and all the time kept rubbing her clitoris, probing her little quim, distending it, tickling it, and exciting her till she wriggled her little fat bum.

"Do I hurt you ?" "Oh! no," — "let me then," — "oh! don't sir, — I wish you would not." "Did you never enjoy the prick up you? — never enjoy a fuck! —you shall enjoy it with me." "Don't now", said she turning herself round as I frigged on. "Feel my prick dear." She did not need a second invitation. "Is it not stiff?" "Yes, and big." "Yes, — yes, — but oh ! don't sir, — take away your hand, — ah !" I talked on, frig- ging and tickling, my prick throbbing, but restraining myself, for instinct told me she was about to enjoy a pleasure she had never enjoyed yet. All at once she relinquished my prick, a slight heaving of her belly, and her eyes closed, then I knew she was ready to discharge.

I ceased to frig, her eyes opened, her thighs which had closed opened again. I joined my body to hers, and we were one, I fucked, — we fucked now, for the little lass in a minute or two was dissolving in pleasure whilst I was pissing my sperm up her, groaning as the tightness of her little cunt squeezed my sensitive prick. If Kitty was

not a harlot before, she was from that minute she had her spend with me.

She laid quite quiet till nature dissolved our fleshy union by uncunting me, then I laid by her side, she on her back, her thighs wide open, her eyes closed.

“Don't it give you pleasure?” After repeating that half-a-dozen times she said, “I don't know.” “Yes you do, — did you spend?” “I don't know what a girl's spending is”, said she. “Did my prick give you pleasure, — tell me Kitty?” At length she said yes, and she had never had pleasure with men before. (Two years afterwards she repeated that the first pleasure she ever had with a man was with me.) “Wash yourself.” “I'll wash when I go home.” “Wash now you little beast.” “What does it matter to you?” “Wash you little devil.” She washed carefully, and whilst doing so, “Piddle”, said I. “I can't abear to piddle before a man, what a funny man you are.” “Piddle my dear”, and the little dear piddled.

Wiping herself dry she stopped in the middle of the operation and asked, “Why wouldn't you have the other gal?” “What do you want me to have her for?” “She's very poor.” “What do you do with your money?” “Buy things to eat, — mother's very poor, we often ain't got enough to eat.” “Then you get a little money by being gay.” “I ain't gay I tell you.” “Well your friend is I suppose, and gets money.” “No she doesn't, — she isn't gay either, — no man ain't ever done it to her, she's such a foule, — but she would a come in to-day with you, she said she would, and she were just a comin when you sent her off, — she promised me, she'd let yer if you wanted, but she is a foule though.”

“I don't believe that.” “It's God's truth though, she ain't, she says she ain't; she knows what men want gals for, but she's never let any one, — I know she ain't, she is frightened.” “Have you looked at her cunt?” “Often”, said Kitty. “And she's looked at yours?” “Of course she has, — she lives over us I tell you, I go up to her, and she comes down to me when mother's out, — I wash her.” “You seem fend of washing.” “I likes things clean.” I thought for an instant, “It may be true, I should like to see her cunt if she's never been poked, — what object has this little lass in pressing this so?” Then said I, “Tell me the truth, and I'll give you another shilling, — don't lie, — I shall soon tell whether you're lying or not, and getting up”, “here is three and six (I had it on the mantle-piece), here's a shilling for her, and there is another. If you answer truly, I'll see you again; but I'll never see you again if I find you are making up lies,—come here.” And I sat down.

She came forward, I pulled her between my naked legs, her naked thighs met mine, her little cunt was close to my prick, I put my hand round her fat little bum, and looked her in the face, pressing her belly

close to mine."

"What do you want me to have her for?" "Only cos she's so poor, — why she only gets sixpence a day, —she works at sack-making, — oh ! isn't it hard !—and her hands if you seed em, are hard and brown, stained with the string, and what the works with, — mother wants me to work at them at home, but I won't—I tells her I'd run away first, — she is so little she can't carry the sacks home as other gals do; so a strong young woman who works at sacks carries them home for her, and charges her twopence for it, — they carries them home on the top of their heads; but she is too little, she is." (At that time women worked at sack-making, and carried them home on their heads.)

"Can she put her finger up her cunt?" "I shan't tell you all that", said she turning nasty. "Is her cunt as open as yours?" "No it ain't." "Then she can't get her finger up." "Oh ! you are a rum cove, you are", said she breaking away from me, "I never seed the like of you. I must go, — tell me what time it is." "Half-past four." "I'll go, — I give the children some-thing to eat about this time." "Come here, or I won't give you the shillings." We resumed our positions. "Are you sure she has never had a man?" "Never, she's such a foule, — she says she'd like to, and she'd like the money, and yet she won't, — she is such a foule." "How long have you done it?" "Only since we have lived this side of the water, after father died." "How many men have you had?" "I shan't say, — I don't recollect, — it arn't no business of yourn, — you don't like me." "Yes I like you, but I won't tell, — no it isn't a dozen, — I shan't say who first did it, — I shan't then, — it isn't a dozen, — yes I am quite sure, I don't think it's ten, but it may be about that, I think it's eight, — they didn't all do it to me, no they didn't, — one on em only put his hands up my clothes, and went off in a minute; another pulled up my clothes, and looked at me, and then he—" She stopped, and I could not get her to say what, so promised her another shilling. "I don't know what he did." "Frig himself?" "I don't know what you call it, — yes he did that", said the girl bursting into a roar of laughter when I showed her the operation. "I looked at him, and he went away without speaking, — he only gave me half-a-crown; but an old gentleman one day gave me a gold bit of ten shillings." She began counting on her fingers. I thought she was reckoning her gains, she was a long time at it, doing it over and over again; at length, "It's seven", said she. "What?" "Gentlemen, — you make eight."

"Your little friend is too young", said I. "She is fourteen, but shorter than me." "Has she any hair on her cunt?" "You can just see some coming, and it's black." "She is dirty." "No she ain't, but she was till she knew me, — she can't help her clothes being dirty, but she mends em, — how I wish I had nice clothes like the gals about at night, and like gentle-folks!" said Kitty in a sort of ecstacy, and then

tossed up half-a-crown, and caught it.

I began to long for the other girl, and told her she might bring her the next day, that she should have three and sixpence, and her friend the same, and more if I did it. Kitty went off agreeing to meet me with her if their mothers were out, but if not, the day after, all depended on their mothers' absence. She would listen to the church-clock, and as it struck three she would leave; it was only by listening that she knew the time. She would put by a penny for the bridge-toll; generally she went round by Westminster bridge to avoid paying the penny. Then we left. Her little friend I found was loitering close by. They went into a pastry-cook's, and I watched them both eating to-gether as they went along towards Waterloo bridge, Kitt and Pol.

Chapter IV

Little Pol consents. • Arsy-versy. • Broached, and howling. • Kitty's vocalization. • A cheap virginity. • Two hours after. • Love's money lost. • The street-gully. • Kitty pleases. • Pol tires. • Kitty's habits. • Friendliness and frankness. • Sausage rolls. • Confessions of lust.

On the appointed day I saw Kitty but alone, she followed me to the house, and soon by my pego her sweet little cunt was distended. I had her all the after-noon, and tailed her to the extent of my powers. The girl was delighted, her eyes sparkled with lewdness. Was fucking nice? “Oh! yes, yes”, she replied, it was nicer than she thought, nicer than gals told her it would be. This was after I had called her at our meeting a little humbug, for not bringing her friend. The excuse was that Pol's mother was at home. I did not believe it, but was so content with her sweet little form, the ease with which I handled her, the enticing look of the cunt, its tightness, and her pleasant, frank manners, that I forgot all about the other little one, till going away, then said, “Mind you bring your friend, and I'll give you five shillings, but you know you won't, you little storyteller.” “I will, — I shall, — I'll make her come, — she 'wants, but she is such a foule, — and she's frightened of her mother.”

Another blazing hot day. The two were looking in at the pastry-cook's, the taller with her arm round the neck of the other. I watched them for a minute, Kit often looked around anxiously, and seeing me, moved off quickly towards the street. I followed on the opposite side of the way, then stopped. The small one stood with her back against a wall, Kitty was gesticulating. I went on passing without noticing them. As I passed I heard, “You are a f oule, you're a liar, —you said you would.” “I shan't then.” Turning the corner I looked back. There they still were standing as on the first day I saw them. Thought I, “She can't persuade the little one”, so walked on to W. .l .... n Street, to the Lyceum portico, and back again in a fever of expectancy. As I got near the house they both turned the corner, so in I went and waited till both girls appeared, and soon heard two pairs of feet after me on the same staircase, two young voices whispering, the Mistress following us all.

“Why five shillings?” “You have two young ladies to-day, double price you know sir.” I did not know, for it was the first time I had had two women together in a house. Excited and anxious I had got to fucking-heat in anticipation of a small unprobed cunt, paid the money, and there was I with the two little ones face to face, two young cunts at my disposal, a novelty, and a charming one. The woman closed the

door, casting a queer look at the girls and me. I locked it.

I put my hand up Kitty's clothes, the other girl, an ugly little imp in a bonnet as big as a coal-scuttle, and with boots which looked as if they were her mother's, stood and stared with eyes wide open, — they were dark, and her hair nearly black. “Come here my dear.” “Come to him”, said Kitty. The girl drew near, I took her on my knee. “So you are the friend of Kitty, and we are going to play with each other naked, aren't we? — I'm going to look at your cunt, and you are going to feel my cock.” She made no reply. “I'm going to look where your piddle comes out, aren't I?” “No” said the girl sullenly after reflecting a minute, and hanging her head on one side, “I shan't.”

“Yes he is you foule, — oh l you are a foule”, burst out Kitty, “I wish I didn't know you, you are such a foule, — she said she would sir, she knows all about it, she does, she knows what she has corned for, she does, — now don't be a foule (in a threatening manner), I won't speak to you agin, nor gi yer nothink (Kitty's English was awful), — you may get yer belly filled, I won't help fill it.” All this over and over again, in anger.

The girl looked at Kitty humbly. “Well I will then.” I put my hands up her petticoats on to a lean pair of thighs. “Take off your things.” “Yes take them off”, said Kitty helping her off with her bonnet, and to undress. “Are you going to take off yours Kitty?” said she. “Yes when you have”, and without more ado she stripped the girl to her chemise, and herself likewise. I took off all but my shirt and socks. It was a sweating hot day.

The girl was not very inviting, was heavy and lubberly, and looked as if she had not enough to eat; but there was in her a virgin cunt, so I was told, al-though even then a little sceptical about what a female told me on that point. My tooleywag was standing at the idea, I shook it before them, and calling both to me held them round their naked bums, and made them feel me. The pair of little fists anxiously feeling from the root of my balls to the tip of the piercer soon rendered me impatient for action. I was near the side of the bed facing the windows, and through the white blinds came the strong light of a summer's afternoon. Lifting the fresh one from my knee I put her on her back on the bed, and lifted her scanty chemise. Close went her legs together, I opened them, she resisted, I grew angry, Kitty called her a foule. Coaxed and bullied at the same time she yielded, I pulled the legs wide open, and kneeling threw one over my shoulder, the other I pressed outwards, and with my other hand opened her cunt-lips wide; then she kicked her legs over me, and turning arse upwards got up. A little row, again she yielded, again served me the same trick. I damned her for a bitch, and Kitty reviled her. “She is a fool Kitty, — show her what I want.” Kitty hesitated a moment, then throwing

herself on to the bed opened her thighs, and pulled her cunt-lips apart. The young one gradually persuaded let me do for her what Kitty did for herself, after she had carefully studied Kitty's quim for a minute.

I saw with speechless excitement the girl's cunt, which seemed at first glance as if a prick had entered it; but looking more closely saw that the perforation was too small. I thrust gently my finger up it, — a cry, — a howl. “Don't, — you're a hurting”, and again the little devil was arse upwards on the bed. Again I coaxed, promised, lied, and Kitty bullied; again I saw the cunt, that it was not like cunts that had been fucked: the hairless lips, a little black tint just above the notch, a little hole. My eyesight failed me, the demon of desire said, “It's fresh, it's virgin, —bore it, — bung it, — plug it; stretch it, — split it, — spunk in it”, and I laid hold of her thin backside mad with lust, kissing and sniffling at her cunt. “Let's lay on the bed, and all strip quite naked, — it's so hot.” “Yes do”, said Kitty. She stripped the girl of her pea-soup coloured rag, and we both stripped. There we were in a minute all three naked, close together, with but little room, the girl in the middle. I pressed to her, put her hand round my prick, talked baudy. Kitty said, “Now let him.” The girl said no. I put one leg over, and worked myself between her little thighs, partly holding myself up on my elbow and pattering baudy which Kitty kept repeating. “It won't hurt dear.” “No it won't hurt”, said Kitty. “Just let me touch it with his prick.” Kitty in her anxiety slipped right off the bed, and getting herself up stood by the bedside repeating the baudy words I uttered.

The girl lay quiet, Kitty telling her not to be a fool; but I was a fool, for the notch being small I did not hit it well. Putting my prick down to where my fingers underlied the split, I pushed towards the goal, not pressing her with my body, but keeping my weight off by leaning on my right elbow, for it seemed that if I laid on her I should crush and frighten her, the girl seemed so slim. My tool struck hard at the orifice, she howled. Fearing to miss my game I then fell with the full weight of my body on her, grasping her thin buttocks, and nearly stifling her on that hot afternoon, determined to have her if I killed her. The girl gave howl after howl, and I rammed with all my might the more. “Hish !—hold your tongue you foule”, said Kitty. As the girl wriggled violently, and cried.

“Damn you, if you are not quiet I'll rip your dress into ribbons, and you may go home, and tell your mother what you like, — damn you I'll murder you,- I'll give you ten shillings.” “You fool he'll give you ten shillings.” I heard no more, oscillating my arse, and driving with all my force between her legs, I knew not how, I knew not where. Still the girl howled, and Kitty kept hushing.

“The woman will turn us out of the house you foule, — she won't

let me come in again, — oh ! you foule", said Kitty. In my blind battering I at last lodged the tip well between the lips. The next instant with a cunt-splitting thrust I was up the howling little bitch who wriggled like an eel; but I held her skinny arse up to me like a vice, kept my peg fixed and unmoveably up her in spite of her. Her wriggles alone would have kept it stiff enough, and fetched me. "Be quiet, — I am up you, — I can't h—hurt—you—now, — ah !" — and my spunk was up the virgin quim of the ugly little devil.

She laid quiet, but whinning, "Oh ! you said you would not hurt me, — ho !—hho !", she sobbed, then laid quite still with my prick up her, snottily whimpering," o—oho !" — and all was tranquil, I nearly asleep.

"Is it in her?" said Kitty in a whisper, "is it in yer Pol?" Having got no answer from me. "Oh ! what a foule you are." "I've done it", said I. "Let her get up", said Kit. I don't recollect having been up such a tight cunt, not that it gave me pleasure, but the extreme tightness was such a novelty. "I will do it again." "Have you done it really?" said Kitty. "Put your hand and feel", said I opening my legs a little to let Kitty feel under my testicles, "my prick's right up her cunt now, — feel."

"Have you done it really?" "Yes, — feel." "Ri—tol —lural—li—do !" said Kitty setting off in a happy dance all round the room. I went on fucking, keeping the girl quiet, I could pull her little form up to me as tight as wax, and coaxing and promising all sorts of things I fucked her again without uncunting.

"Have you really done it?" said Kitty again. "Yes twice, — put your hand up under my balls and feel." Kitty thinking better of the suggestion this time did so, and satisfying herself that my prick was out of her touch, set off dancing again with a "ri—too—ralooral — ledo !" I got off the girl, the hair of my prick saturated with blood and spunk. "She is bleeding." The girl began snivelling worse than ever when she heard that, and began feeling her cunt.

"What are you crying for you foule? — did he hurt you much? — let's look at it", — and Kitty looked at the little quim bunged up with sperm mixed with blood. "Oh ! ain't he done it !—ritollooralado, ritolloolralado", and she capered again. "What are you dancing and singing for?" I asked. "She's had it done, — oh ! look what a mess is on the bed, the woman will kick up a row."

"Get up and wash it you fool, and don't cry." "It hurts." "Wash it." "It will hurt." "No it won't you foule." Here Kitty put a basin on the floor, pushed the girl towards it, and made her wash. Then we got her on to the bed, and both of us took a long, long look at her split. It was bleeding freely, I saw the ragged edge my intrusion had made, and not feeling inclined for more fucking gave the girl half-a-sovereign in

gold, Kitty five shillings, and went off leaving them still naked, Kitty from time to time looking at her friend's wounded orifice, and saying it would soon be all right, that her thing had bled also. I had fear that I might be in trouble through my voluptuousness, al-though a girl of twelve years is competent to judge of her own fitness for fucking, and many not a month over that age are plugged daily in London.

I had to go to the Temple that afternoon, returning along the Strand an hour afterwards, not thinking of my afternoon's amusement, for I had had a disagreeable interview with solicitors, when just at the end of C.... Street was a slight crowd, in the middle of it the two girls, and the one I had fucked an hour before crying. Some man gave her money. “Oh ! Lord”, thought I, “here is a row about what I have been doing”, so got into a cab, and drove off. When a mile away I began to reflect, and felt more comfort-able, but still uneasy, and determined not to meet them the next day as I had promised. The day after I saw Kitty walking by herself, that funked me again, so I cut away without her seeing me. Thought I, “There will be a row about that ugly little lump having been pierced, I will go no more.” But the letch was so strong that I could not resist, and on the third day driving past in a cab I saw the two girls as usual looking in at shops. Alighting I winked as I passed, heard one say, “Here he is”, and three minutes afterwards we were all in the house again.

To strip the two, and examine their cunts was an affair of five minutes, then laying the little one open-legged I looked at hers tranquilly, and saw how the slit was completed. The girl whose name I forget, but will call Poi, put her finger down, and indicated where she felt a difference had been made in the shape. I fucked the lass at the side of the bed, proping up her skinny rump with pillows, Kitty with her face about a foot off admiring the prick as it shoved in and out the little red orifice. It was a novelty to her to see it done.

Kitty was an odd girl. “Don't hurt her now”, she kept saying. The little one had objected to my probing her again with my prick, but saying I should otherwise not give her a farthing she consented. My delight was increased by the power I found I had of making her howl whenever I shoved vigorously, and I nearly knocked my prick through into her womb I imagine. The more she howled the more I banged my prick up her, the more I enjoyed her.

When it was over I asked how she had spent her money. Out burst the little animal into tears. “She made me drop it, I didn't spend any of it sir, I lost it.” “You dropped it yourself”, said Kitty. “You lie.” “I don't.” “She does”,-and so on, and I got at the facts when Kitty had vigorously slapped the face of her friend, and called her fifty times a foule.

Going into the Strand the girl had the money in her hand, Kitty

told her to put it into her pocket. She re-fused. Kitty said she would lose it, and just then she dropped it close by a sewer-grating, down which the half-sovereign went. The girl cried, the two quarrelled, and there was soon a crowd round them. Kitty said that the girl's mother had given her a half-sovereign to buy some bread with, and she had lost it. Some one gave the girl sixpence, the crowd dispersed, and Pol lost the fruits of her first fucking. Never was lost a virginity so poorly rewarded. I did not make up her loss, but gave her half-a-crown with which she was well contented. I certainly was in luck to get all this fun for such trifling sums, I being still in poorish cir- cumstances. Five years before I would have given thirty pounds for the same, and had paid two hundred for Louise.

Giving Kitty three and six, and beginning to put on my drawers she said, “Oh I do it to me, you have done it to her.” “Do you want it?” “Yes.” “Feel my cock.” Kitty grasped it eagerly, we got on to the bed, Pol watched now the graceful manipulation, insertion, and wriggles of pleasure of her friend, for Kitty was fast learning fucking, though quite innocent of the art of frigging. I never knew such a bungler as she was at her first attempt at that.

I grew tired of ugly little Pol when I had bored her a few times, and would not have her again. Kitty I continued to see, she was a most amusing girl. Too young on the town to have learnt the tricks and cunning of a harlot, naturally frank and truthful, with some liking for me (for she looked forward to our voluptuous dallyings), she gave me for a long time much amusement, and I heard the incidents of her short life. She would jabber like a magpie about them when she knew me well, which she soon did, and began to look to me regularly for her supply of money.

She used directly she caught sight of me, to walk as fast as possible towards the house, and get in before me. She was in the room waiting and grinning when I got there. “Shall I take off my things ?” “Yes.” Off they went, and on to the bed the plump white-skinned little girl rolled whilst I undressed at leisure. “Open your legs Kit, and let's see your cunt.” How she clutched my prick the moment I was by the side of her. It really was very nice.

She said, “I buy things to eat, I can't eat what mother gives us, she is poor, and works very hard, she'd give us more, but she can't; so I buys food, and gives the others what mother gives me, they don't know better, — if mother's there I eat some, sometimes we have only gruel and salt; if we have a fire we toast the bread, but I can't eat it if I am not dreadful hungry.” “What do you like?” “Pies and sausage-rolls”, said the girl smacking her lips and laughing, “oh! my eye ain't they prime, — oh !” “That's what you went gay for?” “I'm not gay”, said she sulkily. “Well what you let men fuck you for.” “Yes.”

“Sausage-rolls?” “Yes, meat-pies and pastry too.”

“What did you let the first man do it to you for?” “I don't know, he came up to me and told me he'd give me some money, if I would go to a house with him, — he only wanted to talk with me, and I was then so hungry. He took me to No. 4, just opposite here, and did it to me.” “What did he give you?” “Five shillings.” “You had never had it before?” “Never.” “I don't believe you.” “I never had, I'm only fifteen and a little, — he met me in the Strand near where you did”, she cried indignantly. “Did he but you?” “Yes, and made me bleed, — I was upset, and didn't think much about it till I got home and found my shemmy bloody. I washed it, and put it on again quite wet, so that mother mightn't know.”

As she talked she would feel my cock, every now and then raise her head to look at it, fall back again as if satisfied, and go on feeling it and talking.

She was intensely curious about my prick, would lay and examine it for half-an-hour at a time silently. One day after feeling it she asked if she might do what she liked with it. Certainly. She moved on to her knees (we were both stark naked on the bed, and had fucked not long before), and began feeling it, skinning, then covering the tip, looking under the balls and smelling it. “How smooth and red it is”, said she, — “Does that hurt?” and she rubbed her finger over the tip orifice. “A little, — wet your finger,” She did. “Shall I wet it with my tongue?” “Do.” She licked it, and bit by bit put it into her mouth, asking me occasionally if she hurt me. I laid amused with the sexual promptings of her nature. She took it out of her mouth, put it in again, then it got stiff, then she laughed. “Isn't it funny?” said she, “how smooth and red it is, — first it's flabby, then it's stiff”, — and she relinquished it, laying down across me, and contemplating it quite silently.

“Did you do that to the other gentleman?” I asked. “Oh ! no, never, — I didn't think about it, — only one on em stopped long”, — and she told me about all of their doings. She could never make out but seven, though she always asserted there were eight who had had her before me.

I did not like either cock-sucking or cunt-licking at that epoch, and stopped Kitty who was bent on stiffening it with her mouth. She had no idea however of giving me a pleasure that way, it was simply curiosity and novelty. Often she did the same thing, indeed always had a quarter of an hour at it.

I saw her about twice a week, sometimes more, it was all she could manage “in dodging her mother.” ! gave her three and sixpence each time, which made her quite happy and contented, and it was a very economical pleasure to me. She learnt much from me, in six weeks blushed at nothing, and was impatient to be fucked. “Do that

afterwards”, would she say if I dallied long in the preliminaries, then quietly, “Oh l ain't it pleasure !” she added in an artless satisfied way.

Then somehow she persuaded her mother that she might go out if fine for a little time in the afternoon, and she was let out occasionally when the mother was at home, but which rarely was the case; and then I saw the pretty lass almost daily, but always in the afternoon; and her impatience to have the pleasure of fucking became almost comical.

Chapter V

Kitty's antecedents. • The fishmonger's. • Jim the shopman. • Betty the maid. • Females in bed. • Mutual curiosity. • Letchery and frigging. • Educated in coition. • Against the kitchen-wall. • Jim in bed. • Betty's cunt washed out. • A look in the basin. • Cousin Grace, and cousin Bob. • Bob on the spree. • A scuffle. • Topsy-turvy. • Arsyversy. • Bob's semen. • A masturbating duet. • Caught in the act • Kicked out.

I questioned her many a time, and put together here consecutively what she said. She was as much pleased to gossip about it as I was.

She was the daughter of a carpenter, had been kept at home to help her mother, till six months previously to my meeting her, when growing restive, and I dare say her animal vigor inciting her to go forth into the world, she went into a situation at a fishmonger's who wanted some girl to nurse a little child, his wife being ill.

I believed she had told me most things about her-self from the time the doodle had first penetrated her: yet why had not such a big girl been put to earn her living? she said that her mother was always in the family way, or a child was ill, so she being the biggest helped at home.

But she had been in service, about all of which she told me one hot afternoon. Ice was then a luxury, they charged two pence extra for a bottle of gingerbeer iced. She was fond of gingerbeer, we had some iced with sherry, and lay on the bed drinking it as she told me her story bit by bit. This is an account of my doings, and not of tales told me by others, but I must tell her tale, for I believed every bit of it, and it is almost part of my own, and this is how it came out.

“If you never spent with a man till you did with me, you had frigged yourself.” “I never did till the gal at the fishmonger's did it to me, — we slept to-gether.” “Then you had been in service?” “Only two months, I went to mind a little child.”

The fishmonger was a little struggling tradesman, in a house with a shop on the ground-floor, and a little back-parlour, and kitchens, and a cellar below where they kept fish-baskets.

Over the shop were two rooms, one was the fish-monger's bed-room, and two bed-rooms above. The wife was confined to her bed, and her husband slept alone in the back-room which was usually the female servant's; so the servant was put into a bed on the top-floor. This maid cooked, cleaned, did everything, and had an eye as well to the shop if her Mistress was ill, and when Master and his man were out; but she could not mind the child as well. The fishmonger asked

the carpenter if he knew of a strong steady lass, the carpenter named his own girl, and Kitty went for grub, lodging, and one and six a week. She was to sleep with the maid on the top-floor over the rooms where Master and Mistress slept. The servant's name was Betty.

The fishmonger drank. A young man named Jim went with him to market, and sometimes without him if he had been very drunk over night. Jim opened the shop, harnessed the horse and cart, and every night when the Master went to bed, Jim went to the under-ground kitchen, opened a cupboard, pulled down some-thing called a bed, and slept there.

Jim was up first, and to bed but last, could not go to bed till the maid-of-all-work was out of the kitchen. Jim pissed in the sink, and made his own bed every morning as soon as he got up, which was done by turning it up somehow into the cupboard, and then he called up his Master and the maid. The privy was in the yard.

Kitty took charge of the child, and the first night as she was going to bed and took her things off Betty said, “Where is your night-gown?” “I ain't got none”, said Kitty, “I sleep in my shemmy.” Betty tossed up her head. Kitty cried. “Father's a poor man”, said she, “but he's respectable, and though I sleeps in my shemmy I am very clean, I washes all over every day, —look at my legs and my neck, — but with my first week's wages I'll buy a night-gown.”

“Never mind”, said Betty, “you are clean, and you're fat, — your dad gives you lots of grub, — don't cry, I only said, 'where's your night-gown?'—Lord you are fat for your age !—how old did you say you were ? — why what a big bum you've got for your age!”

Kitty had been staring at Betty, and the hair on the bottom of her belly. “She was so hairy”, said Kitty to me, “I had never seen a woman naked before, and the hair on her belly made me look.” Say on her cunt Kitty.” “Well on her cunt, — such lots, and so black, —I had seen gals' things, my cousins used to show me theirs, and I showed them mine to see how our hair was coming; but I did not think a woman could grow such a lot there.”

It was a cold night, the girl and the woman were in bed. “Come closer, we will be warmer.” Kitty got closer, then Bet began feeling Kitty. How smooth, how soft she was, how plump, and not quite fifteen? —what a bum, — why her thighs were quite large. “Oh ! don't mind I want to warm my hand, between your thighs, put your hand between mine, — there,-you've just a little hair coming on your thing, — feel mine, it's like the hair on your head, isn't it? — I am only twenty-five, — but when you are twenty you will have as much Kitty. Your hand is cold, put it between my thighs, we will warm each other there. What a nice little thing your cunt is”, said Betty feeling the little one's.

Soon the very first night they felt each other's flesh, Kitty wondering at the cunt and hair of the grown woman, Betty thinking perhaps of what I can only guess at. Kitty went to sleep with one hand between Betty's thighs, and awaking in the night felt Betty again who was asleep and snoring. She was a stout, big-built, fat-arsed, black-bristle-cunted woman (that is from Kitty's description), but she must have been older than she said, for the hair was thick and black in her armpits, and she had slight hair on her lips besides.

Betty got more free next night. “You've a sweet-heart, and you let him feel this little thing, — the men call it cunt.” Kitty said she had not, and had not been felt. “I know better, you let him put his cock up it.” Kitty did not. “What never been fucked? — that is what men call it, — let me feel.” “No.” Betty felt Kitty's cunt, and hurt her. “Well I don't believe you have, — you are a stupid, — it's half the pleasure of life, — feel my cunt, — give me your hand, — there your fingers are on it, — oh ! it don't hurt, you may feel right up.”

Kitty was overwhelmed and ashamed. “I did not like it, but yet I felt so curious that I let my fingers go where she placed them, and I felt all about her thing.” “Cunt Kitty.” “Well about her cunt.”

So gradually at night the elder led on the younger, by talking, feeling, and telling the little one all she knew, explaining the pleasures of fucking, the male mysteries, and male tastes and habits, although she was what was called respectable, and worked hard for her living as maid-of-all-work.

Betty pushed matters further. “I don't quite believe you are a maid, — let me look, — would you not like to look at me? — show me yours, I'll show you mine.” Curiosity to see the cunt of a full-grown woman took possession of Kit.

On Sunday Jim had a holiday, the shop was shut, Allwork cooked the dinner, then the fishmonger had grog, and went to lie down, Betty went up to clean herself, Kitty and the child went up with her then Kitty showed her cunt, and Betty showed hers. “It was big, and such lots of hair, — I'd never seen one before”, said Kitty, “she pulled it open wide, after-wards she pulled mine open, and we looked at each other over and over again. I'd seen my little sister's and cousin's, and two or three other gals' things, but they were all young; I'd never seen a big woman's.”

Kitty getting bolder asked if she had ever let a man do it to her. Yes, she had been married, and knew all about it. “You never had a child?” “Never you little fool, there are lots of ways of stopping that, —oh! I love it, I wish I had a nice young man with a big prick here. — I wish you were a man.” She took Kitty in her arms, and put her on the bed. “There, lay still on your back, open your legs, and I'll show you how a man gets on.” Kitty did. Then she pulled Kitty on to her,

and made her play the man. “There, move, — push your cunt up against mine, — up and down, — quick,—there, that's how the man moves when he is fucking till he spends, — then Lord' ain't he quiet !”

Within a week the experienced woman talking to the girl about fucking, had described its pleasures, explained its mysteries, acted and the mode and manner of the doing, until Kitty felt wild to see, feel, and act it for herself.

“Don't you ever frig yourself?” said Bet. “No.” “You know what it is?” “Yes.” Betty told of the pleasure a finger could bring her, but Kitty was not forward in sexual wants, and she had not frigged her-self or known sexual pleasure in her cunt up to that time, though she had fingered herself.

“I'll frig you”, said she. Kitty objected, but the talk of prick, of the delight of the male and female in feeling and rubbing each other upset Kitty, who was growing older, and whose animalism was perhaps rampant that night. She left a lovely sensation all over her as Bet rubbed her cunt, and she spent. Betty then took Kit's fingers, and rubbed her own cunt. “What with your fingers?” “Yes Kitty's fingers, and rubbed them on her clitoris, and frigged herself with them, Kit supposed. That same night alying sleepless under the excitement of the novel pleasure whilst Allwork snored, Kitty frigged herself. The next night they frigged to-gether. Betty said, “It's poor pleasure, — I likes a man, and you'll like a chap, — some one will fancy you soon, —you let him do it. When you have a great stiff cock up your cunt poking and poking, and poking away, — oh ! it's delicious, and you won't like frigging after that.”

One night the fishmonger was out, Kitty put the child to bed (he had the child to sleep in his bed usually). Bet and Kit were in the shop-parlour, and Jim in the shop. Betty went down to the kitchen, Jim soon afterwards told Kit to give an eye to the shop, and call him if wanted, and down he went. Kitty who had been sharpened in three weeks, who had seen Jim kissing Betty, and giving her funny pokes when he thought no one was looking, went to the kitchen-stairs, and going down a few steps slowly and peeping; saw Betty with her back up against the wall, Jim close up to her and his hands round her, and his bum moving in a funny way. She knew they were fucking, and fearful of being detected came softly into the shop again; but she made a noise. Up came Betty, the Master came home, and told Betty to go to bed, and Jim to shut up. Soon after Betty washed her cunt. That seems to have been an operation that Kitty never had seen her perform excepting on Sundays. Kitty then felt sure that she had caught Bet at the pleasant exercise, for she had heard how something thick and white came out of the man's cock, and how it was wise to wash the cunt out afterwards.

Betty seems to have been suspicious, for she began asking why she had come down the stairs. To call Jim, a customer having come—but he had gone away she replied. Betty was too clever to take that in. Did she see her, she asked. Kitty had seen her and Jim standing close up in front of her, “and he was moving about, and I told her”, said Kitty.

Kitty on being pressed said she thought they were doing what Betty had said men and women did. “Fucking me?” “Yes.” He was doing nothing of the sort, that she would swear; but they did it sometimes, for he was going to marry her soon, and after making Kitty promise not to tell, they went to sleep. “If you tell”, said the knowing older one, “you will lose your place.”

Next night Betty said, “You be quiet, Jim is going to marry me soon, only he don't wish it known, he is coming up when Master's asleep, and going to lay down by the side of me, — you sham to be asleep.” Kitty remarked, “He can't lay here all night.” No, when he had had his pleasure he would go. Kitty had fear come over her, but promised, then fell asleep, but awakened, and heard Jim say in a whisper, “She sleeps like a top.” Then was a rustling and rumpling about, and Jim cried, “Oh! cunt,” Betty said, “hush !” they kissed, sighed, and Jim crept softly away, Betty got out and washed her cunt in the dark, and found Kit was awake.

This went on for several nights, Betty had oiled the lock and hinges of the door, and when she heard the Master go up to bed, would softly open the door, and leave it ajar. When Jim had emptied his ballocks he would leave and close the door gently, Bet would light the candle, and wash her cunt. One night she said to Kitty, “Come and see the stuff that comes out of a man's prick.” Kitty jumped out of bed, saw the seminal sediment that Betty had washed out of her, and stood looking at Jim's spendings at the bottom of the wash-stand basin. “Look how thick it is”, said Bet. “We have no thick stuff, have we?” Then she felt it. “You are a beast”, said Kit. “Wait till you have a sweetheart”, said Bet.

“Why”, said I to Kit, “I asked you before if you had seen any one frig, and you said only your cousin.” “Yes”, replied she, “my cousin Grace, you didn't ask me about any one else, but I did see a young man once do it to himself”, added Kitty, “it was my cousin Bob.”

I made her tell me all about that. She had cousins male and female, one named Grace her friend, and a cousin Bob, who used to go and see them; he was a favorite of Kitty's mother, a lad of sixteen, a carpenter. Grace must have been about a year older than Kitty.

Kitty's parents lived in two rooms, and had the right to use a wash-house. I am sure from all she said they were steady working-people. The mother went out sometimes charring, leaving Kitty at

home to mind the children. She was useful at home, mended and made their linen. Grace often used to help her at needle-work.

Before Kit went to the fishmonger's she was at home one day mending, and Grace with her. Grace was always talking about what she knew, and had frigged herself before Kit. Kit had tried to frig, but got nothing but a pleasant sort of feeling, nothing approaching the luscious crisis that she felt when Betty tried her middle-finger on her clitoris. A knock at the door. “Who is there?” “Bob.” Kitty had been forbidden under pain of having her ears boxed, to let Bob or any one else in when her parents were out. “You can't come in”, she cried. “Let's in for a minute, I've got something to tell you.” “Tell me through the door.” “No they will hear upstairs.” “No.” Bob began rapping a tune with his fists on the door. Grace said, “The lodgers will tell your mother.” Bob who seems to have been a little fresh said, “Oh ! won't you be sorry”, and tramped downstairs.

A noise outside. “Why there he is again.” “Is that you Bob?” No reply. “See if it's some one else.” There was a shuffling outside. Grace got up and cautiously opened the door peeping. A big foot was thrust in, and she couldn't close it, then pushing the door wide open, and himself into the room comes Bob. Probably with the instinct of what might follow Kit had thrust the two children into the bed-room. Females are strange and cunning animals; even at an early age, cunt is always ready, always inciting, and preparing them for cock; knowing or unknowingly, whether for intrigue, or objectless, or for the delight of doing what is forbidden; cunt is always inciting the female to help the male, for “cock and cunt must come together”, as poor Fred said.

Bob was making a half-holiday, had had enough beer to elevate him, and was of an age at which a prick has a habit of getting inconveniently stiff. If you can't afford to pay for cunt, or don't know a cunt which will take you up it for love, your prick is a restless article, which will insist on the buttocks pushing it somewhere or somehow, till the stiffness is taken out of it. A frisky youth with restless cods was in the room with two girls, one of whom was also frisky, and the younger inquisitive. They got joking, he kissed them, they tickled him, till he threw himself on the floor, and rolled about as the girls tormented him, and thought they were getting the best of him. He suddenly caught hold of them both, pulled them on to the floor in a heap, one on the top of him one by his side, and holding one one way, and the second another way, managed to put his hand on to one's cunt, turned the other over, and lifting up her clothes slapped her naked backside; they struggling and crying out at the attack on their sacred privates, he fighting, overturning, and exposing the limbs of the lasses, until, as Kitty said, “he's seed all we'd got to be seen over and over again.”

This quieted Kitty and Grace. When released they called him a blackguard, and told him to go out of their room. “I'll tell my mother”, said Kitty. “Tell her”, said Bob, “tell her you saw this”, pulling out a stiff prick, “as stiff as yours”, said Kitty, who was laying at the side of the bed feeling my cock about whilst telling me.

“We turned away, then turned round, it was still out, he had got it in his hand, and was grinning. Grace said, 'Let's go to the children', and burst out laughing, so did I, because she did.” Kitty stopped her, saying, “Don't let the children see him, they may tell mother.” After a time they turned round again, the fascination of the prick was on them, both wanted to see it. Grace winked at Kitty. “Go away Bob”, said Grace, “you'll get Kitty's ears boxed if it's known you have come in.” “Don't care”, said Bob, “show me your cunts, and I will. Cocky, cunty, cocky, cunty”, he sang out, “look here, — come and feel it.”

“I don't know what you mean”, said Grace turning round again. (Kitty said that Grace told her after-wards she wanted to see as much of his thing as she could.) “Show us the crack between your thighs.” “You beast, I've a good mind to hit you”, said Grace. “Come on”, said he. “You go.” “Feel my prick first.” “I won't.” “You Kitty.” “I won't you beast.” “But”, said she, “I was curious like to feel it for all I said 'no' to him, and so was Grace.”

Bob ran at Grace, and catching her, pulled up her clothes, and felt her; then running after Kit, he did the same, the whole three were yelling, Bob with his prick out promising to go if they felt him, they frightened of the mother coming home.

They were much agitated now, the children in the bed-room were crying at the row, and both girls threatening to call the lodger upstairs. “Let me”, said he, “let me put my cock just on your naked thighs, — do, —do, — do, — only for a minute.” “Shan't you beast.” “Oh! I must do it”, said Bob, “I must,-h000”, and then sitting down on a chair, Bob closed his eyes, frigged away, and saying, “Oh! it ought to be in your ck—ck—cunt”, spent, the two girls looking at him and at the sperm jetting out on to the floor.

They stood looking, never uttered a word, and fear came over them lest Kitty's mother should come home, and catch him there with his cock out, and his sperm on the floor. “Go, there is a good young man,—mother will be home directly, — oh ! that's her footstep, — run upstairs, and wait till she's in.” Bob whose nervous system was I dare say a little shaken by his frig, but- toned up his trowsers, and ran out of the room. The girls locked the door and listened, — it was not the mother, then they began to talk.

“That's it on the floor, — that's what comes out of a man's cock when he puts it up a woman's thing”, said Grace, — it's that which gets a woman in the family way, — it's that which gives them both

pleasure when they do it together, when his thing is 'up her thing."

Grace told all she knew, that when her mother was "lying in", she once peeped through a key-hole, and saw her father frig himself. They talked of the pleas.. ure they had heard it gave the woman to have that warm injection up her. Grace frigged herself, Kitty tried but got no pleasure, they sat opposite each other on chairs, Bob's spunk still on the floor. That was the only time she had ever seen spunk till she saw Jim's in the wash-hand basin. "Should you like to see mine Kitty?" "Shouldn't I!" said she. "You shall some day", — and one day she frigged me.

Kitty was quite artless when she told me this, she had taken a liking to me, though I did not then know it, and was delighted to tell me all, it seemed quite a relief to her to do so. She had never spoken to any one else about it. To a man? she should think not, — it was not likely, and though I asked her often and often about it at times she never varied the account. I believed it implicitly, and that is why I narrate it here.

Several nights Jim served Betty so, till one night Kitty sneezed. "The girl's awake", said Jim. "Who is that?" said Kitty shamming, though she knew full well. "It's Jim, — you won't tell, will you?" said Betty. "I have told her you are going to marry me, — have I not Kit?" Jim went on tailing his mistress, but now that he knew Kit was awake he put out his hand and felt Kitty's bum whilst fucking. "Did you tell Betty that?" said I. "No", said Kit laughing.

Next night Betty who seems to have taken delight in debauching Kit, made her feel Jim's prick, she pulled her hand to it. "I thought I liked to feel, but I shammed that I did not." "Was it big?" "It seemed bigger than yours, but I didn't see it."

This went on for a fortnight or so, Kitty feeling always afraid that they would be found out, and so it came to pass. Illicit fucking in a house not your own is sure to bring trouble.

The Mistress' sister came to nurse her, and slept in her room. Betty said the sister gave a lot of trouble, and was always poking her nose where she had not business to poke it. Jim did not come up for one or two nights, he had heard some one moving either in the Master's, or in the sick woman's room. Kitty was glad of it. Jim I suppose at last randied out of his prudence one night, and Betty reckless for want of fucking, told him to come, and up he came. Then a violent knock at the door came just as he was fucking Betty.

"Who is that?" "Me." "Wait a minute sir." "Open it, or I will break the door open." "Wait sir, I'm not dressed." In came the door with a crash. Jim was just by the bed, Kitty standing by Betty, for both got up. At the door was the Master and his sister-in-law. "You damned whoring bitch", said the Master to Betty, "at day-light out you go from

my house."

The sister-in-law turned down the bed, looked at it, and then at Kitty. "Please Maam it's no fault of mine", said Kit. "You dirty little hussy, why did you not tell what was going on, — your father shall hear of this." "Dress yourself", said the fishmonger to Betty. "Leave them alone till the morning", said the sister-in-law", — and both left the room. Jim half-dressed, without speaking a word, had crept down-stairs whilst the talk was going on. The Master did not speak to him at all.

"They will sack us both", said Betty. Kitty began to cry. "You are a fool, there are lots of places. I hope old Vinegar-Chops liked the look of it", said Betty lifting up the towel (there were the drippings from Betty's cunt on it), — I dare say the sour-faced beast knows what it is, — don't you cry, you will get a living if your father does turn you out, any girl can so long as she has a good face, and something warm between her thighs." That was Betty's comfort to Kitty.

After breakfast the Master put Betty outside the door, Kitty's mother was sent for, who boxed her cars all the way home, and the father knocked her down when he came home. "If I thought you'd turn a whore", said he, "I'd murder you." She told her mother the truth entirely, but only got her ears boxed still more, — she should have told her Master, the mother said. After this she was again kept at home, a short time after her father died, her mother changed her quarters, keeping her indoors to take care of the children, and had no idea that her daughter was getting fucked to enable her to buy sausage-rolls, as well as for the pleasure of having a male.

Chapter VI

Sausage-rolls, and consequences. • Kitty's home. • The little ones. • A saucy cabman. • Catamenia. • Fucking economies. • Changing money. • Pol and the bargee. • Kit implicated. • A black eye and bruised rump. • A little boy's cock. • Preparation for travel. • Kit's regret. • Bessie in tears. • Amusements abroad. • Home again. • Kitty a strumpet. • An evening at B.w Street. • Kitty's eight months doings.

One day I took some sausage-rolls to the baudy house, she clawed hold of one directly. “Ain't they prime !” said she, and never ceased till she had finished them all—such a lot, — then she turned pale. “I must go home”, she said. “Why?” She began putting on her things. “What is your hurry?” “I can't wait.” “Are you ill?” “Yes, — yes, — I must go.” “Then I won't pay you.” “I'm not well.” “How,-you want to go to the privy!” “I do”, said the girl hanging her head. I rang the bell, told the woman to show the lass where to ease herself. When she came back I could not get her to look me in the face, and thinking of her operation gave me a distaste for her that day, so I let her go without doing anything. Ridiculous that of course, but I tell things just as they occurred.

When it rained, and she could not meet me, how angry she was. “If I buy an umbrella mother will wonder where I got it.” Once she nearly got wet through, and I did not see her that time, because I did not expect her to be out.

She told me where she lived, and I arranged that if it rained I would go to the front of the house in a cab. I did that once only, and the cabman insolently demanded about five times his fare when I got down at E.... r Street, saying I had enticed a young girl into the cab. “Yer haught to be glad to be let orf with ten bob”, said cabby, “think yerself lucky a peeler don't drop on you for taking a young gal like that, — yah ! you're a swell, ain't yer ? — yah !—yah !—poop !” — and off he drove.

She began to deplore her poor dress, bought a pair of white stockings, and I kept them for her, because she was afraid of taking them home. “Oh ! ain't I kept under”, said she, “I hate it, — I have a good mind to bolt.” “Then you will turn gay.” “Well I would like to dress nice, and do as I like, instead of minding children and working.” I persuaded her not.

“Have you had no other man but me for the last two months?” “Only one, she said, “but I'm never out if it rains, and I can't get out of nights cause of mother, and I wash and mend, — so how can I?” “I'll go and ask for some one else at your room, to see if you're in or not.” “Do, — if I don't open the door, mother will, on Monday I'll take the

brats into the Waterloo road for a walk." She did, and I saw he How short her clothes were! a carman as he passed stooped down, and gave her legs a pinch. Her mother was at home.

The girl grew fast, each week she seemed bigger than the week previously, the sausage-rolls agreed with her, the hair on her cunt lengthened, — she was so pleased when I remarked it, — her desire was to have as much hair on her quim as Betty had. Then she began to get heavy, dull, and drooping. One day I had her on the side of the bed, just for variety sake, for sometimes I found it delightful to see my prick up to its roots in her, and the next instant its tip. Her cunt felt very wet, looking at my half-uncunted prick it was covered with blood. I pulled it out, a red stream followed running all over her chemise. I had never seen such a sight before when fucking, and only once I think since, though I have poked women in that state.

"What is the matter?" said I startled for the moment, "you're poorly?"

"Oh !" cried out the girl, "I must go to mother, — oh! let me go." I tried to comfort her, she took no notice of me, but dressed and ran out of the house quickly, white with terror and without her money. That night I had Brighton Bessie, and told her about it. Bessie said the dirty little bitch ought to be flogged by the hangman; if she had her way all such young bitches should be sent to prison, and the men who had them ought to be punished as well.

Kit's first poorliness had come on, that accounted for her dullness, she had no idea of what was taking place in her, her mother had not warned her. Of course, the girl knew of the ailment common to her sex, but her monthlies had taken her by surprise. I never knew a girl more unaffectedly modest than Kitty was the next time she met me after her accident, as we called it.

Said she one day, "Give me a sovereign for this silver (savings out of the money I had given her), I don't know where to put it, it jingles in my pocket, I am afraid of dropping it, and mother finding it out." She had put it in a crack between the skirting and the inside of a cupboard lining as near as I could make out, until it was a pound's worth. "What a pity I can't buy some nice clothes, is it not?" said she. Poor Kitty was amusing, but I saw she was brewing mischief after she had had her monthlies, or was what she called "a full woman." Several times as she took my money she said it was no good to her, as she could only buy things to eat. She was getting restless. When I told her I should be in the Strand one day, if it were not wet. "Oh ! do come, if it's wet or not, — I will meet you." "But your mother?" "Don't care,-if she says anything I'll tell her I'll run away."

Said she one day, "Hasn't Pol got it? her mother has nearly murdered her, — oh ! Lor she is bruised all over." Then she told me

that the little dark girl I had had was caught in the privy with a man, — oh ! such a big un, he is much taller than you, — she was standing on the privy-seat with her legs wide open, and he was trying to do it to her." The mother had suspected, had the little imp watched, and caught the man in the act. "How he could do it I don't know", said Kit, "but he is a bargeman, — such a big man l—and the little beast stood on the privy-seat too." Kitty was scandalized at that.

It was some days before I saw her again, then she was slovenly and had a black eye, and began to cry. "It's mother", she sobbed, "look here." She pulled off her things, and showed me wales and bruises. "Mother did it", said she sobbing, "my bottom's bruised, — she held me down, and hit me with a brush, —look", said Kitty turning up her lily-white arse for me to see. Her young friend who had not long before had my prick up her cunt, and then the bargeman's, had sought to excuse herself by saying Kitty was as bad. Mother told mother, Kitty was battered by her mother, and had been locked up, there had been row after row, till Kitty would not eat, nor wash, nor mend, — she fought her mother, she threatened to run away, and to turn gay. Said the mother, "Your father always said you would, he would turn round in his grave if he knew what you are saying.

"I made my brother's cock stiff", said she one day as she was playing what we called cherry-bob with my prick. i.e. taking the tip in her mouth when it was limp, and shooting it out again, just as you see children do with cherries. "Your little brother?" "Yes, — I washed him, pulled it backwards and forwards, as if I were washing him, so that he should not know what I was about." "Did it get stiff?" "Quite, and he seemed to like it", said she, "he asked me to go on doing it."

During all this time I had occasionally seen Bessie, for a youthful cunt never did give me full physical enjoyment, nor fetch me like a full-grown one, al-though as an occasional letch it was delicious. After her monthlies had arranged themselves I fancied Kitty was more luscious, and her discharge more copious, yet I often used to think of the spanking posteriors and full crisp-haired cunt of Bessie whilst operating on Kit. A light-haired quim I also never liked, it was the artlessness, frankness, and freshness of Kitty which kept me to her so long.

I was going abroad. When I told Kitty this she broke into tears. "Oh I what shall I do !—don't go", said she. The little lass was fond of me; a thing I never had dreamed of. She promised me to go to service, and leave off fucking; but she never did.

Then I told Bessie, and she began to cry, and said, "It's always the way, — directly I like a man I lose him." I thought she was shamming, but the last night I had her, she would take no money, said if I gave it to her, she would throw it into the streets.

Glad to be from England, alone, — alone, I hoped to be sent to but got no further than There I had women enough. All women there were examined by medical men weekly, just as they are at

and many a fine Spanish woman, and coarse but well-built English woman I had for half-a-crown a piece. I was recalled after seven months, and within a few days was in the Strand, but saw no Kitty until one night in early Summer. “Oh ! it's you, — I'm so glad”, said a female. It was Kitty, delighted. I did not know her for the instant, but in ten minutes we were fucking. How glad she was to see me; she was a well grown young woman, and lovely, her breasts were well developed, her calves and bum as well, al-though she was not seventeen.

She had quarrelled with her mother, left, and set up as harlot. It was wonderful what harlotry had done in giving her taste in dress, deportment, style of walking, and even in language. She had learned the value of her cunt, it was no longer three and six, but twenty shillings. “I don't want your money”, said she, “let's talk of old times.” We spent several evenings together. One man almost kept her, she thought he was going to keep her altogether, and hoped so.

I had taken her to the house in B . w Street, quietly there we talked all things over; we laughed over the affair of Pol and the coal-heaver, the sausage-rolls, the lost ten shillings, the afternoon her poorliness came on. “So you are gay, — do you like the life?” She really did, got lots of money, and now kept her mother who had been disabled by rheumatic fever. I saw her daily for a week or two afterwards, and we fucked to our hearts' content. Her motte was delicately hairy now, and of dark golden colour, slightly brownish. Then I went to the sea-side. When I came back to London, looking for her everywhere, I could not find her, and though I longed for her very much, was obliged to render myself happy with others.

To complete her history I must go forward two or three years when I had been madly in love with a gay woman as I shall tell, but had quarrelled with her for presuming on my love, and resolutely abstained from seeing her, doing however great violence to my affection and inclination. I used to go to the baudy house in J. . .s Street (not yet mentioned), and cry to its Mistress who would ask me to let her send to the lady of my affection (Miss M. . .$), — but of this more presently.

After reading over this part of my narrative relating to Kitty written full thirty years ago, I add these few words.

My secret life was written for my own pleasure, and to be a narrative of what I myself saw and did, and nothing else. I have pretty well adhered to that, but my fun with Kitty took place within a few years after I began to write, and describe the amatory episodes as

leisure inclined me, and as they seemed to me unusually amusing or illustrative. I arranged them in order afterwards. Nothing at that time had been so piquant in my acquaintance with harlots as Kitty's had been. I had not then had much to do with lasses as young as she was, the novelty therefore I suppose made me write out her narrative intermixed with my own, at the length it has reached.

Besides Kitty was really quite original, her freshness, frankness, and truthfulness impressed me much, and after much experience since in the ways of frail ones, I believe now that what she told me was mainly true, and am sure she was delighted to get a confident in me, to whom she could unbosom herself unreservedly.

Chapter VII

Brighton Bessie. • Change irresistable. • Bessie in quod. • Lewd effects. • Spooning. • Her home. • Her cabman. • Reflexions. • Two years after. • Five years later on. • The mouse's promenade. • Bessie disappears.

I met in the Strand one night Bessie, who put her arms round me. I repulsed her, she saw her mistake, and followed me to a baudy house. Inside she began kissing me excitedly, and said she was so glad to see me back, that she did not know what she was about. It was not our usual house, I was in a hurry, so after I had fucked her was going away. “What one fuck only!—you have not had me for a year nearly, — I'm damned if you go till you have given me another, — that dear old prick, I've thought of it fifty times when I have been poked.” So I fucked her again, and after-wards resumed seeing her, for she was much to my taste sexually. I had many voluptuous amusements with her which she liked and invited, although I have no recollection of playing any of those curious erotic tricks which gratified me later on in life, nice attitudes being then for the most part enough for me. My balls were running over with sperm in those days, and if I could control myself for a few minutes when my prick was stiff, it was as much as I could do. Bessie was full-blooded, and loved to take her fucking with me. kissing me furiously as her pleasure came on. We used again to pass hours at the house in B. w Street, reading, drinking, talking, and copulating at intervals.

Yet I went after other women for all that, for fresh cunt was irresistable. Once when I had been away I missed her for a few days, then I saw her coming out of a public-house. “Oh! I'm so glad, — I've been locked up, — it's a damned shame”, she cried out, “I was marched off without having said a word by a policeman, — blast him !—and all because I would not let the bugger fuck me one night up in Street, — I'd never let a policeman touch me, — damn them all.” She spoke loud to a man and two or three sympathizing women, a mob began to gather round her, so noisy was she.

I turned as quickly as I could up a side-street, she following me. “Oh ! come my dear, come, — how glad I am to see you, — I did nothing but think of you whilst I was locked up, — oh ! God I'm dying for a fuck, — a whole fortnight I've not had it, and I did nothing but think of you when I frigged myself.” There was a roar of laughter from half-a-dozen women who had followed her. “Shut up”, said some one. “Ain't she a letting out!” said another. “Ain't you ashamed of yourself?” said a third. “It's one of her men”, said another. “She is a nice woman”, said some one else. “It was a damned shame”, said

another. “I know him”, said a voice, “he wants every woman in the Strand, and if he don't get them he walks them off.” “Yes the bugger.” “She is just out.” “Yes, and he quodded Mary Summers last night.” “And he is a married man with a large family”, — and so on. I felt overwhelmed, and inclined to run away. She turned into the first house which had a door open, and I was glad when the friendly red-curtained door closed be-hind me, she galloping upstairs in front of me, showing her fat calves. I followed Bessie into a bed-room.

“Five shillings”, said the woman to me. “It's all right, you go, — he's an old friend of mine, — don't bother”, said Bessie pushing the servant out of the room, and slamming the door, then throwing her bon-net on a chair she caught hold of me, gluing her lips to mine, feeling at my trowsers front she cried out, “Let's fuck, — come and fuck me, — I'm dying for you, —a fuck from you, — oh! put your prick up.” She had got it out, threw herself on the bed opening her thighs wide, and showing her cuntal beauties, calliing on me to fuck her. I mounted her immediately, it was impossible to withstand her randy impetuousity; contagious lewdness coursed through my veins.

“Oh! my God”, said she as my prick drove home, “I'm coming, — oh ! my God, — fuck, — fuck, — oh ! I'm spending, — oh l my darling, — fuck, — spend, — oh !—oooh !” I never had a woman in a higher state of randiness, she would not let me go till I had fully eased her passions, she lavished expressions of love and tenderness on me. “Don't pull it out, — there dear, there, — lay still on me, I'll keep it up, it will be stiff again, — there it's stiff now.” I stopped with her some hours. A policeman on the beat she said, had taken a fancy to her, had asked her to let him do it to her up against the dark wall at the back of E. . . .r H. .l. She would not, he threatened, still she refused, so he took her to the station one night on the plea of her annoying gentlemen, and the magistrate gave her a fortnight in prison. She had come out that very day, and was rather tight. In a few weeks Bessie got more and more friendly. I was the first to leave, and she to ask what was my hurry. When I thought I had been detaining her too long for my moderate compliment, she would say, “Oh! never mind, I'll make ten shillings do, — I'm not in debt, — before the theatres are over I dare say I'll get engaged.” It was impossible to avoid seeing she was getting affectionate. She would sit or lay talking, feeling, or kissing me for hours, whilst her expressions of pleasure when I was stirring up her vitals equalled those of any woman who has ever loved me or enjoyed my embraces.

One night I was charged twice for the room, for stopping long, and said something about not being able to afford it. That brought forth a proposition, one of the most curious I ever had in my life.

Said she, “It's a lot of money to spend on the rooms, — come to

my rooms; they would be too humble for you, but they are clean and nice, — drop me a line, and I will always be at home, — and you would be more comfortable than at these houses, and have no-thing to pay." Then after hesitation, and as if reflecting, she said she lived in the New North road where she had either a small house or rooms in one, I don't quite recollect which. "It's paid for by a friend of mine, he gives me ten shillings a week. Now don't think little of me because I tell you this, — he is only a cabman, he sleeps with me nearly always, he's a nice clean, steady man, and behaves well to me; but I don't like him since I've known you. You can come when you like, and sleep with me when you like, — I'll give him up, he shall never come near me again, and I'll always be there for you, — you will see what a large comfortable bed I've got, — but you must pay for the rooms, I must feel sure of a roof over me, — I don't care about anything else, — then you can see me when you like, give me what you like, — nothing if you have not got it, — I don't want your money, I'll get that as I now do."

She said all this in a humble way looking at me, tears half filled her eyes, her tone was sad; it was in its way a clear but simple declaration of affection for me. I saw it, felt it, but shunned it; for a strange dislike to a gay woman loving me came over me, some sort of undefined idea that I should be a species of fancy-man, a man whom I always thought at that time was a baudy house bully; and the offer of Bessie op-pressed me.

I told her she was very kind, that I appreciated it, but it was a long way off, — I would not think of it, — I did not wish her to give up a friend for me, — that there were obstacles to my accepting which I could not tell her of, and so on. I scarcely knew what to say in refusing without wounding her feelings.

"I am sorry I told you, for you won't think as much of me as you did, it's the simple truth, — you don't believe me? — only come up and see me." But I could not then think of displacing a cabman, I d d not even like to think of my prick having taken its pleasure in the cunt which had wriggled the prick of a cabman. My experience in life might have told me, had I thought about it, that the possibility was that my prick might have rubbed up the same channel that a burglar's had. I only saw that I was asked to displace a common man in the affection of a street-doxy, I appreciated the affection which prompted the offer of exchange, felt gratified and sorry at the same time, especially when I saw tears in the poor woman's eyes.

I again said I would if it were not such a long way off, but perhaps I would, and so on. I never did go to her house, but saw her from time to tame, until I fell madly in love with a lady of pleasure and would have given almost my life for her to have loved me. So

Bessie was avenged, for I had fallen in love with a doxy after all.

When this infatuation occurred I ceased seeing Bessie. Then in my trouble a year or two afterwards I sought her again, and told her my trouble. “Ah! you would not love me when I was fond of you, but you love her, and she plays on it, — don't you let her fool you”, said Bessie, “she has got a man, — all you give her he will get, I know it from what you tell me.” Bessie was right, but Sarah after a time as I shall tell, did not deceive me about the matter.

Then I missed Bessie for a year or two, then found her again in the Strand, she was much altered. “I don't think I ever liked a man to fuck me as I do you”, said she one night as she enjoyed me, “if you had but come up to my little home you would have saved me a lot of trouble.” But I could not get out of her what she meant by that.

Full five years afterwards, when roaming about not far from the Haymarket one night I met her, and scarcely knew her. She stopped short, “You Bessie!” “Ah ! yes it's Brighton Bessie, but I'm sadly altered, sure enough.” “And you knew me?” “Know you !—I should know you by your eyes, if I saw nothing more of your face but your eyes, — I should know you to the last day of your life”, said she. She was always talking about my eyes. She had seen me several times, but had not dared to accost me she said. I told her she always might.

I took her to what had become my favorite baudy house. It was a hot night, and we fucked on the sofa. She had become flabby, and said she had ill health, but I could glean nothing from her about her career, excepting that for some years she had not been gay. We stripped naked, and had just finished fucking her on the sofa when I felt something running over my legs, bum and back over my shoulder, on to hers. It was instantaneous. Then I saw a mouse which had run over us, and went fast up the wall into some red curtains where it was lost, — it made her shudder, and me too. That is one of the odd events by which I shall always recollect the last time I had Brighton Bessie. “You won't see me again I dare say”, said she in a plaintive tone, and a tear in her eye as we parted. I said I dare say I should. “No you won't, — good bye dear.” With a sigh the poor woman left me, and I never saw her again.

It was whilst I was frequenting Bessie, and occasion-ally other doxies that the following adventure occurred.

I was frequently now at my mother's house, my brother was away, and both my sisters married. I used to stop with her for days together, finding that a re-lief from home misery, and also agreeable company to her, who was now so much alone. I also at times stopped with one of my sisters whose husband I liked; the other lived some distance from London.

Chapter VIII

Washerwomen. • Matilda and Esther. • A peep over a wall. • Eaves dropping. • A girl's wants. • Shaking a tooleywag. • A promenade by a barrow. • Disclosures. • A snatch and a scuffle. • An assignation.

I went to see my mother one day in Summer, and after luncheon walked to the end of the garden often mentioned. At one side of it was a road which gave access to a gentleman's house, and on the other to my mother's. There the carriage-road stopped, and a foot-path began. At the junction was a mews wide enough for a cart, which ran at the end of our garden and those adjoining. Our entrance to it had been disused, we having one in the side-wall opening on to the road, and the neighbours rarely used their back-entrances. The mews was grass-grown. On the opposite side to our garden-walls was the wall of very large grounds. A gate not locked, formed of open bar was at the end of the mews next to the road.

The footpath mentioned passed between walls of large gardens, and the between fields, until it joined a road on the other side of which was the village church-yard, through which the footway passage continued till again a high-road intervened. This continuous footway formed a short cut to a distant part of the parish. It was not much used excepting on Sundays, and by lovers who walked there on summer nights. I had found out years before that the mews at the back of our house was an occasional pissing-place, it being round the corner, and out of sight. I used to peep over the wall in hopes of seeing a female at that operation, mounting to do so by the gardener's ladder. When I saw a woman piddle it was great delight to me, but I more frequently saw men whose cocks had no attraction for me. On Sunday nights after church, the splash and rustle of petticoats could be heard, but not seen; the sight was however rare at any time, for few people had the boldness to push open the gate, and enter the mews.

I never saw copulation, the greatest fun I had was once seeing a female bogging, who turned round and gathered two or three of the largest leaves from the lime-trees in our gardens which overhung the wall, wiped her arse with them, and left them sticking on the top of her turds; but she never noticed a youth peeping just over her head. One reason why I was never detected watching was that women always turned their bums to our wall, and so I was at the back of them. Charlotte and I have both looked over the wall.

The wall was mostly covered with our ivy, which fell down in thick masses on the mews side; lime-trees at intervals completed the

screen. Any one peeping down from above could be sufficiently hidden if he put his head carefully above the wall at places, and pushed aside the boughs. On the day I speak of, I walked round the garden thinking of old times, of how Charlotte and I used to see if the cook was talking to the gardener before we began our amourous play, of the pranks Fred and others played there, and all the occurrences of my youth, which had taken place in the house and garden.

The gardener was away. I thought I would look over the wall; so placing the ladder got up, and looking down saw two girls sitting on the handles of a barrow on which were baskets filled with linen. One looked about sixteen, the other a little older. It was a dreadfully hot day, the barrow was at the angle of the mews. They were talking, and I moved the ladder to get a place nearer to them and not to be seen; for to watch and hear women who thought themselves unobserved and unheard, was always a delight to me. If you ever hear two women talking on amorous subjects, their disclosures you will find are always charming to a man.

At the angle of our garden, and just where the road joined the mews, a large notice-board had been put up for some purpose since I had lived there; it was just outside and higher than our wall. Between the back of it and the wall was a space of a few inches. Our ivy had grown up it at places, and filled up most of the space, but enough was left at the angle to let me look down on the barrow which was just outside the mews-gate, out of the way of what small traffic there was, the gate of the mews being wide open. Then of all my eaves dropping I have never yet heard anything so amusing as I did then. The air was solemnly quiet in the hot summer's afternoon and though the girls spoke quite softly, I heard them well.

“I should like to feel what it is like”, said the youngest whose face was towards me. There was a mixture of fun, audacity, curiosity and lewdness on that girl's face. “Hish l some one will hear you”, and something else I could not hear, said the other. “Fuck—there then”, said the young one saucily and laughing. The older gave her a slap. “Now you may take the things home alone, — I won't help.” “If you don't I'll tell mother.” “Don't care.” “Yes you do,-what did you say it for?” “Didn't you say it?” “I didn't bawl it out you fool.” “Fuck, — there, — there”, said the younger going off. “There it may stay then”, said the older angrily, and she moved also off round the corner. They were both out of sight in a second, but I heard their voices quarrelling, the barrow and clothes-baskets were unattended just outside the mews-gate.

A labouring man came along in the opposite direction. Seeing the barrow he stood and looked round in all directions, turned into the mews, and I think he was going to steal, but thought better of it. I had

peeped quite round the board, but had dropped into the old place again, the man turned to the wall, and pissed just under me, his head turned, and looking at the clothes-baskets all the time, then he drew the fore-skin fackwards and forwards when he had finished, till his prick was standing, an article any man might have been proud of; he played with it, and might have been going to frig himself had he not been interrupted.

The girls came back round the corner just then still wrangling, they stopped as they came on the man, who turning round shook his tooleywag at them, and moved out of sight, but not out of my hearing. “This is the sort of thing that would please you”, said he wagging it. “Go along you beast, I'll call a policeman.” “You wouldn't call out if it was up your cunt”, — and he walked off laughing. The girls were quiet for an instant, and then laughed. “Hish !” said one, “he is not gone.” The other looked round the corner, and said he had; then they laughed loudly.

“Was it not big!” “Did you see it?” “Yes, and stiff, — ha—ha—ha.” “He—he—he.” “It looked as if it would split any one”, said the little one who sat down on the barrow-handle again. “Sarah says the bigger it is the better it is”, said the other, and then they laughed. “Hush !” said the bigger one, “some one may hear us.” Turning her rump to the wall she pissed just where the man had. The little one did the same, then off they went, one trundling, the other holding the baskets steady. They took the heavy work in turns I found.

I rushed to the house, then out, and followed the girls, a desire to show them my prick was on me. As I followed my intentions cooled, fearing they might tell a policeman. I had not the experience then that I now have, or should have feared nothing of the sort, for girls tell no one but each other if they see a man's prick. I overtook them in the church-yard (they were resting again on the barrow-handles), and entered into conversation with them, delighted at their demure faces, knowing that they had just seen a prick, that one had said “fuck”, and that I had seen both piss. A notion of getting the younger one by herself restrained me from blurting out what was in my mind, but my delight really was in looking at, and talking with them, thinking that fucking might and probably was in their mind at the moment I accosted them.

They were coarse, middle-sized, well-fed, sturdy-limbed, dark-eyed wenches, unmistakeably sisters. Excepting for one being shorter than the other you would scarcely have known there was a difference in their ages; both had bare arms, one had her frock well pinned up behind over her petticoats, both had short petticoats, thick ankles and strong boots, a washer-woman was then not ashamed of showing what she was, and they always wore dazzling white stockings, —and these

girls did. I asked where they lived, they answered readily. I knew the lane well, all the washer-women in the village were there.

In my lewdness I forgot everything but the pleasure of speaking to the girls. A middle-aged lady passed us accompanied by two or three very young women, who stared hard at me. The barrow-girls stood up and curtsied as they passed, and naming them. I knew them, and a few years before had romped and played with the young ladies, then children. The last time I had seen them there was not a hair on any one of their cunts; I expect that now their cunts were full-wigged, and well frigged into the bargain. They had recognized me, as I heard from my mother afterwards, I did not recognize them, they having grown from children to women. I was seated on the barrow-handle as they passed.

“So you wash?” “No, their mother did, they ironed, took home, and fetched the things. What was their name? — would they meet me? and so on. They would perhaps, — where did I live ? — they did not know me. Getting friendlier and friendlier I learned all about them, it was done in a joking, chaffing way. I told them I lived far off, and was only on a visit at a house dose by.

They must go on really, — would I get up? No, unless they gave me a kiss. I chivied one after the other, and caught and kissed both, they were not difficult to catch. Then they trundled on the barrow, I walking with them, the people we met (very few) staring at a dandy walking by the side of two washgirls; but I took no heed then of any one who passed us, nor cared.

We crossed the high-road into another part of the lane, and again we stopped; more and more randy got I. “What do you thing of, when you iron the tail of a man's shirt?” “Nothing.” “You know it wraps round something different from that which a chemise does.” “Does it?” said the little one who had twice the cheek of the elder. “Yes, — it makes you think when you iron them.” No it did not, — what did I mean? — they did not know in the least.

(What delight some girls have in their randiness in declaring they don't understand a man's baudy chaff, the “What do you mean?” “I don't understand” are only incitements to the man to declare his meaning in broad, strong, baudy words; and then it's, “Oh ! oh ! the beast!” but their cunts tighten with a squeeze of lust, they go off and think of it all, and perhaps frig themselves under the recollection. But this is a reflection the result of matured experience, and was not written at the time this part of my narrative was.)

They turned up the high-road, and at their earnest request I fell behind, they left the linen at a house, and brought back other baskets, then I recommenced chaffing. When we were in the lane bounded on one side by a wall, on the other by a ditch and corn-field. They

stopped and begged me to go, for so many people knew them on the road. Prudence told me we had better separate, but my mind full of the idea of getting the younger girl, I asked them to have a drink. “No, —they would be seen. Would they meet me? Yes. When? They could not say, — but I had their address.

I am not clear why, but up till then I had not said what I had heard and seen, but I kept it to myself, although dying to let it out. I again sat at the edge of the barrow, and refused to get up till they both kissed me. They could not go without the barrow, and after a little sham I kissed them both. Then the devil took all control off of me, and as I kissed one I felt outside her till she wriggled away from me. This in the open lane.

“Now”, said she, “Mr. Impudence, I've a good mind to slap your head for doing of that.” “I'm sure you liked it”, — and I went towards her. She ran ahead, and took up a stone. “I'll heave this at you”, said she looking as if she meant it. I desisted, and went back to the barrow, “What's he done?” said the sister who had been standing a little distance off. “I'll tell you bye and bye, — come on. The younger began to handle the barrow, but I sat down on a handle, some one came along. “You will do us harm”, said one of the girls.

“Tell your sister what I did.” “Shan't, — get up.” I then, forgetful of my intention, blurted all out, imitating their voice and manner. “Fuck, hish ! some one will hear”, — a slap. “Fuck, — there then.”

The younger stood like a statue, her mouth opened wide, her lower jaw almost seemed dropping off; the elder stared at me, her eyes nearly out of her head. “Sarah says the bigger it is the better she likes it.” Their faces got blood-red, they stared at each other, then one said, “I wish you'd get up, and let me have my barrow.”

“I saw you both piddle”, then I looked up and down the lane in both directions, I was bursting. “Look”, said I pulling out my prick, “it's as thick and stiff as his, isn't it?” No one was in sight still.

“I wish there was a policeman”, said the elder, “oh! you beast,— we'll tell the police.” One appeared just then in the lane, but the girls appeared to be in no hurry to tell him, but I rose, they wheeled off the barrow as fast as they could, I walking with them. I was a little afraid of the policeman.

We had got to a spot where the lane was crossed by a village-road in which were many good houses. “Oh ! pray leave us, we go down here, we have customers in the road.” “Will you meet me?” “Yes, — but don't follow us.” I did not want to be seen, so we parted, after some arrangements about meeting.

Chapter IX

Returning home. • In the church-yard. • Two female laborers. • Among the tombs. • A sudden piss. An arse on the weeds. • Torn trowsers, and a turd. • In front of the public-house.

They went off, I crossed the road into the church-yard, through its posts at the entrance to prevent cattle passing, and over which with difficulty the girls had got their barrow and baskets. It was a huge church-yard, half of it mere field; at one end the rich were buried, and there were rows of tombs and monuments, the rest was only partially filled with tomb-stones of all sizes. As I entered it two women passed me; they were tall, stout, and dusty, had very short petticoats, and thick hob-nailed boots, dark-blue dresses hung over big haunches, little black shawls no larger than handkerchiefs over their backs. They had big black bonnets cocked right upon the tops of their heads, and seemed women who worked out of doors, agricultural laborers perhaps, or perhaps the wives of bargemen, for there was a canal through the village. They had the strong steady walk, and the body well balanced from the hips that you see in woman engaged in out-door occupations; perhaps they carried strawberries to the London markets in large baskets on their heads, and they walked as firmly as soldiers.

They went past me towards the monuments, both looked at me, and they quickened their pace as they went off. I was dying with want of a fuck. “They are going to piss”, I thought. I knew the spot. We when boys, and I when a youth years before, had laid in wait to see nursemaids and their little charges turn up among the tombs to ease themselves, so I stopped and looked after them.

They heard my footsteps cease, turned round, looked at me, and walked on again. I followed slowly, they walked slower, so did I; they stopped, so did I; one turned round. “Well young man, what do you want following us?” This abashed me for the instant, but my prick standing gave me confidence.

“You are going to piddle, and so am I.” They burst out laughing, then checked themselves, and one said, “Well I'm blessed if you ain't well cheeked young man.” “Arn't you?” “It's no business of yourn what we're a going to do, — go your way, and we'll go ours.” “I'll piddle by the side of you, — I like doing it where a woman does it”, I replied. I was baudily reckless now.

“I'm damned !—did you ever hear such cheek I—go on young man, — or let us.” On they went, I fol-lowed; they stopped, so did I; they muttered together half-laughing, and turning their heads round every minute, — and I went on chaffing about piddling.

They had got to a spot where there was a break in the row of tombs, and a length of turf with grass a foot high, burnt up, and almost made hay in the summer sun. “I'd give each of you a shilling to piss before me”, said I. They had turned into this cross-passage between the tombs, and one could see them from the footpath through the church-yard.

“Oh ! Lord”, said one before I had got the words out of my mouth, “I can't wait”, — and squatting she began pissing whilst I made my offer, and laughing said, “Well if ever I heard the like, — well young man, give it, — I'll never be paid again for getting rid of my water, I'll bet, — you do it Sarah.” Sarah said, “I shan't.” “Don't be a fool, take his bob.” The other looked at me, the splash of the other woman's piddle fell on her ear. When any one wants to piss, and hears another doing it, the desire to piss becomes strong. Down Sarah squatted laughing, and her splash began, before the other had finished pissing.

I wanted to piss, but the rigidity of my prick pre-vented me; it wanted to evacuate its sperm before it got rid of the thinner liquid. I pulled it out in front of their faces as they squatted side by side, stiff and red-tipped; it throbbed, and knocked up and down in its randiness under every effort I made to turn on the water. One said I was a blackguard. “I want a fuck so bad, — let me have you, — I'll give you five shillings.” To which of the two I don't know, for I had no choice, one cunt was as good as another to me at that moment, and I pushed my prick towards one of them, who laughing put it aside with her hand.

“There is a chance for you”, said one to the other (they were both up then). “What do you take me for young man?” said the other, “if my man were here he'd knock your bloody head off.” But both stood looking at my prick and me. I kept on asking, and offering the money, — no one would see us, — one could watch, — and so on.

“Do you live about here?” said one. “No, I am going to see a friend at ....” (naming a place about two miles off.) “Weren't you never up here before?” “Never in my life, — here is your shilling”, — and I gave it her. “Here is yours.” She would not take it. “Take it Molly.” She took it. “Oh! let me have you”, said I selecting that one now for my addresses.

“This is a bloody lark”, said she, “what do you take us for young man?” “Let me fuck you.” Both stood still looking at me and my prick. “Some one will catch us”, said one moving out from the tombs, and looking up and down the pathway to see if any one was near, and then came back. I had got close to the other. “Now Molly”, said one anxiously, “what are you about?” “Oh! he's made me all overish.” “Well if you'd been three months away from your old man as I have,

there would be some excuse." "Never mind, — you won't blab, — you stand there, and call if you see any one." "The grave-digger will catch you." "No I saw him right over by the church." "Come away." "No, — you go and watch." And so we talked for a few seconds, but I never put my prick out of sight.

"Well", said the other moving out of sight into the narrow path between the monuments, "you'll get into a mess." "No I shan't, — I'll let him for the lark of the thing."

The instant she had gone round the corner the selected one laid hold of my prick. "Do it quick, — some one may come", said she as she grasped it. "Lie down". "No I won't, — it's ditry." "No it's dry, — the grass is quite hay." I stripped off my coat, made it in-to a bundle, and placed it for her head. "There, — there", I said, and pulled her down. She made no resistance. I saw white thighs and belly, black hair on her cunt; and the next minute I was spending up her.

"Shove on", said she, "I was just coming", — and she was wriggling and heaving, "go on." I could always go on pushing after a spend in those days, my prick would not lose its stiffness for minutes afterwards; so I pushed till I thought of doing her a second time; but her pleasure came on, her cunt contracted, and with the usual wriggle and sigh she was over, and there were we laying in copulation, with the dead all around us; another living creature might that moment have been begotten, in its turn to eat, drink, fuck, die, be buried and rot. Suddenly she jerked up her arse, and pushed me.

"Oh !" said she uncunting me, "there is some one", —and up she jumped. There stood the other woman. "How you frightened me", said she. "There was no one coming, — well it's a rum afternoon's job this", said she. "Don't you blab." "Not I."

I had hidden my prick, but now my bladder insisted on its requirements being attended to, and I went to the spot which the two ladies had moistened, and pissed on it. The woman who had watched us fucking had dark eyes, she had looked at me without ceasing from the time I had got off from the other, and began pissing. My prick nearly at fucking size still, was pouring forth a copious stream whilst I was feeling its stem which the moisture from the other's cunt had saturated. Seeing her looking I pulled out balls and all, and finished by shaking my tooleywag. She laughed a low laugh. "I feel all overish myself now." Her eyes looked like fire at me, fierce, lewd. "I'll give you five shillings, — let me fuck you too, — she will wait and watch for us."

"Oh !—o !" said the one whom I just had fucked, twitching about, and suddenly pulling up her petticoats, and looking up them, "there is something crawling up me." She felt up her petticoats, shaking them, and flourishing them about. "Oh !—oh !—just lift them up, and look

Sarah."

Her companion lifted her clothes. "Go away young man, you've had your game I think." "Oh ! not there, —oh! it's biting." "Don't make that noise." "Oh ! it's here, — there, — just there." Slowly the companion lifted the petticoats, first one side, then the other, showing thighs and rump, and a great ugly crawling black thing dropped; it had crawled up her petticoats whilst she was lying on the ground. I had drawn near, and was gloating over the display of charms. "Ain't he had a treat Molly!" said she.

This sight finished me by making me as stiff as I had been five minutes before; the other one still kept looking at me. "I'll give you five shillings", said I. "I've a good mind" said she. "Lor let him, — who'll know?" "How stiff it is!" "Let him." "Feel it", said I. The woman put her hand on it. "I'll go and watch", said the other moving away. "I shan't." "Don't be a fool", — and she moved out of sight, leaving us two alone.

Not a word more was said, I pushed her up against the upright railings enclosing a monument; a slight stone-lodge going all round the monument put her about an inch above me, I lifted her clothes, for an instant only saw another dark-haired cunt, and drove my prick up it. She felt pleasure the very first shove that I gave her. "Oh !—oh I— did she do it with you?" —did she spend?" she gasped in whispers, looking me full in the face. "Yes she spent."

That fetched her. "Oh ! I'm coming, — oh ! it's a coming", she gasped, and laid her head over my shoul- der. I felt her bum and belly wagging, and a perfect torrent of cunt-liquor ran down on to my balls. I had not long began my fuck, so was slower than with the first woman, and had fetched her a second time before I had finished her standing up against the railings. Then we stood, pressing our bellies together, keeping our genitals coupled, and looking in each other's faces without speaking, one or two minutes.

"You don't know these parts?" said she whilst we still were coupled. "I've never been here in my life before", I replied. "How hard your bum is, — are you married?" "Yes." "Is she?" "No,-let me go, she is coming." Down flopped my tool, and down fell her petticoats.

The first-fucked came round the corner, then we talked. I had given the first woman her five shillings directly after I had done her, and before she found the reptile in her petticoats; I forgot to pay the other. "Well young man, you've made a pair of us go crooked", said one. "Aye that he have; we've played high jinks." "Give us a kiss", said one. I kissed them both, and off they walked. "Hulloh !" said I, "I for- got the five shillings." "Lord so had I", said my creditor, — and I gave it her.

"Don't come our way, the grave-digger knows us, — go straight

across there, and round the church." I watched them going along with their steady step; who could have known from their look and manner, that both had just been fucked ! Who can tell the state of any woman's cunt, whom you may meet anywhere !

I went to my mother's, the hair on my prick was gummed flat on my belly and balls, I found I had torn a hole in the knee of my trowsers, and a lump of turd was sticking to my coat, that I had made her a pillow with, the ground must have been hard and flinty, and some one had shit in the high grass.

What were the women ? — certainly not gay. Did they fuck with me for fun, for letch, or for money? I often have thought of it, and came to the conclusion that both were lewd, that my baudy suggestions made them worse, my prick upset them, and the money finished it; but that wanting a fuck was the main cause; that one whose old man had been away three months, how she looked at me and at my doodle, after I had fucked the first one !

Towards dusk I went to meet my washerwomen. Near the corner of the lane in which they lived was an old-fashioned public-house well back from the road, in front of it were two large elm-trees, beneath them seats where poor people sat drinking and enjoying themselves in Summer. I stopped and looked. Quite at the back sat the two women whom I had fucked; they had pewter pots in front of them, and recognized me at once. Both got up, and rushed inside the public-house rapidly. Funk was on their faces, they seemed to struggle who should get inside the door first. I never saw them afterwards, but at the sight of them my cock stood rigidly, and I would have had them again had it been possible. Many a time since I have been to that churchyard to look at the place among the tombs where we three had our pleasures, and my prick always stiffened when I was there. Such impromptu copulations have a wonderful charm.

Chapter X

The washerwoman's lane. • An intention frustrated. • A slap in the face. • Choice language and temper. • A dinner in the Haymarket. • The rockingchair. • A lucky shove. • Up, and out in a second. • A quarrel, and flight • An enticing laugh. • The house in O…d. Street.

Down the lane was the washerwoman's cottage, it had a little garden in front of it. Through the window I saw the girls ironing by candle-light, I walked about till quite dark, then knocked at the door. The short one opened it, and seeing me shut the door saying, “Oh ! you musn't call.” So I went away.

Then I wrote asking them to meet me, and got no reply; but I persevered. I was constantly thinking of the girls' baudy talk when sitting on the barrow. I went to the house again, after writing to say when I would be at the end of the lane, and found them standing there, — by accident they said, they declared they had not had my letter. That was a lie I knew. I began smutty talk, which they cut short by both going to their cottage.

I wrote letters to the short one again, asking her to meet me, but nothing came of that. At the end of their lane were market-gardens, I saw Esther one evening at that end which joined the high-road, and was close to the public-house where I had seen the women sitting whom I had poked in the village church-yard. It was dark. I asked her to come for a walk, she prom ised in a few minutes to come to me by the market-garden. “If I don't”, said she, it will be because mother is at the door.” But she came.

I swore I was in love with her, which was true to the extent of her cunt, and wanted her to meet me elsewhere, — we would dine, and go to the theatre to-gether. No she could not be out late without a row. I kissed her, which she took to in the darkness kindly enough. I whispered, “I should like to fuck.” “If you say that again”, said she, “I'll slap your chops.” I did, and she gave me a slap in the face, and ran off. I was hurt, and so annoyed, that I did not follow her, but bawled out, 'You'll split your cunt into your arse-hole if you run like that.” Directly afterwards a voice like as of an oldish female in the darkness said, “Get along you drunken blackguard, the likes of you ought to be locked up. Insulting the girl by foul-mouthed remarks had not improved I feared my chance of broaching her, and fur a while I desisted.

But the letch was strong on me, I went to stay with my mother to be nearer my game, and passed my time in playing billiards at the public-house, and nightly I hunted the girl; so that at length under promise to take her to Vauxhall she agreed to come and dine with me,

or as she said, have supper at eight o'clock with me. I usually then went to Vauxhall at ten o'clock.

I went to a French restaurant in the Haymarket, ordered a sitting and bed-room, and a good supper. Thought I, “With a feast and champagne with you by myself for a couple of hours, my cock and your cunt will make acquaintance.

To my annoyance she cane with her sister. “I could not stop out late without her”, said she. I made the best of it, though very angry on the quiet at seeing my game baulked.

“I'll kiss you at once because you have brought your sister unasked, and you Matilda because you came unasked”, — and I kissed both to my heart's con-tent. They liked it. They were dressed in the vulgarest style of their class, and I felt ashamed of going to Vauxhall with them, — and did not they gorge ! Champagne they had never tasted before and they lapped it up like milk. “It gets into your head, don't it?” said one. “No my dear, champagne gets into your tail, — you'll want to piddle soon.” “Oh! for shame!” “Never mind there are plenty of chamber-pots in the bed-room.” “If you talk that way we'll go”, said they laughing, but we went on talking and drinking.

Supper over, the waiter out of the room, both girls half-screwed, half-screwed myself and wholly lewd, they both came and sat by me on the sofa. Sisters again, — what fatality!

The conversation was soon suggestive. Which did they like best, washing a shirt or a chemise? They !et out, checked themselves, checked each other. “Lord Esther what are you saying?” “Well Matilda I'm ashamed of you.” “Well that's pretty conversation for a gentleman, — let's go, — promise you won't say anything like it again.” “I won't, — but tell me one thing, — how did you feel Esther, when you sat on the barrow and said, 'fuck'?” “You're a blackguard, I never said anything of the sort, — did I Matilda?” “We'll go if you keep on so.”

Matilda got jealous. “It's my turn now”, said she after I had been kissing Esther. The wine got more into all our heads, and we laughed and shouted. “Why did you come Matilda?” “Mother don't let Esther out alone, — besides I didn't know what you two might be up to alone.” “What did you think we might be up to?” “Oh ! that's tellings.” This talk went on for a time, gradually getting warmer and more suggestive; all were thinking about fucking, though no one said so.

By the sofa was an American rocking-chair, the first I ever recollect having seen. Matilda began rocking herself in it, I rocked the chair violently for her and then as far as it would go, back and held it there, then rapidly I pushed one hand up her petticoats. Her legs were distended somewhat as legs usually are when people are rocking, and my fingers went on to her cunt. She lay back for the moment, helpless, then man-aged to close her legs, but being almost on her back she

could not get free; she struggled to get up, and yelled out, “Ohl pull him off Esther, — don't you beast.”

Esther was on the sofa. She got up, pulled me back, and the chair came forwards, but not till I had lifted Matilda's clothes far above her knees. She sulked, my blood was up, and pulling Esther down on the sofa kissing her, I pushed my hand up her clothes, and on to her cunt. She screeched, then Matilda pulled me away. There had been much laughing and yelling, but now they sulked. “We will go”, said they. “I've felt both your cunts”, said I.

Their bonnets were in the bed-room, and I would not let them get them, put both fingers to my mouth, and kissed them saying, “That's touched your cunt Matilda, that's touched yours Esther.” Then I pulled out my prick, and putting both fingers on it's tip said,. “That's nearly the same as if my prick had touched your cunts.

“Call the waiter Esther”, said Matilda angrily. I had gone too far, so I desisted, begged pardon, promised never to do it again, to give them both new bon-nets, and I dare say anything else, and they sat down, but for a long time sulking, and almost silent.

But my humility and regrets overcame them, there was more chatting, more laughing, more champagne. I got smutty again and now, they laughed at it. “What nice legs, and what beautiful white linen you have Matilda.” “Mine is as white”, said Esther. “Your legs are not as plump.” “Yes they are.” I pinched their arms, then their legs, we all kissed, they were both as randy as the devil, and incited me to smutty talk, though affecting not to understand me. Then the champagne overcame us all.

“You want to piddle?” “Ooh !—oh ! no.” “Really? then you want to see if your bonnets are all right, that's all, — I want to piddle though.” Saying that I went into the bed-room, pissed, and came back, taking the key out of the door. Laughing the girls then went into the bed-room, and closed the door. They were very noisy, and groggy, the eldest worse than the other.

I listened at the door. “Lock the door Ess.” “There's no key.” “Stand there, and hold it, — I'm bursting.” “Don't he go on !—make haste, or I'll pee myself.” I pushed open the door suddenly, one was pushing her clothes against her quim to dry it, the other on the pot, she let a loud fart just as I opened the door. “Oh !” said she rising with difficulty. “I'll wait till the music is over”, said I going out, — but I returned the next minute, and pulled out my prick again. “I'll fuck you both”, said I, and tried to put my hands up their clothes; when I got one the other pulled me off, then I turned to her, and so on. We upset chairs, we shreiked with laughter, it was Bed-lam broke loose. I caught Matilda, and threw her on her back on the bed. “Leave off now, — pull him away Essie, — you're a going on too far, — oh ! don't

tickle, —oh! I can't bear tickling." But I kept on.

The tickling made her screech. I threw up her clothes, for she was still on her back on the bed, I didn't see her cunt, for I was between her legs, and bent over her, lifted her legs, and pressed hard down on her belly, her clothes on it which met mine, I gave a shove, having no thought of doing anything but lewd mimickry of the act of copulation, whilst Esther was tugging at my coat. Matilda shrieked, for my prick went up her cunt, and out again before I knew where it was, — another furious shriek. Frightened I had let go of her, she rolled off the bed, and sat on the chair maudlin, and crying.

"What's the matter?" said Esther, "what's he done?" "Oh !" sobbed Matilda, "where's my bonnet? —let's go, — I will go." "Stay, — be quiet." "I won't, —I will go." The waiter just then came into the room begging us not to make so much noise, as people were noticing it. Matilda crying and angry, Esther questioning, Matilda telling Esther to put on her things, or she would go without her, whilst there stood the French waiter and a chamber-maid, wondering what the row was all about, — if they had not heard, and did not guess it. The girls were frightened, and I could not stop them. They had their things on, and were out of the house in a few minutes, I went down with them saying we would go to Vauxhall. The landlord stopped me. "Your bill sir." I paid it, and when I got out could see the two girls nowhere. I took a cab, drove here, there, and everywhere, but they were gone.

I came back towards the Haymarket, took the first woman I met, and went to a house in C. . .d . n Street. Half-an-hour afterwards I went with another; whilst with her I heard a merry-voiced woman in an adjoining room, and without seeing her took a fancy to her. I dismissed my second woman after fucking her, and enquired of the servant how long the lady who was laughing had been in the adjoining room. She knew nothing, so I waited door ajar, till I saw the woman leave, followed, and brought her back, fucked her, and had not enough money to pay for riding home.

The more I think of that adventure the more extra-ordinary it seems; from the time I threw Matilda on to the bed, till my prick had entered her cunt, and got out again, I don't believe it could have occupied more than a few seconds. She was heavy, I only just could lift her, and her petticoats seemed but half-way up. She laughed loudly as I did so, and when I leant over her with my prick out, I had not the remotest idea of broaching her, nor that my prick might touch even her thighs; but she must have been in the exact position, and her struggles brought her notch down to the level, and my prick by mere chance drove a little way up the hole; then her bum-wriggle threw me out instantly, and her yell frightened me. Whether she was a virgin or not, or whether I hurt her or not, I cannot say; could not even swear

that my prick had entered her cunt, but it felt like it; and why did she yell, then sulk, and go away in a temper, if I had not somehow touched that slippery orifice?

Chapter XI

Esther meets me. • Vauxhall. • Ex-harlot Sarah. Esther succumbs. • Big-arsed and bandy-legged. • Periodic fucking. • Matilda invincible. • I part with Esther. • Her fortune.

I wrote to Esther, who met me in the lane, she was in her airs. I had quite forgotten myself she said, and had made them both drunk purposely, — it was not like a gentleman, — I had acted very improper; she would not recollect where my hand had been did not believe I had felt her thighs, she was tipsy. That was the line the cunning jade took in a dark lane. “Now don't be foolish, and run away when I tell you.” “Well I won't.” Then I said something suggestive, and she got cosy with me. “What was it you really did to Tilda?” “Nothing.” “You did.” “Ask her,” “She won't tell me, and she will never speak with you again.” Truthfully or not Esther declared she did not know what I had done to make her sister hollow out so.

“I'll give you a bonnet, and we will go to Vauxhall, —don't let your sister know.” I gave her the money, she agreed to meet me again, and did, and again asked me what I had done to her sister. I would tell some night when I slept with her. Then she would never know, for she would never be in bed with me, or any one else, till she was married.

I progressed in the usual way, praised her big bum, guessed she had fat thighs, etc. “You know I did feel them.” No, she did not recollect. After talking thus one night my prick was in stiffish form, and I put her hand round it. She laid hold of it innocently, then snatched her hand away violently. Then I did the old, old trick, promised a pair of garters, if she would let me put them on, — in the dark of course. “No, — no.” “So help me God, I won't do more than put them on.” Two minutes after that my finger was on her split. This was all in the dark lane.

I wonder what a girl of that class thinks of, hopes, expects when she meets a gentleman on the sly. Does she expect he will fall in love, and marry her? — does she know that he wants to fuck her? — does she like to meet a man who has that intention, and long to hear smutty suggestions, and baudy talk? — does she like the lustful feeling creeping over her, as she stands by a randy man who is making lewd remarks? I imagine that like the man, she is randy and wants to hear his baudy talk, to feel his lips on hers, to hug him, to feel his hand wandering about her hidden parts, that she meets him really for that purpose, just as much as he meets her for the purpose. But they differ in this: he means to get her if possible; she has made up her mind that whatever she may permit, he shan't fuck her, — but she generally makes a mistake in that.

We went to Vauxhall, she told her mother she was going to the theatre with Sarah and her husband (the woman who had said the bigger it was the nicer it was), I was to take her to Sarah's when Vauxhall was over. I gave her a lobster and champagne supper, she got spoony, I talked baudy, she said it was abominable, this was all the Gardens. At length her modes- ty broke. “Don't you want to piddle?” “I really do bad”, said she without hesitation. I took her to the ladies' place, and soon we left. There were nice little houses not far from Vauxhall. I had been in the after-noon, and paid for a room for the night to be sure of it, and took her there. She would not go in till I said it was only to have another glass of wine; but I believe she guessed what she was going in for. Then I persuaded her to stop all night, the woman of the house was to call us at six o'clock, so that she might get home early. She had made up her mind to consent, and had no sham about it. I undressed her, tore my own things off, threw myself on her, and with the first shove or two had finished her virginity, — my prick went up with little difficulty.

We fucked all night, I revelled in her cunt. She was healthy, full-blooded, randy-arsed, and spent like fun; we did it several times before sleeping, then in the night, and awakened about eleven o'clock next day. “Oh! my God”, said she, “what will mother say, — I'm ruined.” “Well it's no use crying, you are in for it.” A few tears, then a fuck, a piddle, a wash, — and then refreshed we go through the ceremony, of inspecting privates, and so fucking, looking, smelling, frigging, and finger-stinking we lay till devilish hungry. Then we got up, and after going to a chop-house and having food, I put her into a cab to go home. I enjoyed myself much that night, a fresh cunt is always charming, and there is such delight in killing modesty in a woman who has never been fucked before; the struggle to get her to open her thighs to let you see her cunt is in itself a delicious treat.

On the bed spunk lay in all directions, and over her chemise as well, and there was the least smear of blood. I had pushed through something tight to get into her, but it was an easy business, so easy that I thought she had had cock before; but she was large cunted, the very jagged, ragged tear was full size; her cunt-hair was dark, her bum was one of the biggest for her height I have seen, it was out of proportion. Her privates did not fascinate me, and when I had had her two or three dozen times I grew tired of her. She was also bandy-legged, a thing I never could bear in a woman.

She went to Sarah's that day, and remained there, her mother sent to know why. Sarah said that Esther had had bowel attack after they came home from the theatre, and her mother then went to see her. A girl always looks ill after her first poking, and Esther had been fucked out, so her mother was taken in. Her sister Matilda said she did not

believe it.

Sarah I found had been gay, and said she now was married; they did not believe that, though they kept their disbelief to themselves, and only Esther knew she had been gay, although all knew she had run away from home. Sarah got her living by washing for Esther's mother. I heard some funny things about her afterwards.

I could not get Esther to stop out again all night, but she met me often enough, and became a baudy little bitch whose cunt much wanted feeding. She told me the awful state of mind she and her sister were in at my first overhearing them with the barrow; they had been talking of fucking all that day, Sarah had begun it. Taking hold of some linen, “Oh ! my”, she said, “look here, ain't they been a doing it ! —here is waste.” There was spunk on the linen. I heard a good deal of choice washerwoman's talk from Esther after-wards, and found that it was not an unusual thing for laundresses to joke about the semen they found on the linen of their customers, and that if they found suspicious signs on the man's linen, to give the lady of the house a hint to look after her husband. Many a husband has I am sure been discovered to have had illicit pleasure, or to have the ladies' favor through the hints of an officious laundress.

I made Esther liberal presents, but didn't take her much to Vauxhall or theatres, although she was constantly asking me to do so. I had taken her to Vauxhall one night after I had first had her, and saw some one there whom I should have been sorry to have seen me with Esther. We went to the little snug, quiet accommodation house which had been the scene of the slaughter of her virginity, and there fucked; some-times we walked instead of riding home, and when near the village, turning down a secluded street, or lane, I set her back up against a fence, and had her; then with her cunt buttered home she went alone. I took her once or twice to the theatre, and for fear of being seen had a box; but I could not afford those extravagances. Although not a bad-looking girl, and one who would stir up sensations in a man's ballocks when he looked at her, she was vulgar in appearance; and neither bonnets nor dress made any improvement in her, — she was a washerwoman all over.

After she was well acquainted with two or three baudy houses I grew tired of her, and quarrelled with her. One night I went to my mother's who was ill; and as I passed the end of the lane where Esther lived saw one or two young men and women larking. She and her sister sometimes came to the end of the lane when their work was done, to see the people going along the high-road, and to chat there with neighbours. The men were chivying the girls, and Esther was one of them. I watched them from a safe distance, heard laughing and screeching, and every now and then one of the girls chased by a man

darted down the dark lane, and I heard a shriek. There was no light in the lane, and not much even in the high-road from the feeble oil-lamps. I thought also that I saw Esther kissed, she yelled and got away, but it seemed to me she much liked it. For some reason all the wenches suddenly disappeared, and the men, who were of the laboring class, leaned against the railings of the public-house, and talked. I walked slowly by them, and heard one say, “I felt her cunt the other night, so help me Gor.” I did not know who he spoke of, but I made up my mind it was Esther.

I wrote Esther to meet me, and then told her she had let a man feel her cunt, and what I had seen and heard. She denied all cheekily, but got confused when I told her what the man said. “I was in the lane”, said I afterwards, “and quite towards that end where I have felt you often, — I hid, and I know he was feeling you there.” It was a bare-faced lie of mine, be-cause I had gone away; but it was a hit. “He didn't”, said she, “though he tried.” “I heard him say you felt his prick”, said I lying away again, “he went up the lane, and told that tall young man that, 'so help his God', you had.” “He wanted to make me, but I didn't, —he is the greatest liar in the place. It was sneaking of you to be hiding like that, and watching me”, said she. I wanted to fuck her, but she would not let me. She slanged me, said I had deceived her, had said I would keep her, and lots of other things, — and off she went. I took no notice for a fortnight, then went to the lodgings of Sarah, and had a talk with her. Sarah said that Esther was mad with me for not writing nor going to see her, and blamed me for not “behaving hand-some”. “No other man has ever touched Esther”, said she, “you don't seem to care about her, — but there's plenty who do, — there are two or three gents about who would be glad to be in your place.”

I had her again, then had a desire to get into her sister, and tried several times to see Matilda, caught her standing with Esther in the lane once or twice, but she bolted off directly I went up to her. Once she opened the door to me at her cottage, and slammed it in my face. I had not told Esther what had made Matilda cry out till that day, and then I did. “It's a lie”, said she, “you went up my sister Matilda ? — what a crammer!” “She might tell her sister”, and she did. Matilda said I was a liar, and that what I had done was to shove my finger violently up her, and hurt her very much. Esther believed her sister. Matilda was going to be married to the potman at the public-house close by, I then heard.

After that Esther met me a few times, and her sister seemed much on her mind; for she unvariably after she had felt my prick for a minute would say, “And you mean to tell me it went right into Tilda?” “Yes right in.” “Oh! what a story, — it could not have been.” I grew

tired of her, and she of me, — probably some other man had taken a fancy to her, so I gave her ten pounds one night, told her I was going abroad, and would see her on my return, but I never did. I saw her near my mother's house two years afterwards with quite a genteel well-dressed young man, she looking nice and fresh, but very vulgar. She saw me. Her eyes had a painful expression in them, partly like fear, partly as if she were going to cry; and then she dropped them. They passed me, I of course not taking the slightest notice, but had a cock-stand, and felt jealous, —such a funny thing is male nature. I never saw her afterwards, but saw Sarah the washerwoman and ex-harlot, and gave her five shillings for a chat about the two girls. Esther had gone off with a gent, Matilda had married the potman, who had taken to drink, and used to “whop her.” And that is the end of my acquaintance with the two girls.

I had great difficulty in keeping Esther from knowing too much about me, and used a false name, had letters sent to a post-office, and had to do much lying. The oddest thing was that though so near my mother's house, and though I passed her one day when walking with one of my married sisters, she did not know I was often living there, and close by her home; but she found it out just before I parted with her. She knew quite well that the conversation when sitting on the barrow could only have been heard from one of the garden-walls close by the barrow; but I would not at first tell her which. My real name I don't think she ever knew, though I am not sure of that. .

Curiosity made me call on ex-harlot Sarah, who lived in one room, and whilst talking I put my hand up her petticoats, on to her cunt. She laughed, opened her thighs wide, and said, “I knowed yer would”, and she looked as if a fuck would have gratified her, — but I did not attempt it.

Chapter XII

Preliminary. • My taste for beauty of form. • Sarah Mavis. • Midday in the Quadrant. • No. 13 J…s Street. • A bargain in the hall. • A woman with a will. • Fears about my size. • Muck. • Cold-blooded. • Tyranny. • My temper. • Submission. • A revolt. • A half-gay lady. • Sarah watches me. • A quarrel. • Reconcilliation.

I must go back a year or more before the night when I last had Kitty with the yellow hair and yellow motte, to tell the story of my acquaintance with a woman of whom I have little to tell, considering that she more or less is included in the history of my amours for nearly four years, and who will appear more than once some years after that. A word about my sensuous temperament first.

I had early a taste for beauty of female form. Face had for me of course the usual attraction, for beauty of expression always speaks to the soul of a man first. A woman's eyes speak to him before she opens her mouth, and instinctively (for actual knowledge only comes to him in his maturer years) he reads in them liking, dislike, indifference, voluptuousness, desire, sensuous abandonment, or fierce reckless lust.

All these feelings can be seen in a woman's eyes alone, for they express and move with every feeling, every passion, pure or sensual. They can beget in the male pure love as it is called, which is believed to be so till experience teaches that however pure it may be, it cannot exist without the occasional help of a burning throbbing, stiff prick, up a hot, wide-stretched cunt, and a simultaneous discharge of spermatic juices from both organs. The rest of a woman's body, the breasts and limbs, can move lust unaccompanied by love, and if once admiration of them begins lust follows instantly. A small foot, a round, plump leg and thigh, and a fat backside speak to the prick straight. Form is in fact to most, more enticing, and creates a more enduring attachment in men of mature years, than the sweetest face. A plain woman with fine limbs and bum, and firm, full breasts will (unless her cunt be an ugly gash) draw a man to her where the prettiest-faced Miss will fail. Few men, unless their bellies be very big, or they be very old, will keep long to a bony lady whose skinny buttocks can be held in one hand. I early had a taste for female form, it was born with me. Even when a boy I selected partners for dancing because they were what I called crummy, and admired even at one time a fat-arsed middle-aged woman who sold us bull's eyes, because I had caught her exhibiting large legs when squatting down to piss.

For years I had had at the period named, two friends, one of whom was a sculptor, who alas! drank himself to death; and one a painter still living as I write this. I had been in their studios, seen their

naked models, heard their opinions on both male and female beauty, and had the various points of female perfection shown me on the lady-sitters. I had them explained in two instances by the ladies themselves, in private sittings, and with them I had sexual pleasures' which they said the artists had neither got out of them nor given them. I had myself sketched from the nude, and was thought a not bad hand at it, and had therefore by training, instinct, and a most voluptuous temperament become a good judge of beauty of female form.

I did not write the above paragraphs, when I wrote what follows about Sarah Mavis, they are added now many years afterwards, when I am wondering at what I did in those early days, marvelling at my judgment in selection, and seeking the reasons which guided me then in getting for my sexual embraces, as many modes of female beauty of form, as perhaps any one Englishman ever had, — short of a prince.

One Summer's morning about midday, I was in the Quadrant. It had been raining, and the streets were dirty. In front of me I saw a well-grown woman walking with that steady, solid, well-balanced step which I even then knew indicated fleshy limbs, and a fat back-side. She was holding her petticoats well up out of the dirt, the common habit of even respectable women then. With gay ladies the habit was to hold them up just a little higher. I saw a pair of feet in lovely boots which seemed perfection, and calves which were exquisite. I fired directly. Just by Beak Street she stopped, and looked into a shop. “Is she gay?” I thought. “No.” I followed on, passed her, then turned round, and met her eye. She looked at me, but the look was so steady, indifferent, and with so little of the gay woman in her expression, that I could not make up my mind as to whether she was accessible or not.

She turned back and went on without looking round. Crossing Tichborne Street she raised her petticoats higher, it was very muddy there. I then saw more of both legs, my prick stood at the sight of her limbs, and settled me. I followed quickly, saying as I came close, “Will you come with me?” She made no reply, and I fell behind. Soon she stopped again at a shop, and looked in, and again I said, “May I go with you?” “Yes, — where to?” “Where you like, — I will follow you.” Without replying a word, and without looking at me, without hurrying, she walked steadily on till she entered the house No. 13 J. . .s Street, which I entered that day for the first time, but many hundreds of times since. Her composure, and the way she stopped from time to time to look at the shops as she went along astonished me: she seemed in no hurry, nor indeed conscious that I was close at her heels, though she knew it.

Inside the house she stopped at the foot of the staircase, and turning round said in a low tone, “What are you going to give me?” “Ten shillings.” “I won't go upstairs then, so tell you at once.” “What

do you want?" "I won't let any one come with me unless they give me a sovereign at least." "I will give you that." Then she mounted, nothing more being said. Asking me the question at the foot of the stairs astonished me, I had been asked it in a room often before, and in the street; but at the foot of a staircase, — never.

We entered a handsome bed-room. Turning round after paying for it, and locking the door, I saw her standing with her back to the light (the curtains were down, but the room was nevertheless light), one arm resting on the mantle-piece. She looked at me fixedly, and I did at her. Then I recollect noticing that her mouth was slightly open, and that she looked seemingly vacantly at me (it always was so), that she had a black silk dress on, and a dark-colored bonnet. Then desire impelled; I went close to her, and began to lift her clothes. She pushed them down in a commanding way saying, "Now none of that."

"Oh! here is your money", said I putting down a sovereign on the mantle-piece. She broke into a quiet laugh. "I did not mean that", she remarked. "Let me feel you." "Get away", said she impatiently, and turning she took off her bonnet. I then saw she had thick and nearly if not quite black hair, and recollect that I noticed these points just in the order I have narrated them. Then she leaned her arm on the mantle-piece again, and looked at me quietly, her mouth slightly open, and I stood looking at her without speaking, my sperm fermenting in my balls; but I was slightly bothered, almost intimidated by her cold manner, — a manner so unlike what I usually met with in strumpets.

"You have beautiful legs." "So they say." "Let me see them." She laid down on the sofa, her back to the light, without uttering a word. I threw off coat and waistcoat, and sitting at the foot of the sofa threw up her dress to her knees; higher I tried, but she resisted. Then my fingers felt her cunt, and the delight of the feel and sight of her beautiful limbs overwhelmed me. "Take off your things, — let me see you undressed, — you must be exquisite." My hands roved all about her bum, belly and thighs, and just seeing the flesh above her garters I fell to kissing it, and kissed upwards till the aroma of her cunt met my nostrils, and its thicket met my lips and mingled with my moustache, which I then wore, though so few men then did. I fell on my knees by the side of her, kissing, feeling, and smelling; but she kept her thighs close together, and pushed her petticoats over my head whilst I kissed, so that I saw but little of her beauties. Then excited almost to madness by my amusement I rose up. "Oh ! come to the bed, — come." She lay quite still.

"No, — do it here, — leave me alone, — I won't have my clothes pulled up, — I won't be pulled about, — if you want it have me, and have done." "Well get on to the bed." "I shan't." "I can't do it on the

sofa." "Well I'm going then." "You shan't till I have had you, — only let me see your thighs." "There then", — and up went her clothes half-way. "Higher," "I shan't." Now my prick was out. "Get on the bed, — I won't do it here, — take your things off." "I shan't." "You shall." All was said by her in a determined way, but without signs of temper.

She rose without saying another word, I think I see now as I write, her exquisite legs in beautiful silk stockings as they showed when getting off the sofa, and getting on to the bed. "But I want your clothes off." "I won't take them off, I'm in a hurry, — I never do." "Oh I you must." "I won't,-now come and do what you want to do, — I'm in a hurry." She lifted her clothes just high enough to show the fringe of her cunt, and opened her thighs a little. I thrilled with lewd delight as I saw them, and mounted her, laid between them, and inserted my prick. Ah ! at my first shove almost I was spending in her.

"Oh ! lay quiet dear, I've only been up you a second." "No, — get off, and let me wash." I resisted, but she uncunted me, and got off the bed quickly. "Now don't come near while I wash, — I can't bear a man looking at me washing myself." I insisted, for I was longing to see the form I had scarcely yet had a glimpse of. Putting down the basin she pulled the bed-curtains round her to hide her whilst she slopped her quim. I would not be rude, and saw nothing. Then on went her bonnet. "Are you going first, or I?" said she. "I shall wait as long as you will." "Then I will go first", — and she was going away when I stopped her.

"When will you again meet me?" "Oh ! when out at all, I am up to one o'clock in Regent Street." "Where do you live?" "I shan't say, — good bye." "No, — wait, — come to me this afternoon." "I can't." "This evening." She hesitated. "I can't stay long if I do." "Well an hour and a half." "Perhaps." "Will you take off your clothes then?" "No, — good bye, I am in a hurry." "Meet me at seven o'clock to-night. —do." "No." "At eight then." "Well I will be here expecting you, — but I shan't stop long." "Will you let me see your form up to your waist?" "Oh! I hate being looked at", — and off she went, leaving me in the room.

I dined at my Club, and was in a fever of lust all day. "Will she come?" for she had only half promised. Half-an-hour before the time I was at the house, and had the same room again. It was handsome throughout, had a big four-post bed with handsome hangings (this was thirty years ago mind) on one side of the room on another side by a partition was a wash-hand stand of marble, against the wall on the opposite side a large glass just at the level of the bed; at the foot of the bed a large sofa opposite to the fire; over the chimney-piece a big glass sloping forwards, so that those sitting or lying on the sofa could see themselves reflected in it; in the angle of the room by the windows

a big cheval-glass which could be turned in any direc- tion, two easy-chairs and a bidet, the hangings were of red damask, two large gas-burners were over the chimney-piece angles. It was the most compact, comfortable baudy house bed-room I have perhaps ever been in, although by no means a large room. They charged seven and six for its use, and twenty shillings for the night. Scores of times I have paid both fees.

I noticed all this, and that a couple could see their amatory amusements on the bed, on the sofa, or any-how in fact, by aid of the cheval and other glasses. I was delighted with the room, but in a fever of anxiety lest the lady should not come. I walked about with my prick out, seeing how I looked in the glasses, laid on the bed, and noticed how it looked in the side-glass, squatted on the sofa, glorying in the sight of my balls and stiff-stander. Then I had a sudden fear that she would think my prick small; what put it into my head I never could exactly say, I used when at school to fancy mine was smaller than that of other boys, and some remark of a gay woman about its size made me most sensitive on the topic. I was constantly asking the women if my prick was not smaller than other men's. When they said it was a very good size, — as big as most, — I did not believe them, and I used when I pulled it out, to say in an apologetic tone, “Let's put it up, there's not much of it.” “Oh! it's quite big enough”, one would say. “I've seen plenty smaller”, would say another. But still the idea clung to me, that it was not a prick to be in any way proud of, — which was a great error. But I have told of this weakness more than once before, I think.

I recollect well that night fearing she would think my prick contemptible, and it pained me much, for I :4Y SECRET LIFE was hooked, although I did not know it. I brushed my hair, and made myself inviting with a desire to please her, without thinking that I was taking the trouble to do so for a woman who was going to be fucked for twenty shillings, and whom I now know did not then care how I looked, or who I was, long as she got her money as soon as she could, and got rid of me to make way for another man, or to go and spend what she had earned.

She did not keep her time. I kept listening, and peeping out as I heard footsteps and saw couples bent on sexual pleasure going up the stairs, and heard them overhead walking about. This and the excitement at the recollection of my instantaneous spend between her magnificent thighs, my pulling about my prick and contemplating it in the glass, the moving about of the various couples made me in such a state of randiness that I could scarcely keep from frigging. A servant who had noticed my peeping came in, and begged I would not look out, for customers did not like it. Did they know where my lady lived?

and would they send for her? They did not. Then the servant came to say I had been an hour in the room, — did I mean to wait any longer? I knew what that meant, and was about to say I would pay for the room twice, when I heard a heavy, slow tread, and the lady's face appeared.

I grumbled at her delay, she took my complaints quietly, she could not come earlier, was all she said. She pulled off her bonnet, put it on the chair, turned round, leaned her arm on the mantle-piece, and stared at me again in a half-vacant way with her mouth slightly open, just as in the morning. I gave her very little time to stare, for I had my hand on her cunt in no time, and nearly spent in my trowsers as I touched it. She tried the same game, — she would not be pulled about, — she would not let her cunt be looked at, — if I meant to do it, do it, and have done with it. My blood rose. “I'd be damned if I would, — nor pay, nor anything else unless she took her gown off. So she took it off laughing, and laid down on the sofa. Not on the bed. No she would not. Then damned if I would do it (though I was nearly bursting). Again she laughed, and then got on to the bed. I saw breasts of spotless purity, and exquisite shape, bursting out over the corset, threw up the petticoats, saw the dark hair at the bottom of the belly, and the next instant a thrust, a moment's heaving, — quietness, — another thrust, — a sigh, — a gush of sperm, — and again I had finished with but a minute's complete sexual enjoyment only.

“Get up.” “I won't.” “Let me wash the muck out.” “No.” — and I pinned her down, squeezed to her belly, grasped her haunches. “I've not done spending.” “Yes you have.” A wriggle and a jerk, and I was uncunted and swearing. She sat down on the basin, I stooped down, tore aside the curtains, and put my hand on to her gaping cunt. She tried to rise, and pushed me, — I pushed her. She tilted on one side, her bum caught the edge of the basin, and upset the water.

“Damn you”, said she, — then she laughed and got up. I pushed her against the side of the bed, and again got my fingers on the cunt, — slippery enough it was. “You're one of those beasts, are you?” said she.

“I've never felt your cunt properly, and I will.” “Well let me wash it, and you shall.” She did so, I felt it, and then begged for another fuck. “You are not in a hurry.” “Yes I am.” “You said you would give me an hour and a half.” “Yes, but you have done me, and what is the good of keeping me?” “I mean to do it again.” “Double journey double pay.” “Nonsense, — you so excited me, that I've never had a proper poke yet.” “Well that is no fault of mine.” She laughed, and turned questioner. “Do you often have the women from Regent Street?” “Yes.” “Do you know many?” “Yes, I vary so.” “Ah ! you are fond of change, — I thought so”, — and she got talkative after that. I had

thought her almost a dummy.

Meanwhile I was gloating over her charms, her beautiful arms, the lovely breasts I now played with, the lovely limbs I saw, for she had sat down in the most enticing position with the ankle of one foot resting on the knee of the other leg. I wanted to pull the clothes higher up the thighs, she resisted, but I saw the beautiful ankles, the tiny boots and feet, the creamy flesh of the thigh just above the garter, thighs thickening, folding over, squeezing together, and hiding her cunt from view when I tried to look up.

I had hid my prick, the fear had come over me of her thinking it small, and that prevented it standing again. An hour ran away. “I'm going”, said she rising. My prick stood at the instant. “Let me.” “Make haste then.” As she stood up I put my hand up her petticoats. She put her hand down, and gave my prick a hard squeeze. I hollowed,—she laughed.

“I've a good mind not to let you, — you've been so long, — but you may do it.” She got on to the bedside. “Oh ! for God's sake don't move, — that attitude is exquisite.” One leg was well on the bed, the petticoats were squeezed up, and the leg on the ground from the boot-heel to about four inches above her garter was visible. She was half turning round, her lovely breasts, or rather one of them showed half-front, and with her head looking round at me as she was moving, it alto-gether made a ravishingly luscious picture. I put my hands up from behind between her thighs. That broke the spell, she moved on to the bed directly, — I on to her.

“Oh ! God you are heavenly, lovely, — oh ! God my darling, — oh !” I was spending and kissing her too quickly again; lust almost deprived me of my pleasure. In a dozen shoves I was empty. It was all over.

“How quietly you stood in that attitude”, said I. “I can stand in an attitude nearly five minutes without moving, almost without showing that I am breathing, without winking an eye.” ..I thought nothing of this at the time, excepting that it was brag.

“Give me five shillings, for I have been a long time with you, — I've a reason, — I won't ask you again.” I gave it her. “Shall you be in Regent Street to-morrow morning?” “Yes.”

I was in Regent Street, met her, and had her you may be sure, and repeated these meetings for a week daily, and sometimes twice a day; but got no more than the shortest time with her, the quickest fuck, a rapid uncunting. She did not spend with me, and showed no signs of pleasure, scarcely took the trouble to move her bum, would not undress, would not let me look at her cunt. I submitted to it, for I was caught, but did not know that then, — she did. That is she knew that I was damnably lewd upon her, and used that knowledge to suit her

convenience. I had no right to grumble at it. I need not have had her, had I not liked upon those terms. But I did. At length I grumbled, and at last almost had a quarrel. “I won't see you again”, said I. “No one asks you”, said she.

As my means were not large, and my purse grew rather empty, I was glad to keep away a few days. Then again I saw her in Regent Street; and after giving her the wink followed her. She walked on, but instead of going to the house, passed the end of the street. On she went, I went close to her, it was the second time I had spoken to her in the street. “Oh! I did not understand you”, she said, “besides I'm in a hurry.” “Oh ! do come.” “Well I can't stop five minutes.” “Nonsense.” “Well then I can't”,-and she went on walking. My prick got the better of my temper. “Well come back.” She turned round, and bent her way to J... s Street, saying, “Don't let us go in to-gether.”

When in the house she got on to the bed without a moment's delay. I had her, and she was out of the house again in less than ten minutes, leaving me in a very angry state of mind; but she promised to meet me the following night if she could, and to stay longer with me.

She came an hour late, and found me fretting and fuming in the bed-room. They did not hurry me now at that house, I being already known there, and gave me whenever they could the same chamber. “I'm in a great hurry”, were the first words Sarah said. “Why you told me you would stay longer.” “Yes, — I am sorry, but I can't.” “You never can, — but take off your gown.” “I really can't, — have me at the side of the bed, — you wanted it so the other day.” “No I won't.” “Then I'll get on the bed”,-and on she got. I tried to open her legs, to turn her round to see her bum (I had never seen it yet properly). No she would not undress, she would do nothing, — I might have it her way, or leave it alone and go. How green it was to submit to all this.

I lost my temper, for my delight I saw was in her lovely form, in her physical beauty; whilst she seemed to think that the only joy I could have was to spend in her cunt as fast as I could. “I won't have you at all”, said I getting resolute at last. “All right”, said she getting off the bed, “I'm really in a hurry, — another night I will.” “Another night be damned—you are nearly a bilk, — there”, — and I threw the sovereign on a table, and put on my hat. “Are you going?” “Yes, I'm going to get some woman who is not ashamed of her cunt.” “Go along then.” Off I went. When half-way down the stairs I heard her calling to me to come back, but savage I went off.

I walked up Regent Street savage with her, and with myself too, for not having had my fuck, even if she had gone away a minute afterwards. Randy as the devil I saw a woman at the corner of the Circus, and accosted her, she turned away, I accosted her again. “Will you come with me?” “Yes if you like.” “Do you know a house about

here?" "No I'm a stranger." Then I took her to J. . .s Street, had her two or three times and toyed with her a long time, stopping till she would stop no longer, saying she should be locked out if she was not off. She was only half-gay I think, and wanted a fuck. I had just offered myself in time. She was a biggish woman of about thirty years of age. After I had fucked her the first time, we laid on the bed together; she played with my prick till it was stiff again, and then turning on to her back said, "Come on, — let's have it again."

I thought much of my fine-limbed Sarah Mavis, but it was with anger. A fuck for ten shillings was all very well when randy, but even when in a hurry I never was satisfied till I had pulled the cunt open, and given it a general inspection, although it was generally but a rapid one in those days. If I had the same woman again another day, it was because I liked her and liked to talk to her, for I always found them more complaisant the longer I knew them. But here had I been having a woman daily, and sometimes twice a day, mainly because she was so exquisite in form (for I had some idea even then that her cunt was not a good fit to my prick;) yet I had never seen her cunt, nor her backside, nor her bubbies, nor her arm-pits, nor her navel, nor anything properly, and so I determined not to have her again, and to dismiss her from my mind. But I was hooked.

To economize I again went with cheap women, and seemed to get just as nice women for ten shillings as I did for twenty; but I had taken a liking for the house in J...s Street, which was an expensive one, and liked the best room, and took my cheap women to my dear room. One woman said, "Well you might give me a little more, and have a cheaper room, — the room gets nearly as much as you give me." And I saw a woman there one night pocket the comb, and a piece of soap, — she stole them. I heard in pleasant conversation afterwards, that soap and combs were often stolen by women, — especially soap.

About a fortnight afterwards I saw my Venus again, and again was closetted with her. I could resist my desire for her no longer, for having never ceased thinking of her even when fucking other women. She was just as calm, but there was a little, quiet spite about her. When she had taken off her bonnet, and looked at me for a minute with her mouth open as usual, she said, "I suppose you have been having other women." I can't tell why it was, but I lied, and said "no." "What did you go upstairs with one for?" said she, "the night after you left me, — I was in the par-lour, and peeping through the door saw you and the woman who stumbled at the foot of the stairs" (which was the fact). "Well I did", I replied, "and saw her cunt, — and that's more than I ever saw of yours." "You've seen as much as you will." Putting on my hat in rage, "Then I may as well go, — here is your money", — and I turned towards the door. "Don't be a fool", said she,

“what do you want? — what do all you men want? — you are all beasts alike, you're never satisfied.” She was angry. “Don't be in a hurry, and let's see your precious cunt.” I recollect saying that very distinctly, being angry, — and that up to that time I had been chaste in my remarks. I was at that time of my life not at all lewd or strong in word with women when we first met, but was somewhat less so so soon as I warmed, and only when randy to the highest degree or by fits and starts, spiced my conversation highly with lewd expressions.

Chapter XIII

Sarah's complaisance. • Mistress Hannah. • About Sarah. • Sexual indifference. • After dinner. • Stark naked at last. • Her form. • The scar. • Hannah's friendship. • The baudy house parlour. • The Guardsman. • Sarah's greed. • A change in her manner. • A miscarriage. • Going abroad. • I am madly in love. • Sarah's history.

She laughed. “Well I will, — but don't make me undress, — I'm in a hurry.” “Of course, — you always are.” She laid on the sofa, and pulled up her clothes, —she was yielding. “No, — come here.” She came, and laid on the side of the bed. At length I saw those glorious thighs open wider, the dark-shaded crack with the swelling lips showed itself more freely than I had ever seen it before. I dropped on my knees, and prop-ping up one of her feet with my hand, lifted the leg so that the thighs distended, and a large bit of crimson nymphae began to show, the faint but delicious odour of her cunt stole up my nostrils, my lips closed on her gap, and kissed it lecherously, my brain whirled as my nose rubbed in the thicket of dark hair, and my lip touched her clitoris. I know nothing more excepting that I was up her as she laid there, and spending as quickly as ever, before I had in fact well plugged her. “Are you satisfied?” said she as she looked up from washing her cunt by the side of me. “No, it's so quick, you fetch me so quickly.” “That is no fault of mine.” She had said so often before. I recollect all these apparently trivial, these various feelings and circumstances, as well as if it were yesterday, for she had made her mark on me.

I had partly conquered, and saw my victory. “I like seeing you so”, said I, “but won't see you, or any other woman who won't let me see her charms, and who is always in such a hurry, — it would be all very well if I saw you for the first time—(why you have a new black silk dress on.” “Yes, I bought it with your money”, said she), — but for a regular friend as I am, it is unsupportable.” I conquered more, and subsequently, told her that I might be in Regent Street one day, but I did not go there (I had made no promise). She said she went out against her will to see me, — could I write to say when she was to meet me? No, —but I could write to the baudy house, and they would send on the letter. I called there one morning, and left a letter. The Mistress was a shortish sandy-haired woman about thirty years old, with a white face; she looked very fixedly at me, and smiled. She would send on the letter to Miss Sarah Mavis which I found was the name she went by; but Sarah never came to my letter, and I paid for the room for nothing. Then I sent for the Mistress; had a bottle of champagne with her, and she opened her heart a little, she was soon a

little screwed, and this was what she told me. Her name was Hannah.

She had not known Miss Mavis long, — only a month or so before she had come in with me, — did not often see her now excepting with me. Mavis had been asking if I had been seen in the house with any other woman, “and of course I did not tell her”, said Sandyhead. She thought her a nice woman, and had struck up acquaintance with her. Now she often came into the parlour to chat with her when I had left, or before she came upstairs to me, when I was at the house before my appointed time.

Things went on thus for a little time longer, Sarah doing much as she liked, but certainly becoming more complaisant. She stopped longer, we began to talk; I was of course curious about her, she about me, I dare say she got much out of me, I but little out of her. What I mainly learned was that she only came on the streets occasionally, and from about eleven to one o'clock in the day. — never afterwards; and when she had sufficient money to “go on with”, as she said, she came not out at all. “I hate it”, said she, “hate you men, — you are all beasts, — you're never satisfied unless you are pulling a woman about in all manner of ways.” “It pleases us”, said I, “we admire you so.” “Well it does not please me, — I want them to do what they have to do, and let me go.” “Why don't you go out in the afternoon or evening?” “No, I get my money in the morning, and have other things to do the rest of the day.”

She had not been gay long, — not more than a month before I had met her, — was taken to the house in J.. .s Street by the first man who met her in the streets, and had been there often since. No she never had been gay before, she would swear, and often wished she were dead rather than have to come out, and let men pull her about, and put their nasty muck into her, — “nasty muck” was always the pleasant way in which she spoke of a man's sperm.

“One would think you never cared about a poke, — I wonder how often you spend.” “Oh! it's all the same to me whether I have it, or whether I don't, — if I do it once a fortnight it's as much as I care about, — you beasts of men seem to think of nothing else, and you leave us poor women all the trouble that comes from putting your muck into us.” “What the devil do you care about?” said I after a chat with her one day, in which she had just said what I have narrated. “Oh! I don't care about anything much.”

Another day she said, “I like a nice dinner, and then a read in an arm-chair, till I go to sleep, or a nice bit of supper, and to get into bed, — I'm so tired of a night, I like to get to bed early if I can.” We went on talking about eating and drinking; she told me what she liked, and what she disliked with much gusto and earnestness. “I'll give you a good dinner”, said I, “and we will come here afterwards.” “Will you ?”

“Yes, — but I won't unless I have you three hours here.” “Impossible, — I dare not be out after half-past ten.” “Come early.” “I can't come very early, for I must be home in the afternoon.” There were all sorts of obstacles, — so many that I gave it up, not going to be humbugged. But she would not give it up, and it was arranged that if she might name the evening, she would be with me at six o'clock, and stay with me till ten, — an immense concession, — it was the dinner that did it. I saw she was fond of her stomach, and that made me offer the dinner as a bait.

She would not come in after me to the restaurant, I was to meet her at the corner of St. Martin's lane in a cab, and go with her, — and so it came off. We went to the Cafe de P.. v... e in Leicester square, I had already ordered a private room, and a nice dinner. My God how she enjoyed it ! “It's a long time since I've had such a good dinner”, said she, “but never mind, better times are coming again for me, I feel sure.” She ate largely, she drank well, and to my astonishment when I got up to kiss her, she kissed me in return, and gave my piercer the slightest possible pinch outside my trowsers. “Let's feel you”, said I. Equally astonished was I when she said, “Bolt the door, the waiter may be in”, — and then I had a grope, and she felt my prick. “Let's go —let's go, — I am dying for you.” Off we went arm in arm. Directly we were well away from the Cafe she let go my arm. “You go first, and I will follow.” I thought she was going to cheat me. “I dare not be seen walking arm in arm with a man, — but I will follow.” In five minutes we were in the room together. Sarah Mavis was just in the slightest degree elevated, and perhaps more than slightly lewd.

To pull off my things, to help her off with hers partially was the work of a minute. “I must piddle first, —champagne always makes me want to piddle so.” “Does it make you randy?” “Oh ! Lord it does some-times; but it's such a time since I tasted it before to-night, I almost forget.” “Are you so now?” “Oh ! I don't know, — come on the bed”, said she. She opened her thighs wide, she let me grope and smell, and kiss, and see. “Come on, — do.” Instinct told me she wanted it, I embraced her, and was enjoying her, when she clasped me firmly, sought my mouth. “Oh ! my darling, I'm co—com—h—hing”, said she spending as she cried out, and fetched me at the same instant. It was the first time she had ever spent with me.

We laid in heavenly quietness, prick and cunt in holy junction, distilling, slobbering, and bedewing each other's mouths and privates, whilst the soft voluptuous pleasure was creeping through our limbs, bodies, and senses. She was in no hurry to wash out the muck. “Oh! I'm chocking”, said she after a time, get off.” “I won't.” “Oh ! do, — my stays choke me when I lie down after food, — I'm almost suffocated.” I held fast. “If I get off, you won't let me do it again.”

“Yes,-yes I will.” She jerked my prick out of her cunt, I got to the side of the bed, she sat up, and was about to get off, when I stopped her, and together we undid her stays, and took them off. “Let me wash now.” “No you shan't, — I've never yet fucked with my first sperm in you, — let me now, there is a darling.” She laughed, and fell back; then for a few minutes we kissed and toyed. Her magnificent breasts were now free, I buried my face between them, and kissed them rapturously; her moistened quim I felt, and it drove me wild with desire; so gluing my mouth to hers I mounted her, and we were soon in Elysium again, Sarah enjoying her fuck in a way I thought from her cold-blooded manner previously she was quite incapable of, — and there we laid, nestling cock and cunt together, till a slight sleep or doze overtook both of us.

In a minute or two Sarah sprang up, and rushed to the basin. I lay still, contemplating her, and saying I would not wash my prick for a week, so that I might retain in the roots and its moistened fringe our mixed juices, the remnants of our first spend together. When she had washed she laid down by the side of me. “Let's have a nap”, said she. The wine seemed to be getting into her head more and more, though she was but in the slightest degree fuddled.

I could not sleep. The sight of her breasts relieved from her stays, the free manner in which she let her petticoats lay half up her thighs, the delight at finding her take pleasure in my embraces, exulted me beyond measure. I joked and tickled her. “Let's see you naked.” “You shan't.” “Well stand up, and let me see your limbs naked, — take off your petticoats, even if you keep your chemise on.” She was yielding, took petticoats off, but would do no more. I had seen more than any other man, and she would do no more, she said. The wine had evaporated, and she was herself again, quiet, composed.

Maddened with desire. “I'll give you a sovereign”, I said, “to take the chemise off.” “Will you !” “Yes.” “No I won't.” “I'll give you two.” “What can you want to see more for?” “Hang it, take the money, and let me, or I'll rip it off without paying.” I closed with her, and struggled, pulled the chemise up above her haunches, pulled it down below her breasts, tore it. “Now don't, — I won't have it”, said she getting angry, “it won't please you if I do, — you will not like to see me half as well afterwards, I tell you.” “Yes I shall, —here is the money, — now let me see you naked, I'll give you three sovereigns.”

She pushed me away, and sat down. “Where is the money?” said she. I gave it her. “I've got an ugly scar, — I don't like it seen.” “Never mind, — show it.” Slowly she dropped the chemise, and stood in all her naked beauty, and pointing to a scar just below her breasts, and about four inches above her navel, “There”, said she, “is it not ugly? — does it not spoil me !—how I hate it!”

I told her no, — that she was so beautiful, that it mattered not. Yet ugly it was. A seam looking like a piece of parchment which had been held close to a fire -and crinkled, and then glazed, star-shaped, white, and as big as a large egg lay between her breasts and her navel. It was the only defect on one of the most perfect and beautiful forms that God ever had created.

“There”, said she covering it up, “you won't want me naked again, — now I dare say you don't like me as much.” Yes I did. “Do you?” “Yes.” She came and kissed me. I often had her as naked as she was born afterwards.

“What is the time?” “Ten o'clock.” “I must go.” “Another poke.” “Make haste then.” We had it. “Oh! now don't keep me, if I'm not home by half-past ten I shall be half murdered.” She had let expressions like that drop more than once; but I got no explanation excepting that she lived with her father and mother, — and at that time I believed it.

At the next meeting she had her old quiet manner, her old “keep your distance” was attempted; but it was impossible. A woman must always give again what she has once given, she cannot help it. Then came more dinners, but she was more cautious now in what she ate and drank, less reckless in her embraces of me: but we were closer acquaintances than we had been; she let me pull her about more freely and as a matter of course, washed her quim without hiding herself for that operation, and so on, — yet still she held me at a great distance, and was reserved. She conquered me, in a degree.

In fact she did pretty well what she liked with me; saw me when she liked, stopped with me as long as she thought proper, let me fuck her just as often as she liked, and no more (and it was rarely she let me do that more than once a day), see to her knees, or to her cunt, or pull her about just in the degree she for the time thought fit to permit. I grumbled, said I would see more complaisant women. “Well I might if I liked, —but I did not. Her indifference to sexual pleasure chilled and annoyed me and for a reason I never could understand, her cunt never seemed quite to fit me, nor fetch me with the voluptuousness that scores of other women have done. Yet I saw her almost exclusively for three years, and when she gave herself up to pleasure with me, my delight was unbounded; when she let me have her with her cunt unwashed after our first copulation, I thought of it for days afterwards. Alto-gether she had her way with me in a manner I did not see, and have only comprehended since.

This went on for some months. Whether she had other male friends or not I don't know, but I never found her in Regent Street or other places where I had once been able to find her, after I began to see her regularly, and have reason to think that she ceased casuals

after she had me, and perchance another, that is all. Hannah said often at a future day that I was her only friend.

I have not yet described her. She was of perfect height for a woman, say five feet seven, her form from her chin to her toe-nails was faultless, if anything inclining to too much flesh, and to too great a backside; but then I liked flesh, and a woman's bum could not be too big for me. I used to rub my lips and cheeks over her bum for a quarter of an hour at a time, when she condescended to turn it upwards for so long a time for that worship. Handsome her face certainly was, but it was of a somewhat heavy character: her eyes were dark, soft, and vague in expression which together with the habit of leaving her lips slightly open, gave her a thoughtful, and at times half-vacant look. Her nose was charming and retrousse, her mouth small, with full lips, and a delicious set of very small white teeth, her hair was nearly black, long, thick, and coarsish dark hair in large quantity was in her armpits, and showed slightly when her arms were down, her arms and breasts were superb. Her cunt was thick-lipped, and with largish inner lips which showed well in nearly the whole length of the split; her mons was very plump, and covered well, but not widely with crisp black hair. She looked twenty-six, yet was not more than twenty-two, and she looked most handsome when lying asleep.

If I were asked the most perfect thing about her, I should say her feet and legs up to her notch—they were simply perfect; I have seen them as handsome in smaller women, never in one of her height. I must add that her cunt was large both outside and inside, and that she was not a voluptuous poke to me, but why I can only guess at now; I did not know it whilst I was acquainted with her.

“A little of that satisfies me”, she would say of poking, “once a week, — once a fortnight, excepting at times, — you men are beasts, all of you.” She at first refused my mouth, never moved her bum, and laid like a log. “Here I am, — do what you like, — do it, and get it over, — or leave it”, was her common mode of meeting my grumbling. Her first sexual pleasure with me was I believe the night she dined with me; afterwards she took pleasure with me more frequently, but uncunting me, and rushing out of bed to wash the instant I had spent, before I had indeed done spending; until a sudden change in her took place which I shall tell of, and then she was kinder, more lustful, or perhaps I might say more loving, and more reckless; letting me enjoy her after my own fashion, and abandoning herself to enjoyment as much as it was perhaps in her nature to do so.

I found that she often now was with the keeper of the house, or rather she who represented her, — Hannah. So I got acquainted more closely with Hannah, would go into her parlour, and talk with her

before Sarah came. This began one day when I was awaiting Sarah by her asking me if I would cast up a column of figures, nearly the whole of which was in five shillings and seven and sixes. I did it once, then I did it a second time. Going in one day just afterwards she stepped out from her parlour, and thanked me. I stepped into the parlour, and got into the custom of doing so, — if ladies were not in there, — but there was a good introduction business done, as will be seen, and oftentimes ladies were waiting there till their swains arrived.

One day she cooked a luncheon for me, once a break-fast, the latter was during the time I had quarrelled with Sarah, and took another woman to sleep with me there. I complimented her on her cooking, she was half groggy (as she often was), and was very talkative. “Lord”, said she, “you have tasted my dinners many a times.” “Nonsense.” “Yes you have.” “Where?” “Do you recollect a ball at where all the servants were allowed to look at the table before supper, and your coming down with Mr and we all scuffling back?” “Perfectly.” “Well I cooked that supper.” Then it turned out that she had been cook at a house where I was a constant visitor, she had recognized me at once, but did not recollect my name, or so she said, — indeed it was not probable that she knew it. She had been caught with a soldier in the house, and had been kicked out.

Now by chance of fortune she was keeper of a baudy house, and her soldier visited her there when in London, — he was a Guardsman, — and she supplied him with money, and lots he had, for she robbed her Mistress wholesale of the baudy house profits.

Hannah had two sisters; one a married woman with a bad husband, and several children. She often came and assisted at J ... s Street, sometimes acting as chambermaid, — and about two years after this period of my history, a second one appeared who had been a housemaid, and who had I suppose also lost her character. A pretty blue-eyed girl about twenty years old with a cast in her eye, and a lovely leg up to within a few inches of her cunt. I never saw higher, and shall have more to say about her hereafter. Her name was, Susan —a sailor was said to be in love with her.

Sarah at the end of some months asked me to give her five pounds, and soon afterwards ten pounds. She was going to make up a sum of money to buy a business for her father. She had been dressing very shabbily I noticed, and said she knew I did not mind that, and it was all because she was trying to save money, —to quit that life she hoped, — and I believed it. I could not get her for several days, yet could have sworn I had heard her voice one day in loud altercation with a man in the parlour when I was waiting for her upstairs. I rang and asked for her; the servant came, and asserted that Miss Mavis was not there, and I never saw her that night. Next day I made an

appointment (through Hannah) for eleven a.m., and waited a long time before she came up. She looked ill. “You've been crying.” “I have not.” “Yes you have, —your eyes are red, — aye, and wet now.” She asserted she had not, and then burst out sobbing saying she was unwell. I was distressed, and sent for wine, Hannah came up and comforted her (I saw Hannah knew all about it). Then we were left to ourselves. “I've never been abed all night”, said Sarah. “Come to bed now.” To my extreme astonishment into bed she came, after looking at me in a very earnest manner.

I had often asked her before, and she never would; saying she never had been in bed but with one man, and never meant. I was enraptured, stripped to my skin, and was soon pressing every part of her body to mine. She gave herself up to me entirely, her tongue met mine as we spent. “Don't throw me out now dear.” “Very well.” Oh ! miracle, I thought, and there we lay, prick and cunt soaking together, till we had another fuck, then she dozed off in my arms, and I soon afterwards. We slept more than two hours, then my fingers sought her cunt directly; and awakened her. I told her the time, she sighed saying, “It's no matter, — it serves them right.” It was a day of miracles, Hannah sent up food, we ate it in bed, we fucked again and again. I was delighted with the spunk we left on the sheets; then we dined at the Cafe, and went back to the baudy house, — more fucking, no cunt-washing, all was free baudy, abandonment.

Hannah came up to us about the time Sarah usually left me, and told her it was time to go. Sarah said she did not care a damn, Hannah begged her to go, — she would go home with her. She agreed to go, kissed me, and said I was a kind fellow. I waited outside, and tried to dodge her home; but was unsuccessful; the two discovered me, stopped, and upbraided me, and came back to the baudy house. Then she made me promise not to follow her, and went out to piddle as she said. Hannah followed, I waited five minutes for them, and then called to the servant. She came in with a demure face, and said “Lor sir they have both gone out five minutes ago.”

For weeks after that Sarah was changed, and with the exception of not stripping entirely did as freely as I wished, she did everything I wanted, but sleep with me all night; she kept out later, but away at night she went; she embraced me, enjoyed her fucking, and in fact treated me like a husband. Then she said one day, “I'm some months gone in the family way.” “Who's the dad?” “You perhaps.” “No I'm not,-it's some man you are fond of, not me.” “I am fond of no man”, said she. Then she was ill, and away for three weeks, she had had a miscarriage. I was in des-pair, and sent her money all the time of her illness, but could learn nothing from Hannah, excepting that Sarah was a dear good woman, and too good for him. That was said before

the sister, who cried out, “You shut up Hannah.” So I came to the conclusion there was some other man in the way.

Another day I pumped Hannah, but she was an old bird, and not easily caught. “She is fond of a man”, I said. “She is not a fond sort, — if she is fond of any man at all it's you, — but she has got her duty to do.” “What's that?” “Ask her, — I don't know her business. Now you get out, there are some ladies coming here directly, and Miss Mavis won't like your being here with them.” “I'm not her property.” “Pretty nearly you are, — at all events go, there is a good gentleman.” Whilst Sarah was away I did get acquainted with three or four ladies, and two of them I had. Sarah had then either gone abroad or I had had a desperate quarrel with her.

When Sarah met me again she was still miserably ill, and thanked me for my kindness warmly. We resumed our meetings, and again she was cautious, but no longer bounced me. She spent with me, enjoyed me, but entreated me. “Oh! let me wash out the muck, — now do pull it out, — I am so frightened of being ill again.” So I let her have her way. She refused to say anything about her illness, excepting that it was I who had caused it; but I did not believe her. She usually now gave way to pleasure with me; at the end of the month I gave her twenty pounds to make up a sum, then she got still more exacting about money. “Oh! I do stop a long time with you, — give me more money, —do, — I want to make up a sum, etc., etc., — and then of course came a lie. At length she said one bright sunny morning it was, I had poked her, and was laying on the sofa afterwards, she sitting on the easy-chair, her lovely breasts out, one beautiful leg over the other showing slightly the flesh of her thighs), “You won't see much more of me, — we are going abroad.”

I started as if I had been shot at. “You? — nonsense, —never.” “I am indeed, — I'm sick of this life, and will go anywhere, do anything to get out of it.

I sank back on the sofa sobbing, it came home to me all at once that I was madly in love with her. I was dazed with my own discovery,—I in love with a gay woman! one whose cunt might have had a thous-and pricks up it! who might have sprung from any dung-hill !—impossible ! I felt mad with myself, — degraded !—impossible, — it could not be, — and for a time I conquered myself. I tried then to draw her out about herself. It was useless. Her quiet way of asserting that she was going at length brought home the conviction that she spoke the truth. Then I laid and sobbed on the sofa for half-an-hour. “Oh ! you will soon get another friend”, said she. “No, no, — I can get a woman, but not one I shall like, — Sarah my darling, Sarah I love you, — I dote on you, — oh l for God's sake don't leave, — come with me, — you shan't lead this life, — we will go abroad together.”

“That is impossible, — if I did you would leave me, and then what should I do? — come back to this life, —no.” “You are going with somebody else, — who?” “I can't say, — I'll tell you when I am gone.” “When are you going?” “Perhaps in a fortnight, perhaps a little later on.”

I calmed for a time, a fortnight might give me a chance of persuading her, and I began it at once; but it was all, “No, — no, — no, — it's all for the best for both of us”,—and again I fell into deep despair, my heart felt breaking, I had been so happy with this woman for months, she had so filled my thoughts, so occupied my spare time, that I had half forgotten my home life. Now I felt alone again, I had told her some of my troubles, — not all, — now I poured them all out, and offered everything, — all I had, — to go that next day abroad, and never return; that I would make her love me though she did not now, I promised all men could promise, — and meant it.

“No, — no, — impossible”, — and again I fell back on the sofa sobbing like an infant, I have almost the deadly heart-ache now as I write this. She sat looking at me for some time, then she arose, stooped over me, and kissed me. I turned round, and—how strange that in my despair I noticed it, and now recollect noticing id—as she stooped her chemise opened, and as I put my arm round her, her breasts touched my face, and as I moved to kiss them I saw her whole lovely form down to her feet, the dark hair of her motte, the bright white scar; and all in the soft subdued light which is on a woman's body when enveloped in a thin chemise, —and my prick stood whilst kissing her and sobbing, and she was soothing me.

“It's of no use your loving me,” she said, “and it's of no use my loving you, — don't take on so, — perhaps when I am gone you will be happier at home, — I can't love you, although I like you very much, for you have been a good, kind man to me, — I nearly do love you I think, — if I were with you I'm sure I should, — but it's of no use, for I am a married woman, and have two children, and am going with them and my husband.”

I was amazed, and doubted it. “I'll bring you my children to see”, said she, “it was to get them their dinners and tea that I always left you at times as I have.” “And at night?” “I always go home before he comes home.” “You always go home to your husband ?” “Yes.”

How I loathed that man I—my loathing rose to my lips. “That miserable contemptible cur lives by your body, — a dirty vagabond.” “No he's not, — poor fellow, he would earn our living if he could, but he can't.” “I don't believe it, — a man who lives by a woman is barely a man, — I would empty cesspools to keep a woman I loved, rather than another man should stroke her, — no good can come of it, — he'll leave you for some other woman some day.” Sarah turned nasty,

said she was sorry she had told me so much, that all I said against him only made her like him the more; and so leaving me in sorrow she went away.

Now that I felt sure she was going away, I could not see too much of her; morning, noon, and night I had her. She brought her two children to me, and very proud she was of them. How it was I never noticed the marks of childbirth on her before I know not, but I never had. I spoke of that now. “I took good care you should not”, said she smiling, and I recollected that when I had her by the side of the bed, when I looked at her on the sofa, it was nearly always with her back to the light; when laying on the bed, and I tried to gratify my passion by opening her thighs, and gazing on her hidden charms, she nearly always half-turned towards the window, and her belly was in shadow. “I don't like to be pulled about, — I won't have it, — if you want me have me, and have done with it, — get another woman if you like who will do it, or allow it, — I won't.” These and similar answers always settled me, and I submitted, for I was under her domination, and in my folly I had actually feared that if I persisted, she would not come to see me.

She brought her children in the morning to me at J... s Street, and I had her that afternoon. Now she was free enough, pointed herself to the marks of childbirth (very slight they were), and voluptuously held her cunt-lips open, — she had never done so before. From that day and afterwards she allowed me to see her in every way or manner, if not to let me do what I wished. The mystery was over, I knew most if not all, — certainly all about her person.

Chapter XIV

Poses plastiques. • Sarah departs. • My despair. • Hannah's comfort. • Foolscap and masturbation. • Cheap cunt. • A Mulatto. • The baudy house accounts. • Concerning Sarah. • The parlour. • The gay ladies there. • My virtue. • Louisa Fisher. • A show of legs. • The consequence on me. • Effect on Mrs. X..i.

I dined with Sarah repeatedly until her departure, she was now often in low spirits, and drank very freely of champagne; then would fuck with a passion and energy which did not seem natural to her, for by look and general manner one would have sworn she was even tempered, and without much passion, — had I not found that out by experience? One night soon after she had brought her children to me, she seemed wild with lust. What was the matter with me I don't know, but I had no desire for her, and could scarcely stiffen for the embrace; yet she was in ecstacies with me as I fucked her. “Do it again”, said she. “I can't.” “You must do it, — I've not washed.” “I can't.” “Yes, — yes. —I'm mad for you”, said she, — and we kept on fucking till early the next morning. “I am in the family way again I think”, said she as she left, and if so will jump over Westminster Bridge.” But she was not, and after that night she persuaded me not to spend in her, but to withdraw just as my emission took place. “It will spoil all my plans if I am in the family way”, said she, “all I have done will be of no use if I can- not act.” “Act?” “Yes, I am an actress.” “Does not your husband spend in you?” “No one has spent in me but you, since my miscarriage, — I won't let him, and he doesn't want me in the family way.”

“You an actress !” “Yes, — have you never seen me?” “No.” “Are you sure?” “Yes.” “Did you ever see the Poses plastiques and Madame W. . .t. n?” “Yes, two or three years ago.” “Well I was one of her troupe.” “God God !—and what do you do now?” “Nothing, — but we have a troupe going on the Continent, — I am the principal—I am Madame W. .. t. n now.”

Then she told me she had in her youth been a model for artists, had sat to Etty and Frost, hers was the form which had been painted in many of their pictures, —and then she would say no more.

I grew sadder and sadder as the time came for her departure; so did she. She said I worried and unsettled her; she wondered sometimes if she were doing the best thing for herself and children or not. She was so frightened lest she should get in the family way, that as already said she made me withdraw before the critical moment, spending my sperm on her thighs or on the crisp hair of her motte. I got an idea into my head (a stupid one enough), that if she were to get

in the family way by me she would stay in London; and one night after we had dined, and she had had pleasure in my groping, and as usual had said, “Now don't do it in me”, I plunged my prick up, and spent a full stream in her cunt. “I hope to God that sperm's all up your womb”, said I. Her own pleasure had so overcome her, that she could not move for a minute; then jumping up she washed herself with a sponge,- she recently had used one. I never had a spend in her again for months afterwards.

Then for hours I used to look her over and over from head to foot, as if I wished to recollect every part of her person for ever afterwards: the roots of her hair, the ears, the way the hair grew on the nape of her neck; the way it grew on her cunt, and in her arm-pits, and every other part I used to look over as if searching for something; the only part of her which escaped my investigations was the bum-furrow, which was to me an uncomfortable part in all women, and in my wildest sexual ecstacies and aberrations I neither felt it nor saw it, and don't know whether the hole was round or square; red or brown.

After she had told me she had sat as a model, she brought me a small oil-painting of herself made by an artist of some rank. She was proud of it, and so was her husband. I offered such a price for it, that placed as she was she could not resist, and I bought it. She gave me one day a photograph of herself; both had the characteristic opening of the lips well shown. It is only recently that I have destroyed these mementos of a dead affection.

When I saw that nothing would keep her in England I did my best to help her enterprise, gave her money freely, paid for dresses, boots, travelling cloaks, children's dresses, and in brief for everything. During the nine months I had known her she in fact ran me dry, and in debt. I spent upon her more than I could have lived on for four years at the rate I lived at just before I met her. But I was now in better circumstances than I had been for years, and the money was my own. As the time approached, I could neither sleep nor eat, and used to be at J.. .s Street hours before I knew she could come; would wait any time for her, treating Hannah and the ladies, and doing nothing but talk about Sarah. Sometimes I used to think about following her abroad. When she came to the house, I used to spend my time in crying, and she after telling me not to be foolish, would cry too. Then, “Oh ! let me see you naked.” “There then.” Then came kiss-es all over her body. “Oh ! now for God's sake don't spend in me.” Then came a delicious fuck; then crying and moaning recommenced. She left a week at least before she had said she should, and did so to prevent me the pain of parting with her, — I must give her that credit. Hannah told me so.

I had arranged to see her one morning, and was as usual there

before my time. Hannah stepped out from the parlour. “Has Sarah come?” She beckoned me in-to the parlour. “Why they all sailed this morning, — my sister went to see them off, — did you not know?” I staggered to the sofa dizzy, speechless, then senseless. When I came to myself Hannah was standing besides me with brandy and water and a spoon with which she was putting it into my mouth.

“Don't take on so”, said she, “don't think any more about Sarah, — she is a fine woman, but there are lots as good, — I know a dozen, and any one would be glad to know a man like you, — have some brandy and water”, — and she took a great gulp herself. “There now”, said she bending over me. “would you like to see Mrs —she who met you the other night in here with Sarah, — she has taken quite a fancy to you, —don't cry. Sarah will come back, and if she don't you'll get another woman whom you will like as well. There is Mrs a splendid shaped woman who only sees one gentleman here, — she took quite a fancy to you, though she only saw you once.” But I was desperate, and rushed out of the house. Where I went to, I don't even recollect, but went home at last very drunk, — an extraordinary occurence for me.

For some days I was prostrate in mind, and almost in body, but at length recovered sufficiently to attend a little to my affairs which had gone altogether to the bad for a month, and had been going bad for many months. I resolutely set myself against going to J...s Street, and would not have women; indeed scarcely knew where to lay my hand on a shilling, so necessity had perhaps as much to do with my virtue as anything else; but I was generally in a weak, low state of health, and really believe, though it seems to me almost in-credible now, that it was well nigh three weeks before I touched or saw a cunt after Sarah left.

Then one Sunday I had erections all day long. After dinner lust drove me nearly mad; so I went to my room, took a clean sheet of white paper, and frigged myself over it. My prick only slightly subsided, I frigged again, and then as the paper lay before me covered with sperm-pools I cried, because it was not up my dear Sarah's vagina, laid my head on the table where the. paper lay, and sobbed with despair, jealousy, and regrets, for I thought some one would fuck her if I did not, that it would be her hateful husband whom she had helped to keep with my money.

I may say here that on several occasions of my life I have frigged myself over a clean sheet of foolscap paper; it was mostly done for curiosity, to see what my sperm was like, whether it was as thin, or as thick, or as large in quantity as at the last time I previously had masturbated.

I could not after that Sunday keep away from J...s Street, and went there the next day. “I don't expect she'll write to you”, said

Hannah, “even if she said she would, — what will be the use? — it will only make you miserable.” But I felt sure she would, and kept away from women still for some time after that, — I was stumped for money among other reasons. Then I began to spend involuntarily in the night, which to me was more hateful than frigging myself; so one night I went out for a bit of cheap quim. Whether I saw Brighton Bessie or not I can't say, but I think I did, and did later on.

I went first into the streets near a large well-known tavern at a spot where several big thoroughfares meet, and where there is a large traffic, and picked up my cheap women there. But the women, their chemises and petticoats, and their rooms shocked me more than they used, and kept me chaster than I otherwise might have been.

One night I went home with a tall straight woman who would not take my fee. “No”, said she, “I've got two nice little rooms of my own.” If you get a woman for five shillings you have to pay for the room besides, and ten shillings is only a small sum; so I went with her for ten shillings, and saw her at intervals for a few months.

She was about five feet nine high, was not stout, was as straight as a lath, yet not thin, had very firm but quite small breasts, and a biggish burn. She had Mulatto blood in her veins she told me, and was brown- skinned, had a large mouth and very thick lips, the Negro blood showed there plainly; her hair was dark, and so were her eyes; her cunt was a pouter: it was small, but the lips pouted out more thickly I think than those of any woman I ever yet saw, yet they were not flabby, but protruded largely like two halves of a sausage; the hair was black, short, and intensely crisp and curly; it felt like curled horse-hair. I used to think her a plain woman, one of the plainest, but she was a glorious fuckster; her cunt was tight inside, and yet so elastic as not to hurt or pinch (and I was at that time when just at spunking point as often said before tender-pricked). The hair of her head was coarse yet straight, her large mouth was filled with teeth of a splendid whiteness, and when she smiled she showed the whole set. It was seeing her large white teeth that first attracted me before I could distinguish any other feature of her face; you could see them at night right across a road, they were dazzling, and al-most made one forget the great thick-lipped orifice which opened to expose them. I have before told of women who attracted me by their teeth, and particularly of a Creole.

This Mulatto as I called her, amused me with her letcherous postures; she was as lithe as a willow branch, and was willing to please. I was fond of making her kneel on the bed with bum towards me, and her legs nearly close together, and then the backward pout of her cunt was charming to me, so much so that I took to poking her dog fashion.

One night when I was full of sperm I made her remain in the exact posture until all my spunk had run out of her cunt, and sat holding a candle towards her rump till I was satisfied with the sight; and more than once I kept her in that position, looking at the gruelly lips until I fucked her a second time.

She had such a very remarkable steady walk that she scarcely seemed to move, she glided; her feet were so nicely carried forward, and her body so evenly balanced from her hips. In this respect she resembled a tall dark woman named Fletcher, whom I knew quite recently. There must have been something in the arrangement of their thighs and hips which caused this. Women who are accustomed to carry heavy loads on their heads always walk straight, and never roll from side to side as most people more or less do; but I don't know that either of the women named had carried baskets on their heads, — I knew the walk of that class of women, having been born in the neighbour-hood where they worked.

She I imagine had a liking for my doing it naked with her, for she was always suggesting that we should strip; but she could not bear my fucking her dog-fashion. When I stripped and got into her on her belly, she would twist her legs right into mine in quite a snaky fashion, and sometimes lift her legs up till her heels were almost up to my blade-bones. She also like a few others I have poked seemed to have the power of holding my prick in her cunt quite tightly after I had spent, — perhaps because she had not spent herself, for about her pleasures in the copulation I am not sure, though she always impressed me as being a hot-cunted one.

After I had once been to J. . .s Street again I went more and more frequently. Hannah was always nearly screwed, — champagne or brandy pleased her best. When she was so, she would at times gradually let out much that she knew, — and this is what she let out one day.

“Bah ! her husband indeed !—she is not married, — he's got a wife besides, and Sarah knows it, — he's blackened his wife's eyes more than once when she has been annoying them; but that don't pay, for she is his lawful wife; so he allows her something, and it keeps her quiet, and she won't last long, for she is drunk from daybreak till night. Sarah's a real good one to keep the lazy beggar, — she keeps them all poor thing, ever since he could not get any engagement; there's she, and their children, and her sister, who lives with them, and then there is her old mother who she keeps, and his wife as well, — she has enough to do poor thing.” This came out one day after Hannah had dined; I had brought her a bottle of specially fine brandy, and we were sitting in the parlour drinking it together mixed with water.

I had long been getting into Hannah's good graces. I stood wine and brandy, was always respectful to her and the gay ladies I met in her parlour, and never used coarse, rude language to them, nor in speaking of them or of ladies of their class. Hannah told me I was a great favorite with several of them, as indeed I found to be the case. I may say that all my life I never spoke disrespectfully to, or of gay ladies, so long as they behaved themselves; they have been mostly throughout my life, kind and true to me after their fashion, they gave me pleasure, and I treated them as if I was grateful for it.

But I was moreover serviceable to Hannah. Once or twice as told she had brought me some figures to cast up, and when Sarah had left, she brought me others on various little scraps of paper. She asked me never to mention my having done so to her sister, and I did not. I became curious at finding the items were all in five shillings, seven and sixpence, ten and twenty shillings; at last it struck me what it was, and taxing her with it found it was the takings of the baudy house, she told me so with a laugh. She could not write herself.

The takings were put on slips of paper by the servants, and by some process of her own which she could not explain, she got a rough sort of check on the servants to prevent them robbing her. She had to account to the real owner of the house, — and how she did it she alone knows. This is certain (she once admitted it), that from the takings she put a pound a day into her own pocket. Whether she robbed the owner to that extent, or whether it was her admitted share I never knew. She was well dressed, had excellent food, allowed her Guardsman money, her sister's husband money, and others too I rather think. But after she'd taken her three or four hundred pounds a year, there was a splendid income handed over to some one. This house had but eight rooms, and two more closets to let out for fucking; they often took twenty pounds a day, and sometimes much more.

I did this arithmetic pretty regularly, and she be-came my fast friend. She told me all about Sarah that she knew (what Sarah at a future day told me agreed with it), and much about the habits of other loose ladies which will be partially narrated in due time, and a good deal about baudy house management.

And now more about Sarah's antecedents. A new species of entertainment had sprung into existence a few years before this time, called “Poses plastiques”, in which men and women covered with silk fitting tightly to their naked limbs and made quite white, placed themselves on stages in classical groups to the sound of music. Women and men of great physical beauty formed these groups, they were in fact actors of that class. Madame W. . .t.n known as a splendid model first got them up; her husband was a splendid man, Sarah was her niece, and also had a beautiful form which ran in the family; she was

poor, and Madame W. . .t . n took her to live with them, and at seventeen years of age she appeared as Venus.

At nineteen she had a child by Madame W. . .t . n's husband, at twenty a second. Madame found out the father, and kicked Sarah out. Mr. W.. .t . n then kicked Madame out, and went to live with Sarah, rows ensued, other companies of “Poses plastiques” came into competition, the thing got overdone, he could not get his living; he knew a trade, but was I expect too lazy to work at it; so Sarah took to letting herself out as model, and that being poor pay, to letting out her cunt to get their bread; she had just began it when I first met her. They seem during a year or more to have parted with all their goods, before she took to showing her belly-parting for money.

So beautiful a form of course succeeded, and for a time I became the principal milk-cow. Then a proposition was made to form a troupe to go to the Continent; there seemed to be a grand opening, and with Sarah's money (most of it got from me), the apparatus, costumes properties, and troupe were got together. Off they had gone. She and her husband were the exhibition-managers, speculators, and chief actors.

Hannah made a mouth when I asked what sort of a man Mavis was. She did not think much of him, — why did he not work—he had a trade? — no, because he was no longer able to get on as an actor, he preferred to let Sarah get the living for the whole of them. “Ah ! you'll see her back, mark my words, — they won't succeed, — and then what will take place? —you'll see, — is she poor thing to work and do every-thing, that he may lay a bed, dress as a gentleman, and do nothing but take her out for a walk on a Sun-day; she is as proud of his taking her out for a walk on a Sunday as if he kept her a carriage.” After much reflexion I came to the conclusion that Sarah had only just turned harlot about the time I had first met her that she did it to keep her man and her family, and he got accustomed to his woman getting his living for him.

I kept on calling at J...s Street, always expecting to hear of Sarah. Hannah was glad to see me, for now I cast up her accounts weekly. I got acquainted with two or three ladies there who came at intervals to meet their friends. They were very nice women, none were ever to be seen in the streets, they had either their own acquaintances whom they met at J. . .s Street, or Hannah had introduced them to gentlemen there. They were not a bit like whores in dress, appearance or manner, and my acquaintance with them opened my mind to the fact, that there is a large amount of occult fucking going on with needy, middle-class women, whose mode of living and dressing, is a mystery to their friends, and who mingle with their own class of society without its being suspected. ; that their cunts are ever wetted by sperm which

lawfully may not be put there.

I began to stand wine when I met them, and was introduced as a friend of Miss Mavis who had gone abroad. I was I found well known by name and a character for kindness, and I expect also for being a fool. All the women were shy at first, Hannah's sister (the servant) I overheard telling Hannah that the ladies did not like my being in the parlour. Hannah at times would ask me to leave, as a lady wanted to come into the parlour and wait there, and so on. But gradually Hannah would say, “Who is it? — oh ! she knows him”, — or “Oh ! she won't mind, — let her come in.” So by degrees I became intimate with these privately gay ladies, and several of them on more than one occasion joined their sweet bodies to mine in the game of under and over.

I had never had a woman in the house since Sarah had gone; firstly because I did not then pay more for the girls than I did for the room alone at J. . .s Street, and because I feared if Sarah came back Hannah would tell her, — as if it would have mattered to Sarah in any way excepting that another woman would get the money she might have had. Still I had that stupid idea about the matter, and although I had longed for one or two of the other ladies, and although they had looked languishingly at me. I never had then pro-posed a private interview upstairs.

One day Hannah said she had heard from Sarah who had asked after me. “They are (Sarah and the troupe) getting on well”, said Hannah, “if she says so I suppose they are, — but we shall see.” Suddenly, “Have you had another woman since she left?” The question startled me. “No.” “Oh ! I don't believe it, —if you haven't you're a nasty man.” Then I confessed, and told her what I had done. “Why don't you have Mrs. Fisher?”, said she. “I'm poor, and can't,-I'm not going to do what I did with Sarah.” “Lord she won't mind, — she'd like you I know, — but don't say I said so, — she's got a lovely leg, — she's a fine woman, — nearly as fine made as Sarah Mavis, and she is taller, — she never gets it done at home.” Hannah was unusually muddled with liquor that day, and let out; her sister was not there to check her with, “Now then Hannah you'd better shut up”, — and Hannah described Mrs. Fisher's hidden charms till my cock stood.

I would pass hours sketching from recollection Sarah Mavis' limbs and form, her bum and cunt being the most favorite subjects; then so randy that I did not know what to do with myself, I would rush out into the streets to prevent my frigging myself, — and erotic night-dreams were frequent.

“Why don't you see Mrs. X.. i”, said Hannah to me, “she likes you, and would come up any day if I wrote to her (I had supped two or three times with that lady), — I would not fret about Sarah, although

she is a fine woman, — you let her see you have another woman, and she will come round if she comes back." But I did not for a time.

One afternoon however being in the parlour, Mrs. X..i was there, a splendid woman about twenty-six years old. Also there was a young woman who had two children by a man with whom she was about to go abroad, and she was a lovely woman. The two ladies had just had a two o'clock dinner with Hannah, I had just come from my Club after luncheon, and sent for champagne. All our talk got frisky, — all knew Sarah, my love. If I could get any one to talk with me about her, I was delighted, and began at it. Said the Mistress, "Well she is a splendid-formed woman certainly, — splendid, but there are lots of others, — I've got a good leg to my knee, so has Mrs. X.. i, and Mrs—" (meaning the other whose name I forget). "Show us your leg," said one. "There", said Hannah pulling up her clothes, "now show yours." They all showed their limbs, one after another. "You might fancy you had Sarah's legs round your thighs, if you had Mrs. X... is there", said Hannah. I was nigh bursting for a fuck. Mrs. X...i pulled her clothes up higher, and stood up to show the leg better; the other ladies did the same. I felt my pleasure coming, and objecting to wet my shirt, began to unbutton. "Oh I can't bear it", I cried, "oh! my God I'm coming", — and the instant my prick was free from my trowsers I spent copiously, the three women their petticoats still up nearly to their cunts, looking and laughing. I had not frigged, it was fullness, and the voluptuous delight at seeing the limbs of the three fine women which fetched me. "There is lots of stuff in him", said one. Ashamed of myself I begged their pardons, and sent for more wine. "He had better have given one of you ladies that good spunk", said the Mistress. I over-came my bashfulness, they laughed about what Sarah Mavis had missed, one professed to feel annoyed at my behaviour. "Oh ! you are damned modest", said Hannah.

Mrs. X... i soon afterwards went upstairs into the bed-room to a gentleman she had come to meet. The Mistress said she should lay down, — she always did after her dinner, and slept for two hours, — she was fuddled, and indeed always was. The mother of the two children and I were alone; from the instant I had spent she had never taken her eyes off me, — never. I recollect the look of her dark eyes and their expression quite well. Hannah snored almost directly. "Let us have a kiss", said the lady to me, "I know you are fond of a well-formed woman", — and she pulled up her clothes a little. She was sitting on the sofa, my prick rose, I bolted the door, and we fucked whilst the Mistress kept snoring.

Mrs. X...i came down. "What you here still? — what have you been doing?" The mother replied, "He has been smoking, and talking about his dear Sarah." The woman was actually sitting at that very

moment with a flood of my sperm up her cunt, for she had neither wiped, nor washed, nor pissed since I had fucked her. Then they talked about X. . . i's friend who was a clergyman. X...i was the wife of a man who lived with her, but never had her (so she said) ; she hated him, he had clapped her once.

The mother went out of the room, and came back, Hannah awoke, we had tea, I paid, it was my rule then to pay for everything for the ladies whenever I was in the baudy house parlour. I rose to go, shaking hands with the two ladies. The one whom I had em braced put a bit of paper privately into my hand. Out-side the house I read it. “Wait outside”, it said. I had been delighted with her pleasure, and did so. She came out, we walked quickly off. “You go to the top of the next street”, said she, “and I'll meet you”,-and she went another way, and met me at the top. “I did that in case X. . .i came out”, said she, “let us go and have dinner together.” “I have not enough money”, said I. “Never mind, I have.” We went to the Cafe de P. .v...e, and dined; I fucked her again and again on a sofa. She was a charming woman. As we sat on a little sofa dallying after dinner, she said she had not had it for a month, her friend had gone to Germany, where they were going to live, to make arrangements, he would return in a few days; then he, she, and the children were going to Germany with him. “I liked you”, said she, “but when I saw what you did before us this afternoon, I could scarcely stop myself, I wanted it so badly, — I dare say I'm in the family way, —oh! don't look, — it's full, — it's dirty, — you shan't.” The next instant I was up her again; afterwards she washed, and I saw her cunt. I paid for the dinner partly, she the rest, — I had not a sixpence left. “I'm sorry”, I said to her, “that I have no more money.” “I did not come here for money”, said she. “Let me leave you half a dozen pair of gloves at No. 11.” “No, I've lots of gloves.” “Then give me a kiss.” She stood putting her tongue in my mouth for a minute, then giving me a hearty kiss off she went. I never saw her, nor had her again. Hannah told me she was in Germany, and very happy there.

Chapter XV

Louisa Fisher. • Chaffing. • Her form and fucking. • A supper in bed. • A lascivious night • Meetings a fterwards. • Hannah's legs. • Intruders in the bed-room. • Louisa's voluptuousness. • Enceinte. • Her husband. • Her gentleman friend. • About herself. • Illness. • Mrs. A...y.

I began to meet a Mrs. Fisher at the house very frequently; why she was more frequently there I did not know, and knew it was but of little use asking questions why.

I rather liked this lady. She came usually at one o'clock, and had dinner with Hannah. At three o'clock she went upstairs, was there about two hours, then came down and went away. At times she waited, had tea, and sometimes early supper; this was when she was expecting some one who did not come. I was told confidentially by Hannah it was a rich middle-aged clergyman. The ladies name was Mrs. Louisa Fisher, —her christian name I have written truly, the surname is not. I do this lest she be alive still, and should read somehow this result of my doings with her at J...s Street; she can't mistake if she reads these pages who it was.

After what Hannah had told me I could not help taking a great deal of notice of this lady, and began to lust for her, and of course took to talking to her about Sarah. She was nothing loth, and asked me curious, and at last down right indecent questions about her, but not in smutty language. Hannah when there used to laugh at the questions and my replies; they made my cock stand, which perhaps was what Louisa intended, or it may only have been curiosity without any hidden intention.

I imagine that the erotic incident in the parlour had been told to a good many gay ladies; it certainly had to Louisa Fisher, for one night after that I had been to enquire if Hannah had heard again from Sarah, and Hannah had mentioned Louisa, the following occurred. I had dined early, it was about half-past six, Louisa Fisher was there. “Stand us a glass of wine”, said she. “Do”, said Hannah. “Do”, said another lady. “Have you had dinner Mrs. Fisher?” said I. “No, my friend's not been, — I'm hungry, and Hannah is just going to cook me a chop.” I myself fetched a bottle of sherry, the chop came, Louisa ate it, and drank sherry; then I sent for brandy, we drank it mixed with water, and Hannah took some neat. I had began about Sarah as I always did. “Well she was a beautiful model”, said Hannah, but Mrs. X..A's leg was better to my mind.” “Look how he's blushing”, said Louisa. “Why should I blush?” They both laughed. “Oh! oh ! oh ! don't I know what you did when you saw her legs.” I was then that odd

mixture of baudiness and modesty, that I was just as likely to be bold as to be shame-faced, when a woman spoke to me about anything carnal; and now was confused and half-ashamed. “Lord how he's blushing”, said Hannah, and she left the room to look after business, she usually put her head out when the street-door opened, if a servant was not in the way on the ground-floor.

Louisa laughed. “I know all bout it”, said she, “she was a fine woman.” After I had got over the stupid bashfulness which I had for the moment, I went (as usual with me) to the extreme of baudy boldness. “Yes”, said I laughing, “I wish it had been spilt in her cunt, instead of on the carpet.” “Oh ! for shame”, said Louisa, “well it was waste, was it not, — it might have made two people happy, — did you really spend without frigging it?” “Yes I did.”

I got close to Louisa on the sofa to speak with her about the event, to hear from her lips what had been told her. She said not a word, but my face was close to hers, we looked into each other's eyes for a minute, lust was on both. I put my arm round her, pulled her towards me, and kissed her. She returned it, our lips were glued together. “You've got a fine leg Hannah says.” “Does she?” “Yes,-let me see it.” “No.” “Yes.” “You only care about Sarah.” I made no reply, but went on kissing letcherously, put one hand down, and going on kissing pulled her clothes up to her knees. She stopped me there. “Oh ! how round, how nice, how lovely your leg is.” “Now be quiet, Hannah will be in.” I ceased looking, but my hand slipped higher up, my fingers were inside the satiny wet lips, and my mouth was glued to hers, as Hannah came back.

We resumed a decent posture. Hannah laughed, “Lord why don't you two go upstairs?” said she, “you want each other, — why don't you go? — the first-floor front's empty.” “Come”, said I to Louisa pulling her. She rose instantly. Hannah was a really good soul, she liked to make people happy, and to set them fucking; I have seen it in a dozen instances.

Without another word we went upstairs, I threw her on the bedside, pulled up her clothes, and opened a magnificent pair of thighs. “Let's go to bed”, said she. “Very well.” We both undressed like lightning without a word passing, and stood, she in chemise, I in shirt in a trice. “Let's get in naked.” Without reply she drew off her chemise as I pulled off my shirt, and the next minute naked in each other's arms we were fucking in a warm bed, not a word of conversation passing till we had spent, those moments are so soul-absorbing in their lasciviousness.

“Oh! how quick we've been, — lay still.” With mutual consent we kept together in fleshy conjunction, I nestled my balls up her, she tightened her cunt to stimulate my shrinking organ. But little stimulus

was needed, our spend had only made us want it again, we had scarcely rested ere we recommenced fucking, and again we spent before my prick had uncunted. How lovely, how exquisite is the reminiscence! What equals the pleasure of a man and woman pleased with each other, thrilling with lust, when prick and cunt are joined, and they spend in each other's arms!

Still she would not let me out of her, crossing her limbs over my thighs, drawing me closer to her by her hands, grasping my arse-cheeks, pulling the cheeks almost open, squeezing her cunt up to me, she kept me up her, kissing me, shoving her tongue towards mine, and saying I was a lovely poke, the first baudy words that dropped from her, I rubbing my belly up against hers till my balls almost lay between her fat cunt-lips, swabbing up the oozings of the sperm which ran out from her. And so we lay, kissing, tongue-sucking, and talking the stinging words of love and lust.

Then as repose became a pleasure, and nature sev ered us. “Oh I my God how wet you have made me”, she said, “it's all on the sheet.” “Let me feel.” I fell on my side, she turned on hers towards me, and threw one leg over my haunch, I placed my hand on her cunt, and felt the sperm, wetting my hand, whilst she grasped my slippery prick. “Feel how wet your prick is”, I put my hand there, and every hair on my prick was plastered against my belly; then hand on cunt, and hand on prick we both dozed off.

When I awakened we were still face to face, Louisa asleep with a hand under my balls. I pulled down the clothes to look at her naked body: the gas was burning brightly, I saw splendid breasts; down went my hand to her cunt, I groped it, she awoke, and without a word turned on to her back, and I on to her belly. Whilst couched easily on to that broad belly, and lying between her ample breasts, and steadied by her large thighs, my prick lying down against her gap, kissing and sucking each other's mouths, she glided her hand down, and introduced my pendulous doodle to her randy cunt, and again we fucked. We were mad for it, neither of us uttered a word, till she cried out, “Oh ! I'm coming, — my God, — ah !” And then we spent, and went fast asleep again, exhausted with the pleasure.

We were awakened by a knock. “Who's there?” “Hannah.” “What do you want?” “Are you going to stop all night?” “No”, said I jumping out of bed, “what o'clock is it?” “It's half-past twelve.” “Come to bed”, said Louisa. In I jumped. “Oh ! I'm so hungry”, said she, “how I should like some oysters.” “So should I, — get up, and we'll go and have some before the shop closes.” “No, stop here, Hannah will get them.” I agreed, ordered them, and we went on twiddling each other's privates, I recollect the feel of hers at this very moment, it was like a paste-pot.

I had never seen her person yet. The throwing her on to the bed,

and lifting her clothes, her stripping, and jumping into bed had—been so rapid, and so randy had both of us been, so anxious to copulate, that I had had no time to look, to contemplate, to enjoy her with my eyesight. Now off went the bed clothes. “Let's look at your cunt.” “I won't till I've washed.” “No now.” I pulled one thigh. “No you dirty dog, — it's not nice.” She jumped out of bed, and washed her quim, I my prick, we pissed, and then she threw herself on the bed, and delivered her body up to me. When I had had a quarter of an hour's investigation, she amused herself with looking and pulling my prick about, waiting for our supper.

She was a very fine tall woman, stout and well-built. She said she was twenty-four, but I believe she was thirty. She looked less stout with her clothes on than when she was undressed, for I was much surprised to see how very big she was when naked. She had a very big arm, her thighs and legs were very big as well. Hannah was right about it, the entire legs were grand, but had not the exquisite curves of Sarah Mavis'. Her bum was proportionate to her thighs, her waist was not nearly small enough, her breasts were very large, and beautifully placed, and beautifully solid; her face was large and common-place, she had grey eyes, and lightest auburn hair, immense in quantity, which was pleasing, though not handsome; it was not a face which in the streets would have attracted me. Her teeth were good. The hair on her cunt, which was thick-lipped and pouting, was also of a lightish auburn, not by any means a colour to my taste when between the thighs, —so many women's cunts are furnished with that col-Our. It was thick, longish, soft in feel, large in quantity, an' spread half-way up to her navel, and square across her belly to the line of her thighs. I guessed it a thirty year old cunt from that. She was a lovely fucker, and though her cunt was a large one inside and out; the prick was well clipped by it, and kept in when its business was done. There was such room to lie on her between her thighs, and all seemed so well placed to hold a man, that I often thought of her in after time when fucking Sarah, who was the very reverse; who always made me bend my back when fucking, and from whose quim my prick would always slip, unless we both made some effort to retain it after I had spent. Sarah rarely did that, hating the muck. Indeed when Sarah was randy, and wagged her arse as she did violently, all of a sudden just before she spent, she often threw my stiff prick out, which set me off damning and cursing till it was up her again.

The oysters came, and champagne with them, we went to bed again, and sat in chemise and shirt to eat them, said I, “let's have another fuck naked again”, for the touch of her large fleshy body to mine had entranced me, and thus we fucked. Another doze. “Ulloh ! why it's three o'clock, — I must be off.” “Don't go deal, — stop all

night." "I can't, — they will think I am ill." "So they will me, but I can't go home, I live too far off, — do stop all night with me, there's a darling", said she.

Instead of a doze we had slept two hours. I at times stopped out all night, and never without saying I in-tended to do so, but I was tired and sleepy. "Oh! don't go." I put on my shirt. "Well let's have another poke before you go, — the champagne has made me so randy." It had also operated on me. I looked, there were her breasts naked just peeping above the bed-clothes, one arm out, the hand under her head, the big white fleshy arm, and the thick sandy brown hair in the armpits. "Come", said she uncovering to her knees. Off went my shirt, and jumping into bed the thighs received me, the voluptuous tongue and round, soft, wet lips glued themselves on to mine again, and heaving gently we were already on the way to another spend. My God what work, what prolonged pleasure ! —I forgot Sarah Mavis, and every other woman that night in the arms of Louisa. In baudy amusement we passed the whole night together, and I awakened at ten the next morning with the need of going as fast as I could to shit.

I came back, washed, and we fucked again; .then she went as she said to speak to Hannah, whom I knew was a bed at that time; she went I knew to empty her-self, but I asked no questions. We had ham and coffee in bed, and more fucking, and about one o'clock we rose and left. My finger must have smelt of cunt I should think for twenty-four hours afterwards, for I had scarcely left Louisa's cunt for eighteen hours; if my prick was not up her my fingers were, when not asleep. Whether spunk was in it or not was all the same, there was no objecting, she gave way to my insistance, and we lay at intervals, she feeling my prick, one of her legs placed over mine, and my hand between her thighs, both of us kissing, tongue-sucking, and scarcely talking. I barely recollect our talk at all, —it was one long baudy night; how many times we fucked I can't say, but it was one of my great exercises. She was tired, and so was I, yet at the last moment, "Let's try it again", I said "No, I'm sore, and in pain", said she. I sometimes think my prick must have been nearly a dozen times up her, and when ramming stiff for a long time without spending she murmured, "Oh ! pray dear leave off."

We fucked in no other fashion than belly to belly, we were naked the whole night, and did nothing out-side the bed. When I had paid for the room, supper and breakfast, I only had a few shillings left. I told her. "Never mind", said she, "you shall give me some money some day when I am hard up;" so I paid her nothing then.

I recollect all this distinctly, I always do the incidents of a first night with a female. When I am accustomed to them, the more

striking circumstances of our acquaintance remain in my memory. It seems to me that first night's incidents will always remain fresh in my recollection, excepting the number of fucks; I recollect up to about half-a-dozen, then I lose count, there my memory of a first night alone fails me.

I took a liking for Louisa. For nearly a year I had borne with the frigidity of Sarah and her tyranny, “You shall only do it once, — I won't, — I can't wait, —well go”, were commands I had got accustomed to obey, had bowed to refusals to allow her secret charms to be looked at time after time, to have my prick ejected before the last injecting throb had been given. I liked the woman, doted on her exquisite form, liked the domesticity of sitting and reading to her, and at the same time just feeling her cunt whilst she laid on the sofa, because I liked her conversation, and because I was at times rewarded by rapturous delight when she abandoned herself body and soul to me, I submitted to all this. But I often rebelled, wished it was otherwise, and made up my mind to leave her for other women, yet did not. I have said all this before.

Now to have a splendidly made woman, who had as much pleasure with me as I had with her, was overwhelming. I forgot Sarah for a time, and longed for the repetition of the baudy, voluptuous hours I had had with the big armed, big-thighed Louisa, and counted the days till we met again. The instant I set eyes upon her we went upstairs. “Let's get into bed.” Then it was a race who undressed the first. “Naked?” “Yes naked.” She laughed. “Look at your thing”, said she as sitting down she pissed. It was stiff as a poker; the next minute I was laying bedded on that soft fleshy form, and we were spending. What a fat, luscious, and grand cunt she had, though three fingers went up it easily.

Then to my delight she threw up her limbs a little, and crossing them over me pressed her cunt close up to my willing cock-roots; and there we lay, my prick in her, my balls covering her arse-hole; whilst now and then she gripped my prick by muscular cuntal action. When her tongue touched mine, she sometimes ran her lithsome tongue over my teeth, or under my lips, and along my gums, — it was a peculiarity of hers. Then she would glue her wet lips to my wet lips, till our salivas mingled, and ran profusely, stimulating our lusts. Thus we enjoyed each other's bodies, till another fuck dissolved us, and separated our spunk- soaked genitals; and she got up, washed, and went away sometimes in a great hurry.

Soon I grumbled at her going so, and she promised to stop a longer time. “Have a shoulder of mutton”, said she, “and onion sauce, — I love it, — Hannah will cook it beautifully, — we will dine at two o'clock, Hannah with us.” So it came about; we three sat down to a

shoulder. Louisa liked sherry, Hannah brandy; I brought both of fine quality, we gorged, Hannah got slightly tight, observing Louisa and I caressing. “Ah !” said she, “I envy you, you two going to bed.” “Why where is Jack?” “Oh ! at Windsor, and I shan't have a bit for a month at least.” “You'll have to frig yourself”, said I joking. “That's better than nothing, but I like the wetting best.” Louisa laughed, and used afterwards to say to Hannah, “Has Jack given you a wetting?” Later on some other free ladies took up the joke, and Hannah's “wetting” became a bye-word among the circle of free, mercenary lovers.

Dinner over we hurried upstairs, and we went naked to bed. This was about half-past three; there we lay till eleven o'clock at night, and had an oyster supper in bed. Hannah came up, and ate oysters with us whilst we were in bed together. We ate them out of the shells, and drank champagne, heard happy couples over head, and joked about it, talked about fine limbs, about Sarah's fine legs. “Show us yours Hannah”, said Louisa. Hannah without a word cocked one leg up against the bed, and drew up her petticoats to the top of one thigh. “There”, said she, “I am not ashamed of it.” She had a fine leg, but was a very plain woman. She had shown her leg to me on the day of the leg-show, when I had spent involuntarily, as I have al- ready told. We laughed and praised her leg. “Oh ! I'm ashamed of you both”, said Hannah dropping her petticoats, laughing, and hurrying out of the room. “I know where his fingers are.” She was right, Louisa was sitting up in bed, her legs half up, but covered, I half reclining by the side of her, had thrust my hand under the thighs, and was feeling her cunt.

Hannah left the room. We began fucking, I was on the top operating when the door opened, and a couple showed themselves. We heard a voice crying out, “Not there Maam, it's occupied”, and Hannah's sister rushing in ejected a man and woman who had entered before they saw a couple were in the bed. We were too far advanced to mind, I uncunted with the object of closing the door, but the servants having done so, we consumated and dozed off; nor was it till the servant came to say we ought to be careful, that I got up and bolted the door.

Then began a regular meeting once a week, and sometimes twice. Money seemed no object to Louisa, she took what I gave, and never asked for more; once or twice she said, “I want a bonnet dear, — give me one”, — or a new pair of boots, or was hard up for a trifle, and then I gave her all I could; but she had not in a couple of months as much as at the last period of my acquaintance with her, Sarah had from me in three days. But she let me spend money in oysters and champagne suppers, and early dinners, Guardsman Jack who had come back from Windsor, used often to get his fill. I once saw Jack in

bed with Hannah, and his scarlet uniform on the chair; he turned himself round with his face to the wall when I entered. He had a thick head of black hair, which is all I saw. Louisa was a voluptuous poke, and enjoyed the fun as much as a woman could. I think, (but recollection on that point is not clear, when I come to comparison), that she was the nicest woman to lay on I ever had. I was slim, though far from a skeleton, and as I laid naked on her between her large breasts, and between her thighs slightly elevated (for she usually raised her legs, after we had fucked and she had recovered from her pleasure, or when I mounted her for preliminary dalliance), I could scarcely roll off of her with-out an effort. She had also when her pleasure was in-creasing, a movement of her whole body, and not of her cunt and backside alone; her breasts quivered with a gentle, perfectly natural motion, and I could feel her flesh moving and rubbing against mine from belly to neck in a way which stirred lust in me from the hair of my head to the soles of my feet; I seemed to feel all over her body at once, and it was most delicious. She had a lovely lasciviousness with her tongue. If my tongue was in her mouth when she spent, she al-most sucked it out of me, and the clipping of her cunt after my prick had been relieved from its stiffness I have already mentioned. Her length of arm enabled her to squeeze my balls when in various positions, and no woman ever let me pull her about and look at her cunt, whether it was clean or spunky, more freely than she did. With many it is evidently business, with her it seemed pleasure. She took a delight in all I did, even when I washed her cunt.

(My pleasures however with her were of a simple kind. I had none of the varied erotic pleasures that I now know, the bum-hole and mouth were reserved for the enjoyment of my more matured years.) I should have seen her more frequently, but she would only come at the outside twice a week. No it was impossible, — she lived too far off. I tried to get out of Hannah some knowledge about her, but could not. One day only when fuddled she asked if I had heard she was married. “You mean”, said I, “living with a man.” “No really married, and been so for years, — oh I don't you tell her, — she'll cut the house if you do.”

At the end of perhaps three months I was in bed with her; we had poked, reposed, and were in amorous dalliance, lying face to face, she with one limb over my haunch, so that I could feel her cunt well, she twiddling my somewhat exhausted prick. “I have a surprise for you”, she said. “For me, — what?” “I'm in the family way.” “The devil, — whose fault is that?” “No one's fault, and perhaps no misfortune, — would you like a child?” “I? — why?” (I had a presentiment of what was coming.) “Because it is yours.” “Non-sense.” “It is my dear, — I have felt certain of it for some time past, but waited to be quite sure

before telling you." "Are you quite sure?" "As certain as I am that I shall die."

I was flabbergasted, felt distressed, as if I had done her some harm that I could not repair, that I had injured her, and should cause her pain and annoyance. It was succeeded by a fear that I should have trouble through it, and expense that I could not afford. Then came the idea that she was selling me, putting a plant on me; that if she were with child it was another man's, not mine. Then came a belief over me that what she said was true, that her pleasure in my embraces was so real, so unlike that of the ordinary gay women, that the result might be due to me. Overwhelmed I lay quiet, confused with the tumultuous thoughts and feelings which rushed through my brain.

At length I said, "Are you sure?" "Yes." "It may be your husband's" (for Hannah's hints came to my mind). "He !—he !—the miserable, contemptible little wretch !—he?" She left off feeling my cock, raised her-self on her elbow, and looking at me said, "Who told you I was married?" "No one." "Some one has." "No one, — but I have more than once fancied you were married by the difficulty I have in getting you to come to meet me when I want." "Some one has told you." "No one has." "I'm a damned fool", said she, "I dare say you know more than you say, — what do you know?" "Nothing." "It's your child, and no one else's, —I'm sorry I have told you, — say nothing more about it", — and she turned on her back. "Are you married?" "Of course not, or I should not be in bed with you." "Some man is keeping you perhaps." "No one is keeping me either", said she.

I could not keep quiet, so much was I excited, and thought of the man she met at J. . .s Street still, al-though she tried to hide that. I did not like to suggest it, for I had found out that any reference to him annoyed her, and I always avoided giving pain to any woman I had connection with; but the matter seemed so grave that I could not keep what was on my mind to myself, and as delicately as I could suggested him.

"It's not", said she fiercely, "it can't be." "Why?" "You are the only man who has spent in me for years." "What", said I incredulously, "no one had you?" "No one has spent in me but you for years, — no one." I was staggered, but returned to the subject. "Nonsense Louisa, — how can you tell?" "I've told you why." "Why if you've a husband, and if you have a friend who meets you, how can you be sure it's me?"

"I have no husband, and it's no friend, — if you don't believe it, I tell you on my oath, on my body and soul, and may I go to hell when I die, if it be not true, that no man has spent in me for years but you." "No man has fucked you !—what do they do then?" "That's no concern of yours, — but no man's stuff has ever been up me for quite

two years but yours, — I'm not going to say any more about it, — my business is not yours, — nobody has asked you to keep the child, — you need not trouble yourself, — I'm sorry I told you." She turned her bum to me, and began to cry; I tried to comfort her.

"That will do", said she, "give me some oysters and champagne." I ordered them, then wanted another fuck. "No you shan't have it", — nor would she let me. The oysters and champagne made her more complaisant, but she was angry and snappish. After an-other fuck she got up and left me before her usual time, and I went away wondering at this, and at the number of women who had been, or who said they had been with child by me.

Soon after she was loving, sad, and serious, was sorry I would not have liked the child, for it was certainly mine, but she would get rid of it. Then in the familiarity of a lewd man and woman naked in bed together, she told me a lot about herself.

She was married, she lived with him and her mother, but loathed her husband. "He, — he the miserable wretch, — he touch me, the dirty beast I—I'd sooner die than let him", she cried, "if he wanted even, — but he does not want me, — what he wants he gets elsewhere, not with me", said she with strong emphasis. If she left him, she would have to support her mother alone, — perhaps it would come to that some day, — she was quite prepared for it. They ate and drank to-gether when he was at home, but had not slept to-gether for years. He kept the house comfortably enough, — perhaps he would so long as she took trouble about it, for he did not care so long as he got his food good. Yes she did meet a friend. It got her luxuries she could not get any other way; her husband knew she got money elsewhere, for she dressed in a way he must know his money would not enable her to do. He asked no questions, and did not care nor heed, nor seem to notice. That was pretty well all I ever got out of her. Hannah drunk, and talking to me one day said he was a very little man, and a brewer's clerk, "a hop o' my thumb", she called him.

"Never mind what my friend does", said Louisa, I've known him some years, — he does something of course, he does not meet me for nothing, but I tell you he has never spent in me, — no man has spent in me for years but you." "Do you frig your friend?" "If you like, anything else you like, it's all the same, —I'm not going to say; but neither he nor any one else has spent in me, — no man's seed has been up me for two years or more. The first night you had me I spent first, you spent after; the next time as your seed touched me, I felt a shiver run right through me, and I got in the family way at that very instant, I'm sure." Louisa was particular in her language, she never said "spunk", — thought it a nasty word, — she always said "seed", or "stuff" when she spoke of my sperm, — Sarah called it "muck".

Though I had had such lots of women, and had heard of most things, yet simple, straighforward fucking had engrossed me, I rarely had out-of-the-way lusts and letches, and I never thought to ask if her friend buggered or sucked her, or if she sucked him, or what little amusements they were up to. At all events she must have satisfied him some way, for he had known her she said some years. A man was likely to stick to Louisa, for she was a magnificent piece of flesh, from her neck to her ankles.

So I believed Louisa, and felt interested in her belly beginning to swell, but did not want the young one, or the troubles of paternity, or to get her into trouble; besides I had no affection for her, though I liked fucking her better and better.

Louisa then was away ill; I saw her again when her womb was cleared out, and we took to fucking as usual. One day in baudy vagaries we had been posturing, and she straddled across my face, bringing her cunt right on to my mouth, and my nose to her bum, she had been asking me if I ever kissed Sarah in any way but the straight one. She began kissing my pego as she lay on the top of me, I kissed her buttocks, but took no hint, if any were intended. She was very heavy, and I noticed for the first time a strongish odour from her cunt which annoyed me; afterwards I used often to fancy she had a strong smell about her quim, and was fool enough to tell her so, which offended her; but we made it up.

After a little time she began asking me if I had not forgotten Sarah, — did I love her as much? — did I long to have her again? — di dshe (Louisa) not give me as much pleasure as Sarah? I had then got over my desolation a little, and only thought of Sarah and her exquisite form with a sigh, was annoyed that she had not written to me, and I began to confess to my-self, that for fucking, Sarah was not to be compared with Louisa. Then I began to wonder at my having been so infatuated, and let it out to Louisa one night. She said she wished I would keep her, three pounds a week, and she would make it do, and so on; and I began to think seriously about the matter, for the expenses at the baudy house were nearly that amount; and although my delicate senses had began to revolt at the strong smell of Louisa, yet her voluptuousness was enticing, and was making me actually constant to her. I had quite left off my Mulatto, Brighton Bessie, and one or two others of my queens.

Louisa was again taken ill, — the consequence of her miscarriage, and of the measures taken to bring that on I was told. She got worse and worse, and was in great danger; she never wrote to me, but often to Hannah, and her letters which I saw always referred to me affectionately; above all she wanted to know what ladies I had at J... s Street. Hannah winking at me used to say, “I'd like to know where you

put it away now, — it's put somewhere." I had taken no women to that house; but laughing said I was chaste. Hannah did not believe that, so I said I frigged my-self. "You don't spill it about in that way", said she, "let me feel it", — and she put her hand outside my clothes on to my tool. "Oho !—oho !—oho !" said she, for I stiffened. Then she brought me her accounts to cast up, and when it was done, "I shall take a nap", said she, "you go now, for I expect Mrs and a strange lady" (I had looked in casually that morning), —and getting on to the bed she laid down showing her legs liberally, and looking at me all the time. "Good bye", I said, and left; but have thought since that Hannah wanted me to have her. She never before or since looked at me in that way, nor behaved with such freedom when we were alone.

Her bed was as I have I think already told, in the front-parlour in J... s Street, and in an alcove, as many beds are in French hotels and houses; and when the curtains were drawn across it, the bed was entirely hidden.

And then when without a woman at my command, and with a frequent need for one, another piece of luck befell me. The way had been paved for it before Louisa was so ill.

Chapter XVI

A friend's maid-servant. • Jenny. • Initial familiarity. • A bum pinched. • Jenny communicative. • Her young man. • An attempt, a failure, a faint, a look, and a sniff. • Restoratives.

I knew an elderly couple who were childless, and lived in a nice little house in the suburbs with, a long garden in front, and one at the back as well; they were in comfortable but moderate circumstances, and kept two servants only. Every year they went to the seaside, taking one servant with them, and leaving the other at home to look after the house; and usually some one to take charge of it with her. This year they asked if I would when I passed the house (as I frequently did) call in, and see if all was going properly, for the housemaid left in charge was young, and her sister, a married woman, usually only stopped the night with her, leaving early each morning for work in which she was daily engaged. She was an upholstress.

I knew the servant whose name was Jane. She had been with the family some months. I often dined at the house; and once or twice when she had opened the garden-gate (always locked at nightfall), to let me out, I had kissed her, and tipped her shillings. She was a shortish, fat-bummed wench. Not long before this time I gave her bum such a hard pinch one night, that she cried out. A day or two afterwards I said, “Was it not black and blue ?” “I don't know.” “Let me see.” “It's like your impertance”, she replied.

After that I used to ask her when I got the chance, to let me see if the finger-marks were there, at which she would blush a little, and turn away her head, but nothing further had come of the liberty.

When I called at the house I had no intention about the girl, as far as I can recollect. She opened the door, and heard my errand and questions. Yes all was right. Did her sister come and sleep there? Yes. Was she there now? No, she would not be there till nearly dark. I stepped inside, for then I thought of larking with her. “I am tired, and will rest a little”, and stepped into the parlour, sat down on a sofa, began questioning her about a lot of trifles, and in doing so thought of the pinch I had given her bum, and my cock began to tingle. Then I thought she was alone in the house. “Oh ! if she would let me fuck her!—has she been broached? — she is nice and plump.” Curiosity increased my lust, and unpremeditatingly I began the approaches for the attack, though I only meant a little amatory chaffing.

“Is it black and blue yet Jenny?” She did not for the instant seem to recollect, for she asked me innocently enough, “What sir?” “Your bum where I pinched it.” She laughed, checked herself, coloured up, and said, “Oh ! don't begin that nonsense sir.” I went on chaffing.

“How I should like to have pinched it under your clothes, — but no I would sooner kiss it than pinch it.” “Oh ! if you're a going on like that I'll go to the kitchen.” I stood before the door, and stopped her going out. “Now give me a kiss.” I caught and kissed her, then gave a lot, and got a return from her. “I won't—Lor there then, — what a one you are”, —and so on. “Well Jenny one kiss, and you may after-wards kiss whenever you want you know.” And so she seemed to think, for I got her to sit down on the sofa, and we gossiped and kissed at intervals, till my cock got unruly. “What a fat burn you have”, said I. Then she attempted to rise, I pulled her back, we went on gossiping, and kissing at intervals. She got quite interested in my talk as I sat with one arm round her waist, and another on her thigh, outside her clothes of course.

So for a while; but I was approaching another stage, was getting randy, and reckless. “Lord how I'd like to be in bed with you, to feel that fat bum of yours, to feel your c—u—n—t”, spelling it, “to f—u—c—k it I'd give a five-pound note”, said I all in a burst, and stooping, got my hand up her clothes on to her thigh. She gave a howl. “Oh! I say now, — what a shame !—oh ! you beast.” I shoved her back on the sofa upsetting her, got my lips on her thighs, and kissed them. Then she escaped me, and breathing hard, stood up looking at me after her struggle. “Oh! I wouldn't have believed it”, said she panting with the exertion. What a lot of women I have heard say, they would not have believed it, when I first made a snatch at their privates. I suppose they say what they mean.

Begging her pardon, “I could not help it”, I said, “you are so pretty and nice, — I'd give ten pounds to be in bed with you an hour.” “Well I'm sure.” “Think what it is not to have a woman you like.” “Well I'm sure sir, you are a married man, — you've got a partner, and ought to know better, — Missus would not have asked you to call if she'd a know'd you, — she thinks there's no gent like you, — what would she say if I tell her?” “But you won't my dear.” “She thinks you a perfect gentleman, and most unlucky”, the girl went on to say, “and she is sorry for you too.”

“Oh I she does not know all, but you've heard, have you Jenny?” I tried to make her sit on the sofa again, and promising that I would not forget myself any more she did so. We kissed and made it up, and talking I soon relapsed into baudiness.

The quarrelsome life I led with the oldish woman at home was I knew well understood by the old couple. “I lead a miserable life”, said I. “Oh ! yes I know all about it”, said the girl “Master and Missus often talk about you, — but you're very gay, ain't you?” Then I told this girl a lot. “Think my dear what it is not even to sleep with a woman for two months, — for two months we have never slept together, — I've

never seen her undressed, — never touched her flesh, — you know what people marry for,—I want a woman, you know what I mean don't you, — every night what am I to do? — I love laying belly to belly naked with a nice woman, and taking my pleasure with her, — so of course I can't keep from having other women at times, — you don't know what an awful thing it is to have a stiff prick, and not a nice woman to relieve it." She gave me a push, got up, and made for the door at the word prick. Again I stopped her. She had sat staring at me with her mouth wide open, without saying a word, all the time I had been telling the baudy narrative of domestic trouble, as if she were quite stupefied by my plain language until she suddenly jumped up, and made for the door without saving a word.

I was as quick as she, caught her, put my back against the door, and would not let her go, but could not get her to look me in the face, I had so upset her. There we stood, I begging her to sit down, and promising not to talk so again, she saying, "Now let me go, — let me out." "No, — sit down." "No." But in about a quarter of an hour she did, and then again I told her of my trouble, avoided all straighforward allusion to my wanting other women, but hinted it enough. She got interested, and asked me no end of questions. "Lord why don't you separate, if I quarrel with my husband so, I'm sure I will, — I tell my young man so." "Oh ! you have a sweetheart." Yes she had, —a grocer's shopman, — he lived at Brighton, came up third class to see her every fortnight, starting early, and going back late. She was flattered by my enquiries, told me all about him and herself, their intention to get married in a year; and I sat and listened with one hand outside her clothes on her thigh, and thinking how I could best manage to get into her.

"He goes with women", said I to make her jealous. "He don't I'm sure, — if he did, and I found it out, I'd tear his eyes out, and break off with him, though he says Brighton is a dreadful place for them hussies." She got quite excited at the idea. "When he comes up, you and he enjoy yourselves, — his hands have been where mine have to-night." "No he hasn't, — if he dared I'd—now I don't like this talk, — you said you wouldn't, — leave me alone, — you keep breaking your word." Another little scuffle, a kiss, and a promise. "Why should you not enjoy yourselves? — who would know anything about it but yourselves, — it's so delicious to feel yourselves naked in each other's arms, your bellies close together." "Get away now", — and she tried to get up. I got my hand up her clothes, pulled her on to the sofa, and holding her down with one hand, pressed myself sideways on her, and kissed her, pulling out my prick with the other.

Then she cried out so loudly that I was alarmed, for the window at the back was open. "Hush, — be quiet, — there, — I've touched

your cunt." I pulled one of her hands on to my prick. "Oh! for shame Jenny you touched my prick." Again she got up, and made for the door; so did I, and stood there with my back to it, and my poker out in front of me. "Come and open the door my dear, and you will run against this." She turned her head away, and would not look. "Why don't you come on? — if you run up against it, it won't hurt you, — it's soft though it's stiff." "I'll write to my Mistress to-night", said she, and turned away. "Do my pet, — tell her how stiff it was, and the old lady will want to see it when she comes back." "It's disgraceful." "No my dear, it's to be proud of, — why you're looking at it I can see."

Then she turned quite away. "That's right dear, — now I can see where I pinched your bum, — it was not far from your little quim, — oh ! if that could talk, it would ask to be introduced to this, it's hot, isn't it Jenny?" I said, this and a lot more. She had walked to the back-window, and stood looking into the gar-den whilst I rattled on. "You're laughing Jenny." "It's a story", said she, "I'm insulted",-and turned round with a stern face. I shook my tooleywagger. "How ill-tempered you look, — come and feel this, and you'll be sweet-tempered at once." She turned round to the window again.

"I will write my Missus, — that I will." "Do dear." "My sister will be here directly." "You said she comes at dusk, — it won't be dark for three hours." "I wish you would go, — what will people say if they know you're here?" "Don't be uneasy, — they will know no more than they know of your doings with your young man." "There is nothing to know about, but what is quite proper."

So we stood. She looking out of the window, and turning round from time to time. I standing by the door with my prick out; then I approached her quietly. "Feel it Jenny, — take pity on it." "Oh ! for God's sake sir, what are you doing?" She turned and pushed me back, then retreated herself, keeping her face to the window as she stepped backwards. "Oh! there is Miss and Mrs. Brown walking in the next garden." Sure enough there were two ladies there; they could have seen everything close to the window over the low wall which separated the gardens ; and had they been looking, must have seen Jenny, me, and my prick. "Oh! if they have seen, they will tell my Missus, and she'll tell my young man, and I shall be ruined, — oh! — oh !—oh !" said she sinking back into an arm-chair with a flood of tears, — half funk and shock, and perhaps randiness, causing it.

I was alarmed. "Oh!" she sobbed, if they saw you, —hoh !—ho ! —and it was no fault of mine, — you're a bad man, — oho ! oho !" She sat with her hands to her face, her elbows on her knees. I dropped on my knees imploring her to be quiet, was sure no one had seen me, and tried to kiss her. The position was inviting, I slid my hands up her clothes between her thighs, she took no notice, was evidently in

distress, not even conscious of the invasion. A bold push, and my fingers touched her cunt. I forgot all in the intensity of my enjoyment, at feeling my fingers on the edge of the soft, warm nick. No repulse' I looked up, she sank back in the chair, seemingly unconscious and deadly white.

I withdrew my hand, then came a mental struggle; my first impulse was to get cold water, the next to look at her cunt. I went towards the door, turned round to look at her. Her calves were visible, I ran back, and lifted her clothes, so that I could just see her cunt-hair, gave her thighs a kiss, and then rushed downstairs, got water, and as I entered the room she was recovering. She knew nothing or next to nothing of what had occured, nor that my fingers had touched her clitoris, though she had not actually fainted.

“I wish I had some brandy”, she said, “I feel so weak.” “Is there any in the side-board?” “No.” “I'll go and get a little.” A few hundred feet from the house down a side-door, was a public-house. As I was going, “You will let me in again?” I said. “If you promise not to touch me.” She looked so pale that I fetched brandy, but put the street-door key in my pocket as I went. “If she don't let me in”, I thought, “she shan't have the key, — and what will she tell her sister about that?” It was a key almost as big as a shovel; she never noticed that I had taken it away. She thought by her dodge that she had got rid of me, and told me so afterwards.

I brought back the brandy and knocked. “Let me in.” “I won't.” “Then you shan't have the street-door key.” This was spoken to each other through the closed door. A pause, then the door opened. “You are coming Jenny.” We went downstairs into the kitchen, she had brandy and water, and so had I. It was a hot day, the pump-water was deliciously cool, I made hers as strong as she would take it, — it was an instinct of mine. She got her colour back, and became talkative, we talked about her fainting, but she tried to avoid talking about it, and did not want me to refer to what had led to it. I did, and was delighted to think that it was owing to what is called “exposing my person.”

“I don't think the ladies saw it, so you need not have been so frightened Jenny, — but you saw it, did you not?” No reply. “I saw you looking at it.” “It's a story.” “Why did you faint?” “I always feel faint if I am startled.” “What startled you?” “Nothing.” “You saw it, and you put your hand over it to hide it, and you touched it.” “It's a story, — I wish you'd go.” “You ungrateful little devil, when I've just fetched you brandy.” “It's through you that I felt ill.” “Why?” No reply. “Don't be foolish, — it was for fear that the ladies should have seen my prick so near you, — now look at it”, — and I pulled it out, it was not stiff. “It was twice the size when you saw it, — feel it, and it

will soon be bigger."

The girl rose saying she would go and remain in the forecourt till her sister came, if I did not leave, but I prevented her going out of the kitchen. She began to cry again, and had a little more brandy and water. My talk took its old channel.

"Do you know how long you were fainting?" "I didn't faint, but only a minute or so." "Do you know what I did?" She was sitting down, then got upright, looked at me full in the face, her eyes almost starting out of her head. "What did you do !—what? — what? — what?" She spoke hurriedly, anxiously, in an agitat- ed manner. "I threw up your clothes, kissed your cunt, and felt it."

"It's a lie, — it's a lie." "It's true, — and the hair is short, and darker than the hair of your head, — and your thighs are so white, — and your garters are made of blue cloth, — and I felt it, the dear little split, — how I wish my belly had been up against it—what a lovely smell it has!" (putting my fingers to my nose).

"Oho I—oho !-oho !" said she bursting into tears, "what a shame to take liberties with a poor girl when she can't help herself, — oho ! —oho !—you must be a bad man, — Missus had no business to send you to look after me, as if she could not trust me, — she don't know what sort of man you are, — and a gentleman too, — oho !—and married too, — it's a shame, — oho ! —oho ! I don't believe you though, — oho—o—o." And when I told her again the colour and the make of her garters, she nearly howled. "You mean man to do such a thing when I was ill."

I kissed her, she let me, but went on blubbering. "I've a good mind to tell my young man." "That will be foolish, because you and I mean to have more pleasure than we have had, — and he'll never be any the wiser but if you tell him, he'll think it's your fault."

This had occupied some hours, it was getting dark, but it seemed only as if I had been there some minutes, so deliciously exciting are lascivious acts and words. The charm of talking baudily to a woman for the first time, is such, that hours fly away just like minutes.

I got her on to my lap and kissed her. She was so feeble that I put my hands up her clothes nearly to her knees before she repulsed them. Then I feared her sister coming home; she promised to hide the brandy, and we parted. She kissed me, and let me feel to her knees to induce me to go. "Oh ! for God's sake sir, do go before my sister comes." My last words were. "Mind you've felt my cock, and I've felt your cunt." "Pray go" — and I departed, leaving her tearful, excited, and in a state of exhaustion which seemed to me unaccountable.

Probably had I persisted a little longer I should have had her, such was the lassitude into which she had fallen; but I felt that I had made progress, and went home rejoicing, and forming plans for the

future. When I had had some food, and thought over the matter, I came to the conclusion that I had been a fool in leaving her, and that had l pushed matters more determinately at the last moment, I should have certainly fucked her before I had left. I was mad with myself when I reflected on that, and the opportunity lost, which might not occur again.

Jenny had not fainted quite, but though unable to speak, resist, or indeed move, she must have been partially conscious. I think this from what I know of her nature afterwards.

Chapter XVII

When are women most lewd. • Garters, money, and promises. • About my servant. • The neckerchief. • Armpits felt • Warm hints. • Lewd suggestions. • Baudy language. • Tickling. • "Fanny Hill". • Garters tried. • Red fingers. • Struggle, and escape. • Locked out. • I leave. • Baudy predictions, and verifications.

I have a confused recollection of thinking myself the next day an ass, for having missed a good opportunity of spermatizing a fresh cunt; yet for some reason or another it must have been three days before I went to try my luck again.

I had about this time of my life began to frame intentions, and calculate my actions towards women; although still mostly ruled by impulse and opportunity in love matters. My philosophy was owing to experience, and also in a degree to my friend the Major, to whom some years before I had confided my having commissioned a French woman to get me a virgin. He was older, poorer, and more dissolute than ever, "He is the baudiest old rascal that ever I heard tell a story", was the remark of a man at our Club one night. Ask him to dinner in a quiet way by himself, give him unlimited wine, and he would in an hour or two begin his confidential advice in the amatory line, and in a wonderful manner tell of his own adventures, and give reasons why he did this or that, why he succeeded with this woman, or missed that girl, in a way as amusing, and instructive to a young listener, as could be imagined.

"If you want to get over a girl", he would say, "never flurry her till her belly's full of meat and wine; let the grub work. As long as she is worth fucking, it's sure to make a woman randy at some time. If she is not twenty-five she'll be randy directly her belly is filled, — then go at her. If she's thirty, give her halfan-hour. If she's thirty-five let her digest an hour, she won't feel the warmth of the dinner in her cunt till then. Then she'll want to piss, and directly after that she'll be ready for you without her knowing it. But don't flurry your young un, — talk a little quiet smut whilst feeding, just to make her laugh and think of baudy things; then when she has left table, get at her. But it's well," the old Major would say, "to leave a woman alone in a room for a few minutes after she has dined, perhaps then she will let slip a fart or two, perhaps she'll piss, — she'll be all the better for the wind and water being out. A woman's cunt doesn't get piss-proud like a man's prick you know, they're differently made from us my boy, — but show any one of them your prick as soon as you can, it's a great persuader. Once they have seen it they can't forget it, it will keep in their minds. And a baudy book, they won't ever look at till you've fucked them !—

oh ! won't they ! —they would at church if you left them alone with it." And so the Major instructed us.

About three days afterwards, taking a pair of garters, two small showy neckerchiefs, and Fanny Hill with me, I knocked at the door. "Oh! you!" said she colouring up. "Yes, — is everything right?" "Yes! all right, what should be the matter sir?" She stood at the street-door holding it open, though I had entered the hall. I turned, closed the door, and caught hold of her.

"Now none of that pray sir, you insulted me enough last time." "I could not help it, you're so lovely, it's your fault, — forgive me, and I won't do so any more, —here is a sovereign, take it, kiss me, and make it up." "I don't want your money", said she sulkily. "Take it, I give it with real pleasure, — what I had the other day was worth double."

"I won't be paid for your rudeness, if that's what you mean." "Lord my dear I've no occasion to pay for that, I took it without pay, — I wish I could get what I told you yesterday, — I'd give ten times the sum." "You are going on again." "Don't be foolish, —take it, buy a pair of silk stockings." "Your plump legs would look so nice in them", — and I forced her to put the money into her pocket.

Then I got her to the parlour, to sit down, to allow me to kiss her, and then to talk about me and my "Missus", as she called her, a subject which seemed to excite her, for she began asking me question after question, and listened to all I said with breathless attention about my daily habits, rows, and fast doings. Once I stopped at some question. "I won't tell you that." "Oh! do, — do." "No it's curious." "Do, — do." It was about a pretty servant-girl whom I had noticed in my house. "It will offend you if I do." "No it won't." "Well give me a kiss then."

She kissed me. She had stood up a moment, now she sat down again by me on the sofa. I went on with my story, every now and then I stopped till she kissed me, it came to a kiss every minute, as I sat with my arm round her waist, talking.

Said I, "It was a servant whom my wife turned out at a day's notice, — a pretty girl, — I had taken to kissing her, and then I nudged her somewhere you know. One night when she opened the door, I saw by the light that my wife was in our bed-room. 'Is your Mistress upstairs?' 'Yes sir.' 'And the cook?' 'Yes.' Then I closed with her. 'Don't sir, Missus will hear.' I hugged her closer, shoved her up against the wall, got my hand on to her cunt, felt her, and gave her halfa-sovereign. How delicious it was to get the fingers on to the wet nick of that pretty girl, and say, 'How I should like to fuck that Mary.' I told it in words like that to Jenny, and she sat listening. At the word "fuck" up she got.

“You are a going on rude again.” “You asked me.” “Not for that.” “But that's what I had to tell, what you kissed me to tell.” “I didn't think you would say rude things.” “Sit down, and I'll tell you without rude words.” And so I did, telling all over again with additions, but instead of saying “cunt”, “fuck”, and so on, said, “I got my hand you know where”, — “and then she let me you know what”, — “she was frightened to let me do, you guess what I wanted.”

“Luckily though she foolishly told her fellow-servant, she did not say who had been feeling her. That sneak told my wife, who told me about it, or all she knew, and said she could not keep such an improper girl in the house as that. 'But the other servant may have told a lie to spite her.' 'Perhaps, but I'll turn her out too', — and so she did, both left.”

Thus I talked to jenny till I expect her quim was hot enough; then said I, “Here is a pretty neckerchief, —put it on.” “Oh! how pretty.” “I won't give it you unless you put it on.” She went to the glass and unbuttoned the top of her dress, which was made to button on the front. I saw her white fat bosom, she threw the kerchief round the neck, and tried to push it down the back. “Let me put it down, — it's diffrcult.” She let me. “You are not unbuttoned enough, it's too tight.” She undid another button, I pushed down the kerchief, and releasing my hand as I stood at the back of her, put it over her shoulder, and down in front, pushing it well under her left breast. “Ohl what a lovely breast you have, — let me kiss it.”

A shriek, a scuffle; In the scuffle I burst off a button or two, which exposed her breast, and getting my hand on to one of the globes began feeling and kissing it. Then I slid my hand further down, and under her armpit. “Oh ! what a shame, — don't, — I don't like it.” How lovely, — kiss, kiss, — oh ! Jenny what a lot of hair I can feel under here.” “Oh !—screach, — screach, — oh ! don't tickle me, — oh !—oh l”, — and she crouched as women do who can't bear tickling. I saw my advantage. “Are you ticklish?” “Yes, — oh !—(screach, — screach) , — oh ! leave off.”

Instead of leaving off I tickled harder than ever. She got my hand out, but I closed on her, tickling her under her arm, pinching her sides, and got her into such a state of excitement, that directly I touched her she screached with wild laughter; the very idea of being touched made her shiver. We were on the sofa, she yelling struggling whilst I pinched her, she trying to get away from me, but fruitlessly; I buried my face in her breasts which were now largely exposed, and she fell back I with my face on her, and holding her tight. Then I put one hand down, feeling outside for her notch; that stopped her screaching, and she pushed me off as she got up.

I soothed her, begged pardon, spoke of the hair in her armpits,

wondered if it was the same colour that it was lower down. Now she shammed anger, boxed my ears, and we make it up. I produced the garters. “Oh! what a lovely pair.” “They're yours if you let me put them on.” “I won't.” “Let me put on half-way up.” “No.” “Just above the ankle.” “No, my stockings are dirty.” “Never mind.” “No.” Then she made an excuse, said she must see to something, and left the room. I thought she was going to piddle.

She came back. I found afterwards she had been out to lace up her boots, they were untidy. It was coquettishness, female instinct, for she wanted the garters, and meant to let me try them on, though refusing. “Where do you garter, about knee?” “I shan't tell you.” “I've seen, — let me put them on below the knees.” “No.” “Then I'll give them to another woman who will let me.” “I don't care.” I threw the garters on to the table after some fruitless attempts. I was getting awfully lewd with our conversation.

“Do you like reading?” “Yes.” “Pictures?” “Yes.” “I've a curious book here.” “What is it?” I took the book out. “The Adventures of Fanny Hill.” “Who was she?” “A gay lady, — it tells how she was seduced, how she had lots of lovers, was caught in bed with men, — would you like to read it?” “I should.” “We will read it together, — but look at the pictures”, — this the fourth or fifth time in my life I have tried this manoeuvre with women. I opened the book at a picture of a plump, leering, lecherous-looking woman squatting, and pissing on the floor, and holding a dark-red, black-haired, thick-lipped cunt open with her fingers. All sorts of little baudy sketches were round the margin of the picture. The early editions of Fanny Hill had that frontispiece.

She was flabbergasted, silent. Then she burst out laughing, stopped and said, “What a nasty book, — such books ought to be burnt.” “I like them, they're so funny.” I turned over a page. “Look, here is she with a boy who sold her watercresses, is not his prick a big one?” She looked on silently, I heard her breathing hard. I turned over picture after picture. Suddenly she knocked the book out of my hand to the other side of the room. “I won't see such things”, said she. “Won't you look at it by yourself?” “If you leave it here I'll burn it.” “No you won't, you'll take it to bed with you.” There I left the book lying, it was open and the frontispiece showing. “Look at her legs”, said I, for we could see the picture as we sat on the sofa; and I began to kiss and tickle her again.

She shrieked, laughed, got away, and rushed to the door. I brought her back, desisted from tickling and lewd talking, though I was getting randier than ever. “Now have the garters, — let me put one round the leg, just to see how it looks, — just half-way up the calf.” After much persuasion, after pulling up my trowsers, and

showing how a garter looked round my calf, she partly consented. “Promise me you won't tickle me.” I promised everything.

I dropped on one knee, she sat on the sofa. “Put one foot on my leg.” She put one foot there, and care-fully raised her clothes an inch or two above the boot- top. “A little higher.” She raised it holding her petticoats tight round the leg, and I slipped the garter round it. “It's too loose, raise a little more.” “I won't any higher, — I can see how it looks.” “Won't they look nice when they are above the knee? and won't your young man be pleased when he sees them there.” “My young man won't see them any more than you will.” Let me slip on the other.” The same process, the same care on her part. She bestowed all her care on the limb I was gartering, lest I should slip the gar-ter higher up. The remainder of her clothes were loose round her other leg. Then I pushed my hand up her clothes and herself back on the sofa, relinquishing the leg I was gartering.

Rapidly my hand felt thighs, hair, cunt, How wet! What is this which catches my fingers? what is it they are gliding between? With a yell she pushed me away, and got up as I withdrew my fingers. She had a napkin on, my fingers were stained red. “Oh, you beast”, said she bursting into tears. I caught hold of her, and began to tickle her; she pushed me violently away, and escaping, rushed downstairs, slammed the kitchen-door in my face, and locked herself in. I have been accustomed to this behaviour on similar occasions.

I stood outside begging pardon, talking baudiness, I tried to burst open the door, and could not. I was not fond of poorliness in women, had a keen nose, and oftentimes could smell a woman if poorly, even with her clothes down; how it was I did not smell her, considering how near my nose had been to her split and her breasts, I can't say, but suppose randiness over-came my other senses. I played with my prick which was in an inflammatory state, feeling it made me much randier, I called through the door how I wanted to fuck her, how my prick was bursting, how I would frig myself if she did not let me. “What a hard hearted girl,-I'll give you ten pounds to let me, — who will know it, but you and me?” and a lot more; but it was of no use, and at length I went upstairs, determining to wait, and thinking that in time she might follow me.

On the sofa I sat thinking of what I had done. There lay one garter, I took it up, and rolled it round my pego. I rubbed the tip with it, thinking it might be a spell. I took up Fanny Hill, got more excited by reading the book, looking at its salacious pictures, and feeling my prick at the same time. Then the sense of pleasure got beyond control, and laying down the book on the floor just beneath me, where I could see a baudy picture, I turned on my side on the sofa, and frigged till a shower of spunk shot out.

Then down I went. The door was still locked, my senses were calmed, but I talked baudy, and offered her money without a reply; growing tired, I bawled out, “I'm going, — you will let me in a day or two, and get the ten pounds towards the new shop, — you won't be so unkind when I come again.” “I'll take good care never to let you in”, said she. They were the only words I could get out of her. I went upstairs, took a slip of paper, and wrote on it, “I have wrapped the garter round my prick, it is a charm. Directly you put it on I shall know, for my prick will stiffen, — you will put it on I am sure; and directly my prick stiffens, your cunt will long to have it up it, even if I am miles away. You will put the garter on, for you can't help doing so, — I'm sure to fuck you, neither you nor I could avoid it if we would. Why should we deny our- selves the pleasure, — no one will know it, and you will be ten pounds the richer.” I wrote that or some-thing nearly like it, and charmed with my own wit, rubbed the garter over the top of my prick till I left the smell on it, then laid it on the table over the paper I had written, and went away, taking Fanny Hill with me.

It is a positive fact, that about two hours after-wards I had a violent randy throbbing in my prick, and found out later on that just at that very time she had put that garter on.

(And now for the complete understanding of what follows, it must be stated that the house was in plan nearly like that which I inhabited when I had my beautiful servant Mary. Kitchens in the basement, two par-lours with folding doors between them, nearly always open; and rooms back and front over the parlours; and that my absent friend did with those rooms whilst absent at the seaside, what was not unusual with people of- their class in those days, lock most of them up, leaving only sufficient for the servant, or caretaker, to inhabit.)

Chapter XVIII

"Fanny Hill" sent to Jenny. • My next visit. • Thunder, lightning, sherry, and lust • A chase round a table. • The money taken. • Tickling and micturating. • A search for "Fanny Hill". • A chase upstairs. • In the bed-room. • Thunder, funk, and lewdness. • Intimidation and coaxing. • Over and under. • A rapid spender. • Virginity doubtful. • Fears, tears, and fucking.

I waited a few days to ensure her poorliness being over. I had not left her Fanny Hill, but why I cannot tell, for I knew how baudy books excited a woman. The night before my next attack, I wrapped up the book, directed it to her, gave a boy sixpence to deliver it, hid myself by a lilac which was in the front-garden close to the road, and saw the boy give it to her, and go off quickly as I had told him. It was just dark, and too dark inside the passage of the house to see; for Jenny stepped outside the house so as to get light, and stripped off the envelope. I saw also that she opened the book, closed it, looked rapidly on both sides, then stepped inside, and closed the door. I expect that her cunt got hot enough that night. I saw her sister who slept with her nightly, going through the front-garden soon afterwards, and Jenny open the door for her. I had then moved off to a safe distance, the other side of the road.

Jenny was fond of finery, and I had heard the old lady of the house declaiming about it. Her pleasure at the showy neckerchief and garters was great, so I bought a pretty broach, and filling my purse with sovereigns determined to have her at any cost, for my letch for her had got violent. The next day I had a good luncheon, went to the house just after her dinner-time, and took with me a bottle of sherry. I recollect the morning well. It was a sultry day, reeking with moisture; it had been thundering, the clouds were dark and threatening, the air charged with electricity. Such a day makes all creation randy, and you may see every monkey at the Zoological Gardens frigging or fucking. I was resolute with lustful heat, the girl was I expected under the same influence, and taking her as I did after a lazy meal, everything was propitious to me. "How shall I get in? — if I knock she may not open; and if she sees me go up the front-garden she won't open. But I had to try, so walked up to the door, and gave one single loud tradesman's knock.

There was a little porch and a shelter over the street-door. Standing flat up against the door, so that I might be hidden from her sight if peeping, I heard an upper window open. She looked out, but where I was she could not see me. There was delay, so again I knocked, and soon the door began to open, I pushed it and stepped in.

The front-shutters on the ground-floor to my wonder were closed.

"Hoh ! sir—you", said Jenny amazed, "what do you want?" I pushed the door to, and caught hold of her. "I've come to have a chat and a kiss." She struggled, but I got her tight, and kissed as a randy man then kisses a woman, it is a magnetizing thing. "Oh ! there it is again", she cried as a loud thunder-clap was heard, "oh! let me go, — oh ! it do frighten me so." "Where are you going?" "Oh ! into the parlour, — I've closed the shutters." The girl was in a panic, and did not know what she said. The parlour-door was open, the room nearly dark, which suited me. She went just in, and then turned round to go out, but I pulled her to the sofa. A flash of lightning showed even in the darkened room, the girl cowered and hid her face with her hands. I took her round the waist. "Shut your eyes, and lean your head against me." Mechanically she did, she was utterly unnerved. I felt down with my right hand the form of her thighs and haunches through her clothes. My prick began to stand, pulling it out, and taking her near hand I put it round my prick just as the thunder roared. She kept her hand unconsciously on it for a time, then with a start took it away and jumped up. "Oh ! it's wicked", said she, "when God Almighty is so angry", — and just as she got to the door a terrific hash made her turn round again. I caught her, and sitting down on a chair pulled her on to my knee; she hid at once her face on my shoulder in terror.

Coaxing and soothing, and exciting her, in her fear she listened at times twitching and oh-ing. I was sorry I had touched her cunt the other day I said. "Oh ! now don't." "Feel my prick again, — do dear." "Let me go, you've no business here." Another flash came, I put my hand up her clothes, the tip of my fingers just touched her quim. She struggled and got away, and in doing so upset the chair which fell down and broke. "Oh! now what will my Missus say!" said she. Then a screech, and she got to the other side of the table.

This went on a little longer, a gleam of sunshine came through the shutters. Then she opened one shut- ter, and said if I did not go she would open the window and call out. The light showed my pego, stiff, red-tipped and ready. "Look what your feeling has done for this Jenny", said I shaking my tooleywag at her.

But her resoluteness daunted me, so I promised not to do so again. "Here is some sherry that I was taking home to taste, — let's have a glass,-it will do both of us good after this thunder, — you look white, and as if you wanted a glass." I had got out of her on a previous day that she liked sherry. "I'll go and get you a glass", said she. "No you shan't, — you will lock the door", said I, — I know that was in her mind. No she would not. "We will go together then."

We did, and returning to the parlour under my most solemn

promise of good behaviour, down she sat, and we began drinking sherry. One glass, — two, then an-other she swallowed. “No I dare not, it will get into my head, — no more.” “Nonsense, — after your fright it will do you good.” “Well half a glass.” “Isn't it nice Jenny?” “It is.” “Does not your sweetheart give it you?” “At Christmas, but only one glass.” The sherry began to work. “Only another half-glass”, — and I poured it out nearly full. Soon after I got up after filling my own, and standing before her again filled up hers which she had sipped without her seeing me. “Finish your glass dear.” “No I can't, it's making me so hot.” “Just another half-glass.” “I won't.” But she began to chatter and told me again all about her young man, of their intending to open a grocer's shop when they had two hundred pounds; that he had saved a certain sum, and when he had a little more his father was to put fifty pounds to it. She also had put money in the savings bank. I got closer to her, and asked for a kiss. “Well I'll kiss you if you promise not to be rude again.” A kiss and a promise. She was one of the simplest and most open girls I have ever met with, and once a half-feeling of remorse came over me about my intentions, whilst she was talking on quite innocently about her future; but my randy prick soon stopped that.

“What nonsense dear, your young man won't know that I have felt your thighs, and you my thing, nor any one else what we do, — I have thought of nothing else since I touched you, — kiss;—now let me do it again, — just feel it, — only where my hand's been before, — I swear I won't put my hand up higher, just above your garters, — have you got those garters on?” “No.” “Oh ! you have.” “Well I have.” “Let me just see.” “I shan't.” “I'll give you a sovereign to let me.” “Shan't.” I pulled out the sovereign, put it on the table and spite of her resistance pulled up her clothes just high enough to see one garter; then clutching her round the waist I pushed my hands up, and touched a well-developed clitoris. She struggled, but I kept my hand there, kissed her rapturously, and frigged her; her cap fell off in her struggle. “Oh ! I—can't—bearit—now—sir; I don't—oh !—like it, — oh !” Then with a violent effort she got my hand away, but I held her fast to me.

“What a lovely smell your cunt has”, said I putting the fingers just withdrawn from her thighs up to my nose. I had always noticed that nothing helps to make a woman more randy than that action; it seems to overwhelm them with modest confusion; I have always done that instinctively to a woman whom I was trying. “Oh! what a man, — oh ! let me pick up my cap.” Just then I noticed her hair was short, and remarked it. She was annoyed, her vanity hurt, turned her thoughts entirely. “Yes”, she said, “I had a fever two years ago, — but it's growing again.” “Well it has grown enough on your cunt dear, — did it fall off there?” “Oh ! what a man !—oh ! now what a shame!” My

hand was on her thighs again, and I managed another minute's frig, and kept her close to me.

The heat had become excessive. What with struggling, and the excitement, sweat was on both our faces. Her thighs by her crack were as wet as if she had pissed them, her backside began to wriggle with pleasure, which I knew I was giving her; but again with a violent effort she freed herself from me, and as I put my hand to my nose she violently pulled it away. The sherry was upsetting her wisdom.

“There is the sovereign”, said I as she stood looking at me, “that will help you.” “Don't want it.” Seeing where her pocket-hole was I pushed it into it. “Oh ! what a lucky sovereign, to lay so close to your cunt Jenny”, — and pushing my hand into her pocket I touched the bottom of her belly through the linen. Again a struggle, a repulse, then she put her hand into her pocket. “You're feeling your cunt Jenny”, said I. “O—oh !” said she taking it out quickly, “I was feeling for the money, — I won't have it.”

Then I kissed her till the sweat ran off my face on to hers. “Oh ! my goodness”, said she as it grew darker, “it's going to thunder again.” “Have another glass.” “No it's gone into my head already.” But she took a gulp of mine. “Let's fuck you Jenny dear.” “What?” “Fuck.” “Shan't.” “Oh ! you know what I mean.” “No I don't, but it's something bad if it's from you.” I pulled out my prick, and tried to push her on the sofa. She got away, and then with my prick out I chased her round the table. “Leave off”, said she, “a joke's a joke, but this is going too far.” She was getting lewd, and was staring at my prick which showed above the table as I chased her. Quick as me she managed to keep just on the side of it opposite to me.

“I'll swear I won't touch you again if you will sit down.” “I won't trust you, — you've been swearing all the afternoon.” “So help me God I will”, said I, and meant it.” “Well then not when you are like that.” I pushed my prick inside my trowsers, and then she sat down. What a long time this takes to tell, what repetition ! but there are not many incidents I recollect more clearly.

Then I took out ten sovereigns, all bright, new ones, laid them on the table, and then the broach. “Do you like that Jenny?” “Yes.” “It is for you if you will let me, and those ten sovereigns also.” “You are a bad man”, said the girl, “and would make me forget my-self and be ruined, and without caring a bit”, — and she began rocking her head about, and rolling her body as she sat beside me, and looking at the money. “Who will know? — you won't tell your young man, — I shan't tell my wife, — let me.” “I shan't, — never, — never, — never, — never, if it was fifty pounds”, said she almost furiously. “He won't find it out.” “Yes he would.” “Nonsense, — half the servants do it, yet marry”, — and then I told her of some I had who had married. “No, —

no, — no", she kept repeating, almost bawling it out, as I told of Mary So-and-so who mar- ried a butler, and Sarah So-and-so who married my greengrocer, though I'd fucked them over and over again. "No, — no", looking at the money; then suddenly she took up the broach, and laid it down again.

Before running round the table after her, I had thrown off my coat and waistcoat. "It's so hot, I've a good mind to take off my trowsers", I had said; but I had another motive. She seemed weaker, and was so, for gradually she had got inflamed and lewd by heat, the electrical condition of the atmosphere, the titillation of my finger on her seat of pleasure, and the sight of my stiff penis. She had I expect, got to that weak, yielding, voluptuous condition of mind and body, when a woman knows she is wrong, yet cannot make up her mind to resist. Just then it came into my mind to tickle her; and then followed a scene which is one of the most amusing in my reminiscences.

She shrieked, and wriggled down on to the floor. I tried to mount her there. She kicked, fought, so that though once my prick touched her cunt-wig, I could not keep on the saddle. She forgot all propriety in her fuddled excitement, and whilst screaching from my tickling, repeated incoherently baudy words as I uttered them. "Let me fuck you." "You shan't fuck me." "Let's put it just to your cunt." "You shan't, you're a blackguard, — oh ! don't, — leave me alone, — wee I will feel it, if you'll let me get up, — oh !—he ! hi ! hi! —for God's sake don't tickle, — hi !—I shall go mad, —you shan't, — oh ! don't, — oh ! if you don't leave off." "I shall, — I must." "Oh ! pray, — you shall if you leave off tickling then, — oh ! don't pray, — oh ! I shall piddle myself, — he ! he!" She was rolling on the floor, her thighs exposed, sometimes backside, sometimes belly upwards with all its trimmings visible. "Oh ! it's your fault", and as she spoke actually piddle began to issue. I had my hand on her thigh, and felt and saw it.

Randy as I was I burst out laughing; and she man-aged to get up, began to push in her neckerchief which I had torn out of the front of her dress, and arranged her hair.

"Oh ! look at me, — if any one came, what a state I am in", said she looking in the glass, and there she stood her breast heaving, her eyes swollen, her mouth open, and breathing as if she had just run a mile, but attempting nothing, saying nothing further, awaiting my attack. What randy, pleasureable excitement she must have been in, though unconscious of it, whilst only thinking of how to prevent my fucking her against her will.

"You began piddling." "Didn't." "I felt the piddle on my hand." She made no reply, but passed on, and wiped her face. When I said more she merely tossed her head. "Don't be a fool Jenny, — let us, — you want it as bad as me." Then I rattled out my whole baudy

vocabulary, “prick”, “cunt”, “fuck”, “spunk”, “pleasure”, “belly to belly”, “my balls over your arse”, “let my stiff prick stretch your cunt”, — everything which could excite a woman; to all of which she merely said, “Oho !—oh !” and tossed her head, and never took her staring eyes off me, nor ceased swabbing up her perspiring face, and at the same time looking at my throbbing, rigid cunt-stretcher.

Finding she took to yelling, and even hitting me, I desisted a moment. “Where is the book I sent you last night?” I had till then forgotten it. That opened her mouth. “Have not had a book.” “I saw the boy give it you, and you open it.” “He didn't.” “He did.” “I burnt it, — a nasty thing, — I would not let my sister see it.” An angry feeling came over me for the moment, for I thought it probable, and should have had difficulty in replacing it. Then came an inspiration to help me, — a man always gets somehow on the right track to get into a woman if he has opportunity. Nature wills it. The woman was made to be fucked, and the sooner for them, the better for them.

“You have not burnt it, — I'll bet it's in your bedroom, — in your box.” “It isn't.” I'll swear it's there, —you have been reading it all night, — I'll go up and see.” She started as if electrified into life as I made for the door. She got there before me, and stood before me. “You shan't go, — you've no business up there, —I've burnt it, — it's not there.” “It's in the kitchen then.” “No, I've burnt it”, she went on rapidly and confusedly. “I'll go and see”, said I pulling her from the door, she screeching out, “No you shan't go up, — that you shan't, — you've no business there.” Then I pulled up her clothes to her belly, she got them down, but still she kept her back to the door. I kept pulling her till her cap was off again, and felt sure she was getting weaker and weaker.

Then she turned round suddenly, opened the door, and ran up the stairs rapidly like a lapwing, I after her. Once she turned round, “You shan't come up”, said she, and tried to push me back; and then again on she went, I following. I stumbled, that gave her a few steps ahead; I sprang up three steps at a time, recovered the lost distance, and just as she got into the bed-room, and slammed the door to, I put my foot in it, — it hurt me much. “Damn it, how you hurt my foot, — I will come in” — and pushing the door my strength prevailed; the door flew open, I saw her running round the bed, and there on the very pillow of the unmade bed lay Fanny Hill, open at one of the pictures. I threw myself across the bed, and clutched the book. She then stood motionless, panting and staring at me, she had clutched at it, and failed just as I caught it. She would have got it, but for having to go round the bed.

I laughed. “Have you not had a treat Jenny dear!” Her face was a picture of confusion. I was stretched half across the bed, and now

went right across. Then to escape me she ran away, and had nearly reached the door when throwing myself over the bed again, I grasped her petticoats under her arse, and managed to pull her back. “Damned if I don't fuck you”, said I, “by God I'll shove my prick up your cunt if I'm hanged for it”, — and pushing a hand up behind I clasped her naked buttocks. She turned round, I pulled her petticoats clean up, she yelling, struggling, panting, imploring. I dropped on my knees, kissed her belly, and buried my nose between her thighs. The petticoats dropped over my head, her belly kept bumping up against my nose and lips, which were covered with her cunt-moisture.

I rose up, pushed and rolled her against the bed, my hand still up her clothes. “Oh ! don't, don't now, —you .re a great gentleman they say, and ought to think of a poor girl's ruin, — oh ! if it was found out I should be ruined.” “It won't darling.” I had got my fingers well over the whole slit. “Pray don't, — well I'll kiss you, — there.” “Feel it.” “Will you let me get up if I do?” “Yes.” “There then”, and she felt me. “Oh ! I must fuck you.” “Oh! pray don't, — oh ! let me go now, and I'll let you another day, — I will indeed sir, — oh l you hurt, — don't push your fingers like that.” “Kiss me my darling.” “You shan't.” “There there.” Another struggle. “Oh ! I can't—be—bear it.” Her arse began to twist again, her head sank on my shoulder, her thighs opened; then with a start, “Oh! my God it's lightning (it began to thunder and lighten badly), —oh! I'm so frightened, — oh ! don't, — another day, — it's wicked when it's lightning so, — oh! God almighty will strike us dead if you are so wicked, — oh! let me go into the dark, — oh ! don't, — I can't—be—bear it.” Her arse was shaking with my groping and frigging.

“Now don't be a fool, — damned if I don't murder you if you are not quiet!” “Oh! oh!” I had got her somehow on to the bed, she was helpless; with fear, liquor, and cunt-heat. I threw myself on to her. A feel between thighs reeking with sweat, with her cunt in a lather, with the sweat dropping in great drops from my face, with sweat running down my belly on to my prick and my balls; I shoved. One loud “aha !” and my prick-tip was up against her womb-door. A mighty straight thrust; and the virginity was gone at that one effort.

Right up there with but a shove or two as far as I recollect, and without trouble, my sperm spouted directly my tool rubbed through the wet, warm cunt-muscles. Then I came to my senses; where was I? has she let me, or had I forced her violently.

She laid quietly under me with closed eyes and open mouth, panting; I was upon her, up her, pressing heavily upon her rather than holding her; then thrusting my hands under her fat bottom I recommenced thrusting and fucking. She lay still, in the enjoyment of a lubricated cunt, distended by a stiff, hot prick. Soon she was

sensitive to my movements, her cunt constricted, a visible pleasure overtook her, her frame began to quiver, and the soft murmurs of spermatic effusion came from her lips. She spent. On I went driving as if I meant to send my prick into her womb, fell into a half dreaminess, and became conscious of a great wetness on my ballocks; it was her discharge more than mine, the most copious I recollect, excepting from one woman. Then I dropped off on her side. She lay still as death, the thunder rolled over us unheeded by her in the delirious excitement and delight of her first fuck.

She turned on her side slightly, her thighs and back-side were naked, she hid her face, and shuddered at the thunder unheeding her nakedness, then buried her face in a pillow, and so we both dozed for a minute or two. Her backside was still naked, when I looked at her in all ways as she lay, and saw traces of sperm on her thighs and chemise. A little lay on the bed, but no trace of red, no signs of a bloody rupture of a virgin cunt. My shirt and drawers were spermed, but had not a trace of blood. The light fell full on her backside, I could see lightish brown hair in the crack of the parting of her buttocks; a smear of shit on her chemise. Her flesh was beautifully white. She had on nice white stockings, and the flashy garters; she had a tolerable quantity of hair on her quim on the belly side. I sat at the side of the bed, got off boots, trousers, and drawers; then laying down gently inserted my longest finger and delicately began rubbing her clitoris which I could see protruding of a fine crimson color. Then she moved; she was not asleep, but dazed by the fuck, fear of the lightning, the excitement, the heat, and the fumes of the wine combined.

She stared at me, pulled down her clothes, and tears began to run down her cheeks. What a lot of women I have had cry at such times “Don't cry my darling.” She turned on to her face, and hid it. For a quarter of an hour, I talked, but she did not answer. I told her she had spent, that I knew she had had pleasure. Then I pushed my fingers up her cunt; still she did not speak, but let me do just what I liked, keeping her eyes shut. So soon as my rammer was up to the mark, up her it went fucking, and again I felt it's stern well wetted. She was a regular streaming spunker.

After that, “I am going downstairs”, said she. “I'll come.” “No don't.” “You only want to piddle.” “Yes”, said she faintly. “Piddle here, — what will it matter?” “I can't.” “I'll go out if you won't bolt the door.” “It's no good bolting the door, you have ruined me.” I went outside, closed the door, and heard the rattle in the pot. When I re-entered she was sitting at the side of the bed crying quietly; she did nothing but look at me, but without speaking. “Arrange yourself in case any one comes to the door.” “No one will come.” “The milkman?” “He will put it down inside the porch.” She sat down the picture of

despair. Never had I felt more lewd, I was mad that day with lewdness. “Let's feel your cunt”, said I. “I have spent in it three times.” “I don't care what you do, you may do what you like, — it's of no consequence.” I felt up her cunt, she hung her head over my shoulders whilst I paddled my fingers in the wet. “Don't hurt me”, said she. “I have not hurt you.” “Yes you have.” “Let's look.” That roused her. “Oh! no, — no, — no, — you shan't.” “Wash your cunt.” I fetched the sherry, but she had not washed her cunt. “You should wash it out.” “Oh ? — oh !” said she. “if I should be with child I shall never be married.”

She drank more sherry, and promised to wash. Then I went downstairs, fetched up the broach and the ten sovereigns, and gave them to her. “How shall I say I got it?” “Does he know how much you have saved?” “Yes.” “Is it a year's wages?” “Yes”,-and she began to cry again. “What shall I say about the broach?” “That you bought it, — let's lay down and talk.” She yielded instantly, I threw up her clothes, she pushed them down. Then I lay feeling her quim, and got out her bubbies, she submitted, laying with her eyes closed, till my rubbing on her clitoris made her sigh. Then up her, I felt her wetting my prick-stem, and shot my sperm into her at that intimation of her pleasure.

It was about seven o'clock, I had been nearly five hours at my amusements, and was tired; but had that day an irrepressable prick. It began to stiffen almost directly it left her cunt. I went down with her to tea, there I pulled her on to my lap, and we began to look at Fanny Hill. I could not get a word out of her, but she looked intently at the pictures. I explained their salacity. “Hold the book dear, and turn over as I tell you.” Then I put my fingers on her cunt again. How sensitive she was. “Let's come upstairs.” “No”, said she, reluctantly, but up we went, and fucked again. Then she groaned, “Oh ! pray leave off,—I'm almost dead, — I shall have one of my fainting fits.” “Lay still darling, I shall come soon”, — but it was twenty minutes hard grinding before my sperm rose. Then she laid motionless and white through nervous exhaustion, excitement, and loss of her spermatic liquid, which I kept fetching and fetching in my long grinding. She told me afterwards that she could not tell how often she spent. I had never been randier or stronger, nor enjoyed the first of a woman more.

She was a most extraordinary girl. After the first fuck she was like a well-broken horse; she obeyed me in everything, blushed, was modest, humbled, indifferent, conquered, submissive; but I could get no conversation out of her excepting what I have narrated. She cried every ten minutes, and looked at me. After each fuck she laid with her eyes closed, and mouth open, and turned on her side directly, putting her hand over her quim, and pulling her clothes just over her buttocks. Then after I had recovered and began to talk, a tear would

roll down her cheek.

About nine o'clock she said. “Do go, my sister will be here, — and the bed wants making.” At the door I put her against the wall and rubbed as well as I could my flabby cock between her cunt-lips. She made no resistance. “We'll fuck again to-morrow Jenny.” “I'll never let you again”, said she, “for you shan't come in”, — and she shut the door on me with a slam.

Chapter XIX

My soiled shirt. • Jenny's account of herself. • Fucking and funking. • Poor John ! • Of her pudenda. • It's sensitiveness. • Erotic chat. • Startled by a caller. • Her married sister's unsatisfied cunt. • How she prevented having children. • Doubts her husband's fidelity. • Jenny taught the use of a French letter. • Hickery-pickery, and catamenial irregularities.

When I got home I looked at my linen; never had it been in such a mess after female embraces. I had taken no care about it, it was be-spunked in an unusual degree, and lots of thinnish stains were on the tail which made me think that one or both of us must have spent copiously. Then I recollected that Jenny's cunt seemed very wet to me when I felt it after I had spermatized her. There were no signs of blood, and taking stock of the sensations I had experienced, “Jenny has had it before”, I said to myself. Then came a fear that her discharge was from a clap, but I dismissed that from my mind. I had only once had the clap from a woman not gay.

So I washed the tail of my shirt, laid it under my arse to dry, gave it a natural stain of piss, and wen: to bed reflecting and wondering who had first penetrated Jenny's privates.

A day or two afterwards I went to see her and shammed a knock. She opened the door. “Oh I” she exclaimed as I entered, “now you shan't, you shan't again.” “I shan't what my dear?” “I know why you came here, — but you shan't.” “I want a chat, — don't be foolish, — come here, — I won't do anything, — I don't want anything,-but come here.”

I got her into the parlour, and on to the sofa, then talked, then got baudy. “Do just let me feel your thighs, — what harm can it do when I have been between them.” “No”. “Just a feel,-there I won't put my finger further, — oh! Jenny you like my finger, — be quiet dear, — just let me feel it.” Half an hour after she had said, “Now you shan't”, my prick was in her. No woman can refuse the cock which has once stretched her cunt, she is at its mercy. We spent an-other afternoon in talking and fucking, and she partly in crying and bemoaning her evil deeds.

I had not only opened her cunt, but opened her heart and mouth at the same time. She was the funniest, frankest little woman I ever knew. She told me all her past life, her future expectations, asked my ad-vice, deplored her wickedness to her young man, and all in an hour. She spoke the same incessantly after wards. In a fortnight I knew everything about her from her birth, and about all her family; it was as if for the first time in her life she had had a confident.

“What shall I do with your money?” “Put it with the rest.” “But he knows what I've got, — we always tell each other.” “Keep it to get a good stock of clothes before you are married.” “But he knows all about my clothes.” “Put it in a little at a time, or don't tell him till you are married; then say you kept him in ignorance for a pleasant surprise, or tell him nothing at all about it, — you will have more than that.” “I don't want your money, I fear it will bring me harm.' “Well give it back to me Jenny.” But Jenny did not seem to see the advantage of that; so she kept it, and had more besides in time.

“What will become of me and poor John? — he'd die if he knew how ill I behave to him, — now don't, — you do upset a body so a talking, and putting your fingers there, — oh ! leave me alone, — no no more.” “Once more dear, — how hot your little; cunt is, — it's longing for a prick.” “Oh ! take care of my cap, you will tear it, — I'll take it off.” “What a fat backside you've got jenny, — how wet your cunt is, shove, shove, fuck, — where is my prick Jenny now?” But Jenny became speechless always after three cock-shoves, and began moistening the intruder with all her cunt-power.

After fucking she was tranquil for a time; sperm seemed to soothe her, but then she had funks. “Oh! dear what have you made me do? oh! if I am in the family way !—oh ! if he finds it out, he won't marry me ! and he is such a good young man, and so fond of me, — o—o— ho—ho !—I've behaved very bad to him, —and I didn't mean, — oho ! —it's all your fault, oho! —I didn't know what I was about, — I never do when it lightens, — oho ! Do you think he will find it out when we are married?” she would ask in her calmer moments, after she had cried herself out. This scene occurred every day I fucked her for a time, then less frequently.

I tried to comfort her, told facts, and many inventions of my own, of how I had had women, who after-wards married and whose husbands had never known that they had been broached.

“Is it true really !—oh ! do tell me the truth, — if he finds it out I will drown myself, I'm sure he will, — it's all your fault, — you must be a bad man to take advantage of a poor girl in the house alone.” “But if you're not in the family way, he can't find out until you are married, and then it will be too late. You won't tell him, and your cunt can't speak.” “Oh ! sir you do say such funny things.”

This went on for weeks. “Oh ! it's my time, and it's not come on.” Then with joy, “Oh ! I'm all right, but you can't do anything to-day, — oh ! if my Mistress should find out, or if my sister should come home and catch you here, — oh ! if the next-door neighbours should see you come here so often, and tell my Mistress.” One or another of these fears was always upon her, but did not prevent out fucking. At that time Sarah was away, and Louisa Fisher still ill, so Jenny had all my

essence; and later on as much as Louisa and Sarah spared me. As to my home, I had pretty well done with fucking there.

Jenny's cunt was well-haired, and had rather large inner lips; not so large as I have seen in many women, but larger than I liked. Her tube was easy. What a fight I had when first I saw it. “I won't be pulled about like that, — no it's shameful.” “I dare say your John has seen it.” That always sent her off howling, and when she had subsided she let me do as I liked. “It's a nasty thing to pull me about like that.” But it came soon to the old world-wide habit: a feel and a look before the entry. The same woman who won't let you see the bottom of her belly at first, will hold her cunt open for your inspection in a month. It is breaking in a woman to baudiness which is the happiness of the honeymoon, not the hard burst through a bit of gristle. It had weighted on my mind ever since I had had her, and about three weeks afterwards I told her my doubts of her then being a virgin. She swore that no man had even pupt his hands on it till I did. “Am I different from other woman?” She was indignant at the doubt, and honestly and truly I believe. A school-fellow used to look at her quim, she at her schoolfellow's, she always thought hers was the most open of the two, she always could put her finger up easily. “but you did hurt me through, though I did not bleed. My sister says she did bleed a little when she first had her husband”, — and Jenny now described her sister's first night, and her sister's form, and rather wetted my lust for her sister.

I came to the conclusion that she was born loose at her inlet, or had broken through the cover when quite young, and that no prick had rubbed her but mine; but her organ was a peculiar one in it's habit of distilling its liquids.

I have told how my shirt was stained at first, and soon found that Jenny was one of those women who spend rapidly, frequently, and copiously. I have met I think two like her in my career, to the time I correct this.

On the second day's poking I noticed this and be-came fully aware of it afterwards. When I put my prick up her, and began my movements; a shiver and a sigh escaped her almost directly, her bum gave a heave, a discharge came from her, and if I pulled my prick out then, it was perfectly wet. It used in fact to run out a little, and if pushing one hand well under her arse (which was not so easy, for she had a fine backside), I felt the root of my prick, or rather the end of the stem, I could feel her moisture running down one of her bum-cheeks, or between them. That over by the time I spent we usually discharged simultaneously. Her voluptuousness was greater when we spent together, than on her preliminary discharge. She said she could not account for it, but that a delicious sensation crept over her the

moment the prick entererd; that her cunt tightened and seemed to wet it-self copiously; that her spend at the climax was longer, more thrilling, voluptuous, satisfying, and exhausting; that when our spunks had mingled her whole body was satisfied; but that her first spend seemed only to confine its pleasure to her cunt. It is difficult to describe these sensations.

I frigged her several times, and got a copious discharge from her, thin, milky, and barely sticky, yet it left a strong stain on linen. She was astonished when I told her of her peculiarity. Perhaps she wondered what her poor John would think of it. I can't say I altogether admired her wetness; I took a dislike to a tall thin girl who was much of the same sort as Jenny, but that girl was quite slippy-cunted, though not with the whites. This was since.

(Another woman who had this sensitive and sensuous (for it was both) organization, was the sister of an intimate friend, and whom I have fucked since the above was written. I don't know that I shall say any-thing more about the lady, so tell of her cuntal peculiarity here. She was plump, fair-faced, had a fine complexion, and in face strongly resembled the queen. She was to be married.)

When her young man came to town, and Jenny went out with him, the girl upbraided herself. When I next saw her after his visit she felt herself a deceiving wretch, and cried. Now would I please desist, and not make her sin any more. But the persuasion was too great, the recollection of her pleasure too strong, and never did I go away without having plugged her.

Did she love her young man? Yes she supposed she did; he was kind, attentive, and would make a good husband. She wanted to get married, to have a home of her own; besides he was not a workman, but a tradesman, and when married they would have a shop, and be in a higher position. She always spoke more of the house and shop, and her liberty, than of her young man.

She was of a highly nervous organization, and through me she was to be shocked severely. She half fainted the first day I took liberties with her, thunder and lightning gave her an inclination that way, twice afterwards she nearly fainted, any sudden thing annoyed her and turned her white. One occasion I'll tell of now, the other in due course.

We fucked on the sofa after the first day; but though large, it was not like a bed, so afterwards we used to go to her bed-room. I used to leave my hat and stick downstairs, so that in case of surprise I might stand in the hall, and say I had called to enquire. It was a stupid thing to do as I found out, and then I used to take it into the bed-room. I had fucked her one afternoon, when a double knock came at the street-door, I knew it. “It's my wife”, I said. Down I rushed for my hat,

and returned to the bed-room; and then Jenny opened the door. She had called to make some enquiry, and went away. I heard the door close, but no further noise or movement, then crept downstairs. There sat Jenny on a chair, just recovering from a half faint. “Oh !” said she, “I nearly dropped down.” “Ah ! she would have knocked you down my dear, if your cunt could have spoken and said what was inside it.” But Jenny never could joke. It was always dreadful, and she was to be punished in some way for her evil deeds with me. A few tears, and then a little baudy chaffing brought smiles again on her face.

I delighted in talking baudy to her, told her smutty stories about the women I had had, described their charms, and any special lasciviousness connected with them. Her astonishment was great; her curiosity in-tense; she in return told me all she knew about every other woman, and all her own little baudy doings. Never was a woman so frank about such matters. When I left her I doubt whether her dear John could have told her half what she could have told him about fucking, and the two articles that copulation is done with.

Her talk was all about her sisters, and principally of the married one who came to sleep with her; a woman about twenty-eight years of age, who had been married some years, and had two children, the last one four years old. She, or rather he, did not mean to have any more, they could not afford to keep them. “How did they stop it?” I asked Jenny. She did not know. But one night the sister wanted particularly to sleep at home, and had asked Jenny if for once she would sleep in the house alone. She consented though frightened. I proposed sleeping with her, and we passed a very delicious night together : a man and woman fresh to each other, always do in bed. What a night of feeling, frigging, sniffing, inspecting, and fucking it was! At all times, no matter what we began talking about, cunt and cock were sure to become the subject. That night I learned that her sister had slept away, expecting to catch her husband out in some infidelities. Since he had determined to have no more children, he made her frig him instead of fucking; so the sister went short of cock and had to frig herself. That annoyed her. Then when he fucked her he did not do it properly, he cheated her sister, Jenny said. I was a long time in getting out of Jenny what the man did, at length she said, that just as the stuff was coming, he pulled it out, and it went all over her sister's thighs or her belly, and often before she had had her own pleasure. Her sister thought it was just as well not to be married, as to go on like that.

That was not all. He used at first to do it every night, and now not once a week, said he could do with-out it, that he did not care about it, and so on. She believed that he had other women, and that was more aggravating because she wanted it herself more than ever. She

was not so well, she told Jenny for want of fucking, she liked it, and would willingly have more children though she was so poor. I asked cautiously if she had heard of the skins which people put over their pricks, and into which they spent their seed? Jenny had not. I explained what they where. She said she would ask her sister about it. I cautioned her about showing that she knew too much. A few days after. wards Jenny told me her sister had tried them, but they did not like them, besides they could not afford them. What Jenny's sister paid for French letters I don't know, I used to pay nine pence each. I fucked Jenny with one on just to instruct her. These two women talked often about such matters; and each day Jenny told me what her sister had said. Soon I knew all about her sister's doings, from the night she lost her virginity to the birth of her last child. The little fucking that the sister had, and her longing for more affected me considerably; I quite longed to see this hot-bummed, cunt-neglected wife, and soon my curiosity was to be gratified in a way I little expected.

Jenny and I settled down quite matrimonially, I saw her certainly four days a week, or else every day excepting Sundays. At times I spent the whole day there, took wine, and meat, and newspapers. She cooked, and very badly. We ate and drank together, and fucked, she cried about John and her wickedness, and her fears of being found out. Then I read to her the news, and also every baudy book I could get hold of, and explained to her every use that could be made of our tools, both male and female, from flat-cocking to buggery, so far as I knew, — but I did not know so much as I do now.

To prevent its being known I was there, we got quite cunning. I was not to come at eleven o'clock, because then the butcher came; nor at twelve, because the girls were always at the window next door; between one and two o'clock I was safe, because the family was always at dinner at that time; at three the milkman came, and I avoided him. So with a little trouble I pretty well escaped observation, during the eight or ten weeks which I did husband duty, and perhaps as much as some two husbands would have done.

Once she was awfully uneasy, for her courses had not come on, and shed flood of tears. She would lose her John, poor fellow ! When in that way she was always pitying him, but she was always irregular in her menstruation, which rendered it difficult to judge of her condition. Oh ! she was sur she was now in the family way, she had symptoms; she had asked her sister how she had felt when she had conceived, and her own symptoms were the same. “My God what shall I do I'll drown myself, I will, — I shall never be able to face him, — poor fellow !” “Go and get some-thing, go and see some one.” She went, took a dose of what she called “hikery-pikery”, and the ugly red stream came on. I don't believe she was in the family way. Years after

I heard she had never had a child, though long married.

Chapter XX

A Saturday afternoon. • Copulation interrupted. • Retreat cut off. • Under the bed. • Enter sister. • The new dress. • Heat and sweat. • Undressing. • Jenny's anxiety. • Sweating much, and stripping. • Nature in its simplicity. • Nature in its vulgarity. • Delicious peeps. • A cunt near my nose. • Erotic recklessness. •Fist-fucking.

And now I was to become acquainted with her sister, — the married one. Jenny had no brother, had none of that knowledge about boy's cocks which girls of the humbler classes have when they have brothers. I some-times think that boys in the humbler classes show their cocks to their sisters; I don't recollect a girl I have fucked who did not say she had seen her brother's cock.

My knowledge of her sister's dissatisfaction with the small amount of fucking she got, her disappointment at having her husband's sperm on her thighs in-stead of up her cunt, and her very reasonable fears that at times it went into other receptacles besides her own, came forcibly to my mind. It would have been odd if it had not, for every time I poked Jenny we talked about her sister, indeed all our talk, unless about her sweetheart, and her fears was about fucking. I don't recollect any woman I have had who was so anxious to know all, and delighted to hear of my amours, and the descriptions I gave of my various women. If I described their cunts she was amused be- yond measure; and to tell all this suited me exactly. For all that she thought it wicked, and that they and I, and she, would be punished by the Almighty (her ideas about the action of Providence were peculiar).

It was the good fortune of her married sister to give me one of the most laughable, but yet natural, salacious, voluptuous treats I ever had, without her knowing she had done so,—and from that came consequences which affected that lady herself.

I have always been highly delighted to see modest women naked or undress, or doing their toilet and little affairs, when they had no idea that any one saw them. I have looked through dozens of key-holes, bored holes in doors, waited breathless and half-naked for hours at night, have risen by day-light to enable me to get these treats. I had seen as already said, the cunts of my aunt and cousins, young ladies and others bathing, etc. (and as I shall tell of, have since seen a noble lady frig herself.) I have seen in fact modest ladies at their most decent, as well as the most indelicate of their toilet performances, and think I prefer looking at them under such circumstances, rather than at the beautiful voluptuous creatures who undress willingly in my presence, for those are so intent on displaying their charms to the best advantage, to get a male erection and its crisis, as soon as possible,

make much too evident what they do it for.

Jenny's sister gave me one of those natural displays. Had the lady been drilled in the art of unfolding her charms for the excitement of a male, and driving him into erotic fury, she could not have more effectually done so. Of the many displays of female charms (of modest females) I have seen, I never had one so gradual, natural, voluptuous, and cock-stiffening, as she unconsciously gave me.

I called on Jenny one Saturday afternoon, she had said I had better go quite early, but I did not. It was another sultry day, thunder had been heard, the atmosphere was heavy, but no rain had fallen; and the sun was bright and blazing hot. Said Jenny, “I'm frightened to let you stop, my sister is going to leave off work early, and she will be here about five o'clock, —don't come in.” I would. “We shan't be half-anhour, — it's not half-past three.” A kiss, and a twiddle on her cunt settled the matter, and we went to her bed-room. She was on the bed, I between her thighs, ready to drop into her, indeed I'm not sure that my prick had not touched her cunt, when a knock and a ring came at the street-door.

To fully understand what follows it should be known that the old lady my friend, for fear that the rooms should be used; had locked up all the rooms but the parlours and a little closet overlooking the street, and the servants' bed-room, and had taken away the keys. I did not know that then, I knew it that day.

“Oh! my God it's my sister, — what shall I do? — I shall be ruined.” Pale as death, I thought she was going to faint again.

“Don't be nervous, I'll go and hide in the room below, and when she is downstairs or up here, go out quietly, and leave the street-door ajar.” “Oh ! all the rooms are locked up.” “I'll go into the parlours then, —you get her downstairs.” “Oh ! she always goes into the parlour first, and sits down a minute, and talks.” There was no time for us to talk, more, for the woman knocked again. “Fetch my hat and stick (it was in the parlour), — you get her into the kitchen, then I'll slip out leaving the street-door ajar.” Down we both went, three stairs at a time, up I went again with hat and umbrella, and had only got to the top when I heard poor trembling Jenny opening the street-door. I leant over the banisters, and listened.

“I've knocked twice Jenny.” “Did you? — I was dozing, — the thundery weather makes me so queer. — “Have a cup of tea, and take a table out into the garden, — it will be fresher there to have tea.”

“No I've got my new dress, it will rumple it if it's long in the bundle, I must open it. Such a pretty one, —you will like it I think. — Tom did when I showed him the pattern, — I'll take it up to the bed-room, and hang it up.”

Jenny's voice rose almost to a shriek. “Oh ! no, no, don't, — come

and have tea first, — I'm so thirsty, so tired, — come downstairs." "Well you go and make it, I'll only just hang it up in the bed-room, and come down directly", said her sister.

Jenny objecting, the sister answered angrily, "What are you in such a hurry for tea for? — it's not time, — well have it by yourself, I can't drink it, — I had a lot of beer at dinner, and Tom gave me nearly a pint before I left him, — it was so hot, I was so thirsty, — it's on my chest now, — I can't put tea on the top of it yet." "Well if you won't, I may as well go up with you", said Jenny. Footsteps came nearer, and hat, stick, and self, I threw under the bed. Jenny came in looking like death. "She won't find me here, — get her down soon", was all I had time to say in a whisper before the sister following Jenny entered the room. I had quite hidden myself. The bed had been a good one, the old gentleman and lady had slept on it for years; it was large and handsome, but being shabby and worn out, had that very month only been put to servants' use. Round it were old red valances hanging to the floor, things not given to servants. No sooner was I under the bed, than I saw there were little openings at the seams, and some moth-holes, which permitted me to see through them. At one spot near to my shoulder as I lay crouching and doubled up, was a long slit where the valance had been torn down. By raising myself on my elbow, and squeezing my head against the mattress I could see perfectly, but no person in the room would have noticed me, even though the room was as bright as day, for the thick red hangings hid me in darkness under the bed, and I was on the side away from the window. I gazed earnestly at Jenny's sister through this opening and others.

She was a well-grown, strong woman, with a hand-some round face, and dark hair and eyes; she had shortish petticoats, and thickish ankles in good lace-up boots which, made much noise as she walked about. She had a huge paper parcel in her hands, which she placed on the bed; then for a moment she rested her bum on the bed-side, and Jenny did the same by the side of her. The parcel was between them, her ankles were within a few inches of my nose; I gently lifted the valance, and saw up the calf of her legs, her petticoats cut as they were in those days, being drawn up by sitting down. I remember almost every word, every action which took place on that memorable afternoon, and not a movement escaped me.

"I can't untie it, — cut it." "The scissors are down- stairs." "I'll go and fetch them." "Oh! no,-where is the knife that I cut my corns with?" "Oh! never mind, —there, I've done it, — I've broken it", — and she rose up as did Jenny from the bed, and both now stood standing facing the side of the bed where I lay.

I heard the rustling of paper, the rustling of a dress, the noose of feet paddling about. "Oh! it is nice, — what did it cost? — who made

it?" "I made the skirt, and Miss Skinner the body, — she charged me seven and six, — it's not dear, is it?" — I'll hang it up, then the creases will come out." "Let's hang it up first." And then on a peg at the back of the door the dress was hung up, and for a moment, both women stood admiring it, their backs towards me and the bed.

"Look", said the sister, "it just wants a little some-thing done to the sleeves, — she said it was not finished there, — oh! yes here it is, — I would not wait for her, I can easily do it myself, — I was glad to get it, and half feared I should not get it for Sunday, — the old beast never keeps her promise, but she has this time, —I gave her sixpence extra. Oh! my gracious how hot it is, — I'm sweating all over, — it's awful, — I'll pull off my frock, then I'll finish the sleeves as it hangs up, — get us the needle and thread Jenny, — just thread a needle dear, while I pull off my frock."

"Don't", said Jenny in an agitated manner, "let's have tea first." "No I must finish it", and as she spoke she undid her dress, and slipped it off. A beautiful handsome pair of breasts came in view. "Oh! Lord look at my chemise, — look how I've sweated—see how the stain from the dress has gone through under my arms, — I stink of sweat, — how glad I shall be when the weather is cooler." As she said that with a slight effort she drew her arms through the sleeves of her chemise, and lifting her freed arms showed a pair of black hairy armpits. I began to thrill and cock-stiffen. She lifted her fine arms up, and looked at the stained chemise as it hung over her stays, then with a heave and a push she freed her breasts, so that they were right over the top of her stays showing the nipples; then with naked arms, she began to work at the sleeves of the dress hanging up behind the door.

Jenny was all this time moving about in a restless manner, taking every now and then a hurried glance at the valance of the bed which concealed me; and as it seemed to me placing herself in such a position, as to prevent my seeing her sister's upper nakedness; but it was quite useless, I could see all she had exposed.

She worked a few minutes talking to Jenny, who was making as much noise with her feet as she could. Then the sister looked up, and leaving off her needle-work said, "This will make Tom want to do it to me, —a new dress always does, when he sees me in it, — he ain't done it lately, he will to-morrow." They both laughed, and she went to work again.

Again she stopped, Jenny then seated herself at the edge of the bed over me. "Oh ! how awfully hot I am, — what a bore petticoats are, — I declare I've a good mind to leave them off this weather." She stepped forwards. "I'll take them off, I can slammack about to-night, — no one will see me." "Oh ! no don't", said Jenny in an excited way; but she quickly unlaced her stays, untied her petticoats, and slipped

them down to her ankles. Her chemise which was no longer held up to her shoulders by the arms, slipped down with them, and she stood naked before me excepting her boots and stockings. She seemed to have forgotten that her chemise was no longer held up, for just as the petticoats fell below her cunt, she made a slight grasp as if to hold them up, then she gave a laugh, “That's cool enough”, said she.

“Don't, — what are you doing?” shrieked Jenny, “put on your chemise,-you're naked, you're naked”, —and she tried to pull up the chemise; but the woman stepped away from the clothes as they lay on the floor, caught up the chemise, threw it on the bed, and placed petticoats and stays on a chair by the washhand stand. I saw large hips, a mass of dark hair at her cunt, a large white backside, fine round thighs, and limbs; in brief a fine, plump, well-fed woman, a splendid sight. The innocence of the action was beautiful. “Oh ! isn't it nice and cool”, she said, “I've got so hot walking.”

“Put on your things, — what are you doing?” said Jenny. “Oh ! isn't it nice !—I wish one could go in one's skin this weather”, she replied. She scratched her motte-hair, and felt her arse, and seemed so pleased with herself. Then she looked under each of her arm-pits. “Oh! Lord how hot I am, — where is a towel?” She took one, and began gently rubbing herself with it under her armpits, put it down, and again scratched the hair of her motte.

“I'm surprised at you”, said Jenny walking about, and I'm sure trying to prevent me from seeing her sister, though she always declared to me afterwards that she had no such intention. “Cover yourself, you'll catch cold.” “Catch cold? — nonsense, — and you have the window shut also, — what do you shut it for?” “Oh ! I can't bear it open in thundering weather.” The fact was we always shut it when we went to the bed to exclude noise, and left the door open, to hear if any one knocked at the street-door. “Put something on you at all events”, said jenny, “it's not decent.” “Decent ? — you are modest all of a sudden.”

“It's delicious !” She walked round the bed to the window, opened it, came back naked as she was, and went on working at her dress; and so for a quarter of an hour did I see this handsomely-made woman naked, first her side, then her belly, then her bum came in view, till I was driven mad by the state of my penis which was throbbing with excitement, and urging me to frig it.

“Well that will do”, she said as she finished, “the creases will never be noticed where they are”, — and she walked backwards to the bed, the short distance she was from it, and sat down at the edge just where the valance had dropped. With care I pulled the valance, and the seam opened more, but not much. I raised myself on my elbow, my eyes to the opening. There were the thighs and legs stretching out

to the floor, her bum was at the mere edge of the bed, her cunt but about six inches above my nose. I had a wonderfully keen scent for the aroma of a woman, and swear I smelt her cunt distinctly, though I could not see it. She sat there for full five minutes, talking to Jenny about the dress, whilst I kept sniffing up the aroma from her flesh and her love-orifice, and feeling my quivering prick, whilst my greedy eyes gloated on the fat thighs, so far as I could see them.

At length she turned round. “I'll put my slippers on”, — and sitting down opposite the bed on the chair on which she had placed her petticoats, she put one leg up, and began unlacing the boot, then between and under the thighs I saw the dark hairy notch. She had scarcely put herself in that attitude before putting her foot down, she came to the bed, put one foot up, and there continued unlacing it, — and there was her cunt just visible, and within a foot of my greedy eyes, whilst she leisurely unlaced the boot on the bed, the other foot on the floor. Had I placed her there for the purpose I could not have done it better.

“Oh! don't”, said jenny, “take your foot off.” “What's the matter?” replied she as if just noticing Jenny's excitement, “you've got one of your foolish fits on I think.” “You will dirty the bed, — take your foot off.” “Nonsense it's quite dry, besides it's on my chemise, — I wish you'd go and make tea, if you are in such a hurry, — one would think you had got St. Vitus' dance”, — for Jenny in her agitation, and also to make noise to prevent any indiscreet movement of mine being noticed, had kept moving about noisily and restlessly the whole time.

Silenced, she said no more, but still walked restlessly about, went at the back of her sister, and glared at the valance where she guessed my eyes were peeping. Her face was the picture of anxiety. But I did not look at that long, I was rivetted on her sister's form and dark-haired cunt; that cunt was at times slightly opened by the attitude she was in, and altered its shape as she moved. I saw the thick dark hair curling away until I lost sight of it in the direction of her arse-hole, and I could smell her cunt again I swear, my excitement grew intense, I could not keep my hand from my prick, I knew the delicate position I was in, the injury I should do the poor girl if found out;—but a spend in sight of that cunt and splendid pair of thighs I must have. I just touched myself, holding my breath restraining all emotion, gave one or two frigs, and a shower of sperm fell over my trowsers. If any man might be pardoned for having a solitary pleasure, it was I, placed in such a lust-stirring situation.

Chapter XXI

Further undressing. • Slippers wanted. • Toilet operations. • The effects of hash and beer. • A windy escape. • Feeling for the pot.— Sisters exeunt. • A crushed hat, and soiled trowsers. • A narrow escape. • My benevolent intentions towards Jenny's sister.

I thought I had had my pleasure in silence, but I was wrong, I was heard, I had given a slight sigh. The anxious ears of poor Jenny heard it. She made increased noise whilst her sister went tranquilly on, and unlaced her boots without taking any notice or hearing me, whilst the last drop of sperm was running over, and I was still looking at her cunt, and sniffing.

Then she stood looking at her boots. “Ah ! this one wants soling, — where are my slippers? — where did I put them?” They were just under the bed, close by me. “Here they are”, said Jenny rushing to the side, and pulling them out she gave them to her sister who took them, but instead of putting them on pulled off both her stockings. “I'll wash these to-night”, said she, “and darn them the first thing to-morrow, — I'll cut my corns.” “Oh! do come down and have tea, you can cut your corns after you have washed your feet to-night, — oh ! put something on, and come.” “I won't be long, — you go and make tea.” “No I shan't, I know you'll be an hour, — it will be spoiled.” “I can cut them so much better by daylight, — I cut my toe last Saturday night you know”, and without more ado she walked round the foot of the bed to the other side, where in front of the window was a small dressing-table, a looking-glass, and a chair by the side of it. She was now absolutely naked from head to foot. As she neared the window she said, “Oh! how delicious the air is blowing upon one's skin, — I quite hate putting on my chemise again.” Jenny still kept moving about, and shuffling her feet; but the sister engrossed in herself, kept on talking about: her dress, her Tom, the place she was going to on the morrow, and seemed to notice nothing. At length she placed one foot on the chair by the window, and began cutting her corns. And now I had a view of her backside and naked form from that side of the bed.

When she had finished one foot, she put it down, and sat on the edge of the bed. “Poof! how hot it makes me stooping, — it makes me sweat, — but I'll do the other, — drat the tight boots, they make corns”, — and up went the other foot. Out went my head, and up went the valance, but I was fearful of being seen, so took out my pen-knife, and cut a long slit in the valance. Then my eye was never still to her buttocks, but I could not see her seat of pleasure so well, so I took to the floor again, and saw her cunt better.

Then she stood for a minute looking over a little white blind into

the gardens. “There is Mrs. B.... and her daughter walking.” “Oh! pray put something on, if they should see you.” “Impossible they can't”, — and she stooped down, and began operating on the other corn. The cunt opened a little and so did some-thing else, for out popped a pretty loud, short, sharp fart.

“You beast”, said Jenny. “I beg your pardon”, said the sister, “I'm always windy when I have eaten hash, and drank beer, — I could not help it.” “It's dirty”, growled Jenny. “You're far enough off, and it's better out than in”, — and ceasing to chuckle, and as if half ashamed of herself she went on corn-cutting without speaking, but that did not suit Jenny who soon began a conversation, and shuffling about. She made no further allusion to the fart.

When she had finished it only seemed as if I had been looking at her there for a few seconds, but on that side of the bed she must have given me ten minutes of that lascivious gratification. I was so engrossed, so delighted that even the fart did not amuse me; it annoyed me; for it made her alter her position, and withdraw from my lustful gaze, that charm which perhaps no one but her husband had ever gazed upon so long and so earnestly.

Then she went back again to the other side of the bed, put on stockings and slippers, and getting up, “Where is the pot” said she, “is it this side or the other?” and began feeling under the valance within a few inches of me, but it was not there. Evidently it was usually there, indeed I know it was, but Jenny and I both pissed before we began to think of fucking, and I had put the pot under the washing stand.

“Not there”, shrieked Jenny rushing to the pot. The sister turned round and saw it, I peeped just in time to see her thighs open as she squatted, then came a heavy thump or, the bed. The sister said, “What's the matter ? — don't give way, — don't be a fool now.” Then without pissing she got up, and came to the bed-side. Poor Jenny excited beyond bearing by anxiety, had fainted on seeing her sister on the point of discovering me in searching for the pot.

She shook Jenny, threw water on her face, and Jenny soon recovered. “What on earth's the matter? —you give way, you do, — a woman need not faint like that, I'm sure”, said she angrily, “you scared me dreadful.” Jenny said nothing, but repeated that she wanted her tea, that thundery weather always made her feel sick and faint.

“Well we will go down at once, — I did not think you were ill.” “You might have seen I was.” “I did not, but I'll be ready in a minute.” Again she squatted on the pot, thighs wide open, belly towards me, pissed like a water-spout, and let one or two little farts of which no notice was taken, whilst I with cock stiff was looking on, and again frigging myself. I could not help it, for every turn, every movement

she made was such as if done expressly to show off her naked charms, and drive me randy-mad.

"Give me my night-gown Jenny, it's at the foot of the bed, and I'll only put my dress over it, — it's so hot." Jenny turned to take the night-gown from the bed. "I'll just wash a bit", said her sister, "I'm almost in a lather with heat and sweat." Pouring out water in the basin she placed it on the floor, and turning towards the bed squatted, and sluiced her cunt, then rubbed it dry with the towel. "That has made me comfortable", she remarked, and began putting on her frock.

As she did so she remarked, "You have not emptied the pot to-day, — you should, it smells this hot weather." "Yes I did", said Jenny innocently. "Well then you've peed a lot." "I've done it once or twice since morning", said Jenny hastily.

Then the sister went out first. When half-way down-stairs I emerged from my hiding place and listened, heard Jenny say, "I may as well empty the slops, you go and see if the water boils." Up came Jenny. "Oh ! I'm ready to die, — hish !—be quiet." She emptied the pot and waters into a slop-pail, and went downstairs quickly whilst I followed her silently. I was covered with flue, and had managed to crush my hat; my trowsers were partly unbuttoned, and one leg covered with spunk. We got to the ground-floor almost together, and there I stopped. So soon as I heard she was in the kitchen I moved along the passage, and slipped out, leaving the street-door ajar. Luckily a cab was close by, and I jumped into it. The first thing I did was to button up properly. I bolted past my servant as she opened the door to me, took another hat, wrapped the old one up in paper, and the same night tore out the lining, and threw both away in a bye-road.

I was in an indescribable state of excitement after this delicious afternoon, and was seized with an almost delirious letch for the woman. I was sleepless for a night or two, scheming how to possess her.

Early on the Monday I got to Jenny's, and spent the rest of the day fucking, and talking of the sight I had seen. My imagination helped to allay my excitement, for the form of her sister though more beautiful than Jenny's had still a family likeness to her, and as I clasped Jenny in my arms I pictured her as her sister, and enjoyed her as such.

I was cautious in my disclosures, for I found that Jenny who had been most inquisitive about other wo- men, and delighted to hear about how they talked, and walked, and pissed, and fucked; was annoyed when I talked of her sister's nakedness. I ought not to have looked, — why I had seen more than she, her own sister, — a poor woman, and married, and she to have her thing looked at by a strange man, — her husband could not have seen more, — and so on. So

though I described her sister's charms I took care not to ex-press any admiration of them, nor to say I had frigged myself, and felt desire for her. Jenny had not noticed that my trowsers were undone, and sperm-soiled. I had not noticed that myself till I got out of the house on that eventful afternoon.

On the Monday when I saw Jenny, she declared that another hour's anxiety would have killed her. We found that the time from the minute the sister came into the bed-room, to the time she went downstairs was two hours. Jenny thought that she must have been half-an-hour working at her dress. Jenny had walked round the room trying if she could see me, or if I was looking, but could only do so once or twice at the holes, or fancy she did; but the long tear in the valance through which I could see with both eyes at once, and just above which her sister had put up her legs, she had never noticed; nor did she believe me when I said that I could see the cunt when her sister's backside was towards me, when near the window. So I made her lie down, and look from the floor whilst I stood naked, pretending to cut my corns. Then she said it was a shame of me to be peeping. She had a clear inspection from my bum-hole to my ballocks, and knew I had seen the cunt.

She did not contend any longer. “Do you mean to say, that if you had been under the bed, and had known a naked man was cutting his corns, you would not have peeped out?” No she would not; but had it been a naked woman perhaps she would, Jenny re-plied. So after she had heard from me how much I had seen of her sister's body, between her back-bone and her navel, and I had told her something which made her say, “Law has she!” though I can't recollect what it was, the subject dropped. Then I learnt from her more about her sister's wages, mode of life, and where she worked; for although the thing seemed ridiculous, I had a letch, and meant to try to put into that young woman if possible, though I had not then stroked Jenny many weeks. I liked variety.

Chapter XXII

The Sunday following. • Chaste calculations. • The sister alone. • My embarrassement. • Ale fetched. • Warm conversation. • Stiffening. • Bolder talk. • An exhibition of masculinity. • A golden promise. • Lust creeping. • Baudy dalliance. • Cock and cunt in conjunction.

On the following Sunday her young man was coming to London, and she was to spend the day with him at his relatives. Her sister was to keep the house, the husband was going elsewhere, so the sister would be alone, — all provided it was fine weather. Jenny had promised her Mistress that until her return she would never go out with her young man, and that is how Jenny kept her word. She knew I would not tell, would I ? — I felt her cunt, and kissed her. “It's not very likely, is it my pet?” Then she snivelled, said she was very wicked, and hoped God would not punish her.

When I heard of this arrangement I lusted strongly. In vain I said to myself, “What again a married woman ! in comfortable circumstances for her class, with two children, — a woman you have never spoken to, —can you expect to get her!” I did not expect it, but had a burning desire to sec and speak to her, to look closely at, and have a chat with a woman whose privates I had seen so nakedly. It seemed to me to promise a tittillating treat. Besides I had been so successful with women, — gay women had even been anxious to get me, — that a half-belief came over me, that if I had time, I could persuade even her to let me. Time was the difficulty, for she did not yet even know me by face (so I thought, but was wrong). At al! events see her I would, — she was dissatisfied with her fucking, that I knew; she might be randy, and then be much less impregnable than she seemed; so I determined to see her on the Sunday that Jenny went out.

I could think only of one powerful means of getting her, if anything encouraged a hope, and that was by money. I had not too much thcn, though getting better off, but determined if ten pounds would tempt her, that she should have it. I was a long time I recollect pondering over the sum. The Sunday turned out fine, I put the gold in my purse, and went to the house just after their dinner-time, and after my luncheon, at which I fed myself up well, and to give me courage took an extra glass, for I had one of my nervous fits of funking come on, mixed with doubts about the, morality of deliberately trying a married woman.

She opened the door, I walked straight in. “Who are you?” “Where is the housemaid?” said I, “I have promised Mrs. W. . .. to call and see from time to time.” “Oh ! I'm her sister sir, my name is I sleep

here every night sir, Mrs. W. . . . pays me to do so sir, — my sister is out sir, — I'm very sorry, but she is not at all well from being confined to the house so much, — I told her she might go to church, — it would be a change, and give her a little fresh air;—she will be back at half-past four sir." "Oh ! so you are Mr. So-and-So?" "Yes I am." I walked into the parlours. There was a large beer-jug and two tumblers on the table, and ale in one glass. She rushed to take them away. "I beg pardon sir, but Mrs. W.... said we might sit in the parlours, when we have done work, and on Sundays besides, cause it's so dull in the kitchens." The woman was agitated at her sister being out, and at being caught drinking beer in the parlour; she thought I might make mischief, I suppose.

I told her that she need not disturb herself, for I should not stay long, and kept looking with cock al-ready stiffening into her face, then at her arms, then at the bottom of her belly, and in my mind's eye seeing the dark hair down there. I had planned conversation, but forgot what to say, through thinking of her nakedness and sexual charms; and stood staring at her till she turned her eyes away confused, and colored up.

I continued to be embarrassed, and so lost recollection of all I had intended to say and do, that I was actually going away. I asked one or two stupid questions: if letters had come, if any one had been, and so on; all the time thinking that I was looking through her clothes at her naked charms. I was in a sort of a trance of baudiness which muddled me; when noticing the ale-glass I asked, "What are you drinking?" "Fourpenny ale sir." That reply broke the spell, my senses returned, I thought of an excuse for stopping. "Give me a glass, — I'm thirsty." "That's the last of it sir." "Can't you get some?" "The pot-boy brought that, it's Sunday, and the public is not always open." I looked at my watch. "It's not church-time yet, send some one to fetch some, — I'm so thirsty, and hot, and so tired", — and I sat down. "I'm alone." "Is not your husband here?" "No, no one." "Do you mind fetching me some?" "If you don't mind waiting sir." "No." I gave her money. "How much?" "Oh ! fill the jug, —not with fourpenny, — with the best ale, — ask them to draw it mild, and get me two bottles of ginger-beer". In a few minutes she was back, — I had given her a five shilling piece. "You may keep the change." "Thank you sir", said she quite touched and delighted. I always gave the change to girls whom I wanted to poke.

In her absence I went all over the house that was not locked up, even to the privy and coal-cellar, had satisfied myself that she was alone, and was getting quite myself again when she came back.

"Have a glass." "Thank you sir." "So you are Jenny's sister, — Jane's her name I think." Yes it was. "Aren't you afraid to be in the

house of a night?" No she was not. "Sit down." "Thank you sir", — but she stood. "So you are an upholstress, — sit down", — and after a little pressure down she sat. We took ale together, and no doubt I spoke with all that kindness which a man shows towards a woman whom he desires to poke, I have heard women say that I lave a winning, persuasive manner.

Gradually the conversation became about herself. "You've two children, — why not more?" "Oh ! quite enough for poor people." "Well you see I can't get any." "Poor people are sure to have lots." "Two is not a lot, — how manage to stop at two?" "Oh ! it's all chance." "Is not another coming?" She was getting flushed and excited. "Lord no, I hope not." "Don't you knew?" "I don't." "Yes you do,-how old is your last?" "Four years." "If I were your husband I'd have a dozen." "Well you say you haven't any yet sir," said she. "No I can't get any." "Ah ! if we had your money !—but with we poor people is different, — it's hard enough to fill the bellies of two." "And so you won't have your belly filled with another little one, — won't you, eh !"

"Oh I Lord", said she laughing spite of herself, "you are plain-spoken." I was in the vein now, did not say an improper word, but gave baudy hints, smutty suggestions about the dullness of sleeping alone, of the results of wives being away from husbands, etc., till her eyes twinkled, and she laughed much. I had now broken down the barrier, had brought myself to her level, and she as every other woman would have done, took advantage of it, and began to return my chaffing and banter, every woman feels instinctively that when a man is chaffing her (be it ever so decently veiled), about fucking, that she may safely return it: both are at once on a common level. A washer-woman would banter a prince, if the subject was cunt, without the prince being offended. To talk of fucking with a woman is to remove all social distinctions, and I had done it without uttering at first a smutty word.

Jenny's sister went on chaffing, and drank ale freely. "Oh ! I dare say, but why don't you have children?" "I can't get any I tell you, but I try." "Not much at home", said she, "from all I have heard." "No I try out as well, and get none, — I'm a safe man." Then I found she knew a lot about me and my affairs; She had actually worked at my house on some curtains, had seen me once, and knew my voice, though for the moment she had not recollected my face with my hat on when I entered the door that afternoon. But I had never seen her at my house to my knowledge, though if I had I was not likely to have noticed a common upholstress. We went on chaffing, looking in each other's faces, each knowing we were talking about fucking. "Well Mrs playing at mother and father's a delicious amusement, is it not?" "I don't

know.” “If you don't know we'd better try, — I'd give five pounds to be your husband for an hour, — and five pounds would buy you a new dress.” “It would buy me three”, said she with-out noticing the other part of my remark. “Three?” “Yes three, — I can't afford more than thirty shillings for a best dress.” “Really I—such a beautiful creature as you ought to have plenty of dress, for I have rarely seen a more lovely woman, and so well grown,-I'll bet you have fine limbs.” She was flattered, the praise upset her, her eyes tinkled. Yes she might have done better she knew, but it was to be. I went close to her, caught and kissed her. She made not too strong a resistance, but got away. “That's going a little too far.” “That's the beginning of a game at mother and father, and you are going to have the three dresses.” She laughed in a funny way. “I don't want to be a mother any more, so I don't want any games.” But she seemed to me to look as if she did.

What did she get for stopping at the house? Five shillings a week, and her supper and breakfast, — that was an object. “Five shillings? — why my kiss was worth that, — let me give you another, and I'll give you ten shillings for the two.” “You don't mean that”, said she with a low laugh. “On my soul yes, — but you must give me a kiss as well.” She shook her head. “It's going too far”, said she. “There it is, I'll trust you, — you won't take it without letting me.” She was then sitting. I put the half sovereign into her hand. “Thank you sir”, said she softly. I kissed her rapturously, she let me kiss half-a-dozen times, and whilst doing I so took hold of her hand, and pressed it as if by accident against my cock. She a married woman knew the hard line her hand pressed against, for she moved her hand away. “Now your promise, — kiss me.” “I didn't promise.” “You took the money.” “There then”, said she giving me a kiss, and jumping up sharply, “we are going too far, — we really are now, — we don't either of us know what we are about I think.” “I don't think I do”, said I, “for though I never saw you before, I've never been so struck with a woman in my life, I'd give ten pounds to be in bed with you an hour.”

I had been putting my cock straight in my trowsers, feeling and squeezing my balls whenever I saw her looking at me. I fancied she kept looking askant at that part of my person. She was getting red in face, hot, and confused in manner. Just then I observed a bed pillow on the sofa, she had I guessed been laying down after dinner. “Why here is a pillow, — you've been on the sofa with your husband, — you have been playing at mother and father here.” She burst out into laughter. “Why I've not seen him for a week.” “Then you've been tickling by yourself.” “Tickling?” (it was said quite innocently.) “Yes between your legs.” “Oh ! really now you are a going too far sir”, said she jumping up again, “you speak too freely, — I don't like it.” Then she laughed, and said, “Wellthis—really is, — oh !”

“Not at all,- -you are lovely, exquisite, delicious, — if you've really not seen your husband for a week, let me, — who will know ? — we are in the house alone, — let us”, — and standing close to her I put my arms round her, but I felt afraid of going too far. “You must not talk like that.” “Oh ! nonsense, — I'll give you six pounds.” “Oh ! no, you don't mean what you say, — it's wild talk.” I took out my purse, and putting six pounds on the table in gold, just as I had done to her sister the ten pounds; there said I, “That is yours”, — and pulled out my prick. She got up, and ran to the other side of the room as if I had pulled out a pistol. “You're talking too plain sir, — it's going too far, — if you expose yourself like that I'll go to the street-door.” I'm at a loss to know why I pitched upon six pounds, I had intended ten, but cannot tell why I offered that particular sum. I have often thought since, of what made me take that economical figure.

“Sit down.” “I won't if you expose yourself, — it's not gentlemanlike.” I put my cock into my trowsers, then kissed her again, resistance was not so strong. “Now sir don't.” “Sit down my darling”, — and getting her to the sofa we went on talking. “How foolish, — who would know, — why not delight me, — why not take the money.” “No.” “Do now.” “No.” “Won't you?” “Of course not, — no,— no.” “Well kiss me.” “There then.” “Do let me dear.” “I won't, — I won't, —I shan't, — there.”

Just then I noticed one of her garters was hanging down by her foot. “Your garter's undone”, said I. I stooped forwards, and took it up. “Give it me.” I kissed it. “No, — it's been so near where I want to go, —I shall keep it till I've been there.” “You will keep it a long time then.”

She drank more ale, it was sweet and strong, and I went on talking. Thought I, “She must want it if she has not seen her husband for a week.” Where did she garter. — below or above knee? “Let me feel?” I felt outside, then pinched the leg, then higher up. She began looking me full in the face, and laughing at my smutty insinuations. I pulled her back on the sofa, kissed her, and let her rise up again. I repeated the pull and the kiss more than once, and then as she was rising up and saying, “Now don't pull me about like that”, I put her hand on my prick which I had slipped out again. “Oh !” — and she let it go. Quick as lightning I slipped a hand up her clothes to her cunt. “Let me now, — there's a darling.” “I shan't.” “Do.” “I shan't.” She repulsed my hand, but did not get away from me. I thought from the way she looked at me, and the quiet manner in which she pushed away my hand, that she was hot with lust, and could scarcely refuse me. I pulled her to me, and got my finger on her clitoris. “Do let me feel your cunt, and fuck, — put my prick in there, — let us, — do darling”, said I twiddling like mad, and rattling out a volume of

baudiness.

She bore it all for a minute quietly, wriggling and saying, “I shan't, — I won't, — no, now take your hand away.” Then with a sudden impulse she pushed me off, got up, and sat down further from me on the sofa. “Oh I now be quiet, — let me think a minute,—I don't know whether I'm on my heels or my head.” She picked up something which had fallen at her feet, as she had doubled herself down when my finger was stimulating her randiness.

Then catching her by her waist I pulled her back on to the sofa, and threw myself on her. “You shan't” were the last words I recollect her uttering; as I threw up her clothes and felt the wet gash. My prick the next instant was buried in it, and we were fucking.

“Don't, — oh. — take it out, — do, — oh !—oh !—ohoe !” she murmured. She had fetched me, and pump; pump, pump, pump, went my spunk up her. Then delicious oblivion. As I came to myself I found her arse still moving. “Oh! do” she murmured. She was besides herself, with desire to spend.

But my prick instead of obeying me as it usually did on such exciting occasions, refused, and shrinking left her cunt, to my intense vexation. “I haven't done it”, said she softly, and with disappointment as her bum ceased its labors, and my tool lay dropping out-side her quim.

We spoke no more, but I lay trying to squeeze it up again. To stiffen it I felt up and round her, rubbed the tip on her spermy nymphoe, she made gentle efforts to second me, but it was of no use, so I rolled off. She sat up, and after looking at me for a minute with eyes filled with baudiness, began like all women, to feel if her hair was all right. “Were you just coming my dear?” She made no reply.

She had not taken any care to arrange her dress, it had dragged up behind her bum, and the petticoats were up to her knees, the leg which had lost its garter was half naked. Taking her round the waist I put my hand on to her cunt, and titillated the clitoris. She let me go on, and continued feeling about her hair. Then looking me full in the face, looking as if she were ready to spend, she pushed me away. “Don't, — don't, —I don't like it done that way.” “You can do it that way yourself, can't you ?” “Of course I can.” “I shall soon fuck again.” “Oh! I dare say”, and she walked to the looking-glass, then went to the window, and looked out into the garden without paying any heed to my exciting remarks. I sat on the sofa feeling my cock, and trying to stiffen it, but it was useless; so I tried to interest he: in something else, feeling annoyed, though I had nothing to be ashamed of.

Chapter XXIII

Jenny's bed-room. • The money hid. • On the bed. • Fears of maternity. • Inspection of sex. The use of a husband. • Another Sunday. • Regrets and refusal. • Resistance overcome. • Jenny's ignorance. • Her Master returns. • Difficulty in getting at Jenny. • Her sister waylaid: Against a fence. • Jenny's marriage, and rise in life.

"Why don't you take the money?" said I. "You really mean it?" "Of course." She took is up. "It's a real God-send, — it comes just in time, — who'd have thought it?" said she as if to herself. "I must put it where it can't be found, and take it home to-morrow." She went to the door. "Aren't you going?" "No I'm going to do it again soon." "But you're not." "But I am." Without reply she went upstairs. I had meant to have ready a stiff-stander, when she came back, but changed my mind, and followed her. She was nearly at the top when hearing me she waited, and said, "What do you want?"

"I'm coming to see what you do." "You won't." "I will." "I'll come down and wait till you are gone." "I'll stop till your sister comes home." "Do go down sir", said she in a coaxing tone. "No." She sat down on the top-stairs, I did the same a few stairs below her. Her knees were wide apart, my mind went to the afternoon when I had seen her naked. That glorious two hours. I stared in a voluptuous reverie, her cunt was as visible to me through her clothes, as if she were naked, and my cock began to swell. I stared on with-out uttering a word.

"What are you staring at?" said she at last, "go down, and I'll be down in a minute." "I'm looking at your cunt, it's open slightly, I can see my spunk in it." "Oh!" said she jumping up, "I never heard such a man in my life." (She had the gold still in her hand.) "You have upset me so, I don't know what I am about." She then turned her bum round towards me, and I put my hand quickly up her clothes, as she went up the stairs. "Oh! you frighten me so I don't know what I'm doing." I followed her into the room, and she locked up the money in a bag that was in a drawer. Turning round she saw my prick out, and as stiff as ever. It was the recollection of what had taken place in that room on the Saturday week previous, which had rendered me capable again. I closed on her, kissing and inciting her, pulled her to the bed, and began feeling her. "I don't like that done, you know you can't, — leave me alone, — go down, — oh ! don't."

I coaxed her for a second. She got on to the bed, and opened her thighs wide like a well-trained fuckster to help me, I inserted my penis, and she met me with passion. I was not so rapid, the want of a spend was not now overpowering my senses; whilst she had had two

hours baudy talk, been fucked, but cheated of her pleasure, and been left at the critical moment, unsatisfied, with my spunk in her. She was dying for a spend, wanting it like a woman who has been for a week unsatisfied. Her cunt was hungry for prick, throbbing and tightening to pour out it's amatory juices, her backside's movements became quick and fierce. “Oh! it's big”, she gasped whilst I was still sensible, “oh !- I'm—com—coming”, — and gluing her mouth to mine she spent copiously ere I'd well nigh began to feel the full urging of lust.

The constriction of her cunt, the delight of feeling her pleasure increased my stiffness. “Let me wash, — do.” “You won't come on the bed again.” “Yes I will, but let me wash.” I clutched her like a vise. “NO I'm coming, — you'll spend again.” My prick stiffer and stiffer drove with fury up against her womb. “Oh ! don't push so hard.” “Fuck my darling, — there, — the tip's only in, — it's in your spunk, and mine together.” “Oh ! you hurt.” On I drove. Her backside's play began, her lips were glued to mine, our tongues played against each other, and we spent together with ejaculations. “Oh I—don't, you hurt, — oh ! oh !—I'm coming.” Then we lay palpitating, my prick throbbing and soaking, her cunt squeezing and sucking.

“Let me get up, — let me wash, — pray do.” I laid on her heavy, nestled my balls up to her arse, held her as long as I could; but uncunting me she got off the bed, and washed her cunt. I still lay playing with my prick. “You'll have a child this day nine months my dear.” “Oh ! my God don't say so, — but I believe I shall.” “You are all right, I don't get them you know.” “Have you never had any children !” “None at home.” “Oh ! that's nothing, — have you any out, for you are a gay man?”

I got up to piss, and saw my thick sperm in the basin. “You've washed it all out my dear, — you are safe.” She shook her head. “This is a strange business”, she remarked, 'I scarce know where I am, — what I'm about, — it's impossible”, — and she stood staring at me playing with my cock. Then she went to the drawer and looked at the money, as if she doubted its being there. “It's a fact”, she said locking it up again, “are you not going down ?” “No.” “I wish you would, — I want to be by myself.” “You want to piddle.” “You are a strange man”, and taking the pot she pissed. “You'd better empty all”, said I, “if your sister Jenny comes back and sees it, she will think your husband's been doing it to you.” “She won't think or know anything if she does see”, said Mrs “Well I declare I'm a talking to you just like my husband, — I don't seem to know whether I am on my head or my heels.”

“Church must be over, — Jenny has not come back.” “She won't be back till nine o'clock, she is out with her young man.” “Oh ! not at church?” “No I told you so because Mrs. W.... told her not to go out on

Sunday;—but you won't tell ?" "Of course not my dear, I dare say Jenny and her young man have done what we have been doing." "Lord sir, he is a most respectable young man, and far above her, — they are going to be married, — she is lucky, luckier than I am, — she'd knock his head off if he laid hand upon her improperly, — that she would, she! Lor bless you", — and Mrs laughted with incredulity. I laughed also. "All! she looks a quiet young woman." "So she is, and so is he, — his family is well off", — and then she told me all that Jenny had told me.

"I wish you would let me make the bed." "I'm going to have you again." "Oh! likely." "I am." "No you're not, — please go." "No." "Then I shall go downstairs," "Go my dear." She took me at my word, her manner had quite changed, she had been laughing and chaffing, she had blushed, looked at me with fun and lust in her eyes, and at last with full open eyes one moment, followed by the half-closed eye and languishing manner of a randy woman. Now she was quiet, almost sullen, and if she looked at me her eyes fell directly, the randiness had been taken out of her. "I must rouse it up well if I am to have her again", said I, to myself as I lay thinking about her, and the delicious sight I had seen in that room, the sight I never dare disclose to her, — but how I longed to tell her.

Up she came looking glum. "Are you not going?" "No." "Let me make the bed then." "Not until I have had you again." "Then it will go unmade." "That won't matter to me." But it will to me, — what will my sister say if she sees the bed's been laid upon like that?" "Perhaps she will think a man has been with you." "Well you take it mighty cool, — I do hope you're going." "Not till I've had you." "Now you are a talking nonsense, — you know you can't do it", said she with an incredulous look and the tone of a woman who knew what a prick could do and what not. "Look at this", I uncovered my prick which was nearly at a full-stand. She smiled when she saw it. "Nonsense I am ashamed." "My dear I'm proud, and not ashamed, —come." "I shan't." Then here I'll lay",-and I fell back, and pulled balls and cod well out of my trowsers.

I had always a lust stirring tongue, fifty women have told me so. "You'd talk any women randy", said a gay woman once to me. Brighton Bessie said, that in five minutes I could talk her into a lewd state. Others have given me similar compliments. I was not specially conscious of that power that I recollect, but instinctively used it when I had got over fits of modesty, which sometimes prevented my uttering even veiled allusions for a time.

Mrs like Jenny was easily flattered. What lovely limbs she had I said; had she much hair on her cunt? my excitement had prevented me feeling or seeing it. "Come and let me feel, — let me look." She

colored and blushed, and at every lascivious remark, “Oh! I never, — no I never did, — oh !” Then she again went to the drawer where the money was, looked in it as if to make sure it was there, and locked the drawer now. “Mine's bigger than your husband's, isn't it?” “Well if I ever heard such remarks.” “You said it was big when it was up you.” “Oh! you story.” “You did my dear, you said when you were just coming, 'Oh! it's big.' ” “I didn't.” “Yes you did, you know you did, — look how stiff it is now, — come.” “I won't.”

I moved off the bed, caught her, and pushed her against the side of the bed. “Let's see your cunt.” “You shan't.” “How foolish,-I've fucked it twice,—let me feel it, and you feel my cock,—let me look at it, — I'm sure it's lovely.” She got on to the bed after a little resistance, took my pego in her fist, and I got my fingers in her crack. “A delicious fuck you are”, —then she let me pull up her clothes and look. “My God what a lovely cunt, — how deliciously you join your wet lips to mine, — how you move,—I shall never forget it to the last moment of my life, — oh! let me.” “I musn't, — I would, but I'm frightened.” “How foolish, — it's not an hour since my prick was in you, — what is the harm of doing it another time?” “Will you go then?” “Yes.” Gently Mrs opened her thighs. Our backsides were soon at the short wriggles. “It's big, isn't it?” “Oh! don't”, said she, “I shall spend.” My remark, tallying perhaps with something which was passing in her own mind fetched her, and me with her instantly.

When it was over I would not go. “No I'll do it again.” “That's nonsense", said she, “you know you can't, even if you try, and you're only making me anxious.” We laid side by side talking, for she liked the subject. I had a most buttock-stirring letch on me, and to her astonishment in about an hour I produced another stiff one. One persuasion is very much like another with the same woman; each time I had less difficulty, for she liked the poking. Dusk was coming on, she got lights, she fetched some liquor, and after the liquor I got her to lay on the sofa (for we then had gone downstairs), and on pretence of kissing her quim I got her to open her thighs wide, and saw in the twilight what I had seen before, large and ugly inner-lips. For all that I fucked her again, after frigging myself up gently to stiffness, and fucked as if it was the last bout with a woman I .was ever going to have. Then I left at her earnest entreaties before her sister returned. I had been there six hours.

I called on Jenny next day. She was in a way. Her sister directly she had returned home said she must go and see her husband; and spite of Jenny's entreaties not to leave her alone, had gone and never returned all night. Jenny could not make out the reason, but thought that she went away expecting to find her husband with a woman. She returned to sleep as usual on the Monday night with Jenny, I found

subsequently.

That day I went off without poking Jenny, and slunk away ashamed. I was done up with poking her sister. Jenny seemed astonished, but said nothing. Afterwards I got out of Jenny cautiously all I wanted to know about her sister. The result was, that finding on the next Sunday fortnight, Jenny was again going out with her young man, and the sister again would be left in the house, I went there. The woman's astonishment was great, and I believe she was genuinely distressed at seeing me. I attacked her for a time fruitlessly, she would not move from the street-door. “Did you not swear when I let you do it the last time, you would never come near me again, and never tell any one?” said she.

I could not deny it, had great difficulty with her, and thought I never should succeed. For full an hour with her back against the wall of the passage did she stand, refusing to move. I pulled up her clothes, felt her cunt, knelt on the mat, got my head up her petticoats, my nose on her motte, my mouth on her thighs and cunt, my hand round her marbly buttocks, and held her kissing, sniffing, and groping my fingers between her bum-cheeks, and the red orifice which I wanted to plug. In her struggles to prevent me she once nearly fell, but she got away.

But what woman who has been fucked by a man could withstand an hour's persistent feeling, cunt-kissing, baudy talk, and beseeching. I conquered, and fucked her on the sofa. She did not rush out to wash her cunt as she had done at our first meeting, there was no water near. I had her again and again. At each assault when the pleasure overtook her, she had the same mouth-sucking and arse-wagging. When our love-making was over, I gave her two pounds. I had offered it her before in the passage, but she had knocked it out of my hand. When she took it she said. “Ah! it's an awful thing to be poor !” I shall tell of another woman who made the same excuse to herself for getting her lust satisfied, or yielding.

That satisfied me, and I never had her again in the house. A letch for her came again about two months afterwards,-why? God only knows, for then at times I was having her sister, another woman, Louisa Fisher, and lastly Sarah Mavis. The old couple had returned, Jenny had a fellow-servant; I could only get a poke up her with difficulty on the Sundays, which her young man did not see her. I took her to a baudy house for an hour or so, then she went to church, and heard the text, because her Mistress always asked her what the text was when she went home. It was a supposition that she went to church on a Sunday.

I knew where Jenny's sister lived, and the place where she worked. It was now dark about six o'clock. I waylaid her on her way home on the high-road which was well lighted and full of people. I

walked with her, but she prayed me not to do so, for her husband came partly the same road, and sometimes met her. What would happen if he met her with a swell walking by her side. I could not persuade her to go to a house. No, — she was not a loose woman, though she knew what she had done, — I had done her more harm than I had any idea of, already, — why injure her?"

The more she objected, the more I longed for her. At last under solemn promise that I would go away after, we turned up a short street leading into a lane by garden-grounds, and there up a fence I fucked her. Away she went, and I never saw her afterwards to speak to, though I have passed her without taking notice. I think that in that parting fuck I had all the pleasure, she none.

Jenny's Mistress had been taken ill at the seaside, and kept there a month longer than was intended. Owing to this my complete enjoyment of Jenny's charms was prolonged, and to that I owed the second Sunday's fucking of Jenny's sister. Old Mr. W... . came up to London twice, and once nearly caught me in the house. I had written to say I had called at their home, and had never found their servant out. The lady wrote to thank me, and in writing to my mother, said how much obliged they were for my calling; but my wife said she thought the servant (Jenny) was a sly sort of minx, and wondered how they could be so foolish as to leave her in the house by herself.

When they came to town I was for a time very intimate with them, which pleased them much. Jenny used to let me out at the garden-gate, and leave the gate unlocked. Instead of going away, I used to hide in the shrubs, Jenny would come back, close the street-door ajar, and a few minutes afterwards come out again very quietly. Then up against an ivy covered wall we poked, and she went indoors with wetted privates. Sometimes after waiting I had to go away unsatisfied, she not appearing, sometimes rain pre-vented us, — all of which was very annoying.

Fucking her in fact became a matter of anxiety. She had to dodge her fellow-servant as well as her Master and Mistress, and we copulated in fear and trembling. In the midst of the work she has left me because of some scare; once she went off saying, "Oh ! there is Missus' bell ringing, — oh !—and uncunting me, off she ran. One night we went on to the flower-beds between two large trees, and the next day the old gentleman remarked that some man had got over the wall into his garden, and he should tell the police. If there was moonlight we were done. One night latish she was sent to fetch some butter. I waited, and we fucked up against some palings. Unfortunately the butter was let fall out of the basket on to the gravel. We went back for more, but the shop was then shut, so she had to take home the dirty butter, and make the best story she could about it. On Sundays when

at the baudy house, the girl was awfully frightened lest she should be seen, and we used to walk there on opposite sides of the way, I going in first. Then we went away with similar precautions, — but I began to get very tired of this, having indeed had enough of her.

Jenny had lost all fear of being in the family way, and poked freely, but she never ceased bewailing her poor young man; though at length my tool had become to her a thing to be longed for. The young man had money left him, quitted his place, and Jenny left to be married. I heard of them fur many years after-wards, they opened a shop, then a larger one, and so on, till at length he became (I found this quite recently) the mayor of the town, — if not it was some one of the same name, and in the same line of business. He was much respected, and Jenny his wife was equally so. They had no children up to the time when the old lady her former Mistress, died; and for aught I know they may still be living in the town of

One night some time before she left her situation, we spoke of her sister. “She is in the family way again”, said she, “and in such a way about it, and so is he, — the night she left me to sleep by myself, she went home to her husband, because she suspected there was another woman there;—well that night she declared he did not let his stuff go outside, — he says he did, — they quarrel, he says it's her fault, and she says it's his.”

Then it seemed evident to me that after the heavy fucking I gave her that day, that she feared being in the family way; so went home, and incited her man to fuck her, and enable her to say that the child was his, and of course it might have been, though it might have been mine.

Volume 4

Chapter I

Sarah returns. • My love revives. • Her tour, and poverty. • My aid. • Old habits again. • Sarah jealous. • Lewed and lushy. • Her shop and her man. • A quarrel. • Yellow-haired Kitty. • At Cafe de P**ye. • Kitty's luck. • About Bob and Grace. • Kitty disappears. • Reconciled to Sarah. • Sarah with child. • Who is father? • Hannah's sister. • Near it, but not quite. • Sarah's luck. • A noble friend. • The Casino. • A failure. • Sarah's home. • Troubles. • Her sister's intrigue. • A hard life. • Sequel.***

During my amours with Jenny I used to call at times to ask after Fisher, and if Sarah had been heard of. Of Sarah they had heard nothing, and if so, they did not tell me. Louisa was still ill. “Mrs. A* * * *y has been asking after you,” said Hannah, “she wants you to poke her, — she has a lovely leg, — why don't you have her?” She had a Jewish nose, but indeed a lovely leg, and we fucked once or twice for love.

I also had a woman named Betsy Johnson (of whom I have said more further on), and a very fine tall woman with the loveliest eyes I ever saw, with such limbs and backside, and such a thickly-haired cunt. She was salacious also, and kept me fucking her when I was once in the house with her, whether I desired it or not. In fact she fancied me, and wanted to see me daily. But she was not a clean woman, so I ceased having her, — and years after heard she had been sent to prison for robbery.

At last Louisa came back thin and ill, and I began to poke her. Once or twice or so, she had fits of the baudiest abandonment, at other times was cautious, and would uncunt me, and wash her genitals directly I had spent, just as Sarah used. Again she spoke of my keeping her, and the idea of doing so began to take hold of me; for she was pleasant, a good talker, and I loved her lasciviousness, and wanted a woman to settle to, — when the half-formed intention went to the winds, be-cause Sarah Mavis returned.

Although I then only thought of Sarah with a sigh, I used to ask after her. One morning I went to J***s Street. As I opened the door Hannah looked out of the parlour-door, smiled, put her head back, then closed the door, again looked out, grinned, again closed the door, then opened it saying, “You may come.” In I went, and there leaning with one arm on the mantel-piece in the accustomed attitude stood Sarah Mavis.

“How do you do?” said she in her quiet way, as if I had only seen her the day before. With a cry of delight I rushed at her, my heart nearly bursting. All my love returned as I hugged her to my bosom.

“Oh! my darling, my darling Sarah, how glad I am to see you again, — my love, my darling.”

After I had kissed her till, as she said, I had nearly worn away her face, I wanted her to come upstairs, for my prick was tingling with desire. She would not. “Impossible, — I'm dirty, — almost in rags, — landed from a steam-boat an hour ago, — have tasted nothing but water for twenty-four hours. Her children were with her, tears ran down her face. “Come upstairs, — come my darling.” “No.” “Go,” said Hannah, “I will lend you stockings, and a chemise, — you go upstairs sir, into the front-room, — she shall be with you in ten minutes.” “No I can't, — I will in two hours, if I can get my children something to eat.” “Come at once, — I'm dying for you,” said I, “Hannah shall cook you something whilst with me.” “Go up you,” said Hannah, “she will follow.” Hannah cried at the scene, in-deed we all cried together.

Up I went. In ten minutes Sarah came up, a chemise and stockings on only, her long black hair hanging down her neck, a great cloak over all, lent by Hannah. I threw her on the bed, kissed her from head to foot, buried my lips in her fresh-washed cunt, and then ouf! ouf! out flooded my spunk into her, out flooded her cunt-juice to mingle with it. Starved, empty, miser-able as she was, how she fucked with me! How she enjoyed me!

Oh! the Elysium as the last drop of sperm sheds into the quim of the woman you love. What is this? Sarah heaving though we had barely reposed, — my prick is still in her. “Go on dear.” On I drove. “Ah! my darling fuck me, — oh! — I — have not — had a fuck — go on — f — for a — mon — month, — my d — darling.” My prick was working up into her stiff as ever, her big arse heaving, our tongues meeting, our juices mingling in another spend, and then was a talk after a long voluptuous silence. Its substance was this.

“I've never been poked for a month, — no six weeks, — we have sold all to keep us, — he is in prison.” Sarah was careless, care-worn, broken down. Grief and trouble makes any one so. She went downstairs after I had fucked the second time (without washing her cunt), to feed her children. “Don't you come down, — we are none of us fit to look at, — I'll come back when I've got a place to rest in tonight, — oh! how good you are,

— thank God I've met you again, — I feared I should not.”

I gave her all the gold I had, Hannah gave food, and she went off. I went away, had luncheon, and four hours afterward we were in bed; and fucked till the poor worn-out wanderer went to sleep with my prick in her cunt, and snored almost whilst I was spending in her. Then laying in semi-nudity afterward, we fucked and slept till ten at night, when she went away. “If I am in the family way now,” she said, “there's no doubt who is papa.” It is ridiculous the number of women I

have got with child (or who have said so.)

I saw her next day, and daily for weeks afterward. Her account of her doings was this. Everything went well at first, — they made money, then some of the troupe got discontented with their share, quarrels arose, and two left, which spoiled the tableux. Then Mr. Mavis gambled, then was too polite to Sarah's sister. The troupe got right again, but foreign gentlemen wanted to fuck Sarah. He would have allowed it, but she would not permit it. If she was to get her living as a whore she might as well stay in her own country, she said. A great swell paid a heavy sum to see her nearly naked, with boots and stockings on, and in a recumbent baudy posture. That she allowed, for the money he paid was so great; but her husband was in the room at the time. She insisted on that. The swell frigged himself before them both whilst she laid voluptuously for his inspection.

Then a large sum was offered for the whole troupe to perform naked. Some would, some would not, — Sarah would not. Her man should not see her sister naked, she was determined, and one woman would not permit her man to be naked, for he had said jokingly that he should stiffen if he saw Madame W**t*n naked. It ended in a row. One half of the troupe gave private exhibitions naked. “But,” said Sarah, “lots of them don't look so nice naked as they may think.” Sarah and her man (who was a splendid animal), were the finest made of the whole lot. Sarah, a model to artists from fourteen years of age, knew pretty well what a fine man and woman were.

She and her husband tried to get up poses again, but could not make up a troupe. He gambled “for the best,” she said (she always excused him). They got from bad to worse. Their stage and machinery were then seized, which stopped their exhibitions. He got sent to prison for debt. She waited in hopes of his being set free, pawned and sold all she had, and at length came to England with her two children to see what she could do here, where she had relations. She had landed with the children hungry and wet, without a farthing, and had walked with them from Wapping that very morning, after a stormy twenty hours passage from Antwerp. She was haggard, with sunken eyes, her flesh was flabby, and she had every indication of suffering and misery about her when we first met. Why she never went whoring abroad I can't say. I can't say she did not, but she averred that no one but her husband had done her, and that from the day he went to prison to the day she returned to me, she had not been fucked. “If I must be a whore I'll do it with my own countrymen, and not with those nasty foreigners,” she remarked.

We had a honey-moon, and fucked night and day. “I wish I had gone away with you,” said she to me one night, “but it was not to be.” I believe (you can't be sure of a woman) that she had no man but

myself now. I paid for her lodgings, food, and dresses, got out of pawn from Brussels numerous articles, employed an agent to do it, and even helped with money to set her man free.

In about eight weeks he came to London. Then she changed, and relapsed very much into her old habits immediately. Would not do this, nor that, would only meet me this time, or that, as she pleased. It was of no use grumbling. “You know I can't,” she would say, “so why bother me.” “He won't let you.” “Well he is the father of my children, and I must make him comfortable.” “You keep him, surely you may do as you like.” It was of no use, she would not, and again I submitted.

So things went on. Meetings of a morning, dinners at the Cafe, just as before. Then, I could not learn why, she would not meet me for a whole fortnight. I got angry, would not see her at all, and by mere chance then met Kitty with the yellow hair. When it was known that I had quarreled with Sarah, Mrs. Fisher, who had ceased seeing me, turned up. I went one day to learn from Hannah if she had seen Sarah. No she had not, “but there is an old friend of yours in the parlour.” It was Louisa. She cried. So did I, but it was about Sarah. After Louisa's vowing that she would never let me again have her, — no never, we had a game of tailing which lasted some hours. “Now you will tell Sarah.” “No I won't.” But Sarah came to know it. Whenever I quarreled with Sarah afterward, I put my prick into Louisa or for a time Jenny, of whom I have already written, and occasionally in a fit of lewedness turned into the first whore I got hold of, out of Regent Street.

Then I saw Sarah again, and we made it up, and she behaved better to me. After a time I found she walked occasionally in Regent Street, began to talk lasciviously, and would drink like a fish. To see her regularly on the streets shocked me. Well, she must get some money, — when she had saved a certain sum she would take a business. Mr. Mavis was by trade a * * * *, and was determined now to follow it, and open a shop for the sale of his goods, — she would attend to the shop. I gave her much money on condition she would never traipse the streets. If she saw friends, or those who were introduced to her, I could not help it, but I had a horror of the pavement, and of her bringing in any man who took to her. Quiet whoring with me, and a select few if she liked. I agreed to that. So she disappeared from the pave as far as I know.

The shop was opened, and was successful. Poor Sarah was for months in a state of joy, and would scarcely come to me. No, they were getting on, he was steady, they earned a good living, — not as much as she did by her being gay, but enough. It was sweeter and better than money got by wriggling her buttocks. She cooked all the meals, and was always at home, but she came to me occasionally.

That for a short time gave a rest both to my pocket and ballocks, and I respected her for her decision, but could not bear the perpetual disappointment at her refusals. At first I used to go home with my heart breaking, and then tried for Louisa Fisher; but she told me once and for all, that she would have nothing more to do with me as long as I knew Sarah; and I saw no more of Louisa for weeks. Jenny was then about to leave her place and marry. I was unhappy, for I was dotingly fond of Sarah, and my misery at home drove me to the company of other women. Cunt certainly saved me from drinking, — but I thought I would go abroad to get clear of all.

I fancy that her man had too much of Sarah's company, or the temptation to let her get money was too strong, for when annoyed in every way, I told Sarah of my determination to go abroad, either what I said, or the fear of losing me affected her; and she said she would see me oftener, and even dine, which she had al-most ceased doing.

Dinners then became frequent. “Come at seven o'clock.” “I can't till half-past.” “Then stay with me till twelve.” “You know I must be in at ten.” “Then you won't be an hour with me.” “Well you can do all you want in an hour.” This began to revolt me, to think that my whole object in seeing her was to fuck, yet I submitted. One night she came late to dinner. “I must be home earlier tonight.” “When?” “At half-past nine.” “Why it's eight now.” “You will have time to have me.” “Then I won't go in.” We were outside the Cafй. “Nonsense, — come.” “I'll see you damned first, — good night,” — and I walked toward the cab stand. She stood still for a moment, then came rapidly after me. “Now don't be angry, — do come dear, — I want a poke so, — I can't bear you going away so, — let us go to J***s Street at once, — I must have you, — you shan't go without our having a kiss together.” “Will you stop till ten?” “No.” “Damned if I'll be humbugged any longer,” said I, hailing a cab. “You are not going away, are you, like that?” I drove off, and so we parted, and I would not call at J***s Street for weeks.

While in this state of unhappiness, I was in Regent Street one afternoon when I met an elegantly dressed woman with her veil down. Through it I saw her eyes fixed on mine, and knew her at once. “Kitty!” “Walter!” We stopped. “Don't talk here,” said she, walking on till she turned down a by-street, I following her. There we shook hands, glad to see each other. I wanted her to come with me to O*d*n Street. No it was impossible, but she would meet me to dine in Leicester Square in about two hours. She would come if she could, — if she did not it would be no fault of hers.

“But it's of no use your asking me if you expect to have me, for you won't.” “Nonsense, — not the man whose prick you first had pleasure with?” “No, not even you.” “Very well, — I'm miserable, I love a woman who behaves badly to me, — I must dine some-where,

come and dine, and let's talk of old times." "I cannot stop late." "Go when you like, but come."

At the Cafe de * * * * I ordered a room. "No not this, one with a bedroom where we can wash hands." "They are all let today sir, — we have only one bedroom and sitting room for travellers who may arrive tonight." "Well we shall stop all night," — and the rooms were reserved for me.

Kitty came. She had changed her dress, and was in black silk, but most elegant it was, and showed her colour off to perfection. The waiter had gone. "Take off your bonnet, — don't lay it down there, — go into the other room." In she went, I followed. "A kiss." "Yes," — kiss, — a hug. "Oh! Kit how lovely you are, — what a fine woman you have grown, — as plump as ever." "Plumper," said she. "Yes, I can feel it out-side." "Now leave off, — mind what I told you." "Nonsense, — oh! for God's sake Kit only a feel." I put my hand up her clothes, and felt the cunt. She struggled. "Oh! Kit let me, — think how often I have done it." "No, — no, — I have sworn I never would again, — now pray don't, — I've sworn I tell you." "Well only another feel." "Will you promise?" "Yes." She let me grope. "Oh! that cunt, — more hair than ever, — oh! feel me, — do." Out I lugged my prick. "Oh! feel it." "Well there, — there, I have, — now take your hand away."

There stood Kitty and I leaning against the bed, arms round each other, kissing, my fingers on her clitoris, she grasping my prick. "Oh! no, — I've sworn, — I would if I had not, — I dare not, — there, — oh! now I so wish I had not come, — I'll go if you don't leave off, — oh! now don't, — I'll go," — but she didn't. There we stood, silent, lips glued to each other, she sighing, her bum twisting gently. Then I was on the bed, on her, up her, and the sighs which began as we stood at the bedside, frantically rubbing our privates, ended in deep sobs of satisfaction and tranquillity. Suddenly the waiter knocked. "On a servi, Monsieur."

"In a minute," said I, — and to go into the sitting room was the work of half a minute, — Kitty came in directly afterward. "The plates are cold," said I. "They have been up five minutes, sir." Kitty and I looked at each other. "What wine, sir?" I chose it, and he left. "I must go and wash," said Kit. She had come in to save appearances. At length we finished dinner in the delightful gaiety of half-satisfied lust, with the tingling of renewed desire in prick and cunt, as we eat and drank, and chatted.

Kitty got at first pensive. "I swore with the Bible in my hand I never would let another man but him, and it will bring me ill luck." But she brightened as she warmed with food and wine. We talked over old times. What a difference between the shabby ill-dressed girl of four years ago, who grabbed a sausage-roll like a coster-monger, and

the lovely elegant woman who eat like a lady! I could scarcely believe my-self. How glad I was when dinner was over, and we dismissed the waiter. Then our talk ran wild. Our kisses, the feel of my prick, the titillation of her quim soon swept away all scruples. She was proud of her-self, delighted to show herself to me who had known her in her poverty, and she stripped to her skin. I found she was beautiful in form, and white as alabaster. I stripped, and both naked we fucked and fucked. My God how we revelled in sensuality, and fucked till my prick would not stand, and till her clitoris was sore with frigging. I think of it now with exquisite delight.

"I swear," said she, "you were the first man who ever gave me pleasure, —I have often thought of that hot summer's afternoon as we lay on the bed together, —how young I was, — I had never had my poorliness, — ah! that first spend, — I shall recollect it to the last day of my life, — I got fond of you from that day, and never had another man till you left England, — money was of no use to me excepting to buy food, and yours was enough, — so I never had another man till you left. Then I had several, and soon went gay." "You spent often enough then?" "It's true," said she, "for a few months I spent with every man I had, — I did not care what they gave me, — if they wanted it twice I let them, for I was dying for it always, but then I pulled myself together. You are the only man I ever told this to, for although my husband of course knows I was gay, he always thinks I had only been out one or two months, — he never asks me anything, and wants to forget all about my past. — And now excepting you, I swear I have never had another man but him since he has kept me."

We talked about the little Pol whom she brought to me. She told me she had been got in the family way by her own brother, and she did not know what became of her. — Cousin Bob, oh! how we laughed about his frig, — that sight seems to have settled Grace. "It was her ruin," said Kitty. "Grace was always frigging herself, and wishing she could let a man do it to her without fear, of the consequences, and after she had seen Bob frig himself, she got spoony on him. Very soon after- ward Bob spent his seed up Grace's receptacle, instead of on the floor, — Grace's belly began to swell, and Bob, instead of helping her, cut her, and got rid of his sperm in some other girl's trap. Then after fretting, Grace took another prick to comfort her, then another, then one for money, and finally went on the town." It was Grace who was walking with Kitty one night when I met her in the Strand, and it turned out that a few weeks afterward she told Kitty that I had had her; but I had no knowledge of having done so. It occurred thus.

Whilst seeing Kitty and Brighton Bessie I had a stray poke from time to time. Grace had seen me speak to Kitty, and recollected me, but I did not know Grace from Eve. I picked her up, however, one

night and had her. “Do you recollect,” said Kitty, “one night standing during a heavy storm under the pit-entrance to the Lyceum, and taking a lady from there?” I did perfectly. “She stammered a little,” said I. “Yes that was Grace.” “She was rather thin, straight, blackish hair on her cunt, cunt with biggish lapels.” “That's she, — that's she,” laughed Kate. The circumstance was an odd one.

Kitty told me her recent history, it seemed probable to me then, and not improbable now. She met a gentle-man, went to a house with him, then saw him again, and again; he offered to keep her and she had been with him ever since. He kept her mother and lived with Kitty, but could not introduce her into society, and was about to sell his commission and take her abroad to marry her. He was an officer, and on talking with her she was certainly well up in army matters. He had made her swear a solemn oath never to have another man whilst he was away, and to avoid her own relations and every one she had known. “Yes,” said Kitty, “I see what you are thinking about, but I declare before God that when I came to dine with you, I was determined not to let you have me. I felt curious about you just as you felt curious about me, and I have still a little liking for you, — see what has come of it, — I believe that I have ruined myself through coming here tonight, — I have a presentiment that great harm will come to me through it.”

He had been away for a month, wrote to her every day, and she to him. She had a nice little house, — not in Brompton, no — perfectly respectable, and had plenty of money. She saw one or two friends, one of whom was his sister. Her great difficulty that night was how to account for being so late out (for we stopped till one in the morning). I dare say she got over the difficulty, for women are clever liars.

“A whole month, Kitty! — and no poking?” “None.” “Then you frig.” “Of course, — I write a beautiful handwriting,” said she, “look, — every one says so.” She took down a wine-list, and borrowing my pencil wrote her name. I had been asking her her name, and she had refused it. “Read it.” “So that is your name.” She howled, and scratched it out with the pencil quickly, — she had forgotten her secret in her desire to show me how well she wrote. I forget the name, and she would not give me her address.

“We may never meet again, Kitty.” “I don't think we ever shall.” Then with one consent we went to the bed. I laid down my head on her thighs, kissing her pretty quim, she frigging me, till with a chuckle as of old, she delicately took the tip of my pego into her mouth, only the tip, just as she used. Up it came at the challenge. We fucked a long hard-working, slow-spending fuck, and then we parted. Kitty's cunt was as tight as when she was young, a sweet-looking cunt between

dazzling white thighs, yet I always wished it another colour.

"I don't want you to think me a gay woman any longer, but I have a superstition, — give me a piece of gold, and bring a light." Then I went with her to the water-closet, and she threw the sovereign down it, — that was a charm to ward off evil for having broken her oath. "You have enjoyed me, Kit?" "I have not enjoyed myself so much I think since I last met you in Regent Street," said she. With a kiss in the street we parted, and I never saw her since.

I asked her if she had been in the family way. "Yes, you got me with child before you left England, directly after I had my poorliness, — I never had anyone for a long time after you left, so it must have been you. Grace first said I was with child, and helped me by going with me to a woman who lives in a court in Long-Acre."

She had been so since twice by her protector, and had stopped it; but so soon as they were married he said they would have children. It was one of the reasons why he wished to marry her.

All this time I was in full favour with women, was in the prime of life, kind, sympathetic, thought handsome by women, and manly also. I see clearly now, how I could have had no end of other women without paying, but scarcely saw my opportunities then; and though I may have many instances to show, that my love was all that was wanted by some who threw themselves in my way, I can scarcely tell of them here. This luck ran over full ten years of my life, as nearly as I can recollect. During nearly four years of that, I was in love with Sarah who did not return it, but who used her power with moderation on the whole, though she tyrannized over me.

I would not see nor have Sarah for weeks after my last rupture with her, but could not help calling at J.*** s Street. I liked the scene of so much pleasure to me, to hear the click of the street-door as it opened, the rustle of petticoats going upstairs, the heavy step after them, the demand for a room, the reply, "First-floor front, sir."

(I add now what on reading over the manuscript I do not find, — it is a needful addition written twenty years later.

(When Sarah knew that I was fully aware of her occupations and habits, she changed, talked with me about artists' models, statuary, and so forth, and about her favourite poses as well, for she liked that work. To get me out of ill temper which her tyranny now often put me in, she would pose naked, all but silk stockings and her lovely little kid boots. It was an exquisite sight which almost directly made me mad to possess her. My prick swelled, stood out, lifting my shirt till I raised it, and rushed to feel her. Then laughing at my excitement she would alter her pose, till off went my shirt, she laid hold of my prick, I her cunt, and getting on to the bed I clasped her in my arms, and fucked her. Posing naked before me made her feel lewed and want

me, she confessed, slow as she was at such confessions. “There,” said she one day when she saw my stiff prick, “that's what would have happened if we had posed naked in Brussels.” Every man in the troupe had at one time or another solicited her favours privately, but she never told her own man that, for fear of a row.

(She generally posed thus after we had dined, and when what lust was in her constitution usually came out; I learned how to test her cunt-cravings in a simple way. Directly we got to the bedroom after dining she always piddled. I pushed my prick (stiffening in anticipation) in her face as she sat on the pot. If lustful she laid hold of it laughing, and pulled the foreskin backward and forward saying, “ah! — ahah! — look at it, — it's ready”; — if not, and she was thinking only of getting away soon, she pushed it away, saying, “Can't you wait now; — what beasts you men are; what pleasure can it give you to push that ugly thing in my face?” But who can give a reason for any baudy tricks, — they give pleasure, or they would not be done, by all men and women.

(Sometimes when she was posing I used to peep, trying to see more than the hair of the motte, and the dark shadow in the bum-furrow. Quite toward the end of our acquaintance I got her to pose in a lewedly suggestive attitude, but she never would open her cunt-lips herself, nor let me look well inside. She would leave me angry, rather than permit it. “It's not made to look at, — pray go on swearing,” she would say as she dressed herself. “I'm going, — it's ten o'clock.”

(Indeed her sexual orifice did not even then seem to me so handsome as those of other women. It was fat, large outside, with nymphae showing from clitoris to the vulva. Perhaps she knew that. It was loose in-side, must have been low down, and there was something about it which I never understood, and therefore can't describe. Scarcely any other woman yet that I can recollect uncunted me in the throes of pleasure as she did, when she enjoyed the prick, and was fucking energetically. “Damn it, it's out, — oh! put it in, I was just coming,” were exclamations then made simultaneously by us.

(What made me so madly in love with her therefore, it is difficult to say. It must have been the perfection of her form, which enraptured me directly I saw it, and even to the last when she got too fat. Besides she had a quiet, comfortable, companionable manner, unlike a gay woman's; and at that time though I liked a genial lewedness in a woman, open flagrant baudiness rather revolted me, and till lust stirred me fully up I was half chaste in my words, even with them. “Let me look at it, — show it me,” were more frequently my words than stronger ones. Nothing I said in those days excepting in highly wrought moments was comparable to my lascivious utterances now, when no language I find too plain to express the wants and acts of

those organs which give us all the highest pleasure, both physically and mentally. I had not then learnt all the pleasure copulation is capable of, that unrestrained nature in coition is the best. The absurdity of calling any-thing indecent or improper, which men and women may like to say or do together when in private, had not occurred to me. I now believe that it matters not whether what they do be called unnatural, or beastly, or not. So long as both like it and enjoy it, it is natural to them, concerns no one else, is the instincts of their nature, and is to them proper.)

And now to my narrative. Sometimes if Hannah was not in the parlour, I would peep and see the happy couples going upstairs, the women generally first. If late they were often a little noisy, and made a liberal display of leg to the men following. Late at night if women were there, Hannah would then not let me in unless some of my female friends were there. When Hannah would not let me peep, I at times threatened not to make up her accounts. That threat was often successful, I never told any one for many years afterward about the accounts.

“Sarah is anxious to see you,” said Hannah one night, “so anxious.” I saw her, conquered, and we made it up. Soon after she was in the family way again, she said by her husband; but she would not be plagued with another child. She let it go on for a month or so, and during that time fucked freely, keeping my prick and my sperm up her as long as I wished it. I became fully convinced that sexually she was cold, though a good mother and wife; but I loved her delicious form, and if she would lay in artistically free-andeasy attitudes whilst I talked to her, was content. She never cared about baudy pictures. After dinner I had poked her, and we were lying half naked together, she would suddenly feel her clitoris for a minute, then say, “Come nearer, dear,” — that meant she would feel my prick for minutes, and then fuck, — fuck was the or-der. After her spend she got cold again, the dinner heated her, and when I had cooled her cunt, she was cool to me.

After a time either they grew tired of the shop or did not make enough money, for they started on a tour in the provinces with a troupe. Hannah said Mavis was too lazy to stick to his trade, and preferred either posing, or living on Sarah's earnings. I was left unhappy again.

Again Mrs. Fisher appeared, and her modest lasciviousness again mastered my senses. I was getting accustomed to her, when Sarah came back. They had money, the shop business had gone, but now they at-tended to that. Sarah was always there, I used to see her in it, for though its whereabouts was kept secret at first, it was ultimately told me. I never went into it, but used to linger outside it just for the

pleasure of looking at her, even though perhaps the same night I was to meet her. Such was my infatuation. She again met me, but only for as long as she liked. She said she met only me, and I ,believed it to be nearly true. She was certainly never in the streets that I could discover. He never was in the shop. She told me he was always in the workshop. She might have done a little belly-bumping business by introductions, but Hannah, now quite at my service, declared that she never introduced her. Then Sarah was in the family way again. Said she, “I can't tell if it's yours, or his.”

Another miscarriage. Then she began to take a great deal too much wine, or anything else. I grudged her not, for she might have swallowed pearls if I had had the money to give them to her; but thought of her health and looks, knowing how liquoring gains on a woman, and how it ruins her. She was annoyed at my remarks. Let her be happy a little when she could. “Aren't you happy?” “How can any one be happy living from hand to mouth as I am?” I began then to think she was unhappy. Now too she began to fuck with fury, when she had a little wine. One night I did not want it but once. “Fuck me again. — you shall,” said she. She threw herself into baudy attitudes, she whom I had usually difficulty in inducing to lasciviousness. At length pulling me on to her, she got another fuck, and directly dressed and went away. “Why Sarah, you have not washed.” “No I'm going to carry it home with me tonight,” she said with a savage sneering smile, “they'll have a treat at home.” I never knew what she meant.

I asked her to leave her man; she was half inclined, — she was sick of life, — would I take her children too? Yes I would. A week afterward: No she must keep to him, however ill he might behave to her, — they were his children, — no one would take care of them but him. “Does he behave ill to you?” “Oh! no, poor man, he has enough to put up with.” All this was contradictory.

Then she got so capricious that I quarreled. I was getting ashamed of allowing myself to be made such a fool of, arranging to meet her, waiting at the house, she never appearing, and so on. Hannah used to come and talk with me because I was so miserable. She was quite friendly, and if she wanted to piss she used to sit down and do it without any apology or remark before me now.

“He is a brute,” said she, “do you know he has several times been here whilst she has been with ,you, and she has at once given him the money you have given to her, — what do you think of him? — isn't she a fool? — poor Sarah! — ah! you are both to be pitied.”

Hannah's other sister just then came as servant. She was a pretty creature, had a squint in one eye, but it did not seem to disfigure her. She had been a house-maid, and was found talking to a sailor in the house (she told me he was her cousin) , and was turned out at once. I

rather suspect she was found with the sailor's belly up against hers, and nothing between their skins. I was such a fool that I could not help going to J***s Street nightly, asking after Sarah, and crying. This girl seemed to take a fancy to me, and both she and Hannah said I was a goose for troubling myself about Sarah. This was at a time when we had had a quarrel, and I thought I was punishing her; but it punished me awfully.

One night I sent a letter hoping Sarah would come. Word came back she could not, Hannah's sister came in to tell me. I cried. “What a pity to take on so,” said she coming near me. I sat her down on the sofa, Hannah had told me she had a beautiful leg (she was about eighteen years old). We talked, I kissed her, she me. “You are plump for your age.” “Yes.” I felt her breasts. “Hannah says you have a nice leg.” “So they say.” “Let me see.” “No.” I began to lift her clothes, she resisted, my cock stiffened, her resistance ceased, she laid her face on my shoulder, I pulled up her clothes to her cunt. She had lovely limbs.

“Let me have you, — let's fuck.” “Yes I've been longing for you,” she replied, and got up to bolt the door. My feelings then took a sudden turn, a complete revulsion. If Sarah knew it there would be a row, both of us would be sorry for it, I remarked. She made no reply, but left the room. I never had her, for the next day I got Sarah. The girl saw me many times after-ward, and used to look at me, but never referred to that night, and soon left the house. Hannah said she went back into quiet service, — perhaps a lie, but I tell it, as told to me.

Sarah one day said, “You were an hour and a half in the room with Esther (I think it was her name,) — did you have her?” “No.” “I believe you did.” “I did not.” “You pulled up her clothes?” “Yes.” “Did you have her now?” “No.” “What, when your hand was on her thighs” “No.” “I don't believe you.” “But it's true,” said I. Sarah laughed. “Let's do it,” said she.

I could write a volume about Sarah, but it would be tiresome, so will finish about her. After months worrying I heard that one or two officers used to fuck her, she admitted it and that she had been to Aldershot. “I must make money somehow,” said she. Then I revolted, but kept on with her for a time, and then the following came about.

Walking in the streets one day, she took the fancy of a nobleman who was seventy years old, they sold their shop, put that money, and the savings she had made by letting out her cunt, to open a Casino with poses plastiques, singing, dancing, etc., etc. She told me what they intended to do, — nothing venture, nothing have, — So-and-So had made a fortune that way, why not they? I urged against it, but gave a biggish sum to help. “What is the good? — You will never get enough,” said I. Then she told me of the nobleman, and his name. I was staggered, for I knew him and his wife. He had a large family, and

had led an irreproachable life, but got so madly in love with Sarah that he wrote her letters, offered to keep her, and actually took her home to see Lady***, an aged woman who cried and said she did not blame Sarah, but did her husband for his folly and wickedness. He helped with much money, they started the Casino, after six months they failed, their money was spent, and they were in debt.

I believe that Sarah never knew my name. I was surprised when she told me the name of the nobleman. I never told her I knew him, though she once asked me if I did. Of course I said no.

I used to go to see her in the poses, go behind the scenes, order champagne, and do all I could to help. The poor woman worked like a slave. Then filled with despair, began to drink deeply, drunk she did not get, but she could swallow a pail full, and she got bloated. Unless she had plenty of liquor she was unable to act. She kept telling me all was going on well, when in fact the affair was going to the dogs.

Then I determined to give her up, I had done my best to help, she had not done much for me, so told her that I should go abroad. “Oh! pray don't, — oh! pray don't, — you don't know what trouble I have, what I have done to keep a home over our head, how I have worked, slaved, whored to do it, for the sake of my children, and to keep him, to keep them all,” — but I left off seeing her, and prepared to go abroad.

“Sarah wants to see you,” said Hannah to me. “When?” “Tomorrow.” “I will be here.” She came with swollen eyes, slightly in liquor. “Oh! take me with you, take me abroad, out of this cursed place.”

Three years before I had offered that first, but had given up the notion, — said so. “It's too late, and yet I could have loved you so, and I loved you, only I dared not show it,” said she. “Well I will drown myself, for home I never go again.”

Then came a scene. Hannah and her sister were called in whilst Sarah raved about her wrongs. She had kept them all, — all, — all, and now her sister was in the family way, — and by him! he had seduced her, — and when poor Sarah talked about sending her home to her mother, No he said, she should not go, but Sarah might, if she liked, — the sister whom she had kept, to be in the family way by him! Whilst she was walking the streets to get bread for them all, he was putting it into her sister, — for that sister she was to be turned out.

“I have suspected it for a year, have laid traps for them, but never could catch them, then I could not think after I had got money to set up fresh three times that he could be such a vagabond. — I have ruined my health by miscarriages, I am out of my mind almost with pain sometimes, and all for him, — and the little bitch, whom I have

twice nursed through illnesses that the doctor said would kill her, — oh! I wish I were dead! — but I'll take my time, and do for her and her child too, if it comes to one." I gave money, and comfort, but she was in despair and murderous in intention. She was a cool determined woman, but she fell ill which upset her determination. She kept to her home, and under the pressure of the man, her children, her fears and misery, accepted her humiliation, helped her sister in her accouchement, and by harlotting kept them all, but was broken-hearted and ultimately kicked out by her man, and by her sister, who took her place. Her sister I don't think was gay, Hannah said so then. I lost sight of Sarah, and no one knew where to find her. I told Hannah I should like the sister, who resembled Sarah, and was fine-made, but smaller. I had seen her in the poses, but never had her.

Then I saw Sarah again well-dressed, and getting money, but heart-broken. The man had her children, and refused to give them up to her. He had knocked her down. She had threatened a magistrate. He had said that he would tell the magistrate that the reason why he refused them was that she was a whore and a drunkard. She had the misery of seeing her man, her two children, and her sister walking out together, and of her own children telling her she was a whore, and that they would be whipped if they spoke to her. She told me this — Hannah said it was true.

Then she left the quarter, and went to live with her mother somewhere in the extreme north of London, and drank very hard, Hannah said.

I met her a few years afterward in the Euston Road. How she had aged! "You, Sarah!" "My God, you!" She wanted me to go with her. "One kiss for old acquaintance sake, for I loved you more than you thought." "No you did not." "Yes, but my children." I would not go with her, gave some money, and though I yearned toward her, left. (Hannah had left J***s Street, and the new keeper knew not my Sarah). Again after a time I saw her. I stopped her, and gave her money unsolicited, and never saw her again. She told me she was living with a man. She looked poor and broken.

A few years afterward the trunk of a young woman was found floating in the Thames, there was a peculiar scar below the bosom. I have often wondered if that was the end of Sarah.

I must mention here that after their Casino failed, they acted in poses plastiques at a tavern in the City Road. I took a friend who will presently be named to see them act. Sarah was then much fagged and dilapidated.

Chapter II

Louisa reappears. • Crabs. • My despair. • A friend's advice. • Promiscuous harlotting. • Fucked out. • My friend's little woman. • Lizzie Stanley. • The hole by the back-bone. • The little woman's sister. • Many naked ladies. • Operations in a four-wheeler. • A she on the top. • The cunts in two houses. • Slandered. • A sodomitic offer. • Nonacceptance.

After calling many times, and not seeing Sarah, Louisa appeared again. We met and poked. She was as lascivious and willing as before, but hurried. She was now kept, and was superbly clothed. Tired of knocking about, I wanted to settle to one woman, and told her so. Said she, “If Sarah Mavis was to come any day, you would throw me over for her, — I would once have lived with you on a pound a week, but you would not have it.” That was true. I told her I was going abroad. We met once a week, but I could not reckon on her, and she objected to go to J***s Street; so I used to wait for her with a carpetbag, and go to a hotel, take rooms as if for the night, dine, fuck, and leave. To have this was amusing once or twice, but it did not satisfy me.

She liked me I know, and arranged to stop with me all night at an hotel, which was in Gt. P***l**d Street, but when she came it was impossible, she said, to stay all night. I was excessively angry, and would not fuck her. After dinner she coaxed me, and of course I did, but was sulky. “Don't be angry, — I would like to sleep with you quite as much as you would, but I dare not tonight, — let us do it again.” She was laying on the sofa, I would not. How well I recollect her puffing her whole clothes up to her navel, and laying with her big thighs open. “Do it again, there's a darling.” I threw myself on to her afterwards. “Is not my cunt wet? — you always do make me so wet, — I always seem to spend twice as much with you as I do with my friend.” She kept my prick in her for a quarter of an hour afterward, kissing me all the time. Then she was obliged to go. She was fond of laying on the bed after I had had her, remarking how wet she was, and then shutting her eyes seemed to be thinking voluptuously of the condition of her cunt.

She went away hurriedly, stooping and kissing my naked prick before she departed. She was going out of town, we were to meet again, but we did not and I never saw her after that night. — Hannah did not either.

(This I note here because it seems to indicate to my-self my erotic phase at this period. I never licked the cunt of Sarah or Louisa, nor, to

save recurring to the subject, the cunt of Jenny whose doings with me I have already told.)

One day I had Sarah in the morning, had to meet a man at luncheon, and went off hurriedly without washing. I went back in the afternoon, and found Louisa in the parlour. We talked with my hand on her thighs, Hannah said, “You had better go upstairs,” just then the door-bell sounded. Hannah looked out, we heard her say, “Go up sir, she will be here directly I'm sure.” Coming in she laughed. “It was Louisa's friend.” “Hang him,” said Louisa, “let's have a poke.” “Go on to my bed,” said Hannah, and left the room. On the side of the bed I tailed her in no time. She went up-stairs, and where she washed I don't know. There was a bed hidden by curtains but no washing materials in the parlour. Hannah performed her ablutions in the back room when it was not occupied. I dined at my Club, and going home, called on Jenny. She was in fear about her sister coming, but I fucked her on the sofa, and left instantly, went to bed tired and without washing, and by daybreak was off on a fishing excursion. In fact I did not wash my prick for about three days, except the tip which I never failed to wash. Then I found I had the crabs. How did I get them?

I had given up Sarah, but still loved her, though I felt I was a madman to encourage it, and that nothing but trouble and misery to me could come of my taking to her again. I had confided my trouble to an old friend, who chaffed me and cheered me. “You fool, to keep to a woman who is only playing with you, — and a fat flabby woman like that.” He had gone with me to see her in the poses. “Have them younger and fresher, — you'll get plenty to like you, — but directly you find you are taking too closely to any woman in future, cut her, go out of town, go abroad, try fresh women every night, do all you can to forget her, — change of scene, and plenty of change of cunt, is sure to make you forget any woman.”

He was a cold-blooded man, and would have turned off a woman who was in his way with but little ceremony. When he knew of my love-matters he disclosed some of his. I had not the least suspicion before of how much he amused himself with women. His idea of them was that they were only made for amusement, not for affection.

I acted on his advice, and swore I would never have a woman twice. When a woman said after I had stroked her, “Shall I see you again?” “No,” I replied, “never.” What a lot have stared, and asked me why. Then I told them. “All women are not like her,” they mostly replied, but I determined to think they were, and went on changing night after night. Black cunts, brown cunts, little bums, big arses, fat and lean, little and big, I took after each other, just as lust seized me; but however much I enjoyed a woman, go again with her I would not. So I guess nearly a hundred women had my doodle up them, yet I

went scaithless, for no ailment overtook me.

This did not satisfy me. I longed to settle at least for a time to a woman, to be a friend to her, to have some one in whom I had some sort of confidence, whom I should always find at home, who would not say she was engaged when I called, would treat me as a friend, and desire again to see me. To feel that I must not have this comfort was doing violence to my best instincts, and I gradually gave up my promiscuous and stern yet lascivious habits. Moreover the variety of cunts had so stimulated my passions that I fucked myself out, and going to a doctor was warned that unlimited indulgence would lead to impotence, and perhaps worse, young even as I was, and not drinking, or doing any-thing else in excess.

My friend disclosed to me that he had a nice little woman, a gay woman whom he visited, and spoke of her as a beautiful little creature. “Come and see her, — I'm going there,” said he when we were dining to-gether one night. We went to Upper N***n Street, then inhabited almost entirely by gay ladies. I found her a poor, thin, insignificant-faced little thing, but with a fine head of hair, and a very sprightly manner. Though I did not like her I commended his choice. “You won't make any attempt to have her whilst I have her?” “Of course not,” I replied, and indeed I had no desire for it.

One night when there with him a little woman came down from an upper floor, named Lizzie Stanley. She introduced me to her. I was still fretting about Sarah, and had told my griefs to my friend's woman. “Here,” said she to Lizzie, “is a friend of mine who will just suit you, — he has just lost his woman, you your man, — you're fretting like fools, and are good company to each other.” We were both chaffed. I went up to Stanley's rooms and told her about Sarah, she me about a man who had kept her, whom she doted on, and who had gone abroad. We both cried, and then we fucked. She was a very short girl, but plump and exquisitely made, had a lovely face, and the dearest little cunt to look at. Whether it was because she was so anxious to listen to me about Sarah, I know not; but I went to see her again and again, enjoyed her embraces, and she enjoyed mine.

When upon her one night and clasping her back-side, my hand, in its rambles in the vicinity of her buttocks, came on a second sort of hole. I thought my finger had gone into her bum-orifice, and withdrew it quickly, having a great dislike to finger that part even of the nicest lady. But again I felt it, and then it seemed to be at the end of the spine. I got curious, and fumbled with my finger all round there. She resisted, and was annoyed. Then, though she had stood quite naked fronting me, I found she would not turn round. What did I want to stare at? No she would not do it dog-fashion, — if I wanted that I might go to another woman, — she hated to be pulled about.

I did not quarrel, for she was a burning-cunted little woman, not more than twenty, and flicked much to my liking; but this sinking on her back-bone which felt like a navel there annoyed me. I began to think it was some disease.

I slept with her again solely to find out all about it, but all night whenever awake I found she was also. I tried to feel when poking her, but she always managed to shift herself, so that my fingers could not reach the spot for long. At last I caught her asleep on her side, and put my fingers on to the sinking, and was turning down the clothes in order to see it (for it then was day-light and summer), when she awakened. We had a row, she left the room, would not have me again, and in a few days left the lodgings. I never saw her afterward, nor found out what the mark was. My friend's woman said she knew nothing about it. It's a funny incident.

There was a gay lady living on each floor of the house, among them was the sister of my friend's woman, who was gay also. She was a plain, quiet woman, but seemed a strapping, firm-fleshed piece, and older than the little one by two or three years perhaps. She had a very ugly nose. Out of a lot of women I should not have selected her, but yet I had her, — and it came about this way.

I went after dinner with my friend to Upper N****r n Street one night. His skinny little lady was dressing. My friend was very proud of her, — tastes differ. “I can't come out yet, I'm in my chemise,” she cried through the folding-door. “Come out, it's only ***.” Then out she came. He pulled up her chemise to her quim, and asked me what I thought of her. She really was nice for those who like legs about the size of a rolling-pin, so I admired them. Then he made her strip naked, she nothing loth. I humbugged him by extolling her charms out of kindly feeling to him. “Where is your sister?” said he. “She is dressing.” “Tell her, and tell So-and-So, that if they will come down naked, we'll give them a glass of champagne, and pay their cabs to the Argyle.” The skinny one went up-stairs, there was some debate, — they were not going to strip for a glass of wine, and so on. But at last down three other women came in their chemises, and stripped them off in the room. A female friend was with one of them dressing there. A woman suggested she might also be asked down. Agreed, and down she came. “You should put yourselves also naked, you two men,” said one woman, “then we'd have a dance.” We did not see that. “Look at his prick,” said one woman pointing at me, “it will be through his trousers directly,” — and she came and felt it. I certainly was rising at the sister, whose plain face I had forgotten in admiration of her lovely limbs and body. After lots of pulling up of stockings, adjustment of garters, feeling of cunts, and smutty talk, they scampered upstairs naked, I after the sister, whilst my friend remained with his thin

damsel. I was up the big sister's cunt in no time, waited till she was dressed, and going that way, drove her to the Argyle. Before I reached it the spirit again moved us, and to avoid deranging her dress she pulled up her clothes, and turning her arse toward me, impaled herself on my pego as I sat. Then she went into the Argyle with my sperm in her cunt, and carried it with her all the evening, unless there were means of purifying it there, — and I don't think there then was.

I had her once or twice afterward, and one night when my friend was sleeping with his woman, I had just gone to bed with the big sister, when the thin one came into the room. She began to talk just as we had been thinking of operating. In a frisky way she pulled down the bed clothes, and discovered my pego in full-blooded erection. “Let's see what sort of a prick he's got,” said she, “Oh! isn't it a nice one!” We all laughed. “I'll tell your friend.” “Oh! no don't,” said she, “he is so jealous, and such a bad temper, — there will be a row if you do.” Then she whispered something to her sister, and went away, but not till I had asked her to let me see as much as I had shown her. She pulled up her chemise, rolled over the foot of the bed, opened her thighs wide, and then departed to my friend, who was awaiting her in her bedroom.

I had her sister a few times after that, and one night had just gone to bed with her intending to pass the night there, when the thin one who was in her room with some man, appeared again in her night-gown in our room, and laughing said, “Oh! I can't bear him, — I shall sleep here.” “Has he had you?” “No, and I don't mean to have him.” She got into bed with us, laid hold of my prick after pulling down the clothes to look at it, and getting on the top of me said, “I'm going to be the man, and do it to you.” The sister laughed, I resisted, but the little agile devil squeezed her quim somehow on to my tool, and excited by the novelty and by the fresh cunt, I was soon spending up her. She sank satisfied on me. Her sister who had looked on laughing, gave her a loud slap on her buttocks. I think the affair had been arranged between them. My friend did not know of these pranks.

“She has cheated you,” said I. No she had not, for she just came on poorly. “I'll come up again soon,” said the thin one, — and she did, and I fucked her whilst her sister laid by the side of me. “My sister is fond of you,” said the big one, “and she don't like your friend, though he is kind to her.” But I did not like the skinny one, and did not like cheating my friend, so never fucked her afterward. Nor had I the chance, for in a week or so he took her into keeping. That lasted some months, until finding her writing to some other man, he kicked her out and had done with her.

They were at Brighton at the time that took place. He discovered a note of hers in a blotting-book. The very same minute he called up

the landlady, paid the bills, and in an hour he had left the young lady with twenty pounds, and never saw her afterward. He told me all this. The sister told me the same, and that the little thin one cared nothing about it, that she did not like him, that he was ill-tempered, and exacting, had a very little prick, and was a bad poke.

I lost sight of the sister and went with other women, but not until I had fucked every woman in that house. And finding that the girl who had been dressing, and whom I had also seen naked, resided next door, I went to see her, and fucked every woman in that house as well. My price was twenty shillings, and though they were all what is called swell women, I never had my sovereign refused. I think I may say that I fucked in every room excepting the basement in those two houses.

The young woman in the adjoining house was skittish in manner. I neither recollect her name nor her face well, but only that she was a good-sized woman, not too stout, with a very small waist, and an exceedingly large backside. I turned her on to her belly at the bed-side, so as to comtemplate the beauties of her backside more conveniently. She objected, laughed, said, “Now you shan't do that,” but turned round at last, and wriggled her backside about in an unusual manner to me, then she asked me if I liked a tight fit. When I stood up to her backside and rubbed my prick against it, she said it would be a fiver. I was a little ashamed, and said I did not give more than a sovereign. “If you want what Lizzie Stanley would not let you do, I must have a fiver, and you won't tell any other woman, will you?” A light broke in on me. I questioned her, and found that the little bitch Stanley had given out that she had quarrelled with me because I wanted to bugger her. All the women in both houses knew it. My friend's thin woman knew it. I was much annoyed, fearing my friend might have had the lie told him. I swore and cursed at Stanley, — did she (the girl I was with) believe it? She did not know, — some gentlemen had queer fancies. Oh dear no! she had never done it, but she was hard up and would try for a five-pound note, — she heard it gave some women pleasure. I declined the invitation, having not a suspicion of a taste for such a tight fit, so we fucked and parted, nor do I recollect having her again. I told my friend what I had heard at the house some time afterward. He had then parted with his woman, but he seemed never to have heard of the lie Lizzie Stanley had circulated about me. Al-together that girl Stanley was, and is a mystery to me still.

Chapter III

A sailor, a whore, and a garden-wall. • The newly-made road. • Windy and rainy. • Bargaining overheard. • Offer to pay. • Against a garden-wall. • A feel from behind. • A wet handful. • Blind lust. • Into the sperm. • The policeman. • A lost umbrella. • A new sort of washing-basin. • Fears of ailment.

Amidst all this saturnalia of cunt, I don't believe I ever did anything with one, excepting to feel and fuck it, though in attitudes varied. Recherchй erotic pleasures were not in my custom, and not even in my thoughts. Amusements with a man would have shocked me, had they been suggested. His spunk would have up-set my stomach to look at. To put into a cunt which an-other man had just quitted, would have revolted me; yet I was doomed to do all this, unpremeditatedly, on the spur of the moment and opportunity.

I lived then on the western outskirts of London where they were building on what had been and were still largely pleasant fields. About five minutes' walk from my house was a street made not five years before, and leading out from it a new road, a sixth of a mile long, connecting two main roads, and made to enable the fields on either side to be built upon. There were gas-lights at long intervals, just enough to en- courage people to use it at night. The carriage and foot-ways were of coarse gravel, and quite newly made.

Under wheel and foot these roads crunched as people went across them. At one end of the road was a new row of houses, the garden back-walls of which abutted on the open fields, and the side-walls of two formed the entrance to the road, — both houses just then were empty.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, windy and rainy at intervals, and there was a small moon hidden by thick clouds scudding across it. Sometimes there was a gleam of light, at other times all was dark. It was very windy as I came through the road for a short cut, after thinking whether it was safe or not, and just then I met a policeman at the further end, and bid him good night. The crunching of my footsteps on the newly-laid gravel annoyed me, both by its fatigue and noise, so I stepped on to the meadow-land which lay alongside it, and walked quite quietly. As I neared the street into which it led, I could distinguish what looked like a man and woman standing on the footpath close up against the garden side-wall of the empty house, and well away from lamps. Thought I, “They are fucking or finger-stinking,” so walked further from the footpath to pre-vent noise, and

more slowly to see the fun. It excited me lewedly, for I wanted a woman.

As I got near them I was under cover of the back garden-walls. The idea of catching a couple fucking made me more randy. “I won't, unless you give me the money first,” said a female voice. I stopped, but heard no male reply. “I shan't then, — what have you got?” the shrill voice said. No audible reply, but I saw a struggle as if a man was trying to lift a woman's clothes, and heard a laugh. Then I stepped on to the path, and walked on. “I shan't then, — if you have no money what did you come here for?” came clearly on my ear, though said in a somewhat lower tone. Just as I came to the angle of the wall I saw plainly a fair-sized woman with her back against the wall and a shortish man in front of her, pulling her about as if he was trying to feel her, or lift her clothes. The amatory scuffling prevented them noticing my approach. The woman said as I neared them, “I won't without the money,” — and then was a hush as I walked on.

What then occurred exactly I can't recollect, but I said as I was close to them, “Let him have you, and I'll give you five shillings.” “All right, — give it here then,” said the woman, I stopped, and saw by the small light of the distant lamps that the man had the cap and open collar of a sailor. A desire sprung up quicker than I write this, and what I meant for a baudy joke became the reality of action, — I followed my impulse without thought of consequences.

“I'll give you five shillings if you let me see you do it.” “All right,” said she — and to him, “Will you?” “I'm right for a bloody spree,” said a male voice al-most inarticulate either from drink or cold. “Give me the money first.” “Certainly, if you let him do it.” “Come round the back of the gardens,” said the woman, walking off with the man to the rear, and well out of the line of road, I following. We stopped. “Give me the money.” “Won't the policeman catch us?” “He won't be back for half an hour,” said the woman, “he has just passed.” I knew he had, having met him. We were now away from the lamps, it was dark. “Let's feel your cunt,” said I getting into reckless baudiness. The man close to us kept chuckling to himself, and I thought staggering, but was not sure. He closed on the girl as I did. “Let me feel your cunt,” said I.

The girl lifted her petticoats, her back against a wall; I put my hand between her thighs, and met the man's hand on the same errand, — we were both trying at the same spot. “Bloody spree,” said a hoarse drunken voice. We both groped together. “One at a time,” said she. I withdrew my hand, and it knocked against his prick, I laid hold of it, and believe to this day that the sailor thought it was the girl who was feeling it. I clutched it, and a strange delight crept through me as I drew my hand softly up and down his stiff stander which seemed

longer than mine. “Hold hard you bugger,” said he.

Excited beyond all thought, I still clutched and glided it through my hand. “Where is your prick?” said the girl. I felt her hand touching my hand. Letting his prick go, “No sham,” said I. “There is no sham,” said she, “where is your money?” I put my hand in my pocket feeling for the money, took it out, and gave it her. “Come on,” said she to the man. Instantly they were close together. “Bloody spree,” I heard mumbled again. “Lift up yer clothes, I can't feel yer arse.” I felt that her clothes were up. I put my umbrella against the wall, grasped a thigh with my left hand and my right went toward her quim, but was stopped by contact with the man's prick which was against her belly. “I'll put it in,” said she. The next instant the to-and-fro movement had begun. I felt the wriggle of her arse-cheeks which I held with my left hand, his hands were now round her arse above mine, and under her clothes. “It's out,” said she, “stop, I'll put it in again” — and all was still. His prick had slipped out through his energy. The woman guided it up again, and the backside jogging recommenced. I know what she said, I guessed much what she did from what she said. The buttock movement there was no mistaking.

It was too dark to see. I heard him breathing hard, and felt her thighs quivering and wriggling. Changing sides and stooping, I pushed one arm and hand right round her buttocks, between her thighs from behind, and under her cunt till my fingers passed her arse-hole, felt his prick, and grasped his balls. I doubt whether he knew it, for his pleasure was making him blow like a man who had run himself out of breath. I felt his prick-stem as he drew back, and that it was wet with the moisture of her cunt. Then with hoarse muttering, of “blood-prick spunk, bloody cunt,” I felt him shove and wriggle hard, and then both were stationary and silent. I -kept my hand still groping under her cunt, and feeling his prick-stem from beneath, with my thumb and forefinger.

He did not hurry himself to withdraw. “You've done, — get away.” “Let's fuck agin,” said he. “You shan't.” As she spoke, his prick flopped out right on to my hand, wetting it. She moved away, the man swore. Mad now with lust, “Let's feel your cunt,” said I lifting her clothes. She let me. “My God what spunk, — how soft your cunt feels, — let him fuck you again, — I'll give you more money, — feel me, — frig me.”

I don't recollect the girl speaking, but she seized my prick whilst I groped up her cunt with fingers saturated with sperm. No disgust now. For the moment I loved it. She stopped frigging. “Put it in me, it's nicer.” “No.” “Oh! it's all right, — it's nice, — put it in.” “No.” “Do, — I want a fuck.” “You've just been done.” “You do it.” I yielded, and putting my prick into her reeking cunt fucked her. “Oh! I'm coming.”

“So am I.” “Oh! — ah? — ah!” I spent, and think she did, am not sure; but she shagged hard, and squeezed me up to her. The sailor had taken my place, and was looking on I suppose, standing with his back against the wall, mumbling something.

As my pleasure subsided I could just see the man by the side of us working away, I suppose at his prick, with his fist like a steam engine, I felt the sperm oozing on to my apparatus, all around. “Let's fuck yer agin,” said the hoarse man's voice. “I'll give you money to let him,” said I. Out came my prick. “All right,” said she, “let me piddle first.” “Where is your prick?” I said, “does it stand?” “Bloody fine.” I put my hand on it, and grasped it. A new desire and curiosity about a male organ came over me. The woman had pissed, and was standing up, she caught hold of my prick which was hanging out, whilst I had hold of his prick. Then I took out money, and gave all the silver I had, — I don't know how much.

“Put it into her,” I said, frigging it; it was not stiff, and I was impatient to feel him fucking again. He turned to her front. “Let go my prick,” said he. The girl took it. “It's not stiff.” “Bloody something,” I heard him say. Again I heard the rustle of the frig and of her clothes lifted. “Your cunt's bloody sloppy,” said the husky voice, and he chuckled. “Make haste,” said the woman.

“Oh! the policeman!” Half-way down the road I saw the bull's-eye of the policeman's lantern. I was now standing feeling my own prick with excitement; but at the same instant a glimpse of moonlight came from between the heavy clouds, and showed me the man pressing his belly up against the woman, and her petticoats bunched up high. The policeman's bull's-eye far off was throwing light across the fields. “The police!” I said. “Come further along,” said the woman dropping her clothes, and moving off still further into darkness, I moving off in the direction of the road. My lust went off, — what if the policeman saw and knew me! I got to the road, turned to the left along the crunching gravelled path, walking very quickly, and so soon as I turned the corner took to my heels, and ran hard home, ran as if I had committed a burglary.

Letting myself in with my latch-key I found I had left my umbrella behind me. Then a dread came over me. I had fucked a common street nymph, and in the sperm of a common sailor, both might have a pox, — what more probable? I could feel the sperm wet and sticky round my prick, and on my balls. I had then taken to sleeping in my dressing-room. My wife I thought must have been, according to habit, an hour abed. On entering my room there sat she reading, which was a very unusual thing. I sat down wishing she would leave the room, for I wanted to wash and wondered what she would say if she saw me washing my prick at that time of night, or

heard me splashing. But she didn't stir, so taking out the soap unobserved, “I've bad diarrhoea,” I said, and down I went to the water-closet. Sitting there I washed my prick well in the pan, and went upstairs again. (How many times in my life has a sham ailment helped me? — how many times yet is it to do so?)

Fear of the pox kept me awake some time. Then the scene I had passed through excited me so violently, that my prick stood like steel. I could not dismiss it from my mind. I was violently in rut. I thought of frigging, but an irrepressible desire for cunt, cunt, and nothing but it, made me forget my fear, my dislike of my wife, our quarrel, and everything else, — and jumping out of bed I went into her room.

“I shan't let you, — what do you wake me for, and come to me in such a hurry after you have not been near me for a couple of months, — I shan't, — you shan't, - -I dare say you know where to go.”

But I jumped into bed, and forcing her on to her back, drove my prick up her. It must have been stiff, and I violent, for she cried out that I hurt her. “Don't do it so hard, — what are you about!” But I felt that I could murder her with my prick, and drove, and drove, and spent up her cursing. While I fucked her I hated her — she was but my spunk-emptier. “Get off, you've done it, — and your language is most revolting.” Off I went into my bed-room for the night. What I said whilst furiously fucking her, thinking of the sailor's prick and the spermy quim of the nymph, and almost mad with excitement, I never knew. I dare say it was hot.

For a fortnight I was in a state of anxiety, and twice went to a doctor to examine my prick, but I never took any ailment. I went early next day to see if my umbrella was in the fields, but it was gone, — I wonder who had it. I never saw the woman again that I know of, but had I seen her five minutes after the event I should not have known her, nor the sailor. He seemed to me a young man of about twenty, groggy and hoarse with cold, his prick seemed about the size of my own. She was a full-sized woman with a big arse, but flabby. Though I could not find my umbrella I saw the spot on which it had stuck into the wet turf; and the place where we had played, for a yard or two square was trodden into mud, whilst all around was green.

After I had got over my fears I had a very peculiar feeling about the evening's amusement. There was a certain amount of disgust, yet a baudy titillation came shooting up my ballocks when I thought of his prick. I should have liked to have felt it longer, to have seen him fuck, to have frigged him till he spent. Then I felt annoyed with myself, and wondered at my thinking of that when I could not bear to be close to a man any-where, I who was drunk with the physical beauty of women. The affair gradually faded from my mind, but a few years after it revived. My imagination in such matters was then becoming

more powerful, and giving me desire for variety in pleasures with the sex, and in a degree, with the sexes.

Chapter IV

Mrs. Ys***e. • A neglectful husband. • Domestic unhappiness. • At a ball. • Longings for maternity. • The wish expressed. At supper. • Hands under the table-cloth. • On the road home. • The family carriage. • Premonitory touches. • No coach on the stand. • The attempt. • On my knees. • Jolting difficulties. • The trick done.***

Sarah Mavis had gone, Louisa Fisher had disappeared, Jenny was married to her John. I had gone through the lascivious dissipation which relieved me in my despair after my disappointed love; and almost immediately I entered into a liaison of an entirely different character. Its seeds were sown even when I visited Mavis, though I was not conscious of it till I began to write this portion of my narrative, and to reflect.

[How far chance determined my course in this liaison, how far an unoccupied mind and a prick with no regular claims on its exertions (for I had all but totally forsaken the connubial couch) combined to bring it about, I cannot say. Certainly my attention seems to have been led toward the lady instinctively. Perhaps it was because the lady's cunt was yearning for my sperm, a yearning which the owner of that “nest of spicery” was herself at first barely conscious of, and even when she was, never disclosed it. I believe also that she never had any intention of gratifying it for lustful pleasure alone; but that maternal instinct drove her toward me. I shall always think that some magnetic or odic, or call it what you may, some subtle, semi-ethereal influence, born of her physical wants, communicated itself to me, without either word or look of invitation from her; and generated in me a lust for her. In the end we gratified our wants together. I for sexual pleasure with a beautiful accomplished lady, she for a higher and powerful claim (almost a holy one) of her nature. Nothing in my private career presents such a psychological curiosity as this liaison does. It seems to me as I again read the manuscript, almost like a fable, yet it is as true as fact can make truth.]

We were on somewhat intimate terms with Mr. and Mrs. Y***s***e, I had known her in her youth, but her husband only since their marriage of about six years previously. It was a most unlucky union. She was an intellectual, charming, beautiful woman and had married him thinking it a wonderful match, for she was poor, though a born thoroughbred lady. He was a big, handsome man, a manufacturer, and very rich; but within a year after their marriage he had developed a host of vices, among them gambling and

drunkenness. He neglected her, though he spoke of her in the highest terms, and kept up a splendid establishment. I knew that he frequented gay women, and that his drunkenness and whorings were driving him toward ruin and imbecility. Things were of course kept as quiet as they could be by the wife, but it became known among friends that he often went to bed drunk, and had even pissed the bed.

His wife took a huge disgust at him. They, I had heard, did not sleep together often, and although they went out together as man and wife, they led an unhappy existence at home. “Poor Mrs. Y***s****e!” were the terms usually applied to her. She kept up appearances, went much into society, gave splendid dinners and entertainments at which her husband was frequently absent. Chagrin told on her, her face assumed a pensive, sad, and even peevish expression; and then some people said she was ill-tempered, and had driven her husband into evil courses. It was false, for I had heard her husband, — whom I could not bear, — say how good she was, and bewail his own bad habits which he said he could not help, — they conquered him.

I met her out frequently, most frequently at houses where she was without her husband, and I without my curse, though sometimes otherwise. My domestic troubles were known to her, hers to me. There might have been some secret sympathy on this account between us. All I know is that I was sorry for her, and wondered how such a lovely creature got on with a man of such brutal, beastly habits. Her manner to me had always been soft and winning, chance had at dinner-parties often assigned her to me. “I'm so glad to take you in to dinner,” said I one night just before the time I am going to speak of. “So am I,” said she, “I've more pleasure in talking to you than to any one of our acquaintance.” Whenever we had met I had seen her eyes following me, yet not the shadow of voluptuous- ness had been shown, nor any improper advance had been made by her. Delighted with the hug that the waltz gave an occasion for, and the squeeze of the hand which the dance sometimes permits, yet a lustful idea had never entered my head about her, though unconsciously I always was looking at her whenever we met.

We had a habit of asking after each other, as if mutually conscious that in our homes we had troubled lives; yet we never complained to each other, though often we made slightly bitter remarks. There was a veiled meaning in what we said, but nothing in the slightest degree improper.

The following conversation took place at a dance, it is pretty nearly word for word. Said she with a sigh, “Ah! you men can escape your troubles, we poor women cannot.” “How?” “You know how, I expect, — or you are very much belied, — nobody blames you men.” “But an unhappy home can never be escaped.” “True, but you men

can get forgetfulness, and keep out of it as you do." "Who says I do?" "Ah!" "What do they say?" "I must not tell you." "Do." "Well, that you are very fond of the ladies." "So I am." "I knew it." "Is there any harm in that?" "You know what I mean." "I don't know, — do explain." "You are a libertine, I expect." "I should like to hear from your lips exactly what you mean." She laughed. "I dare say you would, — but you won't." "Then I am left in ignorance." "Very ignorant, I dare say." "I like to talk, walk, ride and dance with them, — I love to embrace them in the waltz." "I know you do, and if you dance with me again don't hold me so close." "I love you to be close to me — does it offend you?" "Not at all - but people may talk." "I should like to be as close to you as man and woman could." "Hush!" "I mean nothing." "Of course not." "I like to feel your breath on my face." "They say you are a rake." "Would you be anything else if you were placed like me?" "No, I would do as you do." "Then you like my being a rake?" "No, — no." "Are you a rake?" "I would be if I dared." "Dear Mrs. Y***s***e, let us be rakes to-gether." "Oh! naughty." "You evidently don't understand me." "Too well, and I also often feel quite reckless, for I have nothing to care about, no sister, my mother dead, no child, and such a home-life," — and tears rose in her eyes. "It is sad, — don't cry, — I know also what sadness is, and what you must feel, — I wish you had a child." "Yes, it would make me a home, — and yet a child of his! ah! I thank God we have none." This was said with all the abandonment of an unhappy woman. Then she rose suddenly, and bidding me good-bye, left. I had never before, I think, alluded to her husband when conversing with her.

I met her at a dinner-party soon afterward, and took her down to table, — she I suppose was then thirty years old. She had a lovely neck, fine hazel eyes, and dark wavy hair. I pitied her. The conversation took this turn. "How strange things happen, some have such flocks of children which they don't want, rich people who want them none." "People without children should change partners," said I. (This was in the drawing-room after dinner.) "Hush!" said she, looking me full in the face. Her own face flushed, she stared at me, her breast gave violent heaves and her mouth slightly opened. I thought I had gone too far, had offended her, and was about to say I hoped I had not done so, when the hostess asked her to play. "Turn over the music-leaves," said she to me, — and I did. She sang divinely, looking up at me as she sang; but although I saw she was agitated, I did not notice anything else, nor did I think about anything but what I said.

I knew that involuntarily I had been guilty of a breech of good manners by those words, was mad with my-self, and hoped she would attribute it to wine. Her husband was of the party, but did not come upstairs after dinner. When her carriage was announced I offered to

see her to it, but she took the arm of the host, and went off looking at me very kindly. “She has for-gotten it,” thought I. The husband, who was groggy, was in the hall and went home with her.

Conversation when we met next was about children, but I was unconscious of the tendency of her remarks, nor had I a glimmering of what was in her mind. “Yes, children are a bond of union they say.” “How can they be, if husband and wife are apart in taste, habits, and feeling?” “They say however bad a husband may be that a woman loves him if he be the father of her child,” I remarked. “I don't believe it,” she replied, and became quite agitated.

I met her soon after at a ball, I was there alone and her husband was not with her. We danced together, she was a lovely waltzer. “No baby yet?” whispered I, as I whirled her round in my arms. “No,” she laughed. “It's your fault.” “It's not.” “Should you not like a dear little child?” she asked. This was later on at night, she had had champagne, and the excitement of the scene had told on her. The sweet strains of music, the flushed and happy faces of the women, their white breasts and arms, the ankles and limbs ex-posed as they circled round, for dresses were then worn which allowed the calf to be seen as a woman waltzed, had excited me; yet up to that moment I had never had a lascivious thought about her. I could smell her sweet flesh as she waltzed, and was suddenly enervated by desire. “Yes,” I whispered, “if you were the mother.” “Oh! fie!” “Would not you like one?” “Yes, if I liked the father, — but that cannot be.” I hugged her to me. “Let us try.” She stopped short saying, “I'm tired, — I'm giddy, — let me sit down, — I'm faint.” “Come to the dining-room,” I said. She came. I gave her wine. “Leave me, — I can't, — I'm better, — leave me.” “But I must see you back to the ball-room,” I said. “Pray leave me, — I can't speak with you.” I left her, and soon after she came back to the ball-room by herself.

Then she danced with others. When I asked her again to dance, her card was full. “At least let me take you to supper, or I shall think you are offended. with me.” “Very well.”

Until supper I looked at her from various parts of the room. Wherever I happened to be, her eyes met mine. The attraction between the man and the woman was complete, both thought of nothing else but, “Yes, if it was by you,” — “Yes, if I liked the father.” It meant fucking. Was she a loose fish, she who was thought so chaste? — was she in love with me? — was she like her husband, giving way to drinking? Was I in love with her? All this kept running through my brain, and with it a burning, fresh, yet never thought of till that evening, intense desire to have her. “She is married, — never mind, he is a beast, — it's adultery, — never mind, we like each other.” In that form of mind I took her to supper, feeling sure that she

liked me, even if she did not love me, — but until that night no such idea had ever entered my head.

We talked about different subjects for a minute or two, looking into each other's eyes as we conversed. The champagne flowed. “Don't be offended,” I said in a low tone. “What is it” “My love to you.” “Be quiet.” “Change glasses.” “Why?” “That my lips may touch the glass which your lips have touched, — how I long to touch the lips themselves.” “Be quiet pray, — you will be heard.” The supper went on, the clink of glasses increased, the pop of champagne-corks, the clatter of knives and forks, the pull of crackers, the peals of laughter drowned all slighter sounds. “An-other glass, and look at me.” She took a glass. Looking into her eyes, “My love to you, Mamma,” I whispered. “It's too bad,” said she turning away. “Not if I was the father.” “For Heaven's sake, cease.” “Let me feel your hand — do pray.” Just then some lady next to us let fall a lump of jelly into her lap, a lovely dress was spoiled. There was a scuffle, and regrets, and laughter, and “No never mind it,” — and the flap of the table-cloth was pulled up over the lady's lap.

Though there were table-napkins, I raised the table-cloth also, so as to keep her dress from the chance of food falling, and spoiling it. I pushed my hand which was nearest to hers under the cloth toward hers. They met, and I gave hers a firm but gentle clasp. What a shiver ran through me as I felt her return the squeeze. I drew it toward me, and pressed it against me just where my prick (which had risen rampant) was shut up. She must have known what I was doing, for turning her face toward me with a wild expression, she with-drew her hand. It had pressed aginst me for an instant only before she drew it away. She declared afterward she had no idea for the moment of what I was doing. She got up hastily. “Take me back to the ball-room,” she said.

Later on we had a wild tearing gallop, all were excited in the room, and I much with wine and desire. I was holding her to me, whirling her about. “Let's be rakes together, — we shall have a dear little baby,” I interjected as the rapid dance went on. “Oh! fie! — oh!” she repeated, “oh! no now, — oh! no, — oh! let me sit down.” I danced on with her. “I can't bear this,

— I'm getting mad I think, — you are losing all respect for me, — for God's sake, cease.”

The dance was getting over. “Good night, I'm going,

— my carriage is here.” “Let me go with you.” “Oh no, not after your talk, besides I am going to take Mr. and Mrs. ***” “But there's room for four.” “No I dare not, — don't come down with me, for God's sake.” Her eyes looked wild, but they beamed on me through their wildness.

The carriage (one of the huge comfortable family-carriages of those days, room in it for four large people and six small ones) drew up. I was determined to go home with her, though she had prayed me not. It was a long drive, and on my way home, — and she knew it. It rained, and was past two o'clock in the morning. I handed her in. The lady and her husband whom she was going to drop on her road home, were in the hall. In got the lady. “Would you mind giving me a lift,” I said, “for there is no cab to be had, and alas! my carriage is not here.” The gentleman was at the back of me, but I stood in the doorway barring his entrance to the carriage. It was impossible to refuse me without rudeness before the other lady. “I shall have great pleasure,” said she in an agitated manner. In I got, the gentleman followed, — had I let him in first he would have sat opposite to her, not I. Off we drove.

I was now burning with lust for her, and felt a conviction that she was equally filled with desire for me. For a few minutes I behaved myself, but getting hotter and hotter became at last quite reckless. First I pressed my leg aginst hers, she moved them away. I followed them till she could move them no further, and still kept pressing my leg against her. I wore pumps and silk stockings, and slipping one foot out of my shoe, and pushing it under her petticoats, rubbed it up against her calf. We were all talking with excitement, she more than any of us, as if she wished to divert attention from what I was doing. “What a lovely ball, — I never enjoyed myself so much, — did you?” “No, nor I.” So we all talked and laughed. It was pitch dark, but as we passed the gas-lamps I could see an almost painful excitement on her face. Up went my foot till I touched the under side of her thigh by her knees. She gave a suppressed shriek.

“What's the matter?” said her friend. “Oh! I've got the cramp.” “Ah! you have got your satin shoe wet getting into the carriage,” said her friend. “No I've not.” I had taken away my foot at her cry, but soon impelled by lust again raised it up her clothes. Again she started. “Cramp again? — let me pull your shoe off.” “Oh! no.” The couple were near home. “Had you not better take a coach, we are near the last coach-stand,” said Mrs. Y***s***e, “it's more than a mile from our house to yours.” This before her friends. I could not say no, but with anger in my heart said yes, and thanked her for the lift she had given me home-ward. She pulled the checkstring, the carriage stopped, I told the footman what to do. Oh! joy there was no coach on the stand. “Never mind,” I said, “when you are home, perhaps you won't mind your man driving me back, it is only a mile, — how good of you to let me ride so far with you.”

Soon after her friends were set down, and we were alone.

There was not more than ten minutes' drive before me. I knew

that well. Though only in the suburbs, we were past gas-lamps. Occasional oil-lamps gave a feeble light. It had now become a slightly foggy night. In a delirium of desire, no sooner was the footman on the box than I placed myself beside her. She was trembling with expectation of what was to come. I hugged her waist and hips, and thrust my hand up her clothes. “Now don't forget yourself, or me, — for God's sake. — what have I done! — what have I said! — it serves me right, — now pray, — if you are a gentleman you won't, — oh! now — don't forget your honour, or mine, — I won't consent, — no never, — never, — oh! this is indecent, — for God's sake don't now, — you sh-a-n-'t, — I'll pull the check-string.”

“Kiss me my darling, we are both unhappy, — it is no fault of ours, — let me now, — we love each other, — let us, — how smooth your flesh is, — oh! God let me feel your cunt, — open your thighs, — let me fuck you, — I will, — I swear I will.” “What language, — I won't, — no, — no, — no, — I say, — you are taking a shameful advantage of me, — oh! if the footman should look down, — oh! don't — o — ho! — o — ho!” She thrilled under my titillation of her cunt, her breath came short, her head sunk on my shoulder, and she was speechless. Then her thighs opened quite wide, my lust and passion had entered her, conquered her, she was helpless, defenceless, and abandoned herself to me. Furious to have her at once, I said no more, nor she.

I pulled out my prick, and put her hand to it, — there she left it. A strange idea passed through my brain. “What if I fuck her, and she gets with child!” This whilst I moved her off my shoulder, and leant her back in the corner of the carriage. Rapidly I freed my prick and testicles from my trousers, and dropped down on my knees between the carriage-seats, threw up her clothes, and kissed her thighs and cunt. The perfume overwhelmed me. I felt its moisture. But she was too far back on the seat for my prick to reach her. Then Heaven knows how I managed it, but I did. Kissing her cunt, I slid both hands round her bum, and pulled her forward. She let me do it all without a struggle, without a word. Her cunt was soon at the edge of the seat, her thighs wide open. I pushed my prick to-ward it, and touched it. It was so stiff, I could not bend it, to get it up her. It slipped away as the carriage jolted, and knocked against my own belly. Then I half raised myself, how I can't describe, I don't know, but I was leaning partly over her, and raising one of her thighs whilst I guided my prick right up her lovely orifice, to have it jolted out the next instant by the roll of the carriage. Again I put it in, again it came nearly out, I holding one thigh, my other hand resting on the seat, and half supporting me, my legs cramped, and both of us in such a position as to make fucking as difficult as possible, indeed almost impossible.

But a prick will get itself into a willing cunt, be the difficulty ever so great. Somehow I got her more for-ward, myself at a better slope. I felt her clitoris, and pressing down my prick so as to move under my fin-gers, it slid toward her bum-furrow, then back, then forward again as the carriage moved. She let me do what I liked, but did nothing to help me. She was a lifeless log, thighs wide apart, cunt gaping and reeking with the sweat of the dance and lewedness; her passions fully roused, faint with desire, bashfulness, and fear, she yielded herself up, but did not help. At length my prick with one thrust went full up her cunt, I clasped her somewhere like a vice to keep our genitals joined, the movement of the carriage did nearly the rest. It was a rapid wriggle, my only fear that my prick would be dislodged again. “Oh! God I'm spending my d — ar — h — ling.” My prick moved vigorously up and down her cunt, she gave one loud pro-longed cry, half sigh of pleasure, and with a grip of her cunt, and a heave of her haunches, I knew she had spent with me — and just then an infernal jolt of the coach dislodged my prick almost before I had quite finished spending.

“You've spent my darling, — I've fucked you, — you are delicious, — haven't you spent!” I sat by her side holding my reeking prick, feeling her gluey, sperm-slabbered cunt, and pushed my mouth aginst hers, my tongue into it. Oh! the exquisite delight of those few minutes. My brain had whirled from the moment her friends had left us alone; it whirled still with subdued delight now that I had had her. I could not forget it, and for a minute went on talking.

I pulled down her clothes, she did not attempt to do so herself. “My darling why did you not help me?” No reply. “You'll forgive me, won't you, — I love you so, — I could not help it.” Not a word. She lay with her eyes closed back in the carriage, breathing hard, violently, but speechless, exhausted by excitement, fear, and a medley of sensations which deprived her of movement or utterance.

“We are just home, — for God's sake rouse yourself.” With a start she pulled a lace shawl over her head, but made no reply. The carriage stopped, I got out, and saw her to the door. “Can I offer you anything?” said she. “No thank you, — may your man drive me home?” “Certainly.” “Good night.” “Is Mr. Y**s-* * *e at home?” “Yes Ma'am, and abed,” said the footman. Off I went desiring politely to be remembered to Mr. Y***s***e, not forgetting the habits of a gentleman, nor she those of a lady, for she desired her compliments to my wife, and to say she was so sorry she had not seen her at the ball.

The footman closed the door. I had folded the cloak I then wore over my trowsers, which in the hurry were not properly closed. I buttoned them up in the carriage as I was driven home.

That night she slept by herself, her husband had been lifted into bed too drunk to undress himself. He had not fucked her for three

months, and had had the clap in the interim; — is it to be wondered that she succumbed to me! I knew this afterward from her.

Chapter V

The boudoir next day. • On the sofa. • A dull dinner. • Assignations. • The linendraper's shop with two fronts. • The house in Tf***d Street with two entrances. • Consummation. • A chaste-minded adultress. • The consequences.***

I passed a restless night wondering at all that had occurred so unpremeditated, so successful, and yet half a failure at the last moment; for my spend was scarcely finished in her. The next day I called. She was unwell, and could see no one. Had she taken cold? Yes, the servant thought so, she had been ill all night, and could see no one. It was a maid that opened the door who said this, and not a footman. Was Mr. Y***s***e at home? No. I did not desire to disturb her, but I had a pressing message from my wife, and should much like to give it instead of my wife writing it, if she would but see me for a minute only, — it was a matter of some importance. “Mistress has seen no one sir, she has been so ill, — she has not been long up, — but I will ask.”

I waited in a small morning-room. Half an hour passed, the maid at length appeared, and showed me into the drawing-room. My heart was beating. Mrs. Y***s***e was seated in an easy-chair, the fire was burning with a red heat, dusk was coming on. I offered my hand, she put hers out coldly. “I am ill — what is the message you have for me?” “None, you know I have none — it was only to see you, to beg your pardon, to say I could not control myself.” “That will do — not another word about what you have done, I have permitted enough to be done, to let you think you can do what you like here.” I did not know at this cold treatment what to do, what to say to her, and was silent.

“I'm distressing you,” at length I said, “so I had bet-ter go.” “You came to distress me, for you knew you would,” she replied. “I never was cruel to a woman in my life,” I said. “Indeed, — your wife gives a different version.” “Does she? — most likely, — it's to her interest to blacken me, — it saves her own reputation.” “All you men are the same, — you might have a happier home if you were truer to your wife.” “It's false, she is not fit for a wife, nor could she make any one happy — I might as well say it's your fault that Mr. Y***s***e is what he is.” “He! — if I were to tell you all I suffer, it would make your hair stand on end.” “And I, if I told you all about my home, you would pity me. Listen.”

It was rarely that I told my griefs, but hid them as much as I

could. I had told them only to a little gay woman, to one of my servants, and to an old friend's parlour-maid, and had fucked all three women. I was now piqued, was in love with this lady, fancied she had had as much to do with my erotic darings in the carriage as I had, and could not bear to be thought a liar and traitor at home, and to have behaved ill to any woman. “Listen,” I said. “Oh! I don't want to hear.” “But you must, — you shall, in justice to me, — listen.”

Then I told her in a few minutes a history in itself. “Good Heavens, you are jesting.” “By the Eternal God it's the truth,” — and I burst out crying. How long we sat I don't know, but I heard her saying, “I'm truly sorry for you, — it's almost incredible.” I went on my knees before her. “Kiss me.” “Get up for God's sake, — the servant will come in.” “Kiss — kiss me.” “There, — there, — get up,” said she kissing me, “now leave me, pray.” “Why I have not been here a quarter of an hour.” “You must have been here an hour, — it's dark. — I must ring for lights.”

“You are the first woman for years who has kissed me who has not been a harlot,” I said, forgetting the servants, the married women, and others I had had, and a lady about whom I shall print nothing. It was an odd thing to say, was quite useless and untrue, but it burst from my lips suddenly, — Heaven knows why.

The story I had old her had stirred her sympathies, for she was a woman in the fullness of her blood, in the hey-day of her lusts. She was a pure woman; but those who have tasted the pleasures of coition with a man, — and she had spent with me, — cannot resist the desire for them again. Hers however was a want which urges many a woman to sexual complaisance without knowing the cause, although she knew well what she wanted, and was willing to forget herself, to bring about a result to satisfy the want. It was not fucking, but the consequences which most women dread, and try to avoid, when the fucking is illicit. Yes — she yearned for maternity. All her utterances to me, involuntary, irrepressible as they were, all pointed to it.

The deed of the previous night, and my present disclosures, had broken all barriers. She had tried at the beginning to fence herself with coldness — useless. Oh! the mysteries of the cock and the cunt when once the male and female disclose them to each other. No fence, no walls, no bolts, no bars, will keep them asunder. What can a woman refuse a man whose spunk has filled her cunt, from the portals of her womb to her clitoris, as mine had hers. All on a sudden I closed on her, kissed her, and put my hand up her petticoats.

“Now leave off, — if you attempt to repeat last night, I will leave the room, and deny myself in future when you call.” “Nonsense Mary, — let me call you Mary, — dear Mary, — you know what you told me only yesterday night as we danced, — things have not changed since

then, — let me, — let me be the father."

"Never, — a moment's weakness, — yes I should like a child, — in my loneliness and misery, with all our wealth, it might comfort me, — but not one of disgrace, — I forgot myself, and now you punish me, — forget all about it. As a gentleman, as I know you to be, — you will forget it, and never disclose my weakness, I am sure."

"Nonsense, we love each other, — let me." "Now don't, — leave off, — not now, — oh! don't make that noise, — be quiet then, — the footman will be in." "He is out, or was when I was downstairs." She rose up. "Let me feel where I did last night." "No, I forgot myself once, but never again, — go." "I won't by God, — I will have you, — I feel mad when I think my prick has been in your dear cunt, but never spent in it properly, — that my sperm has covered it, but was half wasted outside it."

Out of the large double drawing-rooms was her boudoir, a sofa in it. I laid hold of her hands, and pulled her. "Come here." "Oh! don't make that noise, — the footman may come here." "Well, here." Gently, and kissing her as I went, I pulled that lady into her boudoir and laid her on the sofa. Sighs, kisses, murmurs of my love, and we were spending together on the sofa a minute or two afterward. The doors were unlocked, any one coming in must have caught us; both must have been delirious with love-passion, to have run such risks. Rising quickly after I had spent, she rang for lights. Then was another ring audible.

"It's his ring, — it's my husband, — he's come home, — perhaps not drunk for once, — sit down there, — no, not so near, — there, — oh! my God what has brought him home!" (He rang a minute after she had rung the drawing-room bell.)

"How are you old fellow?" said her husband, quite sober, entering the room, and shaking hands with me, — "why I thought (to his wife) you would see no one." "I felt better when I was up, and Mr.*** has come to say he has a box for Drury Lane for next Friday, and very much wants us to go with him and Mrs. ***, — I told him to wait a little on chance of your coming home." "Will you join us?" said I. "Yes," replied he, "you stop to dinner with us." I hesitated. "Do." "I'd rather not." "We are all alone, — why don't you ask him, Molly?" No reply. "Why the damned fool has fainted, — it's the second time she has done it today, — what the hell's the matter with her?" said he.

[It's singular what a lot of fainting women I had in my youth, — those in after years did not faint during our intrigues.]

To ring, get sal-volatile, spirits, was the work of a minute. She had recovered before they came. Mr Y***- s***e poured himself out three quarters of a tumbler of brandy, and putting a little water to it, swallowed it. "Don't drink all that," said she. "Mind your own

business," said he. I rose to go. "I want him to stay to dinner, Molly." "Won't you stay?" "I'd rather not." "Stay, — nonsense," said he, — "She'll be as dull as stale beer tonight, — if you don't stay, come to my club, and we'll dine there." "Pray stay," said she. My seed was up her, that was an attraction, and though kindness would have said go, — I stayed. She left the room. Mr. Y***s***e drank more brandy and water; at dinner he was three sheets in the wind, no one was there but us three. "Who knows if chance may not give her to me again tonight!"

It was the most extraordinary evening in point of strained sensation I ever spent. Shown into a bed-room to wash before dinner, I would not wash the hand which had fingered her cunt; out of a superstition that if I kept it unwashed I should have her again that night. I had never been at a family-dinner with them before. My sense of delicacy as a gentleman ought to have made me refuse her husband's invitation, seeing that she was distressed, and had not willingly joined with him in asking me. At table he was boisterous and jolly at first, then heavy and stupid as the wine told on him; she dull and distressed, though trying hard to hide her being so. "You are as dull as ditch-water, — you are as cheerful as small beer drawn yesterday," he kept saying at intervals to her. I had been trying to engage her in conversation all the evening, but it flagged, al-though she drank wine freely. Gradually all the talking fell to him, and as he was listened to, he seemed contented. I felt more inclined to think, than to talk; at all events to him, for my mind dwelt on the changes twenty-four hours had made in our relations to each other. The night before I had seen her come in to the ball-room upright, radiant, fresh-coloured, sparkling, proud in step, composed in demeanour; and I had not a vestige of a thought of having her. I had even thought her cold, and should have said without any sensuality. There she sat now. My hands had wandered over her soft flesh, from her knees to her navel, I had titillated her clitoris, spent in her. She was pale in face, dark rings were round her eyes, she seemed half lifeless, it was painful to see her. Whenever I turned my eyes toward her, I found her fixed on me with a strained expression in them, as if she were hearing some frightful tale. (I shall never forget the expression in them.) Her voice quivered, she answered slowly. I kept thinking of my fuck on the sofa, and all the occurrences. The more I thought, the more impossible it seemed to me that all could so have come about, — it seemed a dream.

When she left us, her husband took brandy and water and cigars and got more fuddled. "Tea is in the drawing-room sir," said the flunkey. I rose to go. "Wait another quarter of an hour," said Mr. Y***s***e. I waited. "Let us go, Mrs. Y***s***e will think me rude." "She be damned, — you go, — I'll stop, and have another glass, and

another cigar."

In the drawing-room she poured out my tea with perfect grace. "Is not my husband coming?" "Soon," I said. Time ran on, she rang the bell. "Tell your master the tea will be cold." Footman came back. "He has gone to bed Ma'am." "To bed?" "Yes." "Ex- cuse me," she said, and left the room. In a few minutes she came back. "Is he unwell?" said I in all ignorance. She looked at me, to see if I was humbugging her by my question. "No, drunk, — that is my life," — and she buried her face in her hands.

I went close to her, my lust got the better of me, and I attempted to feel her leg. She rose from her chair. "Are you a brute also? — then I am deceived indeed, — no don't touch me, be content, — would you break my heart quite? — it is well nigh broken, — if you touch me, I will never see you again." I was awed. She moved her chair away from me, and I did not approach nearer to her.

We talked a short time. "You will meet me, won't you? — our friendship has only begun, — both unfortunate, — why deny ourselves the pleasure our society gives us?" She made no reply for a long time, seemed to be struggling with herself, and buried her face in her hands.

"Where — how?" she said at last. "Meet me somewhere where we can talk undisturbed." "Where? — how? — so that I may not be known?" The brain of a man works wiles to get a woman, and I thought of a move new to me, perhaps old enough to others; with me it was an instantaneous thought. There were and now are three large linendrapers in London, with corner-buildings, and two frontages. "Call at Soand-So," I said, "stop at the *** street-side — make a purchase, — send your carriage away, — go right through the shop to the other street, there I will await you tomorrow." "No." "When" "The next day at three." "You won't deceive me?" "I have begun, and I'll go through it," said she with a hard look. "One kiss." "Hish! the servants are all about." I kissed her, and left.

The day came. A bitterly cold and rather foggy day, an admirable one for our assignation. I had called at a house in T***f***d Street, well known in those days to swells. I had never been at it before, but had asked a middle-aged friend if he knew a good house, for I did not like taking her to J***s Street. He was a married man with a great liking for intrigue. "You are going to have a married woman," said he (it was an odd shot, but a true one.) "No." He winked. "The quietest house in London is So-and-So — there is a back and a front entrance, one in one street, one in another street." I went there, hired the nicest room, ordered a fire, and clean sheets and paid part in advance.

I waited at the corner looking out for the carriage. No carriage came. A lady got out of a cab, paid and it drove off. "Is it she?" She

stood still, looked at me through a thick veil, then went into the shop. I had recognized her, and went round the corner; my cab of course was there. A quarter of an hour which seemed an age elapsed. “Is she never coming?” Then she appeared with a paper parcel in her hand. In a minute she was in the cab; in five minutes at T***f***d Street, and in a large, comfortable, but somewhat dull bed-room.

She took off her bonnet and veil, she was trembling. “Is this an hotel?” “No my darling.” “Is it a brothel?” “It's a house where they are not particular.” “It is a brothel.” I did not know what to say, so held my tongue.

She buried her face in her hand, and sat so for a minute. “You have not kissed me darling.” She kissed me, got up, and looked at me fixedly. “Take off your things, — let me help you.” She hurried, was quite silent, and soon was in her chemise, but with boots and stockings on. She undressed mechanic-ally, as if she were thinking of something else. “Oh! let me look at you — let me lift your chemise.” She resisted. “No, for Heaven's sake, leave me alone.” I complied. “Let me draw off your boots and stockings.” The next minute we were in bed, and I was up her; getting into the bed with a bound, and mounting her with fury. She had not laid down before I was pressing her. She laid down on her side with her face toward me, but my body met hers, and turned her on to her back. “Wait a minute, — let us talk,” she began. “Oho!” she sobbed as with a fierce plunge my prick drove her. The next minute her cunt was deluged.

I was not man enough, or she not appetizing to me enough to make me continue without withdrawing (as I often did with a fresh piece). I uncunted, and began the delights of feeling her all over. That exquisite variety of sensations were mine, which run through a man as he feels a woman in all her nakedness. For the first time, can kiss her mouth, suck her bubbies, rove from her neck to her knees, smooth his lips over her breasts, plunge his fingers up her cunt till they can grope no further. Soon I was in full vigor again, and up her, and then Mary Y***s***e met me with ardour and in that very fuck was impregnated. She had never spoken from the time she had got into bed, till her pleasure came on. Then she sobbed out, “Oh! my love!” — and she was quiet again. She often repeated the words when spending afterwards. That came naturally from her, as my prick stiffened to its utmost in her cunt, and she drew my sperm out of me. She never said any other words when fucking.

In less than an hour I fucked her again. I could scarcely get her to talk. After each poke she wanted to know the time, and when satisfied lay nestling close to me. “You're with child,” I remarked jokingly. “I hope so.” I could not realize that she really meant it. “Don't you wash?” “No, I'll do nothing to destroy the chance.” “Chance of what?”

“Of having a child.” “Do you really mean it?” “What do you think I have come here for, if I don't mean it? — do you think I run this risk for lust? — to have degraded myself in your eyes for mere lust! — you are in error of you imagine that.” “My darling I am thinking of nothing but the delight I have in meeting you, in finding a friend and lover in you.” “I am not your lover, and never shall be, though I have been dreaming of such an after-noon with you for two years past.” “Of me?” “Yes, thinking I should like a child by you.” “Why me?” “I don't know, — who can tell why one likes and dislikes,” — and then she explained.

“When grief was upon me I longed to be a mother, and thought of you. Gradually I came to desire that you should be the father, and for that I have degraded myself, — yet I swear that this has come about as if by magic, for I never comtemplated having a child by you, much as I desired it. But from the moment you took my hand under the table-cloth at the supper, I lost all control of myself. In the carriage I was helpless as a child, was in a sort of swoon, though I knew quite well what you were about, and that it was wrong, I tried to resist you in my mind, but could not stir a limb. It was the same the day before yesterday. I knew you had sent up a falsehood, but felt I must see you, and from the moment you pulled me toward my boudoir, had the same enervation.” This was said nearly as I write it, not as an apology, but as a narrative told in the most natural way possible, and in a sorrowful tone.

“Did you spend with me in the boudoir?” “Yes. I felt agitated, alarmed, and almost fainting.” “Did you wash yourself, — do tell me, — do?” I anticipated coyness and evasion, but I did not know the woman yet, her frankness and determination. “No I did not, — I thought of doing so, but from a feeling I can't de-scribe I would not, and I came down to dinner just as you left me.”

“Do you not love me? — you could not have thought so of me without it.” I asked her this for I was staggered, and thought spite of all, that she might be only a frisky one, to whom a fuck on the sly was a treat. I was too inexperienced to know the varieties of the female mind, the vagaries that an unsatisfied womb might cause, the overwhelming passion that a womb hungering for impregnation might beget.

“I do not love you, — I shall never be a mistress to you, and from the time I am sure that I shall have a child, you will see no more of me in the way you see me now, and perhaps not at all.” “I believe you are with child at this moment,” I said joking. “I firmly believe that I became so an hour ago. — I must leave, — how can I enter my door with the feeling I have hitherto done? — ah! mine has been a bitter married life!” “And mine my darling also.” “But you men get relief,

get even fresh loves, and people overlook it, — women they crush for less."

She dressed. "You have not washed yourself," I said laughing, for I had turned away out of delicacy when I saw her put the basin down. She would not wash at all, not wishing to destroy the good I had done her. Was it for good or harm? — time was to show. I saw her to a cab, and we parted. Yes she would meet me again — tomorrow at the theatre we should meet. She had never smiled, nor seemed pleased, nor been voluptuous, she only laid quiet, and let me fuck her as much as I could.

We met at Drury Lane, for I had of course to get the box. That night Mrs. Y***s***e began to show great attention to my wife, who in return began to hate her, yet I carefully avoided showing Mrs. Y***s***e special attention. Mr. Y. went out regularly between each act to drink. I had opportunity to speak to his wife. "Same time and place tomorrow." The next afternoon we were in the same bed together again.

And again we met. She came in her carriage, left it at one door, and passed through the shop to me. We had only time for one hurried poke. Again the next day, but she had not come in her carriage to the linen-draper's because the coachman was ill. She had a fit of compassion, would not hear of his coming out in the cold, nor of a groom driving. She was frightened. He was not a good whip, so she had a cab. It was a piece of luck, I said. "Well it really is," she replied. "I hope he will be confined for weeks." "Poor man, he has a sick wife," said she. How clever are both man and woman in availing themselves of every chance for getting amorous delights, —the old song of my boyhood is right, "cock and cunt will come together, check them as you may."

It was an afternoon of hard fucking. She had a tight cunt, — I told her so. "You ought to know what is tight and what is not, according to all accounts," she said. I had heard similar hints from others within the year before that, and wondered how it came about.

Another and another meeting. She was always quiet, reserved, dignified, even when she pissed, but now was yielding, and taking more her share in dalliance. "Why don't you put your hand down, and feel my prick?" Her hand went gently down, and then it became like mine, inquisitive, and moved under my balls and all about, much more so than the hands of the women did whom I had recently been accustomed to. Satisfying her curiosity stirred her blood, and there was more passion in embrace. Still I felt that I more served a purpose she was determined on carrying out, than that she had pleasure in meeting me for copulation. My vanity was excessive on her declaration that she wished a child by me, but was chilled when she

said that so soon as she got one, she would not care about me; and that my embraces were nothing to her, unless they fecundated her egg; that her joy in my arms was only physical, and that when the sperm was laying up against her womb-mouth, she cared nothing for the man from whose prick it had issued. Many as were the cunts I had spermatized, I was too young to have studied their owners philosophically or psychologically, as I since have done.

Gradually she became more free. She had refused my inspection of her, and on any liberty she did not like she mentioned her degradation. “I suppose you think me little better than a prostitute,” said she to me one day,” “and I deserve it.” She was so sensitive about her own sin, as she called it, that when she referred to it I was settled at once, and relinquished my wishes. I had never seen her quite naked even after several meetings, and got wild. “Let me see.” “I don't like it.” “Well my darling you shan't be annoyed but I have never kissed it, — I will.” I ducked down in the bed kissing her breasts, then her belly, and at last lodged my head between her thighs. The smell of her cunt was delicious to me, I opened the lips, I kissed the moist parts. “I'll lay here all the time,” I said, but I never licked her, for I had no taste for gamahuching her. “You will be smothered unless you come up.” “I don't care, — let me see.” I just caught the darkness of the split, and was glad to rise up, and rub my ballocks against it. She would show me no more, but it stirred her up, “Oh my love,” came with more emphasis than ever. I pulled my prick out of her, and stopped her crisis. “What are you doing?” “I won't go on unless you let me look at your cunt,” — and then I did. After-ward I became master, and she no longer refused me.

The coachman was better. Instead of two or three hours she could only manage an hour, — half an hour, — it came to a fuck at the bedside, and a precipitate rush out of the house. We were much vexed. How I hated to see her step out of that big carriage! — how I longed to see her come muffled up out of a cab!

One day she sighed, but smiled. “I am with child,” she said. “Are you glad!” “Yes, but I feel sad, and I don't know why.” This must have been about a month after I had had her. “Are you sure?” “Yes, — and if in another three weeks my poorliness does not come on, it is absolutely certain, — not but I was certain I should be from the moment we met here, and even before I had you, that you would be the father of a child.” I wanted to see her quite naked. “No.” “Not to the father of your child? — ridiculous.” She reflected. “It is ridiculous, but I cannot bear to be treated like a prostitute.” “Nonsense, — does not every man see his wife naked, and have his pleasure with her in every way?” “Do what you like with me, you have the right now, — every right over me, — more right than any one else, — I believe it to

be so in the eyes of God."

Chapter VI

Copulation refused me. • Unto us a child is born. • Flight suggested. • Affection unrequited. • Her husband dies. • Narrowed circumstances. • In a foreign land. • She marries again. • Hearsay, fifteen years afterwards.

When she had made up her mind to a course good or bad, she did not hesitate. The same determination that I should be the father of her child made her yield to me now. She let me pull her about, lift up this limb, open that, backside and belly, cunt, bubbies, and arm-pits came under my rapturous inspection. I must have been strong in my expressions of delight, for she took the infection from me. When rushing into her arms, and sheathing my penis in her, “Am I really very nice?” she said. “Divine.” “Oh! my love, I am so glad you like me,” — and our bodies began to move. The affection which a woman has for him whose seed has given her a child had set in, but I did not reciprocate it. I had not then in my physical love for women learnt to discriminate between lust and love, and thought the former was the latter, until it shifted its object, and then I began to wonder how I had liked the last woman so much, and the one before her so much, and so on.

After that day there was no hesitation. She abandoned herself to me absolutely, I could see and do what I liked, nor was she behind. Though not a sensuous or voluptuous woman, she used to rub her mouth in my balls, and kiss my prick, whilst I fingered her cunt. The way she nestled her nose round my balls was curious — most women have a way of their own in amorous tricks.

She had dark eyes, dark wavy hair, and a pretty nose. Her face was handsome and dignified, you saw at a glance she was a lady. She had lovely shoulders and breasts suggesting much plumpness below, but it was not so. Although nice and round, she was not large about her bum and thighs, yet the calves of her legs were symmetrical. She was prettily shaped, and her bones so fine that she looked stouter than she really was. She was nice to feel all over, had exquisite hands and feet, and had all the physical qualities of good breed. Her cunt had but a smallish quantity of crisp dark brown hair on it, and the lips and prick-hole were small. It was a pretty cunt, like a well-grown girl's of seventeen, instead of a woman's of nearly thirty. When I said she had a small cunt, she became anxious to know if it was very small. She had some fear that through its size she would have a very severe labour, which was the case.

In fucking she was charming, but never voluptuous. The tightness of her cunt coming after the capacious well-haired orifices of Sarah

Mavis, Louisa, and Jenny, was a novelty, but I'm not sure that I enjoyed it so much for poking, though I liked to finger it. I then preferred the larger cunts for reasons often given. But I loved to be in bed with her, for it was the first lady I had had for a mistress, and her manners were different from the humbler sort. Besides, there was a charm in talking about one's female friends, and in my disclosing amatory knowledge to a comparative novice. I had recently had such talk only with women to whom every trick and dodge of prick and cunt was familiar.

One thing was singular. She had a sweet mouth, and although not much given to tonguing myself, — indeed not doing so to women generally, — I began at once to do so to her. She moved her head away. “No that's not nice.” “When you're spending it's heavenly, — just touch mine, — there, — is it not nice now? — right in-to my mouth.” Soon she became fond of it. Her husband had never done so. Never? No, never attempted such a thing. Are there many men who don't use their tongues when fucking, I wonder.

About her husband. By mutual consent we avoided the subject, yet when I asked a question about him, she took the opportunity of telling much to justify herself in my eyes, and in her own, for what she was doing. She had married him for money, hoping love would come after, — and it never had. Then came his evil habits, estrangement, neglect, mistresses and casuals, — he had clapped her, and that was all. There were no rows, no show before people, but gradual alienation, and rarely coition. He fucked her at times, and she spent with him at times, though she disliked him. She sought his bed after I had had her first. “He cannot say it is not his child,” she said. She had relieved her sexual wants by frigging herself, though but rarely.

The two months proved she was with child. She had said she would cease to have me when assured of that, but had forgotten it perhaps; for instead of ceasing, she seemed more anxious for my embraces than before. She was warming toward me, but I was cooling. Our meetings had been of the shortest till her husband went into the country, to his mills. I suggested having her at her home, but she would not hear of it. She managed longer meetings, grew more affectionate, fearful of being found out, and of not living through her confinement; then at the dislike of nursing a child in her house when the father was away. She was unhappy, but the child would make her happy when she thought of me. When born: if Y***s***e continued his brutal habits she would separate from him, and live with her child. Why did I not separate, and form an-other home, — did I love any one? “Do you love me?” I asked, “recollect what you said three months ago.” “I love you like my life, my love, my darling, — I did

not know myself, and that yearning for a child by you was love for you." She had read in a French novel of a lady who had the same devouring want, and who did as she had done. "I intended when with child that you should never meet me again, — but oh! my God I cannot do it."

A mist fell from my eyes, and I became aware of the true position of matters. This poor lady was deeply attached to me. I cared about her only as a temporary sweetheart, though I began by thinking I was in love with her. I saw misery for her. I never liked adultery. There were enough women to be had without taking the wives of other men. I revolted at the idea of visiting a man, eating his food, drinking wine with him, shaking him by his hand, and when behind his back tailing his wife. Yet here was I without design exactly in that position.

She went to her husband in the North, he remained there, he tailed her when there, I wrung the confession from her. How could she help it, she said. He was pleased as she thought at having got her with child. On her return again came the suggestion, why did I not separate from my wife? "I shall be all but a pauper without her money," I said. "What of that, if you are unhappy." But I was always hoping for happier days, hoping, — hoping, — hoping. "Let us go away together," said she, "my marriage settlement will keep us both, — we can be happy, — a knowledge of our separate miseries will endear us to each other, for I don't think I can bear this life any longer, — the struggle is too great, — let us fly together." This suggestion was hers and made in a paroxysm of tears.

I did not know what to say, hesitated, equivocated, said my wife was behaving better, that I would leave her for a year, that if we ran away we might be unhappy, and so on; that it was best to reflect and not take a too hasty step.

"You don't love me, — you didn't love me," she said, "oh! what will become of me, — what shall I do!" — and we parted in tears.

It was brighter weather now, and we could not get to the baudy house without being seen. She was big in the family way, which made her more noticeable, and she could only stop for one embrace, and was then obliged to get away. Then luckily as I have said the house fronted two streets. She went out on one, I on the other, but it was getting very uncomfortable, to me at least. I did no dare to break it off, I so respected her, and had so much pity for her that I continued to make appointments, though glad when she could not keep them. Again, she was to be the mother of my child. So I let things drift on, but had for some time stroked whores again, not being able to do without women, and having difficulty in getting her. So I was glad when her husband was taken seriously ill in the North, and she was compelled to go there to him.

She was absent a very long time, our letters were sent to post-offices, they were brief, in disguised hand-writing, and never signed. How she managed to get hers I don't recollect. When she came back she was an immense size, and told me but little of what had passed whilst she had been away. She feared trouble of all sorts, that misfortune was to be her lot in life, that she had hoped we might pass our lives together, but had made a mistake; her life had been a mistake, a mistake to have married him, to have longed for a child by me, to have loved me, when it was not returned. I declared that I loved her. Nonsense she replied, reflection had convinced her I did not; if I did, why re-fuse to leave with her.

I repeated what I had said before. She retreated into her cold dignity, the dignity she had before I had fucked her. She used to look at me quietly till the tears brimmed over her eyes, and dry them up quietly with-out saying a word. She had that strained expression of face which some women have in pregnancy, and had become quite thin. Sometimes an impulse took me by head and heart, and I was on the point of offering to run away with her. Reflection made me know that I did not love her, I did not even love poking her, I only respected and admired her, and with my sensuous temperament, felt that it could only end in misery for both of us, were we depending on each other entirely for our happiness in our double adultery, and with smallish means. Then on one excuse or another she put off meeting me till I saw that she never meant me to have her again, — and I never did. She was confined with a boy. We visited her. She was affectionate to me when we were alone, but so sad that I could scarcely forbear crying when she spoke to me. She loved the child. When she recovered her health and looks I had a strong desire for her, but she never would let me. Her hand would clasp mine, and tremble in it, but to all my entreaties, it was, “No, — never,” — and I never had her again.

Her husband's dissipation had been ruining him, he failed for a huge sum, and instead of spending fifteen thousand a year, came to live on his wife's income of five hundred. Then he had paralysis, and was a repentant, broken, miserable man, lame and ugly, and went with his wife to live in the South of France.

She never wrote to me, but wrote often to my wife, who disliked her for some reason which I knew not; but was obliged to reply because there was a chance always of her coming back again at some time to London. Mrs. Y***s***e it always seemed to me meant to keep me informed of herself through her letters to my wife, for she described everything, their new home, their mode of living, their expenses, the baby, his looks, and so forth, as if my wife had been the person next to herself the most interested in the child. Once she said

his eyes were exactly like mine; but the letters at last grew shorter and shorter, and a longer time apart. Then her husband died.

[I may add here after a lapse of seventeen years the sequel of this amour, as far as I know it now. Years rolled on, I was a widower, and went South, called at Montpellier, and made enquiry. She had remained there some time as a widow. An Italian nobleman had married her, and they left for Italy, — I never heard where. She may be living now, so may my child, I should like to know, — but what good would come of it if I did? She and the child had better remain as they do in my memory, — a tender regret, full of respect for her. Her name sounded like Castagni, — but that was not her name.]

Chapter VII

A big maid-servant. • A peep up from below. • Home late, dusty and stupid. • Chastity suspected. • Consequences. • Dismissed. • My sympathy. • The soldier lover. • Going to supper. • At the Cafŭ de l'E*r**e. • In the cab returning. • Wet feet. • On the seat. • Mutual grasping and gropings.

I have forgotten to say that I had been again much better off, but by extravagance had to draw in, and now lived in a larger house, but kept only three servants. During the latter part of the time of my liaison with Mrs. Y***s***e we had for a month or so but one servant. A charwoman came to do rough work; but why this temporary arrangement took place need not be told.

She was a big country woman quite five feet ten high, and speaking with a strong provincial accent. When she was alone in the house I used to cross the streets to see her kneel, and clean the door-steps. She had such a big arm, and her bum looked so huge that I wondered how much was flesh, and how much petticoats. She cleaned the windows on the ground-floor, which in the house I then inhabited were got at by an iron balcony with open bars beneath. Seeing her cleaning them one day I went stealthily to the kitchen, and then into the area, and peeping cautiously up her pet- ticoats, saw her legs to her knees. They were big and suited to her buttocks; but though the sight pleased me much, I never thought of having her, for I avoided women in my own house and neighbourhood. She was plain-faced, sleepy, and stupid-looking; the only thing about her nice, was bright rosy flesh. She looked solid all over. Her hair was a darkish chestnut colour, her eyes darkish, and one day she lifted a table as heavy as herself. There was not the slightest amorousness in her face or manner, and she dressed like a well-to-do country woman. Give her lots of nice, good, white underclothing; it was better than a sham outside, I heard she had said. She was about twenty-two years old, but she looked older.

About two months after she came (and just then when without other servants), on arriving home one Sunday night at about ten o'clock, I found she had been allowed to go out as usual, but had not returned. An-other hour crept on. Savage, I thought of locking her out. About half-past eleven she returned. I let her in, and asked why she was so late. She looked dazed, muddled, had a very red face, muttered she was sorry, she had fallen down and hurt herself, and without waiting to answer me properly went downstairs. My wife went after her, and when she came up, told me she thought she was in drink, and that her dress and bon-net were covered with dust. “She had been up

to some tricks with a man," said she.

Next day I heard she had told as an excuse, that as she was walking along a lane up which she turned to piddle, a man laid hold of her, and had taken liberties with her; that in the scuffle she had fallen down, had screamed, tried to catch him, had failed, and a lot more to similar effect. One or two days later I was told the woman had been dismissed. That I quite expected, for it was the mistress' custom to coax out the facts from poor devils in a kind way, and then to kick them out mercilessly; any suspicion of unchastity was enough for that. Middle-aged married women are always hard upon the young in matters of copulation.

"What is she going for? A few days ago she was so beautifully clean, strong, and serviceable that none were like her!" "Oh! she has got a sweetheart, and is up to no good with him I'm sure." "How do you know?" "She told me so." "It's hard to dismiss on suspicion only, a poor girl who came up to us from the country." "You always take the part of those creatures." "I know nothing for or against her, nor you." "She is no better than she ought to be. — I have noticed a soldier idling about here for some time past." "As you like, — it's your business — but she came to us with an excellent character."

I pitied the woman, but more than that from the time I heard that a man had assaulted her, a slightly lecherous feeling had come over me towards her. I wondered what he had done, — had he felt her? — had he fucked her? — had she ever been fucked before, even if the man had recently done it to her? I began looking closely at her, getting in the way on some pretext or another, and always wondering if this and that had been done. I looked at the broad backside, so broad that a prick must look a trifle by the side of it. "Have the male balls banged up against it?" I thought. When I heard of her being turned adrift I thought I would just like to have her once or so, and that her leaving us gave me a chance. Curiosity was I believe at the bottom of my desire for her, — it was her huge fleshy form, and that spanking arse. Oh! to look at it naked, and feel it, if I did nothing more.

Finding the charwoman was not coming one day, and that the big servant would be a short time alone in the house, home I went; and on some pretext went down to the kitchen.

"So you are going to leave us." "Yes sir." "Why?" "I'm sure I don't know, — Missus says I don't suit, — yet only a few days ago she said I suited well." Here she broke into tears. I spoke kindly to her, said she would get another place soon, — she must take care not to go up dark lanes again with a man, nor go home late and dirty. She could not help it, — it was no fault of hers. What liberties did he take with her? I asked. The woman coloured up, and turning her head away, said he

did what was very improper. “Did he put his hands up your petticoats?” “What was very improper,” she repeated. “But how did you get so dirty?” They struggled, and she slipped. “I wish I'd been him, — I'm sure when he felt, he got his hand close up, — I'd give a sovereign to have mine there.” That remark threw her into a distressing state of confusion.

I talked on decently, alluding to what I thought had taken place, and wishing I had been the man; but got nothing from her excepting that the man had taken liberties with her, — yes most improper liberties.

I told her I was sorry she was going, and thought she was hardly used, but I could not help it, — how was she off for money?

Very badly off, — she had come straight from the country to better herself, and had bought nice, good, underlinen, knowing she was coming to a gentleman's house, and now before she could turn herself round she was sent off. She had had to pay for each coach to London, and when she had her wages, and paid for a cab to lodgings, she would not have twenty shillings left. What was she to do if she could not get another place? Here the big woman blubbered, left off cleaning, sat down on a chair, and hid her face.

“Don't cry, you're used badly, — I'll give you a little money until you get a place, — it won't be long.” “You're a good kind master,” said she, “everyone says so, — but Missus is a beast, she ain't no good to any one, — I don't wonder you are out so much, and don't sleep with her.” I gave a kiss and a cuddle. “What lovely limbs you have, — how firm your flesh is, — you are delicious, — I should like to sleep with you, — come into the lane with me, and tell me when you are going to piddle again, and let me take a liberty.”

“Who told you I went up the lane?” “Your mistress,” and then I left, telling her on no account to let it be known that I had been home.

After this I heard that she had said it was a soldier. Now I knew that a soldier who took liberties with a woman, took no little ones, and generally got all he tried for; so made up my mind that she had been fucked on the night she came home late.

A day or two after I was surprised with the following. “I've got another servant, — she will come the day after to-morrow, so I mean to send Sarah away at once, — of course she will be paid her month's wages, but I shall get rid of her, for I am sure she is an unchaste woman.” “Poor devil! — it's enough to make her unchaste, — but it's your business.” “Are you going out to-night?” “Why?” “Because if you are I'm going round to my sister's.” “I am.” — and off I went after dinner; but waited in a cab not far from the end of the street, watching to see if she really did go out. She did, and directly I spied her I drew myself back, and told cabby to follow her to the sister's

house. Then I drove back part of the way, and went home.

"So you are going?" said I to the servant. "Yes, I'm turned out, sir." "A soldier and you went up a dark lane, — what a fool to tell your mistress." "Ah! she has told you, — what a bad un, she sneaked it out of me, — but I'm not to blame, he is my sweetheart, and is going to marry me." "Have you got lodgings?" "Yes sir, I'm going out to-morrow to see them, and I've written telling my sister (a servant also, and she has taken them." "Wait for me when you go, and on no account say I've been home, — I mean to help you, — you are badly used, — what can I do for you?" "If you would help me to go to the Tower, — my young man's name is ***, he is a Grenadier, — I've written him, but he has not replied, and I want to know if he is there." "I will wait for you to-morrow night outside, when you go to see the lodgings." A kiss, a hug, and out of my house I went again, after having ascertained where she was going to, and the time she was to go out.

Next evening I waited outside her lodgings, she came in a cab with her box, and told me that her mistress had bundled her out. She had had nothing to eat since mid-day, and was sick and weary. "Make haste then, — arrange your things, and we will go and have something to eat, and you shall see your soldier tomor-row." "God bless you, I do feel grateful sir," said she.

In half an hour she came out. I did not know where better to go to, and knew that it was just the time when the place would be empty, so took her to the Cafe de l'Europe in the Haymarket. It was a long drive, but I wanted to be with her in the dark cab. She was wonderfully struck with the place, but I was ashamed of being seen with her. She was anxious to go home early, because she lodged with poor people who went to bed early. She had never tasted. champagne, so I gave her some. Oh! her delight as she quaffed it, and oh! mine as I saw her drink it, — it was just what I wanted. "A cock has been into her I am sure," I thought, "so another can't do her much harm, — if she'll fuddle she'll feel and be felt, or fuck, or frig, they always go together," my old instructor in the ways of women used to say.

I arranged to take her the next day to the Tower; our talk naturally was about the affair. "He did it to you," I said. She wouldn't or didn't see my meaning. "I could not help it if he did, or what he did, — he took unproper liberties." "He took them more than once, I'll bet!" She did not like such joking, she remarked. All this was when we were going out to supper.

Going home in the cab I began to say a baudy word to her. "He felt your cunt," said I, "did you feel his prick?" She bounced up and hit her bonnet against the top of the cab. "Oh! my! sir," — but she kept on in her excitement, letting out bits of the history, saying at

intervals, it was not her fault, — she was fuddled, —fuddled with beer and gin, — a little fuddled her. I saw that pretty clearly from the effect of the champagne; and unbuttoned so as to have my prick handy. It was a wet night, the bottom of the cab was wet straw. “My feet are quite wet,” said she. “Put them on the seat, my dear.” She did so; I felt them as if solicitous for her comfort, putting my hand higher than above her ankle, just to see if her ankles were wet also.

“Why your ankles are wet.” “Yes they are.” With a sudden push up went my hand between her thighs, — a yell and a struggle, but I had felt the split before she dislodged my fingers. She was stronger than me, but my hands roved about her great limbs, searching under her petticoats round her huge backside. “Oh! don't, — you're a beast.” “Oh! what a backside — what thighs! — what a lovely cunt I'm sure you have! — let me keep my hand just on your knee, and I swear I won't put my hand higher.” To ensure my keeping my hand there, she held my wrist as well as a vise would have done. She had by sheer force got it down to there.

I pattered out all my lust, my desire to have her, incitements, and baudy compliments on her form. “Let me fuck you.” “You shan't.” “You know what it means.” “I know what you mean.” “What harm could I do? — who would know?” And then the old, old trick. Taking her great fist in mine, I put my stiff prick into it. What a persuader! Though she kept up a show of struggling she did not get it away from that article instantly.

I suppose unless utterly distasteful to each other, that a man and woman cannot feel each other's privates, without experiencing reciprocal baudy emotions. They get tender to each other. The woman always does, after she has got over the first shock to her modesty, and her temporary anger. If after a man has felt her, a thermometer could be applied to her split, I believe it would be found to have risen considerably in temperature. After struggling and kissing, trying to feel her quim, trying to keep my hand on her thighs, it ended in our having our mouths together and my hand being pinched between her two thighs, whilst the knuckles of one of her hands, with sham reluctance touched my doodle, just as the cab reached her dwelling, and there we parted. All the rest of our conversation was about her soldier, her being dismissed, and is not worth writing.

Chapter VIII

The next day. • At the Tower. • In tears. • "The wretch is married." • At Tf***d Street. • After dinner. • On the chamber-pot. • My wishes refused. • An attack. • Against the bed. • A stout resistance. • I threaten to leave her. • Tears and supplications. • On the sofa. • Reluctant consent. • A half-virgin.***

Next day she met me early, and we drove to the Tower. On the road I instructed her what to do when there (it was full six miles off). I tried my best to get her passions up in a delicate way, but amatory fingerings I avoided whilst the poor woman was in search of her lover. The feeling of each other's privates on the previous night, had opened her heart to me. She let out a little more of the history of her escapade with the soldier, and asked my advice how to act in certain eventualities, which could only be applicable to a woman who had been rogered. She was painfully anxious as she approached the Tower. I stopped in the cab just in sight of the entrance, and after instructing her care-fully again who to ask for, and what to do, in she went.

In half an hour she came back with wet swollen eyes, got into the cab, and began to bellow loudly. The cab-man had opened the door for her, and stood waiting for orders. For a few seconds I could get nothing out of her, then told the cabman to drive to a public house near. There I gave her gin, but still could learn nothing. All she said was, "Oh! such a vagabond!" Into the cab again. I told the man where to drive to, for I had laid my plans. "Tell me, — it's not fair after all the trouble I've taken to not tell me," — sob — sob — sob. Soon after it all came in a gush. "Yes he was there, that is, he was two days ago," but the regiment had gone to Dublin, and wouldn't be back for eighteen months, — a letter would be sent him of course, but his wife would be there in a day, for — "Oh! — hoh! — hoh! — the wretch is a married man, and he's deceived me." "You should not have let him do it." "I didn't mean to." "You let him do it more than once I'll swear." "He did it twice to me, when in the house, — he swore he'd marry me three days after, if I let him, — and so I d — did, — ho! — her — ho!"

Thus I heard in snatches the whole history, which she told me more plainly afterwards. She had been fucked twice on the eventful night, once on the ground in a lane, and once in a bed-room.

I drove to T***f***d Street where I used to meet Mrs. Y***s***e. It was not much more than mid-day. I got a comfortable little sitting-room, out of which was a large bed-room. A dinner was sent in by an Italian restaurant close by. After her first grief had subsided, the wine cheered her, and she made a good dinner, talking all the time of her

“misfortun.” When we had finished for a while I sat caressing her. Then I said, “I want to piddle,” and pulling my prick out before her went into the bed-room and pissed.

“Don't you want to?” “No.” “Nonsense, — do you suppose I don't know? — now go.” She went into the bed-room. I quietly opened the dor ajar directly she had closed it. There was she sitting on the pot, one leg naked, adjusting her garter, and pissing hard.

Then raising her clothes that side she scratched her backside in a dreamy fashion, looking up at the walls. The rattle of her piddle went on. She had been out all the morning, had had gin and champagne, and her bladder must have been full. The side she scratched was towards me. She finished piddling, but still she sat scratching her rump. Then rising she turned round, looked in the pot, put it under the bed, pushed her clothes between her thighs, and looking round saw me at the half-opened door. She gave a start, I rushed up to her.

“What lovely thighs, — what a splendid bum” (though I hadn't seen it). “What a shame, — you've been looking at me.” “Yes my darling, — what a lot you have pissed, — what a bum, — I saw you scratch it, — let's feel it, — I did last night, and you know what you felt.” I got my hands on to her naked thighs, pushing her bum up against the bedside.

“What a shame to think you have been looking, leave me alone, — pray do, — now you shan't, — no — you sh — han't.”

I closed with her. I had pulled my stiff-stander out. I shook it at her. “Look at this my darling, let me put it in you, — up your cunt.” “No, — leave off, — I won't, — I won't, — I have had enough of you men, you shan't.”

For a long time the game went on, I begging her to let me have her, she refusing. We struggled and almost fought. Twenty times I got her clothes up to her belly, my hand between her thighs. I groped all round her firm buttocks, and pinched them, grasped her cunt- wig, and pulled it till she cried out. All the devices I had used with others, all I could think of, I tried in vain. Then I ceased pulling up her clothes; but hugging her to me besought her, kissing and coaxing, keeping one of her hands down against my prick, which she would not feel, but it was useless. Then stooping and again pulling up her petticoats, letting loose every baudy word that came into my mind, — and I dare say the choicest words, — I threw myself on my knees, and butting my head like a goat up her petticoats, got my mouth on to her cunt, and felt her clitoris on my lips; but I could not move her. She was far stronger than me. Then rising I tried to lift and shove her on to the bed. I might as well have tried to lift the bed itself. I tried to drag her towards a large sofa, big enough for two people to lay side by side, and made for easy fucking. All was useless. Her weight and her

strength were such that I could not move her. There she stood with her backside against the edge of the bed, her hair getting loose, one of her stockings pulled by me down her ankle, and the upper part of her dress torn open, but no, she would not let me. She was frightened, — she would not, —I was as bad as the soldier. In the excitement she no longer cared about her legs showing to her knees, but her cunt she fought for, and get my prick against it I could not.

So we struggled I don't know how long, and then breathless, fatigued, I got into a violent rage, — a natural rage, not an artificial one, — and it told as brutality often tells with a woman.

We stood looking at each other. She kept one hand on her clothes just outside her quim, as if to defend it. I with my prick out, felt defeated and mortified. I had been so successful with women, that I could not under-stand not getting my way now. “You damned fool,” I said, “I dare say fifty have fucked you, and you make a sham about your damned cunt, and your fears, — what did you come here for?” She opened her eyes with astonishment at my temper. “I didn't know I was coming here, — I didn't know you meant me to do that, — you said you'd be kind to me, and give me something to eat, sir, — I'd not eaten since last night, — you said you would be kind to me, sir.” It was said in the deferential tone of a servant.

“So I will, but if I'm kind, you must be kind to me, — why should it be all on one side?” “I'm sure I don't know,” she whimpered. “You know he fucked you, and I dare say a dozen others have.” “No one's ever done it but he, and he only did it twice,” said she blubbering. “Let me.” “No I won't, — I'm frightened to.” “Go and be damned.” I put in my prick which had drooped, went into the adjoining room, put on my hat and coat, took up my stick, and returning to the bed-room, there was she still with her arse against the bed, crying. She started up when she saw me dressed to go out.

“Oh! don't leave me here alone sir, — you won't will you?” “Yes I shall, — you can find your way out.” “Oh! let me go with you sir.” “I shan't, nor see you again, — why should I? — you won't let me have you, not even feel you!”

“I would let you, but I'm frightened, — I've got my living to get, and I've been ill-treated enough by that vagabond, — I didn't think you brought me here for that.” “What did you think then?” “I didn't think about it at all, — I was all along thinking of him.” “You didn't think of him when I felt your cunt in the cab last night, — good-bye.”

“Oh! stay only a minute, — do stay sir, — don't leave me here.” She still stood against the bed. “Will you let me? — what a fool you are.” “Oh! don't call me names, — I would, but I'm frightened, — I've got my living to get.” Haven't you been fucked?” “Y — hes, —y — hes,” she sobbed out, “but it wasn't no fault of mine, — I was —aho!

— fud — died," — and she blubbered as loud as a bull roaring.

A sentiment of compassion came over me, for I never could bear to see a woman cry. I threw off my hat and coat, and going up to her as she stood, kissed her. "There then, let me feel your cunt, — that can't hurt you."

She did not struggle any more. I lifted her clothes, and placed my fingers on her quim. I frigged hard at the right spot, but could get my fingers no further towards the sacred hole. Her massive thighs shut me off from the prick-tube as closely as if it had been a closed door — I could not get my hand between them.

But my fingers were between the cunt-lips, twiddling and rubbing. "Don't cry, — you'll let me I know, — who will know but we?" I fetched a tumbler of champagne from the sitting-room, and she took it like a draught of water. Up went my hand again, and with fingers rubbing her clitoris we talked and kissed side by side. Then turning myself more towards her, up went my other hand round her big bum, which felt as hard, and smooth, and cold as marble.

This went on a long time. She began gradually to yield when she felt the effects of titillation. She then grasped my fiery doodle. Then frigging her harder, her head dropped over my shoulder, and I got my fin-gers under the clitoris, and there to the hole. "Oh! (a start) you are scratching me, — you're hurting me there."

Taking away my hand. "Come here, — don't be foolish," said I, "let us do it, — you will enjoy it, — come," — and I pulled her. Her big form left the bed, and slowly she came with me to the sofa. "Sit down, — there, dear, — kiss me, — put up your legs, there's a darling." Slowly, but with much pushing and begging there at last she lay, and the instant she was down I threw her petticoats up, and myself on to her.

I saw the great limbs white as snow. A dark hairy mass up in her thigh-tops. "Oh! don't hurt." "Non-sense I don't." "You do indeed, — oh!" My hands are roving, my arse oscillating, I'm up a cunt, — all is over, — she is fucked.

"Did you have pleasure (I always asked that if I had doubt, — answer me, — did you? — do say, — what nonsense to hold your tongue, tell me." "Yes I did, after you had done hurting me." "Did I really hurt you?" "Yes." "Impossible." You did." What a sham, I thought to myself, a woman always is, — a Grenadier has fucked her twice, yet she says my prick hurts her.

I turned off on my side, the sofa being large enough. We had done the trick, and the recklessness of the woman who has tasted the pleasure, and feels the man's spunk in her quim, had come over her. The champagne added its softening influence. She pulled her dress half-down, we laid and talked. I felt her quim. "Don't." "What is it?"

“I'm sore.” “Why, you are bleeding.” “You've hurt me. Out stood my prick, then rose upright again in a moment. Her blood on my finger and her pain gave me a voluptuous shiver. My trowsers were in my way. I tore them off, and stood by her side. “Let me see your cunt.” She resisted, but I saw her big thighs closed, and the dark-haired ornamentation. Then getting between her thighs kneeling, I pulled open the lips from which blood-stained sperm was oozing; then I dropped on to her, and again drove my prick up her. A glorious hick it seemed as I clutched her huge, firm buttocks, and felt her grasping me round my arse. All women, and even girls without any instruction put their arms round the men who are tailing them, the first time they feel the other's arms. Then we got up, she confused, I joyous and filled with curious baudiness. “Wash, — won't you?” “You go then.” I did, but back I went soon. She had just sluiced it. “You are not bleeding.” “I am a little.” “You are poorly.” “I am not.”

I brought her back into the sitting-room. We drank more wine, she got fuddled, not drunk, or frisky, or noisy, but dull, stupid, and obedient. We fucked again and again, and stayed at the baudy house, drinking and amusing ourselves till nine at night. How that big woman enjoyed the prick up her! And the opening of her cunt opened her heart and mouth to me as well.

Chapter IX

The big servant's history. • The soldier at the railway station. • Courting. • In the village lane. • On the grass. • At the pot-house. • Broached partially. • Inspection of her privates refused. • Lewed abandonment. • Her first spend. • A night with her. • Her form. • Sudden effects of a looking-glass. • The baud solicits her. • Sexual force and enjoyment. • She gets a situation. • We cease meeting. • The butcher's wife. • An accidental meeting. • She was Sarah by name.

This was her history. As she came up from the country to us, her box was missing at the station. A big soldier seeing she was a stranger made some enquiries for her, saw her into a cab, invited her to have a glass of gin, which she took, and told him the place she was coming to. The next night he showed himself there, he made love to her, wrote to her, met her on Sunday nights, and at other times when allowed to go out. He offered to marry her, and she had written to her sister to tell her about it all.

On the notable Sunday night, he took her to a tavern, and they had gin and beer till she was fuddled. She knew partially what she was doing, and thought it unwise to go up the lane in the dark with him; yet spite of herself she did. He would marry her that day month, then they would sleep together. He cuddled and kissed her, then began to take liberties. She resisted. Then if she would not let him, she might go home by herself, — why not let him? when soon they would be one in holy matrimony, — and so on. She felt as if she could not struggle. He tried to get into her upright against some railings. Then asking her to lay down on the grass, and she refusing, he pulled her down, and got on to her. She struggled and cried, but felt so frightened, that he seems to have had his way. For all that, he did not, she thought, broach her; he pushed and hurt her, and must have spent outside, she could not be at all certain about that. Steps were heard, they got up, she was crying. Her clothes were, she knew, dirty (though it was dry and fine,) her bonnet was bent. She was frightened to go home; he said she must get brushed up, and took her to some low tavern to do so. Terrified at what had been done, and about losing her place and character, she scarcely knew what she did. She had more gin, went into a bed-room with him to wash and brush, and then he persuaded her that now he had done it once, he might as well do it twice. Then he fucked her on the bed. Now the man had turned out to be (there was no possible mistake about his identity) a married man — a sergeant — with two or three children.

“Are you sure he got right into you?” “Quite when on the bed, but

I scarcely know what he did or said in the lane, — a little fuddles me, — yes I did bleed, for it was on my smock when I got home, and he did hurt me very much."

I wanted to see her cunt, for her blood-stains made me wonder, and the rather hard pushing I had had, though only for a second or two, set me thinking. I felt her cunt, she winced, — it hurt her. An almost imperceptible stain was on my finger. "You are poorly." "I'm not really, — I was so last week." "Let me see your cunt." I coaxed, caressed, tried to pull her thighs open. It was useless. She was much stronger than me, and when she laid hold of my wrist to free herself from my rovings, she removed it easily. Force could do nothing, — she was what had been said of her, as strong as a horse.

So again I got savage. I had conquered by my anger two hours before, and now took to damning and cursing her mock modesty. Then she began again to whimper. "Oh! you do frighten me, — you do 'bust' out so, — I'm quite afeared, — it's not nice to have your thing looked at." "You damned fool, I've fucked it, — I dare say your soldier looked at it." "He didn't, — he didn't, — not that I know of." By abusing I got her consent. Pulling open her thighs I saw her quim. Had she been gay, she would have taken care to turn her bum from the light; but she laid her arm across her eyes, as if to hide from herself, the sight of a man investigating her love-trap.

There was the ragged jugged-edged slit of a recent virginity, and near the clitoris the jagging seemed fresh, raw, and signs of blood just showing on it. I touched it, she winced, and nipped my hand with her great thighs, which set me damning again. Again they opened, I probed deep with my fingers up her cunt. There was no stain from the profundity, and the blood came from the front. I looked till my cock stood, and then fucked her again.

I could never make this out, and we never met with-out talking about it. She was perfectly sure the soldier had been up her, and spent in her when in the bed-room. As to his prick, whether it was short or long, thick or thin, she knew not, for she had never seen it, though he had put her hand to it in the lane. His prick must have been a very small one, and only split up enough for its entry, and I had finished her virginity, that is my conclusion.

What is more remarkable, is that her cunt was one of the tightest I ever met with in a full-grown woman. It felt more like the cunt of a girl of fourteen, excepting in its depth. It was a full size outside, and handsome to look at between huge white thighs and huge globular bum-cheeks. It was fledged like a young woman's. I expected to find it hairy up to her navel, but it was only slightly haired, which helped to satisfy me that she was what she said, only turned twenty-one years of age.

She was great in bulk, but poor in symmetry. Her bum was vast, but she was thick up to her waist, and had large breasts as firm as a rock. Her thighs were lovely, but her knees so big, that no garter would re-main above them, and she was clumsy in ankle and foot. She had a lovely skin, and smelt as sweet as new milk, sweet to her very cunt. I recollect noticing that in her, because some time before I had been offended with the smell of Fisher's, a woman I fucked, as already told.

I spent the rest of the day with Big Sarah, told her I would keep her as long as she was in her lodgings, and advised her to live well, and to enjoy herself. But she did not need idleness and feeding to make her randy, she was a strong fucker, now that her passions had been once gratified. I made her twice or thrice stop out all night. She told at her lodgings that she was going to stay with an aunt. I took her to J***s Street, which I liked better than T***f***d Street, for that though the quietest, and only frequented by swells of middle-age, was old-fashioned, dingy, and dull; whereas J***s Street had looking-glasses, gildings, red satin hangings, and gas-lights. We had a supper at the Cafe de l'Europe, and at nine p.m., we were in the room in which I had poked many a woman. I was delighted to see her white flesh under a bright light. “Now drop your chemise — look at me,” — and I stripped to the skin. I exposed her bum, belly, and breasts in turn, whilst she laughing tried to prevent me. Flattery of her beautiful form did it. “Am I so beautifully made?” “A model my darling,” — and she stood naked excepting stockings and boots. I had shifted the cheval-glass, and we laid on the sofa. “Look at your thighs and cunt my darling in the glass, — see how my prick looks in it.” “Law! to think there be houses with all this, — are there many such?” she asked.

I placed her on the sofa, kneeling, her head against the bed, her backside towards me, and introduced my penis dog-fashion. How randy I had made her! — how randy I was as I felt my belling pressing against those two stupendous globes. “Turn your head there, and look in the glass.” “Oh!” said she wriggling her back-side, “what a shame for us to be looking like that.” The sight made her breathless, and wriggle her cunt closer on to the peg, — how soon a woman learns to do that.

There was a large glass against the wall, so placed that those on the bed could see every movement, —I drew the curtain aside. We fucked enjoying the sight of our thrustings, heavings and backside wrigglings, and passed the night in every baudiness which then I practised. “Do you like looking?” “Yes I like it, — but it makes me do it all of a sudden.” It was true, for I found that when fucking her, if I said, “Look at us, — look at me shoving,” directly she looked it

fetched her; her big arse quivered, and her cunt squeezed my prick like a vice. It was the same always on future days, or when if not in the same room I placed the cheval-glass at the side of the bed. The sudden squeeze and jerk of her arse as she looked amused me, and I always arranged for the spectacle with her. I did not usually do this with women.

It was a delicious night. We were both start naked. Her lower limbs looked so much better when quite naked, than when she had stockings and boots on. The room got hot, we threw all the clothes off. She was a juicy one, and the sheets in the morning were a caution, — I wondered whether it could have all come out of one cunt and one cock. “What will they think?” said she.

I showed her in the evening where she would find the closet, and advised her strongly if spoken to, not to reply to any one. We had breakfast in bed, then fucked. Her need to evacuate came on, and half dressing her-self she went down. When she came back, out I went on similar errand. She had washed, and I found her on my return anxiously looking at the seminal stains on the bed-linen. We got on to the bed again. Questioning her, she told me that the woman of the house had said to her, “What a splendid woman you are — I wish you would tell me your address. — I could make your for- tune.” She had made no reply. I had her as already said several times after, at J***s Street, but took care never to let her out of my sight.

She went after a situation. Such a strong, big fresh-looking woman was sure to get one, I knew. The next time I saw her afterwards she was in low spirits. “I've boiled myself a pretty kettle of fish,” she said, “I could have married well in the country, but thought I should do better in Lunnun, — and now what am I?” “My dear, your cunt can't speak, and if you hold your tongue, no one will know anything about our little amusements, and you will marry well.”

I soon tired of her. She was a good-natured, foolish, stupid, trusting creature, and my wonder is that she had lived twenty-one years in the country, without having had a prick up her. As a lovely-cunted fucktress she left nothing to be desired. She had her fears about consequences, for her courses stopped, but she some-how managed to set that to rights, and at last went to her situation. Once afterwards I fucked her, — my God how she enjoyed it! She was in service not far from me. A butcher's man very soon after married her. They opened a shop, and did very well, then they moved some distance away, and I lost sight of her for years. Then I met her walking with two or three children, I suppose her own. We passed, only looking at each other.

But I almost spoke, for she came upon me so unexpectedly, and my first impulse was to speak. She stopped short, threw her head

back, and her lower jaw dropped, so that her mouth opened wide, and it would have been ludicrous, had it not been for the expression of fear and pain which came over her face. I recovered myself, passed on, and never saw her more.

I paid her expenses at her lodgings, and gave her a ten-pound note as a present. It was very economical, — but I never knew a woman so delighted with my liberality. “I had two pounds, and now I've twelve,” said she, “I shall send a pound to my mother.” When I gave her the ten pounds she asked what it was, never having seen a bank-note in her life before. One or two country-women of the same class whom I have had, were just as ignorant of a bank-note.

Chapter X

Sally at the sea-coast. • Our lodgings. • The land-lady and family. • A quarrel, and change of rooms. • My top bed-room. • Advances towards Sally. • Small liberties. • On the sands with her. • Cheap fingerings. • The sands by day. • Ladies bathing. • What the sad sea-waves exposed. • An incomprehensible lady. • Enticed by her, and snubbed. • Wanting fornication. • Masturbation on the sands. • Alone in the lodgings. • A journey to town. • Baulked. • From Saturday to Monday. • My return unexpected. • Sally alarmed. • Her cunning. • My caution. • Waiting expectant. • Sally upstairs. • Hesitation and determination. • Whisky and water. • I enter her bed-room.

In the autumn of the year that Mrs. Y* * *s* * *e, then big with child, and thus satisfied, refused further sexual connection with me, we went to a well-known, healthy, but not fashionable seaside town. We took a young lady (Miss E***s) with us as companion, and got lodgings close to the sea at an ordinary lodging-house. For several reasons we would not go to an hotel. There were two rooms on the ground-floor of this house let to a married couple. We had on the first-floor a sitting-room and bed-room, and wanted an old bed-room for Miss E***s; but they would not let a bed-room above us, unless we took both on that floor, which we did. So we slept in the back room first-floor, I taking to the nuptial couch again for a time, and Miss E***s slept overhead. The other room was empty. That constituted the house together with the kitchens in the basement, and a room at the back in the yard.

The landlady's husband was a seafaring man, or was said to be so, and only at home in the winter, — perhaps he kept away in the season, so that the rooms of his house might be let well. The landlady whom we scarcely ever saw excepting to pay her her bills, slept in the kitchen, and so did her two children, whom we did not even know were in existence for some time, so quiet and out of the way were they kept. The servant was a short sturdy girl with lightish brown hair, a very weather-beaten florid face, and merry blue eyes (quite like dozens of girls at the part of the coast), who said she was seventeen years old (she did not seem sixteen). The mistress' sister also waited and assisted when all the lodgings were let, and went home at night. The little servant also went home at night to her father's, a laborer, when the top-rooms were let. If they were not, she slept there. In fact when lodgers filled the house the landlady and her brats pigged to-

gether in the kitchen, and when any rooms were empty slept upstairs. We did not however know all this at once; lodging-house keepers carefully hide their mode of living, and so on, for fear that if people knew all they would not take their apartments. Above all they prevent lodgers from knowing there are children in the house, for people don't like them in the kitchen where their food is cooked.

Soon the ground-floor people left, and we were the only lodgers. We had been there but a few days when as usual my wife and I quarrelled. I refused to sleep with her, and went to sleep upstairs. “It's impossible for you to sleep upstairs next to Miss E***s, — what will the people think?” “Think what they like.” “Well Miss E * * *s must come down, and sleep with me.” “I don't care who sleeps with you, — I won't.” So I slept upstairs, Miss E * * * s came down, and the two ladies occupied the same bed on the drawing-room floor. Soon afterwards the landlady asked if she would mind the young servant using the odd bed-room until we wanted it, so as to prevent her going home of a night. But my wife would not hear of that, for I had remarked that she was a fresh, active little girl, and that was enough to prevent her being allowed to sleep near me. So the one room remained empty, and the servant still went home to sleep.

I had taken a fancy to the little girl, — Sally she was called (I have known intimately half-a-dozen Sarahs) — the instant I saw her. Within a couple of days I had given her a kiss, and tipped her a shilling, — I had to stoop to kiss her. She resisted with the, “Adun now sir” so common among the country lasses; but as she found a shilling and a kiss went together, it altered in about three days to, “Oh! don't yer now sir be a doing that, — Missus will be a catching you, and what will I say?” Then being sure my Missus was out, one day I gave a kiss, held her close to me, and gave a nudge near to her notch. That riled her. She was saucy, so I did not give her a shilling, and got kiss and nudge for nothing. But as I wandered about the coast (I was in and out of the house a dozen times a day), she got frequent kisses, and at length nudges as well. She responded by pushing me away, but without saying a word when I nudged her grummit. One day I went in when my people were out, and having just met the ground-floor lodgers I therefore knew they were out also. I got her to me with, “Here's a bob for you,” and said, “I'd give a pound to be in bed with you, and put my fingers on the naked just there,” giving a hard push towards her notch. This could not have occurred more than a week after I had taken the lodgings. The lass showed her displeasure by, “Now don't sir,” and pushing me away, but taking my little shilling nevertheless; and by this time she must have been quite aware, that I was thinking a good deal about her cunt; and probably she thought what I wanted to do with it, and with what, — so that I had set her

thinking lewedly.

It was just then that I became aware that she went home after supper (we had a primitive early dinner, and a slight supper). She had said, “Please Ma'am do you want anything more to-night? — if not I'm a going.” That roused my curiosity. The next night I kept outside the street-door, and as she left went up as if by chance to her. “Ulloah! Sally, going to fetch beer!” “No sir, I'm a going home.” “Home?” “Yes, I goes home to sleep at father's.” I walked towards home with her, flattered her I dare say instinctively, and got her to walk with me on to the Promenade by the sands. There we sat down on a seat, had a chat, a kiss, and in the dark I said I'd give a pound to be in bed with her. “Oh! law I must go, — if I'm not in by ten o'clock father will kick up a row, and go and ask Mrs*** why I'm home so late.” I walked towards home with her, and got her to have some sort of liquor. She would not go into the public-house, saying they knew her, — so I took a glass outside to her. Then I walked on outside the town into a dark road. She begged me to go no further, as her father might be coming along. I kissed her, stooped and put my hands up her clothes to her quim. With a cry she pushed me away, and ran off.

The next morning she sulked, — I laughed. “She is a funny little girl,” said my wife. “She is,” said I. The next night I coaxed her to sit down with me again by the sands. “Oh! now I won't let you do that, — I don't like it, — I don't want yer half-crowns if you wants to do that, — oh! — now, — I won't — now — doan't, — leave off, — I'll call out, — now, — here is some one coming.” “So there is, now don't make a noise, or her will fancy something,” said I.

Then I got my hand up her petticoats, and onto her split, I was holding her tight, and she was struggling to get away, when a man approached. I desisted, and she sat quite demurely. When the man's figure had faded away in the distance I recommenced. “I know that man,” said she, “I'm sure.” “What does that mat-ter?” “If it be he, he'll tell my father I'm on the sands with a man.” “He won't know you, — he did not look. I've felt your cunt,” said I. “You let me go.” “Never mind, make it up, — here is a half-crown.” She took the money, and we made it up with kisses, and a promise that I would not do it again. What a wonderful effect kisses have on young women, and so have half-crowns on poor girls. The mistress paid her no wages she said.

Either the larking pleased her, or the money (a half-crown each feel), and one night on the beach I made her feel my cock. “That will go up your cunt some day,” said I. I forget the conversation which led to it, but I told her my wife had said she was not eighteen, she was sure. She chuckled. No she was not. How old? “Sixteen and a half.” “Why say eighteen?” “Because lodgers won't give you so much if you're young.” Though but sixteen and a half the motte-covering

(what there was of it) felt wonderfully thick and crisp. The nights were just then moonless, I must add.

It was just before this that my domestic quarrels began; I was asked why I kept out of a night. “Why? — to play billiards.” Then there was a row because with opera-glasses when sitting on the beach, I looked at ladies bathing; especially at a fine big woman, who always managed to let the waves wash her bathing-dress so much up, that when the waves retired, she was standing with the dress above her navel, and the dark hair of her motte visible. She did this so constantly (a dozen times in fact each morning), that it became a matter of talk among the men down there. My wife said she was a beast for doing it on purpose, and I was a beast for looking, and we had a hot riot about it. So I went to sleep upstairs, all through a woman showing her belly naked when bathing, — as if a woman would not like to look at a black-haired prick if she got the chance, just as I did at a dark-haired cunt.

“Oh! don't you and your Missus have breezes,” said Sally to me one night, “why don't you sleep with her?” I told her that I was miserable with the woman, and that of a night when sleeping alone, I did not know what to do, to put my stiff prick at ease. I made her feel it so, that within two weeks the young one felt it regularly on the beach, till there was moonlight, and afterwards- near her father's house, or somewhere, for in the lonely road of a night, there was an opportunity every hundred yards. But I never got my fingers on to the girl's cunt-split further than the clitoris, — a groping, and feeling, I dropped my half-a-crown to a shilling, but gave more frequently, if she did not resist and make a fuss; if she did, I gave her nothing, and called her a fool.

Just as the time was up for which we had hired the rooms, we one day had a very violent quarrel. The landlady came up to ask if we were going to stop longer, as in the event of our not stopping, she would look out for other lodgers. Said my wife, “We are going.” “I shan't then,” said I. However she gave formal notice to leave. I immediately gave notice that I should keep the lodgings another month. It ended in she and Miss E***s going back to London, expecting that I should soon follow, — but I had found several friends there, and a good billiard-table, and from temper alone would not have given in. Moreover I thought that by some chance I might spermatize Sally's cunt, and, I fancied, spermatize it for the first time. So there in solitude I remained at the sea-coast.

My letch for the little one increased. For a long time I now had mostly had biggish women, with full-sized, full-fledged cunts, and large arse-cheeks, and the idea of the smaller, half-haired quim of Sally attracted me: yet at the same time by a singular contradiction, I

had a longing for the full-fleshed, big-arsed, dark-cunted woman, whose backside and belly the waves seemed daily to expose for my admiration, — for she was still at the coast, bathing daily. Explain this inconsistency who can. One thing is certain, that not having any one to fuck at all, I had sperm ready for any cunt; but I kept for all that away from gay ladies pretty well, though far from entirely.

I did not want four rooms, but to prevent scandal (for I did not like the landlady to know too much about the disquiet in which I lived), said I expected my wife would return, as she had only gone to see a sick relative; and that so soon as she was better she and Miss E***s would return. The landlady asked if her servant might use one bed-room till they did. I was now sleeping on the drawing-room floor, and gave my acquiescence you may be sure pretty quickly, — and Sally went up nightly to sleep there.

I began to tell Sally when she waited on me, that I meant to go up, and sleep with her. She looked queerly, and said so earnestly that if I did, she would tell her Missus, that I hesitated at doing what I had intended; but kept up the chaffing. “Sally (as I began to call her, — others called her Sarah) I heard you overhead last night.” “Did you, sir, — I took off my boots too, for Missus told me.” “Oh! not your walking Sally, I heard the rattle in the pot as you piddled.” “0 — o — oh! sir, — now you didn't, for I didn't do it.” Then she bolted out of the room laughing. When she came in again, “Sally you made my cock as stiff when I heard you piddle as you did when you felt it on the beach.” “Oh! here is your herring sir,” — and off she ran again. When alone in the house, instead of doing more with her I could do less in the way of fingering her. Money failed to keep her near me then, but I used to pull out my cock, and shake it at her. I had no chance of getting her on the sands now, through her being permitted to sleep in the top-room.

The landlady could not let her ground-floor because the people wanted three bed-rooms, would I give one up, if she made a proportionate reduction in rent? That would not suit me, with my chaste intentions, to have any one sleeping in the next room to Sally; so I refused. Then I made up my mind to go up to Sally's room. For a day or two funked doing so, but at last determined on it, and just then the lower rooms were let, which increased my risk. Luckily the people did not like the lodgings, and left in three days. Then I resolved, come what might, to go up to Sally when in bed, and try my luck.

One night I listened. She stole up quietly. Then when in my night-gown, and just as I was going to open the door, I heard the landlady downstairs, whom I thought must have been fast asleep in her piggerty, with her two young ones. It frightened me back. I did not tell Sally about it.

I had found then (for I could no longer wait for Sally's quim), as I did everywhere, a woman and a baudy house at that coast-town. I was abstinent, not liking the feminine articles there, but I wanted fucking badly. One morning when I had seen the well-bummed lady bathing as usual, I yielded to a most pressing want and a furious lust. Going away from the frequented sands, and nearly out of sight of the bathing-machines, I sat down thinking not of little Sally, but of the fat-arsed, black-cunted one, and frigged myself. This was about twelve o'clock in the day. Annoyed with myself afterwards, I went back to my lodgings, and said I would go to town. I intended to do so, and to have a woman there, but indeed I scarcely recollect exactly what I did intend to do. No packing up of clothes was needful, because I intended going home. I told of my leaving, and went off, but met some friends, dined with them, missed the train (railway only just then opened), and at about half-past eight went back to my lodgings to sleep there. It was a Saturday night, and dark.

I knocked at the door which was locked, instead of being on the latch, as seaside lodging-house doors usually are till bed-time. “Who is that?” said a voice. “I.” The door opened ajar, it was chained, and Sally peeping through said with surprize on her face, “You sir!” — “Yes me, — let me in.” “Oh! I can't, — I must ask Missus.” “What the devil do you mean?” The door closed in my face. I knocked again, and Sally opened the door. “Beg your pardon sir, but we did not expect you to-night.” I thought to myself, they were perhaps sitting in my rooms, or they might have let the beds for a night, — who knows what tricks! But I took no notice, finding my rooms all right. Soon up came Sally. “Please sir, Missus gives her compliments, and hopes you will excuse it, but not thinking you would be back till Monday, she let the children sleep in your back room, — but they are not in your sheets, but in our own.” I laughed. “Tell her I'll excuse it, — but where do you sleep Sally, — with them?” “Oh! no sir, — Missus said I might sleep in the front, — but not in your sheets sir, — oh! no.” “All right Sally,” — and after I had given her a pinch on her bum and a kiss, off she went downstairs. The ground-floor rooms were unlet, I was the only lodger that night in the house.

Soon she re-appeared. Did I want anything before the shops closed for dinner to-morrow, because Missus must go and fetch it, — it was getting late. No, I would dine out, but would she fetch me some beer for supper. She would. She did. I had some bread and cheese, and then gave Sally a hug, and put my hands up her petticoats. She declared she would tell her Missus, and then went away with a shilling, a kiss, and a sight of my tooleywagger.

I thought how I should like to fuck the little bitch, — I've felt her, she has felt me, she has seen it, she won't cry out, though she says she

will. I thought of my frig that day, of the bathing lady, and of the slight hair on Sally's cunt, till I got reckless with randiness. She was to sleep in the front-room, there was no key to it, — Miss E***s had complained of there being no key. “I'll go up when the girl's abed,” said I to myself. Then I pondered on the consequences. The more a man thinks of such a business, the more randy and reckless he gets. I ceased to think of consequences, and only of the pleasure I should have in broaching Sally's vulva.

“Shall you want anything more to-night sir?” “Yes hot water, — and Sally, as you go up to bed I'll give you a glass.” “No thank you, sir.” But Sally was fond of whisky, and even took it neat, for I had given it to her. She brought the hot water, I made grog, and she drank some saying, “Oh! I'm afraid she'll smell me of the whisky, and oh! I must go down, she'll be a wondering why I stop so long.” “Mind I'm coming up to sleep with you.” “Oh! no sir, pray don't, — oh! now I'll tell my Missus, — she says she thinks you ain't up to no good all down here alone without your wife, — she do.” “Nonsense, I shan't hurt you, — we'll lay and feel each other, and do what we do on the beach, — nothing more, — and I'll give you half-a-sovereign, and a new pair of boots.” “I'd rather not,” said she hanging her head. “Did you ever have a sovereign Sally?” “No never, — now leave me alone, sir, — take your hand away, — oh! you do talk nasty, — oh! if Missus hears she'll turn me out.” “Don't make a noise then,, my dear.” “Oh! leave me alone, — I don't like your hand there.” This was in the first-floor sitting-room.

She had sunk her voice, she wriggled, and writhed till she dislodged my hand from her thighs, and got away. “As you come up to bed I'll give you a glass of whisky and water.” “I won't.” “Well I'll go up and put it in your bed-room.” “Don't, — Missus is sure to come up, and look at the children before she goes to bed, and if she goes into the other room — oh!” “She won't, my dear, — I'll put the glass under the bed, just by the pot, — then when you take it out to piddle you'll find the glass.” “I can't wait, — let me go,” — and off she went.

I waited and waited, took off my slippers, went half-way down-stairs, listened, and could hear some one moving about. Then I heard a noise as of two people talking, and it seemed like a man. “The devil,” thought I, “it's the husband come home,” — and I went back hesitating. “It's risky, I won't go up, — she is like perhaps the Misses Braham, will feel, and be felt, but no prick shall go near her cunt, — I don't want merely to frig her, or be frigged,” — so I thought of going to bed, and waiting my chance of getting her to a baudy house. But I had been delighting in the idea of the thrust with which I should go up her, for I felt sure she was virgin. Then after having been stiff for half an hour, down my prick had gone. “What shall I do,” I thought,

“if I get into bed with her, and can't do her?” When I got nervous in that way my prick sometimes would not stand to its work, try as I might. I have al-ready narrated an instance.

I fancied still there was a man in the house, but after a while could hear no one. At all events I resolved to put the grog in her room, made a tumbler full of water and whisky hot and strong, and sweetened it well, went upstairs without my shoes, and put it by the chamber-pot. I knew exactly the spot, though it was in the dark, having slept in that room. Then down again, and undressing myself, I put out the lights, and sat down in the room with the door ajar, and watched. Such a time elapsed that I thought she was going to sleep with her mistress downstairs, or perhaps had gone home.

At last she came quite quietly upstairs with a jug of hot water in one hand, and a candlestick in the other, staring at the door of the drawing-room all the way. When half-way up the next flight, she turned round, stopped for a moment, and looked hard at my door, as she wondered whether I was there or abed. Then the door of her bed-room closed, and her footstep was scarcely audible over-head. I sat waiting such a time as might enable her to wash herself (the hot water meant that), and get into bed. Meanwhile I could not keep my cock to the stand at all.

Then, “Shall I go? — what if the mistress finds it out! — what if she cries out!” I got into bed, for I was chilled sitting in my night-gown, though it was not cold weather, and laid feeling my prick. As I got warm, that got stiff. “I'll go,” thought I, — “if she makes a noise I'll say she asked me to go up.” It was a mean thought, and I dismissed it. Then my cock got furious. I went down a few stairs and listened. There was no noise below, all was silent as the grave. Up I went, opened her door, and closed it. The room was dark, only a slight light from a street-lamp somewhere shown through the window.

Chapter XI

In bed with Sally. • The children. • Sally's devices. • Fears of alarm. • An hour's siege. • The citadel taken. • Thirty hours of delight. • Fucking under difficulties. • My devices. • A cunt inspection in the looking-glass. • Sally's account of herself. • The bathing lady again. • Checked and threatened. • I give up the chase. She was in bed, heard me, and sat up. “Oh! now sir, don't you come, — now I'll call Missus.” “Hush! if you do I'll tell your mistress that you said I might come up, and she'll dismiss you.” “Oh! you won't be so wicked, — now you shan't.” “Be quiet you fool, — lay still, there's a darling, — I won't hurt you.” I jumped into bed, and pulled her down whilst this dialogue was going on, folded her in my arms, entangled my legs in hers, hugged and kissed her. She struggled, but her voice dropped. “The children will hear,” said she, — “do leave me, and go, — there is a good gentleman.” Then I felt sure she would not call her mistress. I had won the first move, when she expressed her fears that the children in the back-room would hear us. I cuddled her, swore I would only do what we did on the beach. Little by little I got her night-clothes up, felt her plump burn and thighs and firm little breasts, and put her hand to my prick, promising her anything, everything, all in whispers. She kept her knees doubled up to her belly. Every now and then I pushed my finger towards her cunt, over her bum-cheeks; then down went her legs straight. Then my fingers went quickly to the belly-side of her cunt, and up went her knees al-most to her breasts. All the while she was crying in an undertone, “Now I won't, — oh! I'm so sorry I ever let you do anything, — I'll call Missus, — I really will if you don't go.” But the next instant, “Oh! if Missus should hear us, she'd tell Mrs***, — no you shan't feel it, — oh! what a shame to take me unawares, — oh! oh! — now — oh!” I could not succeed, felt wild with desire, annoyed at the resistance; but the prolonged feeling all over her flesh, the keeping it close to mine, rubbing my legs against hers, and the satisfaction of my curiosity, were delicious.

At last I got so close to her belly, that she could not move up her legs. My prick was against her belly, and I held her to me closely by one hand round her bum. “Let me now, — I won't do any harm, — lay so, and I will lay so — feel my prick, and let me just feel there.” Sullenly she let me. I rubbed gently over the little bit of her clitoris, that her tightly-closed little thighs let me feel, until she began to feel lewed. “Oh! leave off!” She had now ceased whimpering, her mind was intent on my baudy advances; and she spoke in low tones! “Now don't, — you're a hurting me!” “Non-sense darling, — there.” I took then away my fingers from her slit, and my hand roved all over her.

“What lovely firm little breasts you've got! what smooth flesh, — kiss me darling, — let's fuck.” She kissed me. Then I told her of the pleasures of fucking, of the stiff penis spending its essence in the cunt, of the tightening of the cunt round the prick whilst the pleasure came on. “Let me,” — and I felt her quim. “You'll hurt.” “Every woman thinks so dear, but every woman wants it done to her. Lay still, — that's it!”

Clasping her still tightly, my prick straight up against her navel, I now lodged it against her clitoris. “Let me rub you with my prick, just where my finger rubbed you, — it will give me pleasure, and you too, — feel, — is it not hot and stiff? — let it go up your cunt!” “No you'll hurt.” She was yielding.

I must have been an hour persuading her to this point. How I restrained myself I do not know. Perhaps my morning's frig helped me. My fingers again were on her cunt. She closed together her legs tightly, but my finger could not be kept out. Then with sighs and muttered words her thighs unclosed. I pushed my knee between them. “Let me put my prick there.” I raised my body against hers, pressing her on to her back with my belly. Her thighs distended, whilst I felt for the nick, and tried to lodge my palpitating penis. The next minute all thought of the Missus and children went, and I lunged my prick against her cunt.

“Oh! you said you would not hur — hurt me, — oh! — oo — h! — you shan't.” Two or three quick violent lunges, a sharp suppressed cry. “There my darling it's up — your — cunt,” — and fucking violently to make sure, the divine pleasure overtook me, and I spent.

It was done, her cunt was spermatized for the first time, she had submitted to the inevitable. “You hurt me so, — oh! I hope the children won't hear,” were the first words I recollect her uttering after I had emptied my ballocks into her.

The sensation was over, but the pride of victory re- mained; my prick was in possession, it was easy to keep it up her, but the usual, “Oh! you're so heavy,” was said. She moved, sperm began to dribble out, my tool to dwindle. “Oh! if the children should hear, — oh! if they were to come in!” She feared the children now, as little by little my cock left her cunt. She did not seem to fear her mistress.

I got out of bed, struck a light, and moved gently a wash-hand stand against the door. “There. The children now can't come in without making a noise, — if your mistress comes I'll be under the bed like a shot, — you say you put the wash-handstand there because you heard a noise, and were frightened, — and now my darling let's look at your cunt.” She resisted that more than the fucking, and jumped out of the bed to get away. As she did so I saw stains of blood on the night-gown, and did not insist on gratifying my eyesight. Putting out

the light we both got into bed again. Soon my prick was churning up the spunk in her cunt, and we spent the rest of the night in dozing, and fucking. Fear, lest the landlady should come up, kept me much awake. Sally never closed her eyes, but she enjoyed the prick, and when it was daylight, what a lovely mess her little cunt, her linen and mine were in, for I saw them all.

About six o'clock I rose. “I'll go down,” said I. “Then Mrs. Harris won't catch us, — she won't be up yet, and you'll go down soon to light the kitchen-fire I suppose.” “There is no one in the house but the two children and us,” said Sally quite quietly.

It was true. The mistress, believing that I had gone to London, had gone to see a sister. Sally was left in the house until Monday to take care of the children; hence the chain up, and the closed door. Sally had kept up the sham of her mistress being within till the last moment, hoping that my threat of going to her bed-room would have the same result as on other nights when I had promised to go to her. She now told the truth, it was useless to tell anything else.

The butcher had brought meat for the Sunday's dinner, he entered by the area — his was the male voice I had heard.

“Oh! don't do it again, I'm so sore.” My prick stood stiffer than ever when it touched the sore cunt. Then Sally spent with me and slept, and so did I. I slept a heavy sleep without anxiety now, fearing nothing.

“Oh! it's the children crying, they will tumble down-stairs,” said Sally. We removed the wash-hand-stand. “I'll lay here,” said I. “I'll get them their breakfast,” said Sally. “Come up after.” “Yes, but I must put my frock on,” — and she did, over her nightgown.

In an hour up she came and got gaily into bed, and we fucked again. Then I would look at her cunt, and threw her back violently on the bed to do so. She had not washed. She was a sight, so was her night-gown, so were the bed-sheets. Sarah looked aghast at them.

The children were quite young, but even children talk, and Sally was anxious that no one should know I was in the house. So she took the children up into the bed-room after their breakfast, and then I went down to the kitchen, and got what food I could. Dinner there was none for me, for they had but a pound of steak between the three. I went out and had a repast at a tavern, then took home sausages which I managed to buy, and when the children were put to bed, Sally and I to-gether cooked the sausages, and eat them in the kitchen. She had not had such a feast for some time, for the lodging-house mistress fed her on scraps left by the lodgers. Then we had some mild voluptuous amusements. Then we filled up with whisky and water, and went to bed early.

The next morning I left long before the Mistress re-turned. The

children had never seen nor heard me, and unless the neighbours had seen me, no one could have known I had been in the house. But in the thirty hours I had fucked myself out, and Sally as well. Her prayers "not to do it any more" I shall recollect to the last day of my life, and her swollen, crimson-tinted little cunt was touching to look at. I never had more pleasure in baudiness than I had in hurting her. It made my prick stiffen directly she said she was so sore, and my prick stood in an inflammatory excited state for half an hour at a time, and even when I could get no spend out of it, in Sally's cunt it lingered as if it never meant to leave it. It was a delicious thirty hours, in which she learned enough about fucking to make her lewed whenever she thought it over in future.

She was in a way about the sheets, but we got over it much in the same way as I did my shirt-tail in my youth. First she washed the patches, ironed it, got out a good deal of the evidence of her lost chastity, and then changed it for one from my bed. I took the dirty one, and my bed on the first-floor was made up with it. The next day after my supposed absence I returned and slept there, next morning laid abed late, took off the sheets, dipped them in water, and told Sally to tell the landlady to come up. "I have been sick and ill in the night Mrs. Harris," said I, "and have taken off the sheets, and put them into the water, — let me have a clean pair," leaving her to imagine whether I had spewed, or pissed, or shit in them. She never made any remark about it, so Sally told me.

A long rest, a day's good food, and ten hours sleep put my doodle into first-rate condition again. My de-sire for Sally increased; how to get her was the difficulty. She, I am bound to say, did her best to get her cunt amused, and fell in with every suggestion I made, any trick I planned; and they were many. We man-aged to fuck two or three times nearly every day in a month. The days I was disappointed only gave me breathing-time. I was idle, well fed, and in the finest possible condition. Fucking was my only joy, and I enjoyed myself up Sally.

The children now slept with their mother in what I found was a bedstead in a sort of large closet, in a small room adjoining the back-kitchen, which had only a skylight a few feet above the back-yard. I had looked out of my bed-room window, and not knowing much about the plans of seaside lodging-houses, wondered what the skylight lighted. The little servant now being allowed to sleep in the back two-pair, I used to steal upstairs at midnight without shoes or light, get in-to bed with her, put a towel under her bum, fuck her, and get down quickly. She had such a fear of being found out, that I believe until she felt the crisis approaching, she never quite forgot to keep her ears open.

But a landlady working hard from morning till night was unlikely

to come up three flights of stairs to look after a girl whom she only hired for the season, and about whose morals she did not care, so long as she attended to the lodgers. Mrs. Harris was respectable, but I believe that had she known that Sally had had a prick up her back, as well as her front-entrance, she would never have troubled herself about it. “If my lodgers are satisfied with the girl,” said she to us one day, “it's all I want — she is paid good wages, and must do her duty.” The fact being that she paid the girl no wages, expected her to feed herself by stealing lodgers' food, and to keep herself in clothes out of what the lodgers gave her.

When Sally laid the breakfast things I used to pull her into my bed-room, and on the bed, fuck as quickly as I could, and get into bed again to rest. Not so poor Sally. In half an hour she would bring up the break-fast with her cunt still as I had left it. “Have you washed it, Sally?” “Lord no, — what time have I had?” — and she would laugh.

I could not always manage the morning poke. Lodgers came into the downstairs rooms, they rang violently twice one morning when my prick had just gone up Sally, and she was not sufficiently on to disregard it, but uncunted me, and ran downstairs. One day her mistress came upstairs to a closet on the landing, and nearly frightened Sally out of her senses. So we had to keep our wits about us.

Autumn was now closing. It was chilly morning and night, I insisted on having a fire to breakfast by, let it out, and would have it relighted in the evening. That was a long operation, and gave me time to get a poke. One day Sally came up radiant. “She's gone out,” said she laughing, “the lodgers downstairs want her to go and buy something, and said I couldn't judge, I warn't old enough.” Sally knew that it would give us time for a fuck. She came up for it, though she did not say so. She improved wonderfully. Her mind was dead on rogering ever after the Saturday night, and whenever her Mistress went out she used to come up instantly with a triumphant air to tell me. Towards the end of the month, she pulled up her petticoats herself to expedite matters, instead of waiting for me to do it.

I received letters asking when I was going home, and wrote that I was daily expecting her to return. A reply came, — it was my intention to aggravate, and she should not come. I answered that I should not go home till she did. I knew that would settle it, and that she would not return. So Sally's cunt and my prick got as intimate as they could, what with asking the landlady to go out, and buy chickens or fish; what with coming home without notice, and saying “Oh! Mrs. H., I'm so sorry I forgot to order dinner, — will you go and get me a lobster for my supper.” I was always getting her out of the way, and began to find, that my food cost as much as that of three people. I did

not care, for then Sally used to come up as I said unasked, naturally and regularly, and go downstairs afterwards with her cunt spermatized, and a glass of wine, or whisky, or some-thing nice, to comfort her little belly, and prepare her for the next fucking.

Sally did not trouble herself too much with washing her receptacle. “Have you washed?” “Oh! no, I've not had time,” was a question and answer often repeated. She carried this negligence too far. “You never do wash your cunt,” said I to her one night. “Yes I do,” said she indignantly, “I wash it every Saturday night, after I've washed my feet, — if I can't find time I does it on a Sunday.” I recollect all this, having for six weeks nothing else to think of but her and her little doings. I have had other girls who said and acted nearly the same about washing cunts.

I tried when bathing to get near the black-cunted, fat-arsed one who let the waves expose her, but saw less than when sitting on the sands. We often met. She looked invitingly at me, and I fancied, as if she were dying for a male, but she never turned her head after she had passed, nor did her little companion; without whom I never saw her. I spoke to her on the pier one day. She answered encouragingly. I met her in the streets afterwards. She smiled and nodded, and passed on. “It's all right,” said I to myself. A big arse and a well-haired cunt and again their potent attractions; so I accosted her one evening as she was going to the Assembly Rooms, and was told to go about my business, — that she was a married woman.

I followed her home for several nights after that. She lived a little way out of the town. She knew I followed her. One evening just so far off from the gas-lamp, and from me, as only to enable her form to be seen indictinctly, she sat down to piss by the road-side. Her young female friend, a saucy-looking bitch of about sixteen years of age, standing by her side. I rushed forward thinking it a clear invitation. She got up saying, “Oh! here is the impudent fellow again, — if you come after us so, I'll complain to the police,” — and the two hurried off. “I dare say I'll see all you've got to show on the beach to-morrow,” said I, and turned away. I heard them laughing in the distance.

I met her the next day, with the same inviting look in her eye as she passed me, just as if nothing had happened. I never saw her with a man, and could never make her out. I think after my remark that she showed her form less, but I saw her belly naked several times afterwards when bathing.

Chapter XII

Sally's antecedents. • Her female friend. • How to get shillings on the sands. • How her friend lost her virginity. • Turns gay and goes to London. • Her invitation to Sally. • My advice. • I return to London. • Sally in London. • The house in U*p*r N**t*n street. • Sally's discontent. • Mrs. Melvelle. • I sleep with her. • Confessions of a hotcunted one. • Sally goes home.

Curious about Sally, I wanted to know if any one had attempted her virtue before I had. Once only she told me, and not long before I was at the seaside. A young friend of hers walked with her on the beach at dusk, and told her that if she would not mind a man putting his hand up her petticoats and feeling about her bum and quim, some would give her half a crown. “I do sometimes,” said her friend, “and sometimes I feel their things, and then run away, — it is in the dark, and they don't know me, — and so no harm's done.” Persuaded by this and wanting money, Sally walked with the girl on the beach. One night they met two men, who gave them money, and Sally's sacred split was felt, though the man had said he would only feel her leg. She got frightened and ran away, the man after her, until she got to the road, when he went off. Then Sally heard her young friend calling out, and then screaming, and Sally ran off until the screams were lost in the roar of the waves and distance. Then she stood still on the watch. A man came from the beach running, and was soon out of sight. Afterwards came her female friend with her bonnet damaged, and clothes rumpled, and crying. The man had felt her, then saying they were too near the road, and he would give her another shilling to feel his cock, they went nearer the sea. Suddenly he flung her down, himself upon her, and he fucked her. She had never had it done before, and was a virgin. She did not know the man, and was frightened to tell, because her father would have beaten her. After that Sally had never been on the beach at night until I induced her. That was her story.

She was the daughter of a laborer, had four sisters, and no brothers. Two of her sisters were married. One would tell her what pleasure it was to have a man in bed with her; the other would say, “There now be quiet, — what ideas you are putting into her head, — it's nonsense Sally, — having babies, and all belonging to it, is more trouble than it's worth, — it's no pleasure at all, — don't you get married ever, — men are beasts.”

Having Sally thus on the sly and in a hurry nearly always, did not suit me who liked enjoying a woman tranquilly, and playing with her, looking her all over, and feeling her. I had taken also a fancy for

putting my middle-finger up Sally's cunt, and keeping it there on account of its tightness, and comparing it with the full-sized vulvas of Sarah Mavis and Louisa Fisher. I can't tell why I took to this trick with her; as for years I had not cared about feeling the inside of women's machines, and rarely if ever did so with casuals. I could not have this enjoyment well in our hurried em- braces. Besides Sally's linen was not invitingly white, though she seemed unconscious of it, and pulled it up to her navel unhesitatingly when she saw my prick. “She won't be five minutes gone, — be quick,” was a frequent remark, wise and unavoidable, but not pleasant.

I tried for another Saturday, but for three weeks it was unsuccessful. Sally told me the remarks her Missus made from time to time, and as a draw I once said to the mistress, I thought I should go to London, but nothing came of it. Then I did go to London. After that on a Friday the good woman asked if I was going to stop at * * * on Sunday. Why? She told me frankly that she could not leave unless there was no cooking to do. Then I said I was going away till Monday, and at eight p.m. that Saturday night Sally and I were again in the house alone with the children.

Instead of sleeping in Sally's bed, we this time slept in mine, and a fine fucking bout we had, after putting a towel under her fat little bum to save the sheets. She was very curious about the altered condition of her cunt, had been so ever since her hymen was ruptured, and had not disguised her curiosity from me. We talked about it; it felt different she said. She described it accurately from touch, and I described the difference from look. She had tried to look at it, but could not manage it. On the Sunday morning I got the hand-glass out of my dressing-case, and what with that, and putting the table-glass on the floor, then on to a chair, then holding it in front of her cunt for her to see; her natural curiosity was gratified, and so was mine. The investigation was a great treat, and the conversation which ensued equally so. Sally said she had felt five men's cocks on the beach, but had not seen one of them, all was done in the dark. She had frigged none as far as she knew. All the men had felt her, or tried, but she always shut her thighs tightly to stop their fingers going far. The second man had not paid her. She told her friend, who, evidently more experienced, advised her to ask for the shilling first, which she did. “None on em felt so large as yourn.” Was she sure? Quite. She was inexperenced, but my belief in the size of my persuader improved. She looked at her cunt by my aid three or four times on the Sunday, saying each time she had had for-gotten how it looked. At the last look, I insisted on seeing the piddle come out of it, if I helped her. Point blank she refused that, and I could not persuade her.

I took in on that night bread and sausages, and that is all we had

to eat. I cooked them. I had my own tea and wine there, and was sorry when Monday came. I went off quite early, and then came back, as if I had just re-turned from London, but Mrs. Harris had not re-turned, so Sally and I had another poke. Then I went to lunch, came back, and professed annoyance at having had to go out, because the landlady was not at home. There never was the slightest suspicion of my game.

Sally was a charming little fuckster. Very soon after I had had her all her modesty went. She was short, and had a girlish face; excepting for that and the small quantity of hair on her quim, she seemed over seventeen. Her form was full and round, her limbs strong and thick. She had largish firm breasts, and a solid backside. She was come of a big family she said, and had had her monthlies two years. She had a small, tight, elastic cunt, and wagged her arse when fucking, after the first week or so, as if she had fucked for twelve months, and had an immense undisguised enjoyment in the operation. She was quite artless, and delighted to talk about the sensations which the prick gave her. That was one of the charms of knowing her.

No lodgers were to be had, so the landlady transferred herself and children to the ground-floor. Being then just under me she could have heard, and caught me had she thought of looking out for my games. This diminished my chances of fucking with ease of mind. It affected Sally worse than me, for she was always in a state of anxiety, and directly I had had her, and her “ah! — er — ha!” which usually accompanied her spending was over, it was, “Oh! let me go, — she'll be a hearing on us,” — and she would uncunt me, and set to work cleaning the grate noisily, or removing my breakfast-things, or doing any other work she happened to be engaged on.

My money was running short, my friends had left, and it was dull. I told Sally I must soon leave. She cried. I tried to inculcate morality into her; but it was of very little use. She asked me every day when I was going, — could I not get her a situation in London? — why not let her be one of our servants? — perhaps my Missus would take her, for she had said she was a hard-working girl, — was it difficult to get a place in London? — if she did, would she see me there? She talked much nonsense, and used to cry and mope. The girl who had been ravished on the beach, she told me, had gone to London, turned whore, had written to Sally to go to her, and not be a fool, and stop working hard at a lodging-house. Sally showed me the letter. I would not give it back, and kept it for years, till one day in a fit of virtue I burnt it. Sally was in a bad way about the letter, for her friend begged her particularly to show it to no one, to burn it, and only to keep the address.

It was a funny, ill-spelt letter, and began by asking her how she was, and would she tell her something about the old people,

particularly the old man. Did he ever ask about her? — what did they say? — not that she cared, but she'd like to know how her old daddy was. Then she said she had lots of friends, “real gents mind, not shop young men,” — she went to the plays, and had lots of what they two wanted, and used to talk about. “Why don't you come? — I'll give you a place with me, — you'll have lots of good grub, and perhaps a gent will take a fancy to you, and make your for-tune, — it will be better than scrubbing and cleaning all the winter.” — “Why,” she went on, “I gets more in one week than your father and mine gets in a whole year atween em.” There was a concluding line in a postscript which I laugh over, and shall recollect to my dying day; it was, “Oh! the lots of cocks I've seed since I seed you at home.”

I saw through the whole. The London harlot would have in Sally a friend, or a servant faithful to her; or who knows, perhaps had promised a man to get him a girl who was unbroached. Sally had replied. “You did not tell her you had been fucked,” said I. “Oh! of course not,” — she never would tell any one that, if they pulled her tongue out. I told her all that was commonly thought to be dreadful about the life of a gay woman; but as I had begun to disbelieve the nonsense which the world said on that subject, don't expect I made much impression on Sally. She didn't reply to my advice. I asked her what she meant to do. This was on a day or two after I had read the letter.

“Why,” said Sally, “she says she gets as much money in a week as father does in a whole year, — do you believe it?” I said I did not. “She wears nothing but silks.” “But she'll die in a hospital,” said I. “So did my sister,” said Sally, “but she was very comfortable there.” Many of Sally's relatives had died in a work-house, so Sally saw nothing dreadful in that.

Sally was very fond of frigging me. She was not con-tent with witnessing the ejaculation of my semen once, but seemed to love the operation. “I likes to see it come,” said she, — but I did not, and would not gratify her. “How old must a man be,” she said to me one day, “before the stuff will come out of his thing?” “Why?” “Cause I've seed a boy over the hedge next to us rubbing his thing up and down hard sometimes, as if he were doing it, and he can't be more than twelve years old, — I seed him sitting on a washing-tub one day a doin it, and his mother came out and knocked him off the tub, and said she would tell his father.”

Sally, I found, had seen more before she was ten years old, than a young lady would see all her life if unmarried. She like other girls I have had since, and before, used to sleep up to fourteen years of age in the same room, and even the same bed as her parents, and had a knowledge of what fucking was before she was ten years old. She'd

seen her parents at it when they thought she was asleep. “I know'd,” said she, “what they was up to, cos I told another gal older than me, and she told me all about doing it.” I returned to London, and promised to write to Sally, who gave me an address where letters could be sent her at the coast, but there was great difficulty about that. I gave her one at a London post-office. As the lodging-house keeper dismissed her servants at the end of the season, Sally was soon going home till she could get some other place. We fucked very hard the last week. Sally always moping seemed to think that with me her last chance of having a prick was going. She was not in the family way, and did not upbraid me, nor say I had ruined her; but said I had been very kind to her, and she dared to say I would have another gal; and then she burst out sobbing. I gave her a handsome present and left.

Two or three months afterwards a letter reached me which had been laying a long time at the post-office. She had come to town, and was servant to her female friend in U*p*r N**t*n Street. I went to see her, and we fucked. I could not help fancying that Sally had had a little variety in cocking since I had left her. She could not let me have her when I first called, but made me go there when her mistress was out. Her mistress' rooms were very nice, and we fucked on her mistress' bed on two or three occasions. But it was not to my taste to visit the servant of a N**t*n Street woman. She was evidently anxious that I should not see her mistress; and so I got very desirous to see her, for she interested me, owing to her having lost her virginity on the sea-beach without being paid for it.

Sally was, I found, discontented, and was going to leave. She would go home again. I think she had expected to be set up in silks and satins, instead of which had to make beds, empty piss-pots, and fetch liquor and French letters, about which I found she now had knowledge. But her great grievance was that she was kept up so late of nights. She had improved in looks, had grown much, and the hair on her cunt had in-creased in quantity. She was very curious about “my Missus” and me, but I told her nothing. I gave her some gold one night, and told her it would be long before I saw her again. Then she said it was all through me that she had come to London, and we parted. Some time after I had a letch for her again, and went to the house. She had gone home, they believed, and her mistress had left, and gone no one knew where to, — or they would not tell.

Her mistress' name was Melvelle I knew, so going to the Argyle Rooms (which had not been many years opened), I got her pointed out to me, went home with her, and had her several times after. She was a fine, fresh, healthy, dark-eyed young woman; vulgar, but a lovely fucker. My letch for her arose altogether from knowing the history of

her first fucking. The second night I made her tell me her history. I slept with her that night, and she told me some wonderful rigmarole about her parents being well off, and her having been seduced by an officer, etc. I laughed. “You look much like a girl who lived at * * *town, and who was said to have been fucked on the beach one night.” She looked queer. “So help me God, it's a lie,” said she, “who ever told you?” “My dear,” I said, “I've told you nothing, I know nothing, I only say you look like that girl.” After a pause, “Did you ever come to see my servant at N**t*n Street?” “No. Who told you that?” I would not divulge. She admitted, after some chaffing, that it was quite true, and hoped I would tell none of her friends. There was no chance of that, for I rarely let my most intimate friend know what women I had; or if I could not prevent that, scrupulously avoided telling them anything about them, not liking my friends to fuck my women or know my habits. I still had a lingering idea that my prick was small, and did not wish that talked about.

This gay lady told me one night afterwards (for I told her then what I had heard) how it came about; but she even lied then, unless Sally had, for she did not say that she was taken unawares by a man who had given her a shilling to feel her. Her account was, that she went to piddle, that he being there caught her, and threatened to throw her into the sea if she resisted him. She resisted as much as she could, but he was heavy on her, burst up her with immense strength, and it was all done in two or three minutes. He hurt her so in every way, both in splitting, stretching, and shoving, that she was in pain for many days afterwards. I soon ceased to see Melvelle, not caring about fucking her after I had heard from her own lips, all about the way she was ravished whilst her backside was on the sands by the salt sea waves. She was older than Sally, and I should not wonder if her cunt had been split before.

“But although you were ravished without pleasure or pay, how was it you came to take to fucking regularly?” That was a question although not put perhaps in exactly those words, to which I gradually got an answer one evening when I slept with her.

For some time after her ravishment she kept away from the sands; but she missed her odd shillings, and went again there, but would not go far from the seats which were not far from the side of the road. There one night a man spent all over her fingers. She remembered how sticky her cunt was after she had been ravished. Then a girl older than she was told her how she had been fucked, and how she liked it. She kept all this to herself, not telling the girl that her quim had also been torn open, but thought and wondered if the pleasure of fucking was greater than she got by frigging, and as she often frigged herself after the event she did nothing but think of how the man who

ravished her, rubbed his cock up her. One very dark night a nice young man asked her to come and talk on the sands. She fucked, she spent, and liked it; and again they fucked. After that any man who wanted her had only to ask, and she let him fuck her. She was mad on the nights she could not get out, or when it was moon-light. She wanted fucking; it was not the money, it was the prick which enticed her, any man might have had her, had he asked her. “I was that hot,” said she, “that I could have fucked night and day,” — and she was hot on me that night, as she told this.

One night it was late before she went home. Her father, who seems to have kept her pretty well in, must have been told where he might expect to find her, and caught her coming up from the beach. He kicked her all the way to her home, and locked her up for days; he called her a whore, and so did her mother. On the first opportunity she ran off to the young woman who had told her she liked flicking. That young woman seems herself to have been found out by her family; so they ran waay to town together, and both were gay.

The utmost she ever received on the sands for being flicked was two and sixpence. One night an elderly man gave her a sovereign for frigging him. When she found it was a sovereign she thought he had made a mistake.

“Let's see the friend you came to town with.” “Oh! I don't know where she lives now, — we have quarrelled, — oh! it's made me so randy talking about it, — do it again.”

I never saw Sally afterwards, but I heard Melvelle spoken about by men. Some time afterwards she be-came a well-known London harlot, then she suddenly disappeared. Lots of gay women disappear suddenly in similar manner. I wonder where they go to. They don't die I am sure, — most of those I have known have been fine, healthy creatures.

Chapter XIII

Many miscellaneous whorings. • Mr. McCabe. • The warehouse in the City • Tenants paying rent. • McCabe's jocosity. • Suggestions for getting bairns. • Mrs. ***. • The Scotch wife. • The four-roomed cottages. • Repairs needed. • At her cottage. • Easy conversation. • The steep staircase. • The bed stood upon. • The hole in the roof. • The hole in the flesh. • Carnal wants and weakness. • Against the bed, and on it. • Against the dresser. • An alarm. • The amour terminates. • Reflexions, regrets, and weakness. • On the sin of adultery. • On the power of lust.

From the time I left Sally at the sea-coast till the spring my connections were purely with the venal ones. With the exception of having a few times fucked Sally, and her friend and mistress, Mrs. Melvelle in London, the ladies were mainly selected at the Argyle Rooms, which is the resort of the handsomest and best-dressed gay women. Many swell-women also are there with, and at other times without, their protectors. With several of the sweetest of these creatures I have had intimacy, and often passed the night with the choicest of them. I did not take a permanent fancy to any one of them, though one did to me. This variety is charming. To take home lovely women in the bloom of youth, and in the hey-day of their lust, to speculate on the charms yet unseen, to kiss and feel their thighs on the road home, to see them undress leisurely, their breasts ap- pear, their naked arms, the limbs show one after the other; to lift the diaphanous chemises, see the round mottes; to note and compare mentally the variety in form and development of the various splits, lips, and clitoris, filled me with voluptuous and ever-varying de-light. And now I was able to afford to have these charmers; for though not at the prices paid by their rich admirers, I rarely was refused by them. This charming variety in copulation was only broken, or rather varied by the following little incident.

I had at that time an old friend who had known me from my birth. A Scotchman, rich, and a widower, liberal in some things, but grinding in making money, though he was childless; and had none to whom he cared much about leaving his money to. He was about seventy-three years old, but a splendid big old man, with a head of thick reddish hair and fine false teeth. Though living in London most of his life he had never lost the Scottish dialect, indeed was proud of it, and of his nationality. He was a wholesale * * * ** merchant, which business he carried on in the heart of London in huge old-fashioned premises. I may add now, that he left me a largish sum of money

when he died, and I spent it in travelling and whoring.

He had some funny whims and habits, among which was making some of his town-tenants go to pay him personally. He did this to save the expenses of an agent he said, though I believe it really was for his amusement. I have heard that the tenants could with the greatest difficulty induce him to do anything to a house when once they were living in it. One of my sisters and I used to stop often at his country-house from Friday till Monday, on which day he came to town as he said for his tenants. He had several clerks, but they had nothing to do with his property. He was fond of consulting me about some of his houses, and often I was present when his rents were paid.

Within a stone's throw of his counting-house were several courts. One court containing about a dozen small houses of four rooms each, and mostly let to weekly and monthly tenants. They were poorish but respectable; people of the foreman and shopman class, a class among which the wife does her own work, cooks her husband's food, etc. The old boy (Mr. McCabe) used to say this property should be mine. He did not leave it to me, but left me something very much better. Several of these houses were inhabited by his own assistants and men, but he made even them or their wives attend and pay weekly, or monthly, together with other tenants, on Tuesday mornings.

He was a dear old boy who could laugh at a smutty joke, though he never told them himself; but he would chaff a man or woman with double entendres, with hints, and suggestions perfectly unmistakable, and to the very limits of decency, without uttering an indecent word, or showing an indecent gesture. He was always ready to let this off at me for having no children, and specially this when any goodish-looking woman was present, before whom he dared venture on it.

One morning I was with him on rent-day, when in came a stout, fully-developed woman, middle-sized and full five-and-thirty clad in the neatest and cleanest light colored cotton gown, and a nice white cap on her head. She was the wife of a man renting one of the houses in the court, and looked like a very well-to-do, neat little tradesman's wife. She was indeed handsome though of a coarse class, had chestnut-brown hair, and bright dark roguish eyes. I was smitten with desire the moment I saw her. Perhaps I wanted a woman, I can't say, but recollect taking a letch. She also did nothing but look at me, turning quickly away her eyes whenever she found mine upon her. “Set ye doon Mrs. Byron,” said the old man, which she did. Whilst he settled with some one else, we two looked at each other for some minutes, till my cock stood, and the woman who seemed cheeky flushed crimson. I'll bet she had got randy too — it was a case of cock-struck and cunt-struck. Her big, round, plump, fleshy form was greatly to my taste just then. At length McCabe being ready, the woman rose

and came to his table, just in front of which was a chair. I was sitting on the other side of the table near to him with a newspaper in my hand.

“Set ye doon Mrs. Byron. — and how's the bairn? — has it left off suckling?” said he. “Now you're at me again, sir.” The old man chuckled. “What, not a babe yet!” “Why you know there is not, — here's the month's rent, and you really must say what you'll do to the house, — it wants a lot, — my husband says he won't stay unless you do it up a little, — seven years, and you've never even done a bit of whitewash.” Whilst saying this the woman's eyes kept glancing at me at intervals.

The old man took no notice about the repairs. “Why ye should be baith ashamed of yesels, you can't under-stand the business, — have ye put the pillow at the other end of the bed, and tried it there?” — and he chuckled. I began to laugh. “Aye, aye, we understand all about it,” said she with a strong Scottish accent, “it's nae gude, — but about the repairs, — won't you paper the bed-room? — it won't cost much.” McCabe turned a deaf ear. “Aye, aye, I'll see about it, after next quarter, — when you've had yer fust bairn. There's a bonny lassie,” said he turning to me, “isn't she and been married ten years, and no bairn, — isn't she bonny,” — and he winked, — “a wish I war young again,” — and the old man laughed and chuckled. “Aye ye've been a weekend one in your day I'll bet,” said she, “none but yersel knows the capers you've cut.” “You should make your husband sleep by himsel for a month, then go to bed some Saturday, and not get up til Monday.” “He'd be tired o that,” said she laughing.

I could keep my tongue no longer still. “I'd like to be him,” said I, “and I'd go to bed on the Monday, and not get up till the Monday after.” “Aye, — oor, — aye, — there, — lawk,” said she trying to look modest, yet looking hard at me and laughing. The old man laughed loud. “Try him, Mrs. Byron, — he won't hurt ye, for he can't get any bairns of his own.” “Is the gentleman married?” said she. “Yes, worse luck for him” (he hated my wife). He gave a receipt for the rent, the chaffing mixed with business went on. McCabe got serious when the woman said, “Weel take this as a notice to leave.” “Go and see,” said he turning to me, “but I won't pay much.” He had sent me before on similar errands to one or two other houses, why? God only knows. Not wanting to offend him, “I'll go at once,” said I delighted at the idea of getting near her by myself, and with a vague notion that some fun would come of it.

“No dinna coom yet,” said she, “it's no fit for ye to see, — I'll mak the bed and clean up, and tak oop the carpet, and yell see better,” — and off she went. “I won't spend more than one quarter's rent,” said my old friend, “though they are gude tenants, and I dunna wish them

to go." Winking his eye and chuckling, "Tak ye care Walt, she's a frisky one, though I won't tell your wife." I fired up, hoping to hear something warm about her; but there was nothing against her. She was a good, clean, industrious, sober wife, ten years married; "but," added the old man, "I think she'd like mair than her husband can do for her, — he's six feet high without his shoes, — but a poor creature — a poor creature."

"I'll come back to my lunch with you, I am going to my stock-broker's," said I, "and I'll go to see the house in the afternoon." Having thrown this dust in my friend's eyes, I went straight to Mrs. Byron's, ten minutes after she had left us.

She opened the door. I entered a little sitting-room, all in it bright as a new pin, humble, yet with every comfort, — wonderful for her class of life it seemed to me. She showed me what she wanted done, whiting the ceiling, this and that. I said "yes" to everything, but was thinking of nothing but getting into her. Lust struck me all of a heap, our eyes were meeting each other, my lewedness was increasing. There she was in the house alone with me. "So you have no children," said I and we entered on the same strain that my old friend had. "Nor you?" Then we compared notes. We had been both married for a number of years. I told her I hated my wife. "Oh! what a pity," said she, "and such a fine mon as ye be."

Then we went into the kitchen. A little place with lots of tins as bright as silver, and a little table white as if just made. I complimented her on the beautiful cleanliness; she was much flattered. Yes she prided herself on it, cleaned everything herself every day, had nothing else to do; then had her dinner, and laid down and had a nap, then got ready for her husband's sup-per. "Won't he be home to dinner?" I asked. No it was too far off, — he never came home till half-past six, — just now he had gone a little way off for his firm, and would not be home for three or four days, — he was foreman somewhere.

I jumped at the news. "I think we had better do what Mr. McCabe told you, go to bed at once, and not get up till your husband comes home, and see if we can get a bairn." "And much good that will do me," said she, "won't it, if we did, — aye, that would get me into trouble," and she laughed. "No it won't, — we should have the fun, and no mischief after, — you know I can't get bairns." "Ar dunna know, ar dunna know," said she shaking her head very slowly, looking at me, and turning scarlet. "Damn it," I cried. "give me a kiss, — I've been longing for you from the moment I saw you," — and I gave her a kiss or two without much resistance from her. She broke away, but I clutched her, and kissed her again and again, rubbing my belly up against hers in a baudy way.

Then we fell to talking about not having children, and how funny those things went. Some women the first time a man was in bed with them, it was done. Others might sleep with any man, and have none. “How did I know?” she asked slyly, then turning off said, “Well now have the floor mended, — look at that hole, —I've stopped it up, the mice come through, — the other night one came out, and ran up my clothes whilst sit- ting at the fire.” I was ready with a baudy suggestion for that, or anything else she might have said, for I was now randy to recklessness.

“You had your feet on the fender?” “Yes.” “I was sure, and your clothes well up, warming it, weren't you now? — it is so nice to warm it, isn't it?” She laughed. “The mouse peeped out, and seeing it looked so warm and cosy up between your thighs, ran to get between them. I wish I'd been that mouse, — I'd have got right in.” She laughed, and gave me a hard slap on my shoulder. “Oh! you're a bad un,” said she, “I thot ye war when I saw ye fust.” My cock was standing, I began to pull it about outside my trowsers to let her see that I was randy. I always did that instinctively when trying to get over women, fancying that seeing me fiddling there, and knowing what it meant it made them randy too. She eyed me laughing, checking her-self, then laughing again and said demurely, “Then there's the roof, the wet comes in both back and front, and just over the bed — tell Mr. McCabe that, won't you, and he'll repair it if ye say he must.”

“I've not seen where the roof leaks.” “Come up,” said she. I followed her to the narrow staircase, scarcely wide enough for a stout man, and steep as a ladder. She went up first. Directly I had got up a stair, I laid my head down on them whilst she went up unsuspectingly, leaving me to look up her short petticoats. A jolly thick pair of legs I saw, thick and clumsy, but in such white stockings. As she got to the top, not hearing me she turned round, saw my game, and disappeared into the room. I followed quickly, she was covering up the bed. “It's all in a muddle,” said she, “excuse it sir, I had not time — ye coomd sooner than ye said.” She looked at me as I thought invitingly.

I'm sure she was lewed at that minute. A strong, hale, half-fucked woman of thirty-five who had been half-an-hour talking baudily, though in guarded language, with a young man in whose ballocks the sperm was boiling. I caught her, and kissed her again. “There man, — that's all, — that's all,” said she.

“I can't see the wet,” said I. It was a large four-post bedstead of common make, but with as nice white hangings as I had in my own house. The bed nearly filled the little room. “I must pull off the top,” said she, “don't you see where the wet has come through?” I did, but said I didn't. She put a chair by the side of the bed, and stepped from it on to the bed, pulled back the linen-head, and showed the stained

ceiling. I put my hand up her clothes. With a cry she flopped down on to the bed, showing her limbs. “Adun now, — daun, — Yell get me into trouble, — ar dun sir,” — but I pushed my hands all about under her petticoats, pushed every-where and felt warm flesh and hair, whilst she squirmed about and squealed gently. I then shoved her violently back, pulled out my prick, and tried to feel her cunt. What I did feel I don't know; but she slid off the bed showing her limbs, and crying, “Har dun now.” I clutched her close as she came to the floor, my prick still out. “Let me fuck you.” “Ah! hish! Mon.” I put both my hands round her, and kissed her, pulling her close to me. “Now dunna, — ar won't, — na, — na, — now leave me alone, — yell be getting me into trouble.”

What next I scarcely know, but I talked, persuaded, and told her I'd have her with a condom. She did not know what it was. I then often carried French letters in my pocket; so I pulled one out, explained it, and showed how it came over my prick. She was all curiosity. No it was beastly, fit for whores, said she, “them beasts.” “No yell get me into trouble, no ye shan't, — I wonna,” — and then leaning her back against the bed; one of her legs on the chair, one on the floor, in that ambiguous, uneasy position, with a strip of carpet slipping about under my feet, I got my prick into her. How the devil one leg was on the chair, one on the floor just then, I can't to this moment understand. Did she lift it up? did I But in that posture my prick made acquaintance with her cunt, and pushing hard the car-pet slipt away, my feet and me with it, out coming my prick whilst I stumbled against her in slipping.

Incensed and swearing, “Let's do it properly my love,” I pushed her back against the bed, and clutching her thighs with both hands heaved them up to my hips. I could not guide my pego, but pushed at random, its instinct directing, and I dare say her quiet help, soon got me to the nick after a few battering shoves against her buttocks, and cunt-wig; and then Mrs. Byron and I being joined together in holy copulation, moistened each other's privates copiously and speedily.

Well primed that morning, I stood a long time with my prick well up her after spending. She laid motionless. Then letting one of her legs drop on to the chair, and still holding up the other, I pushed up her drooping petticoats so as just to see her belly, and slowly with-drew my pego, full-sized though not in full ramming condition. As it left her cunt I saw the sperm draw out with it, and sat down on the chair. Then with a violent start, as if just awakened, and just as I had the merest glimpse of her split, she came to her feet, and pushed down her petticoats. We looked hard at each other for a moment, then without uttering a word she walked to the window and looked out. It was a bright, sunshiny day late in the autumn.

I sat feeling my pego for a minute, still in want of a fuck, then went to her. “Oh! don't look out, — if they should see you.” “I've come to see about the repairs, if they do.” “Oh! but they had better not.” Then I brought her to the side of the bed again. It was about two yards from the window to the place where the impress of her heavy arse was still visible on the bed. We looked at each other; she could not look me in the face long. “Fucking's nice, isn't it? — and you're a charming fuck.” “We are a wicked pair,” said she. “Not at all, — we both wanted it, — neither your husband nor my wife will know, — they won't be the worse, and we are all the better, — let's do it again — feel, my prick, it's quite stiff,” and I put her hand to it. She took it kindly, and held it softly, and we looked at each other again, my left arm round her waist, my other on her thighs.

“Let's feel your breasts,” said I. “Nay, nay,” — but she did not hinder me. I pulled open her dress, and felt the globes (each as big as a half-quartern loaf), and round to her armpits. A strong fleshy smell met me as I kissed them. I liked it, and remarked it. She thought it offended me. “Every night and morn I wash from top to toe,” said she. Then kissing her breasts, one hand round her, I tried to feel her thighs higher up. She would not let me, struggled, and got up; but I got a feel, felt the sperm on her thigh, and touched the split. Then standing together, I excited her by talk, and touch, and kisses, and got her on to the bed.

Both laid quiet a minute, not more. Then with a rapid push down of my trowsers, and a pull up of her petticoats, I turned on to her belly. My prick struck in-to the right path without guidance, a soft and gluey path. I clasped one side of her bum with one hand; with the other I played with her bubbies. Then we had that gloriously prolonged fuck, which a healthy couple in the prime of salacity have for their second spend, a fuck slower, more thoughtful, but in its voluptuousness better than the rapid spilling out of spunk which comes with the first fuck of the night. Ten minutes had not passed I think between our first and second crisis.

I dozed on the top of her, then slipped off to her side. Down she pulled her petticoats. We talked. “I'm afeared yell get me into trouble,” said she again, “air ye sure you've got no bairns?”

I talked a history of smuttiness and love-making. I could always keep any woman listening when I began, gentle or simple, doxie or virgin. She wondered. “Aye I knew ye were a gay one, — we're a bad couple.” In half an hour I wanted her again. She did not refuse, but would I go downstairs a while, “a wee time?” I guessed she wanted to piss, or something. Down I went. “An any one knock, coom up gently, and don't go near the winder,” said she. I waited a few minutes, heard movements overhead, knew the jerry had been called into requisition,

then up I went. She had locked the door, but let me in at once.

I had a feel up her fresh-washed cunt, and round her buttocks. My God, what spankers! and her breasts, what a pair! firm too, though so heavy. We fucked again. “It's time I had my bit of dinner,” said she, “we are a bad coople.” Then she began to talk about repairs. “I'll come back in an hour,” I said, “don't you say I've been here.” “Dunna come back, — dunna,” said she. “I wun't let ye mair.”

“I've not seen what the house wants,” said I. I went back to McCabe, and told him I had been to my solicitor's, then had luncheon with him, and bid him good-bye. “But what about the good woman's house?” he asked. “Lord I've forgotten all about it, — what's the number? — I'll go at once.” He told it me, and back I went. She opened the door.

“Come in, come in, the neighbours will see ye,” said she, “but dunna gae further.” I gave her a prod with my finger in the region of her cunt, and shut the door. “Now yell get us both into trouble, I'se sure ye will — I could na eat my dinner for thinking about it, — I've had awful dreams last night, and your face was in them.” Luncheon had set me up, I was baudy in mind, randy in body, spite of my fuckings before luncheon. I went into the kitchen, and pulled up her petticoats. “Why you've a clean chemise on.” Yes she had, she said, “there be the other,” pointing to a large tub with linen in the water. I could not move her lust, and spent some time in violently puffing up her petticoats, she in pushing them down. Then out I pulled my pego, and as she obstinately refused to leave the room, and struggled; after dropping on my knees, and kissing her cunt under her petticoats, I finished by shagging her as she stood with her backside up aginst the dresser. Whilst we stood wriggling gently after our full pleasure came a knock. “My husband,” said she, “get in the yard, and over the wall.” I buttoned up my cock, and opened the back-door. Another knock. It was nothing of importance. How often I have been flurried in my fuckings by a knocking at a street-door. “It's a warning,” she said hurriedly, “I wish I never set eyes on ye.”

The knock startled and upset me. I thought I had better go. Perhaps I had had enough of her; for I took out my pocket-book, and whilst she sat down on a chair, she told me all she wanted done. I made note of it, and prepared to go; but the baudy devil was still strong in me. “You've spoiled another chemise sitting down,” I said. “Nae, nae,” she replied, “yer nae so full,” — and then I went away, gave McCabe an account of the house, and he said I might tell the “gude woman,” that she might have it all done up to ten pounds worth. “I'll write it to her,” said he. I agreed that was best.

The next day I was with him. I had awakened in a liquorish frame of mind about the “gude woman.” He had written, but not sent the

memorandum which was on a very small slip of paper as usual. “You haven't explained very clearly what you mean,” I said when I had read it. “Ye tak it,” said he, “and tell her what I mean.” So I did, got into the house with her after a little persuasion and a wrangle, and then assaulted her. She was strong, and for a time, though puffing up her clothes successfully, I could not get my hands more than half way up her thighs. But such baudy attacks at last so heat a woman who knows it all means fucking that there comes a point when lewed feelings over-come her, and she can resist no longer.

It was so with Mrs. Byron. I pushed her at last on to a chair breathless, and had both hands up her clothes, one round her bum, the other between her thighs, and moved my fingers about so enticingly on the slit that she opened, and let me grope. “If I let ye this once, will ye gang?” said she, “ye wunna wish to harm a body I'm sure, — if Jack should come home, or the neighbours see ye coom in, and wonder what ye ar aboot sae lang, mischief will come oot of it.” I promised, of course. We went upstairs. We fucked on the bed, but I would not get from between her thighs till I'd done her a second time. Then with unwashed cunt she saw me to the door. I gave her a kiss, and departed.

I was not that way for some time afterwards, and then passed the cottage to try to see her, for I have always been pleased to see the woman who has given me pleasure up her. She was at the window, and bobbed away. I did this two or three times with the same result, and once thought of calling. It was as well I did not, for McCabe said her husband was at home ill. Then I had other and better fish to fry, and never had the “gude woman” afterwards, though she lived there for years. Once my old friend asked me to go to see if the repairs he allowed for were really done; but for some reason or other I did not.

I called on McCabe on one rent-day a month or two afterwards, forgetting she had none to pay till the ten pounds were worked off, and expecting to see her; but of course she did not appear. About nine months after (I think) I went there. In she came. “How d'ye do?” said I, “have the repairs been done?” “Thank ye, yes sir,” she replied looking awfully confused. I went to the back of the old man, and from there began feeling my cock, and making signs with my tongue. It was so delightful to see the woman I had enjoyed; but I did not follow the intrigue up, and she gave no signs of encouragement. And here I must add a few reflections. Although I always have had a great dislike to stroking married women, regarding it as an improper, — perhaps the only improper path in fornication, as unfair to married men, and a social sin to be carefully avoided, — yet fate seems to have determined that I shall err in that direction. My second woman was a married one, though I did not know it till late, my first I had again

after she was married, and I have had several since. Was it the fault of the women, or myself? — did they intend me to fuck them, or not? Certainly I never deliberately set to work to tempt them, but the lech when it took me seems to have overcome all my moral objections. Has the devil determined to tempt me in this direction? If so, am I to blame for not being gifted with control of myself and my cod-piece? In my re-cent illness I have thought much on this, — with what practical result, who can tell?

[The foregoing paragraph printed in the original words exactly, was not written until many years after the affairs with the Scotch woman. This one is written as I send the narrative to press.

[It is useless for me to attempt to write the Scottish dialect, equally difficult is it to write the vulgar tongue of some of the women I have had, though I have written the characteristic remarks in our conversations.

[Now occur events which took place during the time when I had one woman all to myself, but to whom I found it utterly impossible to be faithful sexually.]

Chapter XIV

A gap in the narrative. • A mistress. • A lucky legacy. • Secret preparations. • A sudden flight. • At Paris. • A dog and a woman. • At a lake-city. • A South American lady. • Mrs. O*be. • Glimpses from a bed-room window. • Hairy arm-pits. • Stimulating effects. • Acquaintance made. - The children. • "Play with Mamma like Papa." • A water excursion. • Lewed effects. • Contiguous bed-rooms. • Double doors. • Nights of nakededness. • Her form. • Her sex. • Carnal confessions. • Periodicity of lust.***

I pass over many incidents of a couple of years or more, during which I was well off, had a mistress whom I had seduced, as it is stupidly called, and had children; but it brought me no happiness, and I fled from the connection. All this was never known to the world. My home life at length became so unbearable, that I at one time thought of realizing all I had, of throwing up all chance of advancement and a promising career which then was before me, and going for ever abroad I knew not where, nor cared. My mother had died, one sister was married, and was not much comfort to me; the other was far off, my brother nowhere. Just then a distant relative left me a largish sum of money, it was scarcely known to any one of my friends, quite unknown at' home, and to none until I had spent a good deal of it. I kept the fact to myself till I had put matters in such train that I could get a couple of thousand pounds on account, then quietly fitted myself out with clothes. One day I sent home new portmanteaus, and packed up my clothes the same day. "I am going abroad," I said. "When?" "To-night." "Where to?" "I don't know, — that is my business." "When do you come back?" "Perhaps in a week, — perhaps a year," — nor did I for a long time. I never wrote to England during that time, except to my solicitors and bankers who necessarily knew where I had been at times.

I went first to Paris, where I ran a course of baudy house amusements, saw a big dog fuck a woman who turned her rump towards it as if she were a bitch. The dog licked and smelt her cunt first, and then fucked. He was accustomed to the treat. Then I saw a little spaniel lick another French woman's cunt. She put a little powdered sugar on her clitoris first, and when the dog had licked that off, somehow she made it go on licking, until she spent, or shammed a spend, calling out, "Nini, — cher Nini, — go on Nini," — in French of course.

I could make a long story out of both of these incidents if it were worth while, but it is not, and only notice that the Newfoundland, whose tongue hung out quite as long as his prick as he was pushing

his penis up the French woman's quim, turned suddenly round when it had spent, seemed astonished to find he was not sticking arse to arse with her, and then licked the remains of the sperm off the tip of his prick. It was not a nice sight at all, nor did I ever want to see it again.

There were few large cities of Central Europe I did not see, and think that the best baudy houses in most large cities saw me. It was a journey in which my amatory doings were especially with the priestesses of Venus. Beautiful faces and beautiful limbs were sufficient for me, if coupled with ready submission to my wishes. Although I learnt no doubt a great deal, and had my voluptuous tastes cultivated in a high degree, yet they developed none of those outside tastes which ordinarily come with great knowledge and practice in the matters of cunt. I shall only tell the most remarkable fornicating incidents.

I was at the Hotel B*** in a Swiss town by a great lake, had arrived late, and was put into the third story, in a room overlooking a quadrangle. It was hot. I threw up my window when I got out of bed in the morning, and in night-gown looked into the quadrangle, and at the walls and windows of the various bed-rooms opening on to it on three sides. Looking down on my right, and one story below me, I caught sight over the window-curtain of a bed-room, of a female head of long dark hair, and a naked arm brushing it up from behind vigorously. The arm looked the size of a powerful man's, but it was that of a woman. She moved about heedlessly, and soon I saw that she was naked to below her breasts; but I only caught glimpses of that nakedness, for seconds, as she moved backwards and forwards near the window. Then she held up the hair for a minute, and seemed to be contemplating the effect of the arrangement of it, and showed what looked like a nest of hair beneath one armpit. Her flesh looked sallow or brown, and she seemed big and middle-aged. My window was near the angle of the quadrangle, so was hers, on the adjacent side of it. Perhaps from the window where I was, and that above mine only, could be seen all what I saw.

The armpit excited me, and I got lewed, though the glimpses were so few and short. Now I only saw the nape of the neck, and now her back, according to the postures which a woman takes in arranging her hair, and so far as the looking-glass and blinds and my position above let me. Once or so I saw big breasts of a tawny color. Then she looked at her teeth. Then she disappeared, then came forwards again, and I fancied she was naked to the waist. Then I lost sight of her, and again for an instant saw just the top of her naked bum, as if she were stripped, and in stooping down had bent her back towards the window. When she re-appeared she was more dressed. She looked up at the sky, approaching the window to do so, caught sight of me, and

quickly drew the blind right down.

I went down to breakfast, met some friends, and sitting down to table with them in the large breakfast-room, saw close to me this very lady. I had seen so little of her face that I did not recognize her at first by that; but the darkness of the eye and hair, the fullness of bust, and the brown-tinted skin left me in no doubt. We were introduced to each other. “Mrs. O*b***e, a lady from New Orleans, a great friend of ours, — been travelling with us for some weeks, with her two little children,” — and so on.

I found out from my friends as we smoked our cigars in the gardens after breakfast, that she, with another American lady, and themselves, were going for a long tour, and had been touring for some weeks in Europe. She was the wife of a gentleman who owned plantations, and had gone back to America; intending to rejoin his wife at Paris at Christmas. The lady with the very hairy armpits and her husband were intimate friends of my friends.

I found this party were travelling my road, and I agreed to wait at * * * * as long as they did. We met at meals; I joined in their excursions, and took much notice of her children who got quite fond of me. She seemed to avoid me at first, but in two or three days showed some sympathy. I guessed that my history had been made known to her, and found out at a latter day that it had. “A married man travelling without his wife is dangerous,” said she to me one day when we were a merry party. “A married woman without her husband is a danger to me,” I replied, and our eyes met, and said more than words.

I objected to my room, and in a few days the hotel-keeper showed me some better rooms. I had then ascertained which hers were, and pointed out the room next to them. “That,” said he, “won't do — it's large, and has two beds.” “Oh! it's so hot, I want a large room, — show it me.” He did. “It's double price.” “Never mind,” — and I took it at once. Luck, thought I. Her own room was next, and adjoining it a room in which her two children slept. A half-governess, half-maid who travelled with her, was on another floor, — why I don't know, — perhaps because the next room to the children's was a sitting-room.

My new room had as usual a door communicating with hers. I listened one or two nights and mornings, and heard the slopping of water and rattle of pots, but with difficulty; and nothing sufficiently to stir my imagination or satisfy my curiosity. There were bolts on both sides of the doors, and double doors. I opened mine, and tried if hers was fastened. It was. But I waited my opportunity, intending to try to have her, thinking that a woman who had not had a man for months, and might not for some months more, would be ready for a game of mother and father if she could do so safely.

She was not very beautiful, but was fine, tallish, handsomely formed, with a large bust, and splendid head of hair. Her complexion had the olive tint of some Southerners. One might almost have supposed there was a taint of Negro blood in her, but her features were rather aquiline and good. The face was coldish and stern, the eyes dark and heavy, the only sensuous feature of her face was a full, large-lipped mouth, which was baudy in its expression when she laughed. I guess she was a devil of a temper.

After a day or two I gave up all hope, for she would not understand double entendres, coldly returned my grasp when I shook hands with her, and gave no signs of pleasure in my company, excepting when I was playing with her children. Yet when she looked into my face when laughing; there certainly was something in her eye, which made me think that a pair of balls knocking about her bum would delight her. I used to think much of what a friend of mine, a surgeon in a crack regiment in which I had some friends, used to say, which was this.

“All animals are in rut sometimes, so is a woman, even the coldest of them. It's of no use trying the cold ones, unless they have the tingling in their cunts on them; then they are more mad for it than others, but it doesn't last. If you catch a cold woman just when she is on heat, try her; but how to find out their time, I never knew, — they are damned cunning.” So said the surgeon.

I must have caught Mrs. O*b***e on heat I sup-pose, and it came about soon. We went out for some hours on the lake in a boat. She was timid, and when the boat rocked I held her, squeezed her arm, and my knees went against hers. Another time my thigh was close against hers. I put one of her children on to her lap. The child sat down on my hand, which was between her little bum and her mother's thighs. I kept my hand there, gradually moving it away, creeping it up higher and higher, and gripping the thigh as I moved it towards the belly, but so delicately, as to avoid of-fence, and I looked her in the face. “Minnie is heavy, isn't she?” I said. “She is getting so,” she replied, looking with a full eye at mine.

Now I felt sure from her look, that she knew I was feeling her thigh. I had stirred her voluptuousness. The water got rougher. “I shall be sick,” said she. “What! on such a lake!” “Oh! I'm a bad sailor.” Placing my arm round her for a minute I pulled her close to me. It became calm, and lovely weather again. The water always upset her, it seemed to stir her up, she said. “I'd like to see you stirred up,” said I. Then to avoid remark I changed sides with a lady, and sat opposite to Mrs. 0*b***e. We faced each other, looking at each other. I pushed my feet forward, so as to rub my foot against her ankle. She did not remove her foot, but looked at me.

Arrived at * * * we dined, and sat afterwards in the garden. It grew dusk, and we separated into groups. I sat by her side, and played with her children. One child said, “Play with me like Papa, — play with Mamma like Papa does.” “Shall I play with you like Papa?” said I to Mrs. O*b***e. “I'd rather not,” said she. “I'd break an arm to do so,” I replied. “Would you?” said she. “Oh! put the children to bed Margaret,” — and the governess with the children and Mrs. O*b***e walked off. I for a minute joined my friends smoking, then cut off by a side-path leading to that through which Mrs. O*b***e would pass. She had just bid the children good night. “I shall come up to see you directly,” said she to them, — and to me, “I thought you were going into town.” “Yes I think I'll make a night of it, — I'm wild. — I want company.” “Fine company it will be, I dare say.” “Let me keep you company then.” No one was near, I kissed her. She took it very quietly. “Don't now, you'll compromise me.” It was now quite dusk. I kissed her again. “I'm dying to sleep with you,” I whispered. “You mustn't talk like that, — there now, they will see you,”

— then I left her.

I had noticed her habits, and knew that usually she went up to her children soon after they had gone to bed, so I waited at the foot of the stairs. Soon she came. “What, you here?” “Yes, I'm going to bed like you.” It was a sultry night, everybody was out of doors, the hotel servants lolling at open windows. No one met us as we went upstairs. “Why that's not your room,

— it's next to mine.” “Yes it is, — I've been listening to you the last two nights.” “Oh! you sly man, — I thought you were sly.” “Look what a nice room it is,” said I opening the door. There was a dim light in the corridors, none in my room. She looked in, I gave her a gentle squeezing push, and shut the door on us.

“Don't shut the door,” said she turning sharply round. I caught and kissed her. “Stop with me, my darling, now you're here, — I'm dying for you, — kiss me, do.” “Let me go, — there then, — now let me go, — don't make a noise, — oh! if my governess should hear me, what would she think!” “She is not there.” “Sometimes she stays till I go up to the children, — oh! don't now, — you shan't.” I had her up against the wall, my arm round her, I was pressing my hand on her belly outside her clothes. She pushed my hand away, I stooped and thrust it up her clothes on to her cunt, and pulling out my prick, pushed her hand on to it. “Let me, — let's do it, — I'm dying for you.” “Oh! for God's sake don't, oh! no — now, you'll compromise me, — hish! if she should be listening.” For a moment we talked, she quietly struggled, entreating me to desist; but my fingers were well on to her cunt, frigging it. I don't recollect more what she said, but I got her to the side of the bed, pushed her back on it, and thrust my prick up her.

“Oh! don't compromise me — don't now.” Then she fucked quietly till she gasped out, “Oho — oho,” as a torrent of my sperm shot into her cunt.

Excepting from the clear light of the night, which came from the sky through the window in the quadrangle, the room was in darkness. I don't know that my prick ever lingered longer up a woman after fucking and declare that whilst up her, I told how I had seen her brushing her hair, and so on. She said that I should compromise her, — and oh! if she should be with child, — “what will become of me.” Feeling the sperm oozing out over my balls, and my prick shrinking, I uncunted. “Oh! what have you made me do, you bad man?” said she sitting upon the side of the bed. “Oh! if they should see me going out of your room, — oh! if she has been listening.”

I drew down the blind, and lighted a candle, much against her wish. She sat at the edge of the bed just where she had been fucked, her clothes still partly up. I listened at the door between our two rooms, but heard nothing, then told her again how I had watched her from a top-window, and seen her breasts and arm-pits. My prick stiffened at my own tale. Sitting down by her side, “Let's do it again my love,” I said, and pushed my hand up her clothes. I shall never forget the feel. The whole length of her thighs, as she closed them on my hand felt like a pot of paste. Only a minute's pleasure, and such a mass of sperm! She repulsed me, and stood up.

I stood up too; kissing, coaxing, insisting, she looking at me, I fingering, pulling backwards and forwards the prepuce of my penis. No, she would not. Then I threatened to make a noise, if she would not, and swore I would have her again. She promised to let me if I would let her go to her bed-room first, — she would unlock her side of the two doors, if she could. She was not sure if there was a key, — if not she would open the door on to the corridor, but only at midnight, when the gas was turned out, and few people about. She promised solemnly, and sealed it with a kiss. “Oh! for God's sake be quiet.” I opened the door of my bed-room, and saw no one in the lobby. Out she went, and got into her own room unnoticed. Then I opened the door to her room from my side. There were double doors.

She seemed to keep me a long time waiting, though she had scarcely been in her room five minutes, I strip- ped myself to my shirt, then knocked at the door gently, then louder. A key turned, the door opened. She had only gone in to be sure that the children were in their bed, and the governess not with them. “Oh! I have been so fearful lest she should have been there,” she said.

The children were asleep, she had bolted their door. “And now go to bed, and let me also, — there is a dear man, and don't ask anything more of me.” “To bed yes, but with you.” She begged me not, all in a

whisper. My reply was to strip off my shirt, and stand stark naked with prick throbbing, and wagging, and nodding with its size, weight, and randiness. “Only once, one more, and then I will be content.” “No.”

“Then damned if I won't,” said I moving towards her. “Hush! my children will hear, — in your room then,” — and she came towards my door. “Oh! non-sense, not with your clothes on, — let us have our full pleasure, — and this hot night too, — take off your things.” Little by little she did, and stood in her chemise. I tried all the doors, they were securely fastened, and then I brought her quite into my room. “Leave me alone a minute,” she said. But as randy as if I had not left my sperm up her fifteen minutes before, I would not, and pulled her gently toward my bed, tore the clothes off, so as to leave the bottom sheet only on, and got her on to the bed. “Do let me see your cunt.” “No, — no, — no.” As I pulled up her chemise, down she pushed it. “Oh! no, — I'm sure I shall be with child,” said she, “and if I am I'd just best make a hole in the water.” Her big breasts were bare, her thighs opened, a grope on the spermy surface, and then fuck- ing began. “Oho!” she sighed out loudly again, as she spent.

Off and on until daybreak we fucked. After the second she gave herself up to pleasure. The randiest slut just out of a three months quodding could not have been hotter or readier for lewed fun with cunt and ballocks. I never had a more randy bed-fellow. She did not even resist the inspection of her cunt, which surprised me a little, considering its condition. Our light burnt out, our games heated us more and more, the room got oppressive, I slipped off her chemise, our naked bodies entwined in all attitudes, and we fucked, and fucked, bathed in sweat, till the sweat and sperm wetted all over the sheet, and we slept. It was broad daylight when we awakened. I was lying sweating with her bum up against my belly, her hair was loose all over her, and the bed. Then we separated and she fled to her room, carrying her chemise with her.

Oh! Lord that sheet! — if ten people had fucked on it, it could not have been more soiled. We consulted how best to hide it from the chamber-maid, and I did exactly the same trick as of former days. Have not all men done it I wonder?

I got a sitz-bath in my room, which was then not a very easy thing to get. I washed in it, wetted all my towels, then took off the sheet, wetted it nearly all over, soiled it, then roughly put it together in a heap, and told the chamber-woman I had used the sheet to dry myself with. She said, “Very well.” I don't expect she troubled herself to undo or inspect the wet linen, or thought about the matter.

I went to breakfast at the usual time. “Where is Mrs. 0*b***e?” I asked. The governess appeared with the children saying the lady had

not slept owing to the heat. She showed up at the table d'hote dinner. I avoided her, knowing I should see her soon afterwards, and said I should go and play billiards, but instead, went to my bed-room and read; nursing my concupiscent tool, and imagining coming pleasures.

I heard the children, having opened the door on my side and found that the key of her door was luckily so turned as to leave the key-hole clear. The doors connecting all the rooms were as is often the case in foreign hotels, opposite each other, and I could see across into the children's bed-room. They were putting their night-gowns on in their own room. Then the governess came into her mistress' room and I heard her pissing, but could not see her. To my great amusement, for the slightest acts of a woman in her privacy give me plea-sure, she then came forward within range of my peep-hole, and was looking into the pot carefully. Then Mrs. O*b***e came in and the governess left. Mrs. O*b***e went to look at her children and returned, opened our doors, and then we passed another amorous night, taking care to put towels under her bum when grinding. We did not want the sheets to be a witness against us again.

Mrs. O*b***e was not up to the mark, and began to talk that sort of bosh that women do, who are funky of consequences. After a time she warmed, and yielded well to my lubricity. I would see her cunt to begin with. It was a pretty cunt, and not what I had expected, large, fat-lipped, and set in a thicket of black hair, from her bum-hole to her navel; but quite a small slit, with a moderate quantity of hair on her motte, but very thick and crisp. I told her again how I had seen her from the window. The recital seemed to render her randier than either feeling my prick, or my titillation of her quim. The hair in her armpits was thicker, I think, than in any woman I ever had. Her head-hair was superb in its quantity. I made her undo it, and spread it over the bed, and throw up her arms, and show her armpits when I fucked her. She was juicy-cunted, and spent copiously; so did I. The heat was fearful. We fucked stark naked again.

Later on she told me that she cared about poking but once a month only, and about a week before her courses came on. At other times it annoyed her. Going on the water always upset her stomach, and made her lewed, even if in a boat on a river, and however smooth it was, it upset her that way. At sea it was the same. It made her firstly feel sick, then giddy, then sleepy, but that always two or three hours afterwards, randiness overtook her. After a day or two, the lewedness subsided whether she copulated, or frigged, or not. She told me this as a sort of excuse for having permitted me to spermatize her privates, the night of her excursion on the water with us.

She was curious about my history. I told her I had women at every town I came to. She declared that no other man but I and her

husband had ever had her.

Chapter XV

Frantic coiton. • A priapus. • Purging and resting. • Priapus humbled. • Carnal exercises resumed. • The governess. • A peep through a key-hole. • Bathing. • The after-frig. • My politeness. • The silk mantle. • Travelling resumed. • The new hotel. • Felt, and all but. • Unproductive seed. • A thin partition. • Scared by a laugh. • Unsuccessful. • The mantle given. • Still no success. • I leave.

On the third night which I had her, she had undressed to her chemise, and had lifted one leg to pull off her boot. It was a small foot, and a fine, fat leg. A letch to have her with her boots and stockings on struck me. She was now complaisant in everything. and I fucked her thus at the side of the bed, and then with her bum towards me I had her again. She was tired, and prayed me to desist. I felt tired, but so heated, and irritated in my privates, and so furiously lewed, that though my sense told me I had done enough, my prick refused to be quiet, and kept standing. It was still fearfully hot. I had been abstinent from women for some time, until I had seen Mrs. O*b***e's armpits, and had since been idling, eating, drinking, smoking, and thinking, almost dreaming, of nothing but baudy things and of fucking her.

At last I let her go to her own bed, and laid down outside my own. My prick had come out of her stiffish, and soon got as hard as iron, and kept so till I could bear it no longer, and went into her room. She was asleep, and outside her bed with her boots and stockings on still. She had laid down fatigued, and fell asleep thus. I think I see her now as I pulled up her chemise, and felt her still wet cunt. I made her angry, but she came to my bed. Again my pego pushed up her. Now she had said, “Oh! I'm so tired, — pray let me go.” “I will my darling after this.” Oh! I'm spending again,” she almost shrieked, and so did I. Then I let her go. I tell all this with minuteness, for the circumstances were so exceptional, that they are impressed on my memory in the minutest detail.

I fell asleep and awakened with prick harder than ever, heard her snoring, and not liking to disturb her, pissed, thinking that that might reduce my concupiscent machine to a wagging size. It did not, and thinking about her bum, armpits, and all her charms, I got furious. My prick had none of the soft voluptuous sensation in it, which comes from sperm-charged balls, but ached from its roots to my arse-hole; yet the tip was sensitive to pleasure. Rubbing my finger on it made it throb, and my whole body quiver, though I had none of the incipient

pleasure of a spend.

I awakened her. No I should not do it any more. But I threw myself on to her, and fingered her cunt with passion. Her thighs opened again, and I drove up her with violence and baudy ejaculations, for my brain seemed on fire. “Oh! pray, — oh! if the children should awake.” “Come to my room then.” I uncunted, and she came. Ram, ram, ram. “Oh! I'm doing it,” she cried, but it took me a mile of shoving to spend. She spent twice before I did, and when I uncunted my prick was still stiff. I would not let her leave, but lay fondling her (almost sticking together in our sweat), and making her feel my iron-bound prick till I mounted her again.

“Oh! what a man, — you're hurting, — why it's stiff still, — don't push up so hard, — I feel as if my womb was falling, — oh! I'm spending, — oh! you'll kill me, don't, — leave off.” At daylight I was still feeling her cunt, kissing, and pushing my prick up her, almost as soon as I had uncunted. Then she refused angrily to let me do it any more, — and no wonder, but I held her to me.

Now I could not spend at all, yet had pleasure in the fucking. She on the contrary spent quicker, and quicker, had got inflamed and excited both in mind and cunt. She kept begging me to stop after each of her spends, and saying I should kill her. At the last spend she gave a scream, and began to sob, uncunting my penis by a violent jerk, and there was blood on it. I think some of it was mine. How often I spent that night I never could tell. I was fucking for about eight hours, off and on almost without stopping. Then I slept, and when I awoke, had still a prick stiff, but it was aching fearfully.

She had locked herself in, never answered my whispered calls, nor my discreet raps, and did not appear that day. She was ill. I looked a scarecrow, and told a man of our party that I had been at a baudy house all night. My prick all day kept standing at intervals. Seeing in the afternoon the governess take out the children for a walk, I went to my room, saw Mrs. O*b***e, and promised not to exact anything that night; but at bed-time insisted on plugging her cunt again. She said I was a brute, that I only cared about my own pleasure, and refused me positively, entreating me not to make a noise and compromise her, but I fucked her till she screamed, and so did I, with mixed pain and pleasure!

My stiffness without much desire, still continued and much annoyed me. Such a copulative fury had never occurred to me before. At last I began to think that there was some ailment coming on. I heard of such things, of men going mad through it, and got alarmed.

Then I frigged, hoping to reduce it, and after immense trouble got a pleasure, but so mixed with pain that I groaned. I could scarcely see any sperm, felt burning hot all over me, my mouth was parched, I was

trembling, and thought I had better see a doctor. I carried medicine in my trunk, took a violent dose, in a few hours nearly shit my guts out, then took more medicine, and laid a bed, all day, eat nothing, and my prick gradually became tranquil. Mrs. O*b***e's cunt was mulberry in colour, my prepuce was raw, we rested from our amatory labours for several days, but we talked about it a great deal.

Then both with re-invigorated privates, we fucked, and covered again some towels with sperm. She was sure she was in the family way. Again I got symptoms of a priapus, and wore her out by ramming, and making her spend. At last she spent thrice before I did, I felt a peculiar wetness on my prick, pulled it out, it was covered with her courses. “Thank God,” said she.

Then I had a weakness which I thought was clap. It was nothing but the result of over-fucking. She got her courses over, and refused to let me have her again. My gleet cured itself by quietness and careful living.

We kept as secret as we could that my room was next to hers. We always looked into the corridor before leaving or entering our rooms, and never did so at the same time. She had special fear of the governess finding her out. I thought that she need have no fear on that head. But one never knows.

One evening she said to the governess, “Give the children their bath just warm.” The girls had a bath once or twice a week, before going to bed. Instinct which has always helped me so in these affairs, made me go directly afterwards to my bed-room. Instinct was right. The bath was in front of the key-hole in Mrs. O*b***e's room. I saw the girls washed, could just see where their little hairless splits began (it was daylight still), and then oh! luck! The governess, a dark-eyed, short young woman about twenty-four years of age, an American, gave herself a bath, and soaped and rubbed herself from the nape of her neck to her toes. She rub-bed her cunt dry in a most irritating, cock-stiffening manner, within two yards of my eye, and then dressed herself again, and sat down on a chair.

Scarcely had she seated herself, than she began to pull up her clothes in all manner of ways, as if hunting for a flea; then got a book, and turning her back to the light began reading, keeping her right hand up her petticoats. Then she went and pulled down the blind. She lighted candles, and sat down reading again, nearly facing me. Her hand after a while went up her petticoats on to her quim, and moved gently. She put the book on a little movable table, one of her legs on the edge of the bath, the other on the floor, and pulled her petticoats a little up to ease her hand, showing her legs a little above her knees (she had not put stockings on after the bath). Then her legs opened wide, her hand moved, she frigged hard and quick, I saw the shake of

it, her legs quiver, stretch open then close, her bum wriggle, her legs open, her head fall on one side and her eyes close. Her hand then appeared from under her clothes and hung lifelessly over her petticoats, which fell down, and so she sat for a minute as if asleep. Then she put her hand under her petticoats, withdrew it, looked at it, washed it in the bath, and moved away. Then I heard her pissing. Then the chamber-maid appeared, and took away the bath. When doing so Mrs. O*b***e came in and asked why the bath was still there, and if the children were asleep. I closed my door, and slipped downstairs, not desirous of having it known that I had been in my bed-room.

It was a delightful sight. Nothing gives me more pleasure than seeing a woman dress and undress, wash, piddle, and do all she wants, not thinking any one is looking at her. I'm not sure that it is not as exciting as the baudiest sights a woman can give a man. Three women, — chaste women, — have I seen frigging them-selves, when they could not have thought they were observed, and the sights will never fade from my memory. I have seen and heard full twenty chaste women dress, undress, wash, brush, piddle, without their knowing I did so.

Later that night I had Mrs. O*b***e and fucked her thinking of the governess. How strange it seems that when my genitals have been in a woman, and the sperm rising to moisten her cunt, I have at times thought of some other woman, and copulation with them.

Mrs. O*b***e and I did not allude to our married conditions. One evening laying face to face, kissing, I fingering her clitoris, she holding my prick, I put a ques- tion. She said no, her husband's prick was not quite as large as mine, very nearly she thought, and then, “Oh! don't let us talk about such things,” — and we never as far as I can recollect referred again to similar subject.

Her first night with me seemed the highest development of randiness and sensuous enjoyment I ever witnessed in a woman, who was what may be called chaste. Her long abstinence from a doodle, the effect on her physical organization of the rocking of the boat, and my stimulating words acting upon her mind caused it. She seemed almost mad with pleasure. When fucking, her sighs were continuous, though she was quiet in tongue, until the crisis came on. The copious discharges she made were like a flood, but it was that night alone, after-wards she was different. Towards the end of our acquaintance, she said she was worn out, and did not care about it. She was a strong-scented woman. When she got hot, a sort of baudy, cunty, sweaty exhalation evolved from her. I shall always think it was that among other things, which got me such an attack of stiff-standing, and that the aroma of her body excited me, though it somewhat offended

me.

I had been at the Lake hotel some weeks, and the party were about to move off. I was going in the same direction, but expected a friend to meet me, and they left a day before I did. The last night I begged her to let me have her and she consented under a solemn promise not to spend in her. I always loved to spend hard home, but kept my word, and spent outside her cunt, pulling out my prick just when the ejaculation of sperm began, and letting it fall on to her buttocks. Then we parted. She said if ever we met again we must try to forget what we had been to each other, and that I was to blame more than she was. We saw each other two days afterwards, but I never had her again, and she did not go to Paris at Christmas. I did, and heard she had gone back to America.

From the night I saw the governess frig herself, I lusted for her. Talking about her to one of the party, he told me he thought she knew the feel of six inches of stiff up her; but I got no more out of him. I met her walking in the town, and looking at a mantle in a shop-window, and asked her if she were going to buy it. “Oh! no I can't afford it, though it would suit me.” “I'll give it you if you will let me —” “Let you what?” Her eyes met mine. “Let me bring it to you some evening when they are all a bed.” She shook her head, and walked away. I bought the mantle, and took it to the hotel.

I took it with me three days afterwards to the town of * * *. There we were all again together at the same hotel. She was not far off from Mrs. O*b***e's room this time. I got a bed-room as near to hers as I could, but was bothered because my friend with whom I was going to travel had a bed-room very near to mine.

I told her I had bought her the mantle. No she would not take it, nor let me take it to her, Mrs. O*b***e would ask her where she bought it, would won-der how she could afford it. Spite of all her objections I knocked at her door one evening just before she could have undressed, and after Mrs. O*b***e had gone to bed, “only to show it to you.” I saw her, and got into the room. There was as occasionally happens, no door between hers and the adjoining rooms, but the partitions were so thin that you could hear through them easily any one cough, snore, or fart. I begged and besought her to feel me, to let me feel her. I threatened to make a noise and compromise her. She did not want the mantle, if she was to be ruined and insulted for it, — she had not asked me for it, which was true enough. But little by little we kissed, I pulled up her clothes, saw her thighs, and got the smell of her cunt on my finger; but she would not let me do it, though she felt my prick. “Oh! do leave me, — I'll do anything but let you do that, — I mustn't, — if Mrs. O*b***e found anything out, I should be ruined and turned off in a strange land.” And in the midst of

this I spent whilst her hand was round my prick, one of mine on her thighs, and I was vainly trying to push her on to the bed. Then I desisted.

With her hand covered with sperm she stood looking at it, and at me, and saying, “Do go.” I tried for another hour I suppose, and was about to conquer, had got her on the bed, and was just getting on myself, when we heard a loud burst of laughter in the adjoining room. That disconcerted us both, for it seemed as if they were laughing at us, and she jumped up in terror.

She recovered herself, when we heard the talking and laughing continuing, but it had spoiled my chance, though I tried for hours afterwards. Then angrily leaving her, I left her the mantle; but the next morning I asked her for it, which was mean. She sent it into my room. I felt a little ashamed of myself for taking it. I never got into her room again, so I amused myself by talking the hottest and lewedest I could to her, for the three or four days I remained there; principally asking whether she would like any of my sperm on to her cunt and if she had frigged when I had left the room. She took it very quietly, but used to colour up and look randy. Then I was obliged to leave, so I sent the mantle to her with a note saying it was hers, and departed without having fucked her, nor do I know whether a penis had ever probed her or not, but I think that had I remained longer, I should have found that out. A woman who has had a man's sperm on her fingers must feel yielding afterwards.

Chapter XVI

At the town of An*n. • At the railway. • The station rebuilding. • Diarrhoea. • The closet-attendant. • The temporary shed. • Ladies' closets. • A peep-hole. • Women on the seat. • Peasants. • Piddlers outside. • At the peep-hole again. • Onanism. • A male intruder. • The letter-box. • An infantine pudenda. • An impatient male. • The soiled seat. • Sisters. • A succession of backsides. • The female attendant. • Bribed and kissed. • Her husband's occupation. • Next day. • The peep-hole plugged. • Two young peasants. • Private inspections.***

Then I saw a sight that I never wish to see again, for though it was exciting, it was nasty, and for some time afterwards came offensively into my mind, even in my most voluptuous moments with women; destroying the sense of their beauty, and what of romance there is in the conjunction of cunt and prick. However my mind came round to its right balance at last.

I was at A***n*n in the south of France, and went up with my luggage to the station which was being re-built. A branch-line had been opened the day before, and all was a chaos of brick, mortar, and scaffolding. The water-closets were temporarily run up in wood, in a very rough manner. A train had just brought in many passengers. I was taken with violent belly-ache, and ran to the closets. They were full. Fearing of shitting my-self I rushed to the women's which were adjoining the men's. “Non, non Monsieur,” screamed out the woman in charge, “c'est pour les dames.” I would have gone in spite of her, but they were also full. Foul myself I must. “Oh! woman I am so ill, — here is a franc, show me somewhere for God's sake.” “Come here,” said she, and going round to the back of the wooden structure, she opened the door of a shed. On the door was written, “Control, private, you don't enter here.” In I went rapidly. “Shut the door quite close,” said she, “when you come out.” It had been locked. I saw a half-cupboard, and just in time to save my trousers made my-self easy on a seat with a hole in it.

It was a long compartment of the wooden shed and running at the back of several privies. No light was provided for it, excepting by a few round holes pierced here and there in the sides; but light came also at places through joints of the woodwork roughly and temporarily put together. There were chests, furniture, forms, cabinets, lamps, and shelves and odds and ends of all sorts in the shed, seemingly placed there till the new station was finished. The privy seat on which I sat

was at one end. The privy enclosure had no door, and looking about when my belly-ache had subsided, and I could think of something else, I heard on my right, rustlings, and footsteps, as of females moving, and a female voice say, “Make haste.” Then doors banged and opened, and just beyond my knee I saw a round hole in the wood-work through which a strong light came into my dark shed. Off I got in a trice, and kneeling down looked. It was a hole through which I could have put my middle-finger, a knot in the wood had fallen or been forced out, in the boarding which formed the back of one of the women's closets, and just above the privy-seat. What a sight met my eyes as I looked through it!

A large brown turd descending and as it dropped disclosing a thickly haired cunt stretched out wide between a fat pair of thighs and great round buttocks, of which I could see the whole. A fart followed, and a stream of piddle as thick as my finger splashed down the privy-hole. It was a woman with her feet on the seat after the French fashion, and squatting down over the hole. Her anus opened and contracted two or three times, another fart came, her petticoats dropped a little down in front, she pulled them up, then up she got, and I saw from her heels to above her knees as she stood on the privy-seat, one foot on each side of the hole. Off the seat then she got, puffing her petticoats tightly about her, and holding them so. Then she put one leg on to the seat, and wiped her bum with two or three pieces of paper which she held in one hand, taking them one by one from it with the other, wiping from the anus towards her cunt, and throwing each piece down the hole as she had done with it. Then looking at her petticoats to see if she had smirched them, she let them fall, gave them a shake, and departed.

She was a fine dark woman of about thirty, well dressed, with clean linen, and everything nice, though not looking like a lady. The closets it must be added, had sky-lights and large openings just above the doors for ventilation, so they were perfectly light. The sun was shining, and I saw plainly her cunt from back to front, her sphincter muscle tightening and opening, just as if she had arranged herself for me to see it. I recollect comparing it in my mind to those of horses, as I have seen many a time, and every other person must have seen, tightening just after the animals have evacuated.

The sight of the cunt, her fine limbs, and plump buttocks made my cock stiff, but my bowels worked again. I resumed my seat, and had no sooner done so than I heard a door bang. Down on my knees I went, with eye to peep-hole. Another woman was fastening the closet door. It was a long compartment. When near the door, I could see the women from head nearly to their ankles; when quite near the seat I could not see their heads, nor their knees which were hidden by the

line of the seat; but I saw all between those parts.

It was a peasant-girl seemingly about twenty years old, tall, strong and dark like the other. She took some paper out of her pocket, then puffing her petticoats well up, I saw the front of her thighs and had a momentary glimpse of the motte. She turned round, mounted the seat, and squatted. She then drew up her petticoats behind tighter, and I saw buttocks, turds and piddle. She did not lift up her petticoats quite so much in front, yet so light was it that the gaping cunt and the stream were quite visible. She wiped her bum as she sat, then off she went, leaving me delighted with her cunt, and annoyed at seeing what was behind it.

Then I found from looking around and listening, that there were several women's closets at the back of all of which the shed ran. It was a long building with one roof, and the closets were taken out of it. Through the chinks of the boards of one closet I could see the women enter, and leave, could hear them piss, and what they said in all of them; but in the one only could I see all their operations. I kept moving from one to the other as I heard their movements, their grunts, and their talk, but always to the peep-hole when there was anything to see, — and there was plenty.

I had now missed my train, the two women I expect must have gone off by it, and for quite an hour the closets were all empty. I began to think there was no chance of seeing more unless I stayed longer than an hour when I knew an express train arrived. I resolved to wait for that, wondering if any one would come into my shed for any purpose, but no one came in. I had eased myself, and covered up the seat; but a strong stink pervaded the place, which I bore resolutely, hoping to see more female nakedness.

There had been a market at A***n*n that morning. Some of the farm-people had come by the train for the first time, the junction railway only having just been opened. I had heard them say so on the platform before I was taken short. Hearing voices just outside my shed, I cautiously opened the door ajar and peeped. Groups of market people had arrived, and were standing outside the station, mostly women with baskets. The eaves of the shed-roof projecting much, gave a little shade from the sun, and they were standing up against it. That told me there would be another train soon; so I shut the door.

In a few minutes close to my door I heard two female voices. “I want to do caca,” said one of them (in French of course). “They charge you a penny,” said the other. “I won't pay a penny, — we shall be home in twelve minutes when the train starts.” “I shall piss,” said one in broad French. She was close up against the spot where I stood, a board only between us. I heard a splash, then two splashes together. I opened the door ajar again, and peeped. They were both standing up-

right, but pissing. Both laughed. “I must do it some-where,” said one. “Go over there then, — they won't see you.” “No I'll go to the woman, and say I haven't any money when I come out.” The next minute she came into the privy with the peep-hole. On my knees I went, and saw the operation complete. Such a nice little girl. She sat some minutes after she had dropped her wax, pulling her petticoats well up from time to time. I had such gloat over her cunt. Once or twice she put her hand under, and felt it.

Spite of my diarrhoea, my prick got so stiff, and I was so randy, that with my eye to the hole and gazing on her round bum and gaping cunt, I frigged myself. My sperm fell on the partition in front of me. I sat looking at it, when I was shitting again. The girl went back to her companion by the shed, and said she had been obliged to pay, and it was a shame. I opened the door, feeling as if I must see the girl's face again. They saw me. “There's some one in there,” said one, and they moved away.

After that the woman in charge wiped the privy-seat, which I suppose was dirty. Then two or three women came in. Old, and dirty were one or two of them, who sat on it English fashion. I saw their skinny buttocks, and the back-view of their cunts. It sickened me, for they all of them shit, which revolted me. Yet the fascination of the cunt made me look at all of them. — I could not help it. One woman had her courses on, and moved aside a rag to do her needs, — that nearly made me vomit. That woman squatted on the seat.

For a quarter of an hour or so no one came. A trumpet, a railway-bell, and a hubbub, then told me the ex- press train was coming in. Then was hurry, and confusion, a jabber of tongues in many languages. All the closet-doors banged at once, and I heard the voices of my country-women.

Puffing her clothes up to her hips a fine young English woman turned her bum on to the seat. It came out of a pair of drawers, which hid nearly her buttocks. As she sat down her hand eased her drawers away from her cunt. Splash, trump, and all was over. The hair of her cunt was lightish. She was gone. Another came who spoke to her in English, and without a moment's delay pissed, and off she went.

Then a lady entered. As she closed the door I saw a man trying to enter. She pushed him out saying in suppressed voice, “Oh! for God's sake are you mad? — he can see from the carriage-window.” “Not there sir,” I heard the woman in charge cry out. The door was shut, and bolted.

The lady, young and handsome, stood quite still, facing the seat, as if overcome with anxiety; then feeling in her pocket, took out some letters, and selecting some, tore them in half, and threw them down the privy. That done she daintly wiped round the seat with a piece of

paper, lifted up handsome laced petticoats, and turning her rump towards the seat daintily sat down. She had no drawers on. She must have fancied something, for she rose again directly, and holding her clothes half-way up her thighs looked carefully at the seat. Then she mounted it, but as if she scarcely knew how to do it, stumbled and bungled. She stood upright on it for an instant, and then I could only see half-way up her legs. At length the bum slowly descended, her petticoats up, and adjusted so as to avoid all chance of contamination. I saw the piss descending, but she was sitting too for-ward, and the piss fell splashing over the edge of the seat. She wriggled back opening her legs wider, and a pretty cunt with dark hair up to her bum-hole showed. My cock stood again. She jumped off the seat, looked down the privy, gave her clothes a tuck between her thighs, and went off.

Then came others, mostly English, pissing in haste, and leaving, and bum after bum I saw. Then came a woman with a little girl. She was not English, she mounted the seat, and cacked. Whilst doing so she told the child to “pi-pi bŭbe” on the floor, which she did not. When she had finished she wiped her arse-hole with her finger, — how she cleaned the finger I didn't see. She then took up her child, held her up over the seat with her clothes up to her waist, her cunt towards me, and made her piss. The tiny stream splashed on the seat, and against the hole through which I was looking — a drop hit me on the eye. How funny the hairless little split looked to me. To think that her little split might one day be surrounded with black hair like her mother's, and have seven inches of stiff prick up it! Her mother's hair was black, and she had a moustache.

Again a row. “Not there Monsieur, — l'autre cote.” “It's full God damn it, — I am not going to shit my-self,” said a man in English. “Vous ne pouvez pas enter,” — but he would. A big Englishman — a common man — pushed the woman in charge aside, and bolted the door muttering. “Damned fool, — does she think I'm going to shit myself!” He tore down his trowsers, and I moved away, but heard him let fly before he had sat on the seat (he had the squitters), and muttering to himself, he buttoned up and left. I heard him wrangling with the woman in charge.

Instantly two young ladies entered, — sisters seemingly, and English, — nice fresh-looking girls, both quite fair. One pulled up her clothes. “Oh! I can't sit down, — what a beastly place, — what beasts those French are,” said she, — “dirty beasts, — call the woman, Emily.” Emily looked outside. “I can't see her, — make haste, or the train will be leaving.” I can't sit down.” “Get on the seat as those dirty French do, and I'll hold your petticoats up. Take care now, — take care.”

“I shall get my feet in it,” said she. “No you won't.” She stood fronting me, and pulling up her petticoats till they looked as if tied round her waist in a bundle, showing every part from her motte, to her knees, (my eye just at the level of her bum), and saying, “Don't look and laugh” — but laughing herself, she got on the seat. A prettily-made creature, not stout, nor thin, with a cunt covered with light-brown hair. She squatted. I saw the bum-hole moving. “I can't do it like this,” she cried, “with all this nastiness about me, — are my clothes falling down?” “No, — make haste, — you won't have another opportunity for two hours.” Out and in went the anus again, the pretty fair-haired quim was gaping, the piddle began to fall. She wanted to piddle badly enough. I said aloud in my excitement at seeing her beauty, “Cunt, cunt.”

The girl got upright, I could now only see half her legs. “Hish! did you hear?” said she. Both were silent. “It must be the woman in the next place.” It sounded like a man.” Then she spoke in a whisper. “No it can't be.” She squatted again laughing. “It's no one.” Her evacuations dropped and off she got. “You go, Mary,” said the other. “I only want to pee, and I'll do it on the floor.” “The dirty creatures, why don't they keep the place clean?” Squatting I watched her face. It was all I could see then, and suppose she pissed. I only saw her hitch up her clothes, but nothing more.

Then the closet-woman came, and wiped the seat grumbling, women opened the door whilst she was doing so, then others came in, and for half an hour or so, I saw a succession of buttocks, fat and thin, clean and dirty, and cunts of all colours. I have told of all worth noting. The train went off, and all was quiet. I had again diarrhoea, and what with evacuating, the belly-ache, and frigging excitement, felt so fatigued that I was going away. As I opened the door the woman was just putting the key in. She started back as she saw me.

“Are you ill?” she said. “Yes.” “What a time you have staid, — why did you not go?” Then all at once, as if suspecting something, she began looking at the backs of the women's closets, and found the hole, and looking half smiling, half angry, “You made that,” said she. “No.” “Yes you did.” I declared I had not. “Ah! mechant, — mechant,” said she (looking through the hole), and something about the chef de la gare. “You have been peeping through.” “Certainly.” I was so excited, so full of the adventure, that I had been bursting to tell some one, and talk the incident over. So in discreet words I told her about the man, and the woman, and her letters, and other incidents, till she was amused, and laughed. Then spite of my illness my lust got strong as I looked at her, for she had a cunt. She was a coarse sun-tanned, but fine stout sort of tall peasant woman about thirty-five years old. So I told her of the pretty little splits, and nice bums I had seen, all in

select language. And I so longed, Ma-dame. “Oh! if I had had them in here.” “Ah! no doubt.” “Or if you had been here, for I wished for you.” “For me? — ah! ah!” — and she slapped both her thighs and laughed. “Mais je suis mariee, moi, — Ah! mechant, — mechant.” “Here is another five francs, but I must have a kiss.” She gave it seemingly much flattered. I said I should come the next day. “Ah! non!” she must tell the Chef, it was her duty, — it would be useless if I came for that hole.

We talked on. She was the wife of a workman who it seems travelled up and down the line almost continually with officers of the railway, and only came home about once a week, or ten days. She had no children. Whilst talking my diarrhoea came on. My paper was gone, she produced some from her pocket, and simply turned her back whilst I eased myself (the enclosure had no door), as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Finally after saying that she would not dare to let me in the next day, yet on a promise of ten francs she said she would, and volunteered the information that by an early train many other farmers' wives would probably arrive for the market, that many would come by the line just opened. She must report the hole to the Chef, — it might cost her her place if she did not, and it would be stopped. I kissed her again, and whispered in her ear, “I wish I had seen you sitting, and that you had come in here afterwards.” “Ah! mon Dieu que vous etes mechant,” she replied laugh- ing, and looking lewedly in my eyes — and I went off. I had been there hours.

I took my luggage back to the hotel, eat, got refreshed, went early to bed, awakened quite light and well, and got early to the station. She was awaiting me and directly I approached, took no notice of me, but opened the door, looked in, closed it and walked away. I guessed what the game was, loitered about till no one was on that side, then slipped into the shed, the door of which she had left ajar. Soon after in she came, and gave me the key. “No one is likely to come,” said she. “It's only the Chef and Sous-Chef whom the seat was made for, and now they have new closets on the other side of the railway; but if they should, say that you saw the door open, and wanting the cabinet used it.” Then off she went, but not till I had kissed her, and asked her to go and sit on the women's seat. I found the peep-hole plugged up, and could not push the plug out. I hesitated, fearing to make a noise; but hearing a woman there, my desire to see cunt overcame all scruples. With my penknife I pointed a piece of wood, applied it to the plug, and taking off my boot to lessen the noise, hit it hard with the heel, and at length out tumbled the plug. I expect it fell down the seat-hole.

Two well-to-do French peasants came in. One got on to the seat, and to my annoyance shit and farted loudly, both talking whilst stercoratious business was going on, as if they had been eating their

dinner to-gether. She had huge flappers to her cunt, — an ugly sight. The next pissed only, and I was rewarded by a sight of a full-fledged one, and a handsome backside. One had a basket of something for the market which they discussed. One said they must give the caretaker a halfpenny, and they evidently thought that a great grievance. What had they been in the habit of doing in such necessities previously I wonder. One said she would take care not to pay it again. The closet accommodation at railways in France was at that time of a very rough primitive kind, seats had not long been introduced.

For half an hour all the women were of that class, many quite middle-aged. More women came into that privy, than into the others I could hear. (I had given the keeper the ten francs). They were mostly full-grown, and had thickly dark-haired cunts. Almost all the women mounted the seats, some pissed over the seat as they squatted. I was tired of seeing full-grown cunts, disliked seeing the coarser droppings, and left the peep-hole weary, but the cunts took me back there.

Two sweet-looking peasant girls came in together, they must have been about fourteen of fifteen years old only, and both had slight dark hair on their cunts. When they had eased themselves they stood and talked. One pulled her petticoats up to her navel, the other stooped and looked at her cunt, and seemed to open it, then the other did similarly. They spoke in such low tone, and in patois, that I did no undersand a word they said. Boh girls wore silk handkerchiefs on their heads, had dark blue stockings and white chemises. They were beautifully formed little wenches, and I longed for them with intense randiness, but re-strained myself from frigging, determining to find a woman somewhere to fuck, and I felt again an overwhelming desire to tell some woman of the sights I was witnessing. I missed a good deal of the talk when women were together, owing at times to noise in the station; yet the women who came by express trains talked very loudly, nearly always. They seemed in a scuffle of excitement, ran in, eased themselves, and ran out quickly; and if two together, spoke as if they had not the slightest suspicion of being overheard. [Travellers were not so cautious or particular as they now are.]

Chapter XVII

The lady's drawers. • Weary of peeping. • With the closet-keeper. • She consents. • The mail-train in. • A rush for the closets. • Piddlers in succession. • The knowing one. • A mother and daughters. • The closet-keeper again. • Connubial habits. • An ugly backside. • Two Americans. • The closet-keeper's anxiety. • In the woods. • "C'est une sale putain." • Punished for peeping. • Unpleasant reminiscences. • A young lady recognized.

No one had yet noticed the peep-hole, though so large. The women seemed mostly in a hurry, pulled up their petticoats, and turned their rumps to the seat directly they had shut the door. At length a splendid, big, middle-aged woman came in, and was most careful in bolting the door, then turning round towards the seat, she lifted her clothes right up, and began feeling round her waist. I wondered what she was at. She was unloosing her drawers. She was dressed in silk, had silk stockings on, and lace-edged drawers [drawers were only then just beginning to be worn by ladies]. Peeping out from between the drawers every now and then was the flesh, but nothing more suggesting what was behind.

Apparently unable to undo them, she broke the fastening with both hands, and the drawers fell down to her knees. What a pair of lovely thighs she had, but I only saw even those for a second, for her petticoats fell. She disengaged her limbs from the drawers, pulling the legs one by one over her boots, rolled up the drawers tightly, and put them into her pocket. Then puffing up her petticoats as she stood sideways I had a glimpse for a second of a splendid bum, and the edge of the hairy darkness. Then she dropped them, stood still and looked. I felt sure she was looking at the hole, and drew back. When I looked again the hole was plugged with paper. I did not move it till I heard she had gone.

Although now growing tired of seeing backsides, and cunts gaping in the attitude in which cunts look the least attractive; yet I felt annoyed at missing the sight of this lady's privates, and could scarcely restrain my-self from pushing the paper through. I thought she told the closet-woman, for I saw that woman look in directly she had left.

For a full hour I then saw nothing. I had not heard a train, and looked at my watch. It had stopped. I peeped out of the shed-door, saw no one, went out, put my head round the corner, and saw the care-taker knitting in the shade. She saw and followed me at my beckoning. The train had not arrived, it was one hour behind time.

She came into the shed. “Talk low,” said she, “for some one may be there and hear.” I told her of the lady and her drawers. She said the lady had told her of the hole. We both laughed, she called me, “Sale, — mechant,” but did not stop my kissing her. I got more free, and from hinting got to plain descriptions. She took no offence. I told her of the two girls looking at each other's cunts, that I longed to be kissing one of them; that the sight of their pretty slits made me long to have one of them (I used chaste words). “Or both,” said she. “I'd sooner have you, for I like plenty of hair.” In the half-light I saw her eyes looking full in-to mine. She laughed heartily, but stifled the noise, and I was sure that she felt lewed. I kissed her, and pinched her. “What fine breasts you have.” Then her bum. “Laissez-moi donc.” Then my hands went lower. “My God let me feel your cunt.” “Hish! talk low,” said she. The next minute I was feeling her cunt. “What hair, — delicious, — ah! foutre, — faisons l'amour.” But she coquetted. “Now don't, — if any one should come, — I won't.” — whilst gently I edged her up against the side of the shed, one hand full on her cunt all the while. “You must not, — mais non.” Then out came my prick, and she felt it. Another minute's dalliance. “Let me put the key in the door,” said she, “and then no one can let himself in” She did, and in another minute standing up against the shed, we were fucking energetically. Didn't she enjoy it!

We had just finished when we heard the train-signals, and off she went. “Come back.” “Yes, yes presently.” Down to the peep-hole I dropped, holding my prick in my hand; there already was a cunt pissing in front of me. English I guessed, for she was half sitting on the seat. Then for half an hour was a succession of backsides and quims, mainly English and Americans (a first-class train only). I knew them by face and dress, and nice linen, and because they nearly all sat or half-sat on the seat, whilst others mounted it. I wished my country-women had mounted also, to enable me to see their privates better. They nearly all piddled only. There was a restoration at the station. Nearly every

woman of other nationalities shitted, they wanted I guessed, full value for their ten centimes.

Another woman plugged the hole with paper, a knowing one who did it the moment she entered the privy. I pushed it away directly she had left, she grunted much, and was a long time there.

Then I saw the cunts of an English mother and four daughters, just as the train was ready to go. They had from what they said been eating and only just came in time. The girls looked from fourteen to twenty years of age, the mother not forty.

Luckily some one before must have fouled the seat. The mother entered first with the youngest. “Stop dear,” said she in a nice quiet

voice, “the seat is filthy.” She opened the door, put her head out, and I expect called the woman. Returning, “Get on to the seat dear.” “How Mamma?” “I'll show you,” and she got up, but daintly hid her limbs from the child. “Look the other way dear.” The girl turned her back, and then she pulled up her clothes, and I saw the maternal quim and piddle. Then she helped the girl up. “I'll tell Clara what to do,” said the mother, “take care of your clothes dear,” and she left the privy. The girl did take care, and showed her nice little bum and unfledged cunt charmingly. Piss only again thank God.

The other girls entered afterwards. Each smiled as she mounted. Would they have smiled, had they known my eye was so near their bum-holes? Piddle only. Then the fourth followed and piddled. The train moved off, directly they had left.

The care-taker soon came round to the shed. I told her all, talked baudy, soon at her I went, we fucked, and after our privates had separated we talked. There would not be another train for some hours, she usually went home to dinner, any one could go to the closets then without paying. I wanted to go home with her, but she refused it. She would be there at * * * o'clock, an hour before the *** p.m. train. Yes on her honour. I gave her a louis. “How good you are,” said she. She was surprised. I had promised her nothing for fucking her. We both wanted that, and therefore did it, — that is all.

I went to my hotel, eat and drank, and before the time, let myself into the shed with a key she had given me. She came back early, and dropped her eyes. She was a stout woman with large waist and haunches, a sturdy, plump, well-fed peasant with good eyes, and bronzed cheeks, a good bit of flesh for a fuck. I wonder how I had cheek to attack her for all that. Now however I had felt her hard buttocks and in my randiness her cunt had seemed divine. I had whilst waiting pulled down a dusty long cushioned seat from the miscellaneous heap of things and we sat down on it. I began feeling her. “Let me see your cunt.” “Haven't you seen enough women's?” “No I must see yours.” “Tell me about the two girls again — I think I know them” she said. On being asked I told her and a lot more. “Que vous etes mechant you men — do you so like looking at women when they are doing caca?” “No I did not, — I could not bear it, — but their thighs, their lovely round bums, their cunts, anything to see those parts, — I will see yours.” I got her to stand up; and then with the modesty like that of a newly-married woman permitting her husband, she let me see. It was not a bit in the manner of a harlot. I looked at her wet quim in the dim light, and soon we fucked again. Then we questioned each other. What she had to say was soon told. Her husband had for many years held his post, he was here, there, and everywhere, and came home once a week if lucky, but generally once

in ten days, and then had an entire day to himself. She had the post of privy-opener given her, because of her husband, and made more money than he did though only in pennies. It would be a good deal more now, if they let her have it all, for there would be more trains, but they would divide it, for here were to be closets on both sides. “Then you get fucked (not mincing words now), once in ten days.” “That's about it,” said she laughing. “You long for him to come home?” That's true.” Just then we heard some one in the privy. I looked, she would not, and went off with a moistened quim to attend to the people. A train was coming in.

Back came she afterwards, and we talked for two hours. My cock was ready. I laid her on the form, and straddling across the seat, and holding her legs up across my arms, entered her quim. But she nearly fell off the seat, it was so narrow; so again up against the wood-work, we copulated. She was well grown, so it was not difficult. She took to the fucking, as if I had a right to it, and she liked it, but I always disliked uprighters.

Again we sat down and talked. “You won't want your husband now.” “He comes home to-morrow,” and she showed me a little scrap of dirty writing-paper with, “On Tuesday” written on it, and a mark at the bottom with a date. “That's his mark,” said she, “he can't write, — I'm here to meet him.” We then kissed each other. “You are very handsome,” she said. “You are beautiful,” said I. “Am I really?” “Yes, and fuck divinely.” Do I really?” said she in a most flattered manner.

“Directly he comes he fucks you here?” “He's never been in here in his life, but he makes love directly he gets into our rooms,” she replied in a quiet tone, as if she'd been telling a doctor her ailments. Still we sat and talked. The shed had been only built for storing things temporarily, the privy was for the Chef, but it had not been used by any one for some time. The hole in the wood could not have been there long. How made, she knew not. She must have noticed it, had it been there long, for she washed the seats continually. Holes were often made by men in the sides next the women's closets, they bored holes to look at the women, she wondered “pourquoi mon Dieu,” why they wanted to see women, when they were doing their nastiness?

Again through the peep-hole I saw such a nasty, dirty, frowsy, beshitten backside, and the chemise of an oldish-rabbit-arsed female, that a disgust which had been gradually intensifying, made me indifferent to seeing any more, and females came and went with-out my even looking. I now sat on the cushioned though dirty form comfortably (before I could only sit on the privy-seat), waiting for the privy-woman to come back. But curiosity still got the better of me. An express train came in with English and Americans, and I looked. People who come by train are always in a hurry, sometimes they have

wanted to ease themselves an hour or more, and then let fly before almost they get their breeches down, or their petticoats up, very often indeed they let fly at random over the seat. Then those following them finding the seat dirty, mount it to avoid fouling their clothes.

"It's beastly," I heard in a high pitched American tone. Two nice, young, shortish girls, were there. "Let's go to the next one." "There is some one there, — there is not time, — get on the seat." Up got the girl with her face towards me. "Not so Fanny, — turn round stupid." "I can't, — this will do," said Fanny, and pissed out of a dear little cunt covered with lightish brown hair, set in delicious buttocks. I put my eye close to the hole, and the piddle splashed into it, for she peed on to the back of the seat, and how she wanted it! "Make haste Fanny." "Oh! I did want so, — I've not done it all day." Then up got the other in other fashion, close to my peep-hole, and watered! In shape of bum, thigh, and cunt the two were as like as two pins, pretty, fleshy little bums, round little thighs, plump as a partridge. I was so lewed I could scarcely resist a desire to call out to them, and say I had seen their charms. The last one turned round when she had done, and got down. "Oh!" said she, "there is a hole in the wall." "Oh! if—" said the other. That was all I heard, for they quitted the privy like lightning, putting their heads together, and lowering their voices to a mumble, and talking earnestly. Afterwards when the train had left, back came the keeper to me, and said the young ladies had told her of the hole.

She begged me not to go there the next day, for her husband might arrive by any train; but I did, and had her. I dined at the hotel, and at night having nothing better to do, strolled towards the station smoking a cigar. — The attraction of cunt I suppose did it. She had said that she left directly after a particular train, and some other woman took her place for night-work. There she was, — no her husband could not arrive now till next morning. Let me go home with her, on no account would she. Between the station and the town were some woods being made into public gardens. Walking there against her will and in the dark, I talked lewedness to my heart's content, and at length had her back up against a tree. "Lay down, — it's quite dry," said I, and on some coarse sort of dryish herbage, — I could not see what — I fucked for the last time and on the top of her. We got up whispering adieu, when we saw dimly a man and woman who began the game. She was scared "Let me go, and you stay," said she. Just then their vigorous love-making made a great noise. Off she went, in a second or two I followed, and overtook her. "C'est une sale putain," said she, "she has commenced coming here of a night to meet men going to the station, — it is disgraceful, — I shall in-form the Chef to-morrow." Then the closet-keeper kissed me, and went off with her

cunt wet, and a Napoleon which I insisted on her accepting.

The next morning I left Am, *, but could not keep my promise, and went to her at the station. The blood rushed into her face, she looked scared, and shook her head seemingly in a funk, and I departed by the next train.

I have often wondered at the affair, and at that woman. Had she been a whore? did she in her husband's absence usually have a bit of illicit cock? My impression is that she was steady and honest; that I caught her just when she was hot-blooded, that my doings were so baudy, that her lust was roused, and so she was helpless at my first attempt, and then having slipped, thought she might as well have all the pleasure she could. She had no children. French women don't see so much harm in an outside fuck or so. I had promised her no money, had offered no inducement whatever but my prick. It was lust which stirred lust, and we gratified each other. What more natural?

The adventure left me in an unpleasant state of mind, for I could not bear at that time anything connected with the bum-hole. With women, if I thought of that orifice, it destroyed voluptuous associations. Now I could not look at the prettiest woman without thinking of her sitting and farting. The anus came into my mind when dancing, dining, or talking and whether randy or not; and when the tingling in my prick made me look, and long for a woman, thinking what a leg she had, what thighs and quim perhaps, my mind went to her bum-hole spite of myself. I was punished heavily for my peeping. It was a year or two before my mind re-covered its balance, and I was able to think of their sexual organ and its beauty and convenience without reference to its unpleasant neighbour!

One of the first I saw bogging, was a pretty shortish English girl perhaps seventeen years old, but with a backside that many a woman might have envied. She had also a lovely skin and complexion. She neither got on the seat, nor quite sat on it, but rested in a half-standing position, and turned out a light-brown turd a foot long. I saw also her hand feeling once a plump little cunt. She could not find the paper to wipe herself with, felt in a pocket, took out her handkerchief, felt again, found nothing, put her hand in her bosom, took out a letter, and after opening it, tore off a piece about three inches square, replaced the letter in her breast, and wiped her bum with the torn fragment.

When I got back to my hotel that day, the first female I saw was the young lady. I could not keep my eyes off her. She was a sweet-looking creature; but all that I could think of, was that great turd. I thought of it till mad with myself, I left the table, and got out of her way.

Fortunately the greatest number only piddled, — I shall always

like to see a female at that function. The attraction to the peep-hole was of course to see the hid-den charms, the fat round buttocks, the lovely columns of flesh which support them, the split, the love-seat, the seat of pleasure, the cage for the cock, the cunt, that mysterious aperture leading to the organs in which a future human being is formed and secreted, and to which man gives life by fucking, — fucking, that divine orgasm, that creator which ought to be praised daily in our prayers and hymns, and which a false refinement (born of lewedness) calls indecent and beastly, if it be alluded to.

[At this time I had already written much of my early life. This episode of the temple of Cloacina dwelt so much in my mind, that although I disliked it, yet at the first hotel which I stopped at for a few days after-wards, I wrote this out, and a great deal more. I recollected the face, form and performances of every woman I had seen; but the repetition of similitudes was wearisome, and I obliterated quite one half, if not more. I had doubts if I should not omit the whole, but a secret life should have no omissions. There is nothing to be ashamed of, it was a passing phase, and after all man cannot see too much of human nature.]

Chapter XVIII

A grand-Duchess. • At the town of C**s*l. • Travelling with a friend. • Early morning. • A peep through a key-hole. • A big woman and bed. • Naked. • Making up her mind. • Titillation. • Hesitation. • Masturbation. • On the bidet. • Frigging again. • Who is she? • At M*n. • On outskirts of the town. • In search of a harlot. • The beer-garden. • The peasant woman. • A drink and a wink. • A kiss and a feel. • A talk and a walk. • The cottage. • Nein, nein. • Brown legs and white thighs. • A flaxen motte. • Both gratified.***

Some time after this, I was travelling for a while with a friend, a rich but mean old man. We arrived at the dull, out-of-the-way though renowned old town of C**s*l, in Germany. We saw the Palace and grounds one day, and rose at day-break the next morning, in-tending to post to *** before the heat of the day. I was in a big room, the bed was in the corner against the wall. On the opposite side of the room was a door communicating with the adjoining room. For a wonder I had never thought of looking through the key-hole when I went to bed. When I arose I did, and saw (it was quite light, though the outer-blinds were partly closed) a big room with two windows, and between them a large wash-hand-stand and looking-glass over it. On the further side, and placed in similar position to mine against a wall was a bed, and in it a woman with dark hair. The door between us no doubt was locked, the key was in the door on her side; but so turned that it left a large hole through which I saw with ease the whole side of the room next the windows and the bed in which she laid. I was delighted, and in my night-shirt, put a pillow on the floor, knelt on it, my eye to the hole, and watched the woman, my heart beating with excitement, and dreading each moment that she would turn the key, and stop my view. The whole spectacle I shall never forget.

Seemingly she had just awakened. She put her arms out, laid a moment still, then threw the clothes off of her, on to the side of the bed next the wall, as if too hot (it was a sultry morning). Her night-dress had rucked up all round her waist, and exposed her naked limbs, and I saw the hair of her quim sticking up, though she was laying on her back. Then she turned on her right side, and laid her head on her arm, her naked buttocks being then towards me, — and a big pair they were. Thus she laid such a time, that I thought she must be asleep, so rose, and began to dress myself, but fear of losing a sight soon made me cease. Looking again, she had moved on to her back, and soon turned on to her side, facing me, and I saw she was a

middle-aged woman, strongly and big built, with a mass of dark hair at the bottom of her belly. For a minute or two she turned about restless, then put one knee up, and felt her quim, and lying on her back kept her hand between her thighs so long, that I thought she was frigging; but she took it away, looked at the finger which had been on her quim, and got up, drew up the blind nearest to her bed, looked out for a minute (the windows were closed) ; then stepped back, slipped off her night-gown, threw it on the bed, and stood start naked, pulled out the pot from the bedside-stand, and pissed, got up, looked out of the window again, and then looked at herself in the large looking-glass, cleaned her teeth, then walked back (start naked still), and sat down by the side of the bed, felt her cunt again, left off, and after sitting quite quiet (for a minute I suppose) looking on the floor as if reflecting, reclined on the bed, and putting both hands under her head on the pillow, lay on her back naked, showing a black armpit, and so for some minutes. Then again a knee went up, and a hand went to her cunt. “She is frigging herself now,” I thought, and perhaps she was. But she ceased directly, got up, and after putting on her night-dress, got into bed again, and rang a bell. She had gone out of my sight in the room, I suppose to unlock the door.

She looked five feet ten high, and say between thirty-five and forty years old, with massive thighs and big arse, dark hair and eyes, thick dark hair on her cunt, and dark masses in her armpits, her breasts were large, hanging and flopping about.

Then I heard her say something in German, and a female servant came in, who drew the other blind, and opened the jalousies of both windows. A flood of light came in, but no sunshine. Then she brought in coffee, and gave a cup to the lady in the bed. I heard a man's voice as I thought in the lobby, and looked through my door. It was a man-servant. Just then out came the female servant, and I heard both were Germans. The female went back to the room, and I to the key-hole. Then the servant came straight towards the door that I was peeping through. “She will stop it up,” thought I. But I was wrong, she only took up some articles of female clothing, and there must have been a sofa, or bed, or table on that side of the door and close to it, for to my disgust as she put it down, it blocked my view. I heard the two women talking, and the servant say in German, “Your Grace.” Looking again through the key-hole a minute or two after, it was clear. I expect the apparel, or whatever it was, had sunk down, or been moved. The servant went out I think into an adjacent room, the lady got out of bed, and sat on its side drinking her coffee, again looked out the window, again dropped her night-gown off as if hot, and stood naked to cool herself; came up to the glass, looked at herself, turning all round as if admiring herself, then to the bed, sat down on the edge as

if thinking, and again laid down lazily, first putting up one leg, and letting the other rest on the floor. Then putting the other up, she began whilst lying on her back, to feel her cunt quietly, and then frig herself vigorously.

There was no mistake now. The right hand with which she was operating was the furthest from me, but I saw it half hidden in the cunt wig and shaking with the unmistakable frigging motion. She was some time at it. At length I saw her thighs moving restlessly, one went up, then down again, then the other, the knees opened and shut, then her buttocks gave two or three wriggles, just as she might have done had she been fucking. Then all was quiet, and she turned on her side away from me, giving the sheet a tug which just sent it carelessly over her back and shoulders, leaving her arse and thighs fully exposed, and must have gone to sleep. A full hour must have elapsed since I first saw her in bed, I looked and looked from time to time, fancied I saw black hair up the chink of her arse-cheeks, but don't now know if it were fancy or not. She was hairy enough elsewhere to have had hair round her arse-hole.

My friend knocked at the door, and asked if I were ready for breakfast, — when should he order the carriage? I wished him at the devil, but was obliged to talk with him, determined not to miss seeing all I could of the lady. So I told him not to order it at all, that I had been up all night, and much wanted an hour's sleep. I could not get rid of him, he would keep at the door (I holding it ajar) for some minutes. Should he get me anything? would I have some coffee? — he would have it with me in my room, — and so on. At length he went away, I saying I would be down in a couple of hours. Then back to the key-hole I went; there still she lay. I dressed, peeping at intervals, but for a long time she never moved. When I looked again she had seemingly just got up and was putting the piss-pot back. Then she went up to a bidet which the maid had uncovered, and put water in, and straddling across it, sluiced her cunt and rubbed it dry with a towel, and afterwards, began washing her neck and face. That done she put on her night-gown, the maid came in again, and the lady sitting down in front of the glass, the maid dressed her hair.

That took a long time. I grew tired of looking, so finished dressing and packing my trunk, but peeping at intervals. The maid put on the lady's slippers or shoes, and left the room, for I heard her outside my room talking. The lady again took off her night-dress and walked about naked, then took up a pair of stock- ings which were on the bed or table near my peep-hole and seemed to be comparing them with some dress or petticoat, went back near to the bed, and sat in a large armchair which was there, took off her stockings and put on the other pair, then put on her chemise, sat in the arm-chair, and put her fingers

on to her cunt. She was now facing me, she put one thigh over the arm of the chair, and I saw the split. She felt it only for about a minute, twiddling it gently with her finger, and then laying herself on the bed again, her chemise on now, she frigged as hard as she could. Directly after she began to dress herself, and the maid came in.

I could not stay longer from my friend, besides the lady was dressed, and a fine big woman she looked. Off my friend and I drove. When we had got some distance he told me that the Grand-Duchess Stephanie of *** with her suite had arrived the night previously. He described her as a big, fine, dark woman, and so on. “I should like much to see her,” I said, “let's go back and leave to-morrow, — it will be all the same to us.” He would not, and to this day I don't know whether it was the Grand-Duchess or her sister the Princess of * * *, or one of the ladies of honour, whom I saw frigging herself twice, but it was one of them. I did not tell my friend, keeping such little adventures to myself, but when in the middle of a hot day our Lohnkutscher rested his horses, and we had luncheon, my friend went to sleep, and I rushed round the streets of the town to find a baudy house. I could not, but I found a stout peasant woman who seemed to have been working in the fields. She had nothing of the appearance of gaiety, but I fucked her twice on a poor bedstead in a cottage with a tile floor, thinking of the frigging Duchess all the time. Then on we went to our evening's destination.

I first saw the woman sitting down outside a beer-garden on the outskirts. I was in a sweat with walking and randiness combined, and had a tankard of beer. I looked at her, and she at me. I asked her to have some. She accepted, and had two huge glasses full. She said, “Thank you Your Grace,” and walked away. She had some field implement in her hand, but I don't know what. I followed and talked imperfectly in German with her. When she came to a cottage, one of two in a lane (one cottage had no roof on, and was empty). I said, “It's hot, — let me sit down.” She nodded, and in I went. I had been looking at her as we came along, and she looked to me handsome; but in my lewed state, perhaps any woman would have looked handsome to me.

She had flaxen hair, and a highly sun-burnt face and lightish eyes. The impetuosity of lust alone often carries a man to his goal. I gave her a kiss. “Nein, nein,” said she, and what else I don't know, till I found my hand on a wettish cunt, and the next minute was up her. I had closed the door. She lay quite quietly with my prick in her, till I uncunted it, so expect she had spent. Then without saying a word she opened the door, went to the road, and looked up and down it.

As she did not come back I looked out. She was pulling about some chemises and women's linen which were on some bushes, and

some on a line. She saw me, turned away her head, and kept going from linen to linen, and turning it over in the sun, looking furtively to see every now and then if I was looking after her. She had no shoes and stockings on. Until then I had not noticed that — if she had had no arms, I expect I should not have cared — cunt, cunt, cunt was just then all in all. I called her. She shook her head, her back was towards me, then again she looked up and down the road, and came to me at the door saying, “Aren't you going?” I pulled her in. “Nein, nein,” said she again, “oh! nein,” — and a lot more in German. I gave my cock a frig, and it stuck out stiff from my trowsers. I shook it at her. “Oh! nein, nein,” but she laughed.

I pulled her towards the bed, of straw I think, though on it was clean, coarse, home-made linen, and pushed her back to see her cunt, but she got on to the bed. I saw the dust-stained dirty feet gradually merge into ankle and calf of a deep mahogany brown, and then the calf gradually grow whiter and whiter, till her thighs showed up as white as snow. Obstinately she pushed down her clothes to prevent me seeing her cunt, and I did not. I dare say it did not look too inviting with my spendings about its flaxen-colored hair, for I could pretty well guess its colour. So I dropped on to her, and fucked right off. “Sein Sie schnell!” said she, liking the exercise, and murmured out her ecstasy in German. I then buttoned up as quickly as I could, and gave her I think a Thaler. “Ich Janke Ihrer Hoheit, — oh! thank you,” said she, seizing my hand and kissing it. And we parted.

What made that woman let me have her? She was not a gay woman, that is certain. It might have been money, but I never offered her any, though I gave her some when my pleasures were over. Was she flattered by my wanting her, — “Your Grace?” — was it my civility in giving her beer? — was she randy when I

met her? Many a modest-looking woman has a randy cunt when no one knows it but herself. Did I make her randy by my advances — I know she spent. Was she married I wonder, — there was male linen about.

Many a time since when I have seen German peasant women working in the fields, stooping, jutting out their bums, their thick brown naked ankles and feet showing under their petticoats, have I thought of the German woman I fucked, and her white thighs and brown legs, and wondered if the other women's were as white.

At night we got to the town of ***, and my companion went to bed. Then out I went, and seeking a baudy house, emptied what remained of my semen into one or two cunts, for the frigging spectacle in the morning had thoroughly roused me and I could think of nothing else. A voluptuous sight at that time remained in my mind for weeks. I thought of it when my prick was in a woman, even if one of the

loveliest. I delighted in taking a woman into my confidence, and telling her what I had seen, and when my body was joined to hers, the recollection coming over me, would suddenly fetch my sperm before I wanted it. At the time I speak of I was travelling easily from place to place, without trouble or worry, eating, drinking, and living in the open air, and getting the chance of women every three or four days only. Then I could fuck them every two hours comfortably, and even five times in a night, but never more. Three times was my usual number, twice at night, and if I slept with them, once again in the morning. I did nothing, or but rarely anything to exhaust myself, and was always ready for a woman. What a delightful time it was. Soon after I returned to England.

Chapter XIX

Clapped, and reflexions thereon. • Change in taste for condition of pudenda. • Change again. • Later on in life. • On bricks in a hail-shower. • An unknown quarter. • A little lady. • "You can't come home." • The bricks. • The hail-stone • A canny policeman • A servant for a change. • Sexual charms of servants. • Catherine. • A stumble on the stairs. • A well-timed visit. • Unchaste questions, and chaste replies • Preliminaries. • Con-summation. • Ugly stockings. • The dining-room table.

Then I again took the ladies' fever, and was again obliged to have recourse to surgical appliances to keep my urethra open. This suggested some serious re-flexions, and in a degree modified my habits with women in one particular.

I had delighted in a cunt with its natural juices in it, and disliked one recently washed. I could find out one when too clean, though I could not detect one which had been recently washed and rinsed with astringents as well. I did not know much about the chemical aids ladies used, though I had heard of such things, indeed had heard of most things, and have put into cunts which felt to me like a nutmeg grater, though I then did not know the cause. The extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of my prick-tip made me I expect discriminating, and susceptible of sexual pleasure in the highest degree; and I had found that it was greater in a cunt in its natural state of slimy lubricity. Hence my choice of that condition.

Now thinking it would give me greater immunity from clap, I became very careful in investigating, and insisted on the ample washing of every cunt before I took cock-exercise. I began to look at cunts carefully, even after washing, and before I would put into them; but either my gland had become less sensitive, or what is more likely looking at my age, that my lust was so strong and impetuous, that I did not after the washing mark the difference in the lubricity, excepting at times.

About this time also, I cannot tell why, I became in-different to looking at the cunts, and especially at the overflow of what I had left in coition up those paphian chambers. I had even at times a dislike to looking, and would withdraw my prick from her into my hand, roll off the lady, and turn my head away from her quickly. All this was so entirely contrary to what had been my custom, that it is worth noting as illustrative of my character and taste in sexual matters, from time to time during my life.

[After some years my sensitiveness returned. I had really never lost it, and I reverted to my former taste in this particular of copulation. Lubrication, and even an excess of lubrication, of the right sort, became absolutely needful to my pleasure. I add this now before it goes to press, and many years after the foregoing was written.]

The next thing which happened to me and is worth telling, was quite early in spring. I was going home from a party just at midnight. At the junction of two streets I saw a very little woman, bidding a man good night, and kissing him in the street. It was done quite in a modest, affectionate way. I passed them. A few seconds afterwards I heard the feet of the lady coming quickly after me. She seemed to be pretty as she passed me by a street-lamp. She took no notice of me, but I hailed her, for I was lewed. “My dear I wish you would give me a kiss like the other man.” She looked round and laughed, but walked on. I saw she was game. “I'll give you a glass of wine for a kiss.” “How much is that?” said she. “A shilling.” “Give it,” said she stopping. “Then you will let me have a feel,” said I. “You want enough for a shilling,” — and she went off quickly. “Stop, — don't run off, — half-a-crown.” She laughed, hesitated, and then we turned down a side-street, and up against a wall I felt her cunt. I had to stoop to get at it, she was so short.

I was just in the mood for a woman, and enjoyed the feel. It was a tight little cunt, and a young one I knew from the small quantity of hair on it. I felt it for two or three minues, whilst she remained quite quiet. “I'll frig you,” said I, “here is the money.” She took it. “Let me feel your cock then,” said she. So I turned half round, took her round the waist conveniently and began frigging, and she laid hold of my prick which had got quite stiff, and which I had just extruded from my trowsers. “I shall come soon,” said she, “do it to me, — let's go to some house, and do me properly, — oho! leave off! — I shall spend, — let's go somewhere,” — and she pushed my hand away. Just then came near to us a policeman. I dropped my great-coat over my cock, and let fall her petticoats. He must have known what we were about, but took no notice. “A precious- ly cold night,” said I to him. “Aye it is, sir.” “Here is a shilling for a glass when you're off duty.” He thanked me, and was soon out of sight round the corner, never looking back.

It was a bitterly cold night, though not freezing. The wind was blowing a gale and dark clouds most of the time hid what moon there was; but it showed every two or three minutes for half a second, and then all was quite dark again. The streets were deserted, the public-houses closed. I began frigging her again, again she felt my prick unasked by me, again she suggested my having her. “I don't want a poke,” I said. “and I've no more money.” “Never mind the money, —

let's fuck," said she randily. I began to want to put my prick up her, but didn't much like risking it, so I ceased frigging her, and with resolution drew my cock away from her fingers, for she was manipulating it very rapidly, and dropped my great-coat over my open trowsers. "Why won't you?" said she. It was all she said.

I walked on with her to a lamp-post, stopped under it, and looked well at her. She I then saw was very pretty, and I began to long for her. "I'll go home with you, — is it far?" "Oh! you can't go home with me." "Go to a house then." "I don't know one, I have only just come to live at this side of the water, — don't you know one?" I was out of my beat, and did not know a house. The more I talked and looked at her, the more randy I got. "I'll bet the man you kissed has been home with you." She laughed out. "Well that's true enough, but he is my brother." It had struck me from the manner in which it was done, that it was not a fucking-friend she had kissed. Nearly close by where we were standing they were rebuilding the front garden-wall of an empty house. Bricks were stacked against it in the street, a heap of rubbish was close by the bricks. "Let's fuck here," said I. We were both a little timid, but the place seemed deserted, so we tried. Her back was aginst the wall, but so short was she; that though I bent my knees, and she almost tiptoed, I could not get into her. My prick when I bent it down ran past her cunt towards her bum-furrow.

Then I moved her nearer to the empty house, pulled down three or four bricks from the edge of the stack, and placed others, so as to leave a good footing and level, and which stood her up six inches or so (a convenient height), and we fucked with much gratification. She was very randy, so was I, and we were soon in sexual ecstasy.

Whilst fucking, huge hail-stones, as big as filberts, began to fall. They rattled on my hat, hitting hard, and bounding off on to the pavement. Suddenly I felt a chill at the root of my prick-stem. "Oh!" said I as we both felt its chill. A hail-stone had got between our bodies, and stopped us for an instant, but we both guessed what it was, and finished our pleasure. The hail-stone must have just lodged between her motte and my belly; it was chilly and melting, and still held in the mingled hair of our privates when I pulled my prick out of her. A hundred thousand people might have been fucking in the open that night, without such a thing happening to them. It amused both of us mightily. "Nobody would believe it if I told them," said she. "Nor if I do," said I, "but I shall tell some one." "So shall I," she remarked laughing. Still we talked together. She had been gay she said, but had been kept by a commercial traveller for a year — a good fellow. They had only just come to live up there. The landlady thought they were married. Of course she could not take me home, besides her friend might return. He was in the woollen trade, and was often away a

week or ten days, she never knew when he might return. He knew her brother well. He had now been away ten days, and she hadn't been fucked for that time. She was lewed, and she wanted it, but if any body had told her half an hour ago, that she was going to do it with me, she would have said they were mad. She could not tell what made her let me feel her, it certainly was not for half a crown. My voice and manner was nice, and when I felt her it made her randy at once. She had never been felt in a public street before.

Just then the policeman came round again, took no notice of us, and passed out of sight. One solitary man passed us walking rapidly. I was getting cold standing, I kissed her. “Here is another glass of wine,” said I giving her another hall-crown (she had not asked me). “Thank you,” said she, “every little is useful.” I turned to go, and then turned back. “I should like to do you again,” said I. “I'm ready,” said she, “come on, — let me piddle first, — you have made me so wet.” “No don't do that.” “But it's all running down my thighs.” “I like that.” The idea stiffened me. She mounted on the bricks again, and we had another most lovely fuck, — she was at the exact height for me. “You've enjoyed the fucking,” I said. “Yes, I haven't had it for ten days.” “But you have frigged your- self?” “Not once,” she said, “though I sometimes do when my friend's away.”

Again we talked of fucking. She seemed to like talking as much as I did. Her friend was a strong man, and did it as often to her as any woman could want. She would not give me her name or address, or say where I could meet her. She pissed, and with her hand washed her cunt with her piddle. It was possible her friend might be home when she returned, though not likely, she said. “Aren't you just a lewed man,” said she as we kissed and parted. She would have let me do it again if I could. When we parted she ran off like mad, and I saw her no more. She was very nicely and quietly dressed in silk, and seemed a superior sort of person of her class. It was a most pleasing, most gratifying incident. Such accidental copulation I have always found most delicious, — and I have had scores.

Then I had had so many gay women, that I wanted a change in the class. I enjoyed their lubricity, their skilled embraces, their passionate fucking when they wanted it themselves, and liked me (I had had many such). Yet I was tired of their lies, tricks, and dissatisfied, money-grabbing, money-begging style. I wanted a change, and began to look out for a nice fresh servant. I have now had many servants in my time, and know no better companions in amorous amusements. They have rarely lost all modesty, a new lover is a treat and a fresh experience to them, even when they have had several, and few have had that. They only get the chance of copulating once a week or so, they are clean, well-fed, full-blooded, and when they come

out to meet their friend, or give way with a chance man on the sly, are ready, yielding, hot-arsed, lewd, and lubricious. Their cunts throb at the first touch of a finger, and moisten, and they spend freely and copiously. No women's cunts are wetter, than a young healthy servant's is after the first fuck on her night out. No one will take more spunk out of a man, and give more herself than the lass who says, “I couldn't get out before, — I'm sorry you had to wait, — I must really get back by ten.” How they kiss in silence, — how they feel the first lunge of the prick up them, — what pleasure they quietly show, — how they love you, and die as your hot spunk spurts, and their cunt liquidizes. So I longed for a servant, and soon found my chance. I suppose all men do if they set their mind upon women, for there are thousands of cunts waiting to be fed, and ready to open to opportunity and male importunity.

We were very friendly with a nice family, a widow with three daughters, living in quiet comfort at R*****. They only kept two servants. The parlor-maid was a well-grown wench about twenty-one years old, fleshy and round, dark-eyed, dark-haired, fresh-coloured and healthy-looking. She opened the street-door. She had not been there long before I tipped her a shilling occasionally, and one night kissed her at the street-door, which she took quietly. Next time I pinched her bum, she gave a suppressed squeal, and then my letch for her came on. As usual I had luck. Calling a day or two after, I made a smutty remark, and pinched her thigh outside her clothes. It was day-time, and risky.

She was flurried by it, but made no noise, and running upstairs to deliver my message to the lady in the drawing-room, her foot slipt on a loose stair-carpet, and she fell on her knees on the stairs, the carpet slipping with her, and a stair-rod rattling down. The calf of one of her legs was exposed by this nearly to her knee. This was at the bottom of the flight and close to where I was standing. I put my hand on her calf and pinched it. Recovering herself she shook her head at me, went upstairs, and came down with, “Will you walk up, sir.” Up I went, whispering as I neared her, “I saw your thigh” (which was a lie). She gave me such a look as she closed the drawing-room door. On leaving I said, “I wish I had put my hand higher.” She gave me a sulky look as she closed the street-door.

To get at her I took to calling frequently on my friends, and often saw Catherine, and tipped and kissed her whenever she opened the door. If sure that no one was near, I whispered smutty double entendres to set her thinking about cock and cunt, and rubbed my belly up against hers when I caught and kissed her. At length I got her to take a walk with me one Sunday night. Then being near gardens, at a quiet place I put my hands up her clothes, felt her thighs, but missed

her cunt. She ran off home, I after her, but without catching her, and thinking from her manner that I had made a muddle of it.

A day after, I called at the house in the afternoon, a time the family would usually be out, taking some Devonshire cream with me as a present to the lady, but really as an excuse for calling. “Out, — are they? — this must be kept in the cool, or it will soon turn sour.” “Give it me, sir,” said Catherine. “No, I'll give it to the cook myself.” “She's out,” said Kit. Here was an unexpected chance.

“I'll write a line to Mrs. * * *,” said I, stepping in, and I began a note. The girl waited. When I had written it, I asked if Miss Lucy (a daughter) was in a hurry to get married (she was engaged). Kitty didn't know. “What do they marry for, Kitty?” “To be husband and wife,” said she. “But what do they go to bed together for.” She didn't know. “Yes you do.” “Oh! don't bother.” I had begun kissing, and had got her to kiss me. “They kiss, Kit, like this, and feel each other all over, and then — what do they do then?” “I don't know. “I'll tell you.” “Don't want to know.” “Well I won't tell, — sit down.” I pulled her on to the sofa, for she had got familiar, — a woman soon does if you talk smut. We sat and chatted till my randiness made me reckless. “I'll tell you what they do when they are married, and in bed.” “I won't hear.” “You shall, — they fuck.” I had her by the waist, and she could not escape me. She made a very slight attempt to do so, but I held her tightly whilst I let out my baudy talk.

What else I said exactly God only knows, but it was all about newly married couples. “He pulls up her night-gown, feels her cunt, rubs his prick against her thigh, puts it in her cunt, etc.” Kit kept saying, “I won't hear, — I won't hear,” put both hands up to her ears, but did not move away from me. I pulled out my prick red hot, “That's what he shoves up her cunt, — and oh! God, don't they have pleasure, — let's put this up your cunt, Kit.”

“Now don't,” said she, starting up, but not moving away. I pulled her down to a sitting posture again, and with a dash got my hand up her clothes. She cried out, and put both hands down (they all do that) on to her thighs on my hand, wriggled to get away and for some minutes struggled, and cried. “It's a shame, — you shan't.” “Let's fuck.” “I won't now, — I won't, — oh! dear,” — but I exhausted her. She was half sitting, half leaning on me with fingers pinched tightly between her thighs, so that I could not get a good feel of her cunt; but my forefinger was well between its lips and on her clitoris titillating, and making her randy. She seriously, now begging me to leave her alone, I swearing I would fuck her, give her pleasure, promising bonnets, clothes, money, and everything else, and uttering all the voluptuous words my imagination could muster.

Nature helped me. She could hear no longer the friction on her

clitoris, her voice fell to a whining tone, she breathed short, “Oh! — do — now — leave off — do,” she whined out in broken utterances. “Kiss me,” said I, “and I will.” She put her mouth to me, and kissed me excitedly. I held her head to mine, shoved my tongue in her mouth and frigged harder. With a sigh and a sob, “Oh! I c — hant — b — hear it,” her thighs opened. “Oh!” she howled loudly and sharply as my finger slipped on to the prick-hole entrance. But now quite overcome with voluptuous sensations, she was nearly spending. I pressed her back on the sofa, pulling up her clothes. “Oh! don't,” she said faintly. I pulled up her legs on to the sofa. “Oh! don't,” but with excitement and lewedness she made no further resistance. I covered her rapidly, and with one strong lunge buried my prick up her, fucked her for a minute, and spouted a deluge of hot spunk into her cunt. Just as I finished I heard her sighs of pleasure, and felt her sympathetic bum-movements.

Under the excitement of fresh cunt, I kept up Catherine a long time, laying on her, kissing, endearing, and enjoying her. At length it began to shrink, I put my fingers down to feel between our coupled genitals, and cunningly I looked at them to see if there were signs of a virginity, — there were none. “Let me get up, — oh! do.” I got off her quickly, she pulled her clothes down, and sat up, I by the side of her. Both were quite quiet, I quite surprized with the quickness and ease with which I had won her person.

“Wasn't it nice? — didn't you like it?” “No,” said she, “it was a shame,” and she was going away, but I caught hold of her. “Let's do it again.” “No, no, — oh! let me go,” she cried, but she let my hands go up her clothes. I felt the sperm all over her thighs, as I thrust my hand up between them. “I must go,” said she; but fiercely pushing her down without her struggling, I was soon up her, and again we fucked. She took my prick up her with the greatest pleasure. Thought I as I pulled out, she had had more than one prick there, I felt sure of that.

Nothing is so delicious as the intimacy established between man and woman by a fuck. When once he has moistened a woman's cunt with his sperm, they seem to have known each other for years. You may know a woman socially, closely; live under the same roof for years with her, know her habits, when she eats, drinks, sleeps, and piddles, and she may know as much about you; but if you are caught looking up her petticoats as she goes upstairs, there will be a row; and a hint about the make, shape, etc., of any part of her body between her ankles and armpits, must not be referred to. You really know nothing about her that is vital, and you and she are virtually strangers. A quarter of an hour before I could not feel Kitty's knee without a struggle, now I lay smoothing her backside with my hands, wriggling my shrinking prick in her, talking soft baudiness, and she

lay listening to it, kissing me in return, her arse as quiet as if it were a lump of lead.

There is an end of all things. “Oh! if the cook should come back,” said she, “she's no business out, and won't be long.” “Damn the cook, — isn't feeling nice?” “Yes, — but let me get up.” “Feel how my prick's in you, and I'll get off.” She felt it. “You've got black stockings,” said I, noticing them for the first time, as I once did with Mabel years ago. “Yes, — don't you like them?” “No.” On the narrow sofa I could not lay by her side, so I dropped outwards, and off of her, but lewd still I put my hand on her cunt just as my prick came out of it. It was gruelly, but there was no blood. “Wash,” said I. “I'm going,” — and she left.

I wished to see her cunt when she had come back, I had not even had a glimpse of it. She let me feel it, still wet from the washing. I saw her thighs, her motte, but the crack she kept her thighs closed on. Then re-turning to the sofa, kissing, and feeling her cunt, the time passed. We talked about the family, but talked much more about fucking, that eternal subject, until I had twiddled her quim into a fever. Then tonguing her, “Let's do it again,” said I. “Let me go and see to the kitchen-fire first,” said she.

This took place in the dining-room. She wasn't gone long. When she came up she was a little coy. “No not again,” — as she stood with her bum against the dining-table, with my hands round her thighs. “No, no, the cook may come in at any moment.” But I put my hands round her bum, and lifted her up with some effort suddenly on to the table. I have done so with other women. She fell back on it. I looked at her thighs, and in a jiffy my prick was into her. I saw the dear girl's face as she spent. “You will think of this as you lay the cloth for dinner,” said I still holding her thighs over my arms, my prick still up her. The bell rang. “Oh! good gracious, it's cook.” Out came my prick. “Oh! how do I look? — will she notice anything? — is my hair all right behind?” She was all right, and down-stairs she ran to let the cook in.

I buttoned up, and directly almost rang the bell, and up she came. “Cook's not noticed anything,” said she in a whisper. Then with the cream downstairs she went, and returned. I had a rapid feel, and went off, agreeing to meet her out on Sunday.

Chapter XX

Catherine at a baudy house. • My anatomical studies. • Catherine's hymen wanting. • Her explanation. • Servants in bed. • The sham-cock used. • Gamahuched. • Catherine with kid. • A charming widow. • The ball. • The cab home. • Rapid per-suasion. • At Js Street. • "Don't rumple my dress." • Cunt in full dress. • A ginger-coloured motte. • The tipsy coachman. • Catherine, and widow alternately. • The widow enceinte. • Remedies. • Catherine goes home. • The widow marries. • Indiscriminate womaning.***

That day I took her to my favorite house. It was about five in the afternoon. I'm sure she had never been in one before from her curiosity. "Undress, and let's go to bed," said I. Persuaded at last, and creeping on to the bed in her chemise. "Let's look at your dear little cunt," said I, for I was curious about the virginity. I knew how a quim recently broken looked, I had broken many, had studied them, and recently had been abroad, and at an anatomical museum, had seen models of the hymen and of its ragged slit when broken.

She refused. "You've been fucked before last Tuesday," said I. No she never had, — how could I tell? — I was cruel. "Let me see then, — if you don't I'll go away, and see you no more." She didn't care if I did, — she hadn't asked me to meet her. But gradually she yielded, and I saw a pretty quim looking as if it had only recently been broken, so jagged was the orifice. I was puzzled, knowing that I had not broken it. Then all but naked, we fucked with all the delight which nakedness and randiness without fear of being discovered, could give a couple. We fucked ourselves out, and left at nine o'clock.

Then came the difficulty in getting at her, which is one of the drawbacks with servants. She could not get out often and was one Sunday out in the morning, the next at night. So we arranged that if the family was out, and the cook were also out, she should put a card up angleways in the window, just above a wire-blind (they used in that house to put a card up to give notice to some tradesmen if wanted or not). The ladies usually took their walk at about the same hour daily, the cook disobediently often then went out, and I went in when I saw the card, but it was very risky. I have gone in, fucked her, and been out of the house in ten minutes; and I liked the excitement of the intrigue for a little time, for the change from women who pulled up their clothes, directly I was in the bed-room with them, was pleasant.

I had her against a wall, and against a tree in the Park, and got her on one holiday for some hours in a baudy house. On my hinting

that she had had some-thing stiff up her quim, before I put anything there, she denied it. How did I know? — would any man know if a girl was virgin or not? That question she put to me every time, and when I said “yes,” she whimpered. Then she put the question to me in various indirect ways, and was evidently in a great state of anxiety about it. What if a man did not look? —if he had not felt first with his fingers, would he know? Whilst in bed together, and I kissed her, and titillated her quim, I got the grounds for her anxiety out her.

She was engaged to be married, and feared her young man would not be deceived, for she knew she was broken. What should she say if he found it out when married? — her fellow-servant, a widow, told her she had had several men before marriage, and her husband had not found out the want of virginity. She used to sleep in the same bed with that servant; they got from talking to feeling, and then to frigging each other. Did I see any harm in that? No I did not, I told her.

Encouraged she then told me more. One night her fellow-servant produced something like a man's thing, and put it up herself, saying it gave her more pleasure than frigging. Another night, when Kitty was made over-randy by talking, and feeling each other, she let the woman put the thing up her. It was up her before she was aware of it almost, and did not hurt her much. She spent, it gave her pleasure, but she was bleeding, and she cried. “It was a dildo,” said I. Kitty had never heard the word, the cook called it a sham-cock. I comforted the girl, and told her I had heard that women managed to humbug a husband on the marriage-night. “But I'm afraid I'm in the family way,” said she. That was annoying news to me. “Let's fuck as much as we can then before your next monthly time my dear,” — and we did. Afterwards she told me all about the lewed tricks the two women played together. The cook had gamahuched her, and always wanted to do it. Kit liked the pleasure, but had never done it to the cook. Such confidences I always got after a time from women. I know they will lay in my arms, and tell me all about themselves after a little. I don't know how much to believe of this tale of Kitty's, but write it just as she told it to me. I think it true.

She was a nice girl. I greatly enjoyed fucking her, and oh! didn't she! but in a few weeks I had had enough of her. During that time I never touched a gay lady, and had quite a dislike to their ready voluptuousness; but it became very difficult to get a grind with the girl, which was annoying. She had asked to go out as often as was possible, but the family was much at home, through wet weather, and I wanted a spend daily. But I think I should have continued longer my attentions exclusively to her dark-haired motte, had chance not thrown quite a different coloured article in my way.

I was out at a dance. A very pretty, quite light, fair-haired woman

whom I had known some time was there. She had been a widow about three years, had three children, was about thirty years old, and was soon going to marry again. She bore an excellent virtuous character among our mutual friends. I had since her widowhood once or twice, when a little warm, dropt a double entendre, but she never took it up, and I had not thought about having her, nor indeed much desired her.

On the night in question a strong letch for her came over me, perhaps I was over-fed and heated. It was a very warm night for early spring. I danced with her several times, and at intervals asked her if she did not feel frightened in bed by herself, and other suggestive questions. She parried them by evasive but rather warm replies, and we in fact egged each other on, both getting randier and randier I expect. At last I said in the middle of a quadrille something very strongly suggestive. She replied that if it would not look strange, she would leave off dancing with me at once. But I kept on the same sort of joking, and warmed her up till she replied much in the same spirit. She must have been awfully lewed by the time the quadrille was finished.

I did not take her into supper, but was near to her, drank to her, and kept looking at her, and she at me. Then I danced again with her, hugging her in a waltz. About half-past one in the morning we were both in the hall leaving, and her carriage had not come. She got tired of waiting, and would wait no longer, so had a cab called. No she would not give me a seat — of course not. I left, and walked on, leaving her in the hall. It was a lovely night. I intentionally did not go out of sight of the house, and when the cab neared me, boldly called to the man to stop, on seeing the lady inside. “Now do give me a lift, no one will know or can say anything,” — and into the cab I got with her. She did not resist, though she objected.

I can't tell exactly the order of what followed, it was all rapidly done. We must have been both stewing in lust, she perhaps worse than me, from not having had a prick up her for three years. In a minute I was kissing, in another my fingers were on her cunt, in another her hand clasped my prick, and I was entreating her to let me have her. We were crossing London, and I suggested a house. She was in a state of voluptuous silence. “Oh! — no — oh! — n — ho,” was all she said as I kissed, frigged, and entreated her, not heeding her refusal. “Cafe de l'Europe,” said I to the cabby, who turned his horse's head, and drove there. She had consented in a passive manner. At the Cafe we got out, I drew the hood of her cloak over her head. Off went the cab. We stopped in the cafe-lobby, and directly the cab was gone I walked her into J***s Street close by, and up into a room I had occupied a hundred times. In a minute I pushed both hands up her clothes, feeling her bum, thighs and cunt. “Let's fuck my love, let's

fuck." I never minced words at that stage, and was kneeling on the floor feeling her, whilst she stood in silence permitting it.

"Take off your dress love." "Impossible, — how can I fasten it again" "The chambermaid will." "Oh! don't let her come in, and see my face." I pulled her to the bedside, and threw her back. "Oh! my head-dress — what will my maid think if it's undone?" In my fierce lust I thought of nothing but fucking her, but she was in ball-dress, a feather in her hair, jewels round her neck, bracelets and ornaments about her everywhere. Her fears were wise. Hastily I pushed pillows under her back to keep her head up. "Don't rumple my dress." "I won't." "Oh! don't get me with child," said she as I pulled up her clothes. "No I'll not spend in you" (I had said that when in the cab). The next second I saw a pair of lovely plump, white thighs and a sandy-haired quim, my prick was up it, we were both wrought up to the highest pitch. "Kiss me dear." "O — h — o kiss me," said she. I was fucking upright by the bedside, for fear of deranging her clothes. Now I closed on her, thrust my tongue into her sweet mouth, and forgetting all about dress or children clutched her tight, and spent up her, and she with me.

It's delicious when one's passion has been cooled in a woman, to hold her thighs up round you as I did those of Mrs. X. I never saw a woman lay so tranquil with eyes closed so long. She was a lovely sight as she lay with diamonds, and gold, and feathers, her full breasts showing nearly to her bubbies over her satin dress; silk stockings on her plump legs, white satin boots on her feet, all upon her of the cleanest and richest. My cock at length began to dwindle, I felt the moisture running onto my balls, and cooling round my prick where her cunt-lips closed round it, and then she opened her eyes. "Take care of my clothes." "Hold your thighs well up, and I will." I placed my hand under my prick, drew it out, and caught the sperm which followed it. She rose holding her cunt, and rushed to the basin like mad. I poured out water. "You've got me with child," said she. "Nonsense." "You have, — you have, — I'm sure you have," she replied as she squatted, washing her cunt.

After a long slopping she rose looking confused, then in the glass to see if her head-dress was all right. "I'm frightened," said she, "I'm sure I shall be with child." "Nonsense. "I'm perfectly sure," — and she sat down in a thoughtful state. "Oh! why did I let you get into the cab with me." I dropped on my knees in front of her, my prick still hanging out. I felt grateful to her for her sacrifice. I have always liked a nice woman more after I have fucked her than before, and she looked such a lovely blonde though of a colour I did not admire. Then I found a lot of our spending had dropped on my black trowsers. Getting a towel to cleanse them, thinking of the moisture and its

cause, I stiffened, and my cock stood in front of her like a bowsprit. “Let's do it again.” “I must go, — I must get back,” — but I had had neither a feel nor a sight of her charms. In my rutting fury I had driven my prick up her directly I felt her nakedness. Nor had she in her maddening want of prick impeded me. Now both were inclined for the soft voluptuous amusements, that gentle examination by sight and touch, those delicious kisses which are nearly as nice as the crisis that follows them. She was overcome, and yielded readily, spite of her anxiety.

Without coyness, yet with perfect modesty, she let me see her charms. She was beautifully made, with thighs of dazzling whiteness, — most light-haired women have, — her cunt well -covered with hair of the colour of dark ginger, had darkish red, and largish nymphae showing through it. A prettier light-haired cunt I never saw. The slight aroma from it, mingled with the per-fume of her moist skin, of flowers, clean linen, and silks, drove me wild again. Never but twice before I think have I seen a lovely, modest woman in exquisite clothing, exposing her charms to me, and both the others had dark-haired cunts. “Oh! let me see you from a distance,” said I retreating to the other side of the room to look. She laid exposed, but I could not wait to comtemplate long. Dropping on my knees again, I buried my tongue in her cunt, tickled it in ecstasy, kissed, smelt, and licked slightly her quim all over. Then at the edge of the bed again, placing pillows for her head, and folding up her dress above her navel, so as not to rumple it, I fucked her. Both em-braces must have been done in a quarter of an hour. My excitement was intense. With her it was almost a wedding-night, and she was overcome with sexual pleasure. “The mischief's done,” said she as she washed again. I laughed at her, but she persisted. Her first child was born nine months to a day after her marriage. They would have had more than three children had they not taken precautions to prevent them. She told this to me rapidly whilst preparing to leave. She was of a breeding nature, and all her family were. She pressed me to leave at once, but I was mad about her. I longed to get picturesque views of her hidden charms, surrounded as they were by lace and jewels. Her coach-man was her anxiety, — was he drunk? — had he gone to fetch her or not, and when! — what if he had gone, and returned home, — found her not returned? — what should she say? We were puzzled, but arranged that her cab was to have broken down, and she had difficulty in getting another, — a lame story, but the best we could compose. Again I wanted her. “Oh! think of me, — think of the consequences, —let me get home.” I had been furiously frigging my prick whilst talking, hoping to make it stiff, knowing that nothing persuades a woman like a stiff-stander. Many a woman will say, “no, no,” till she

sees the red-tipped cunt-stopper ready, and then can say it no longer. It has been my experience with women of the modest class.

Her cloak was on, the hood well over her head. “Let me have you.” “Another day perhaps, but let us go now.” I kept on frigging myself. “Let us do it again, — look it's stiff, — we shan't be five minutes.” “Oh! yes we will.” “One look then at your cunt, at those lovely thighs again,” said I frigging on. Dropping on my knees, puffing up her clothes, I began kissing her motte. Nothing makes a modest woman more randy than a man looking at her nakedness, the idea of it stirs her lust. Then my tongue played on her lovely little clitoris, she fell back on the bed, then I arranged her head, and gamahuched her for a minute, and then put into her. Once my cock seemed inclined to shirk its duty, but I drove it up her fast and furious, her cunt clipped, my spunk shot up it, and we had copulated again, but I was a long time at it. She spent again. Then without either of us washing we left. I had a four-wheeler, and she drove away, but not from the baudy house door. “Pay him well,” said I.

I called the next day, how we looked at each other! — a lady was with her. “Think,” said she to her, as though for her information, “how my coachman served me last night.” Then she told the lady that on getting home in a cab, she found him slightly tipsy, but putting in the horses to the carriage, and swearing she had told him three a.m., and not one a.m., — she would dismiss him. How I blessed that tippling coachman, — all was safe.

Gentlemen never visited at her house without their wives, her and children were always present or friends with her, she was most particular in her conduct. So I wrote asking her to meet me in the B**l***t*n Arcade. She did meet and promised to go with me. “Once, only once mind, — at some hotel in the day-time, to a house of another class, never.” So I took a sitting-room and bed-room at the *** hotel, and slept there one night as a blind. She came the next day, and I had a lovely three hours with her. I gamahuched her, — but not till she spent. I never have been able to say why I at times did this to a woman when I passed scores over. She had never been cunt-licked before. I had her several times afterwards, and did the same. Again I took her to my house in J***s Street, telling her that it was a' sort of private hotel. Perhaps she believed it, perhaps not, but she came a few times there. We neither entered nor left together, and she asked no more questions about the house.

I was thus having her and Catherine alternately and my mind took a voluptuous twist. When I was with Kitty I would think of Mrs. X's flaxen-haired cunt, and fancy I was fucking her. When up Mrs. X. I thought that Kitty's black-haired motte was twisting and twining with my prick's surroundings. Then the two got mixed in my voluptuous

imagination, and I felt as if I were in both cunts at the same time. So I enjoyed the two females immensely, but for a short time only. Mrs. X.'s courses came on, they did so one afternoon when I was stroking her. “Thank God,” said she, and she never let me have her afterwards. I have kissed her, and she me, slyly shown her my penis, have felt her quim, but she could not be persuaded to more. Some months afterwards she married, and has had several children since. She is alive now as I write this. She asked me to avoid speaking to her as much as I could, when she was married, if ever we met at friends' houses.

(I did meet her several times for years afterwards, but never by look, or otherwise, showed any intimacy with her.)

I knew a little of her second husband, but as on her marriage they did not send us cards, we did not visit them, which was as it should be. After her fucking she used always to say, “Oh! what madness, what wicked madness of me, to let you do this.”

I lost Kate nearly at the same time as I lost Mrs. X. She was impudent to her mistress, who dismissed her, and she went home. I never heard if she married, or what took place after. She was in lodgings for about a week before she returned to the country. During that time I took her to J***s Street nightly, and had delight in shagging her in exactly the same way at the bedside as I had Mrs. X. I told her I had a lady on that bed with ginger-coloured hair on her cunt. “A light-haired thing like that must look very ugly, — doesn't it?,” said she. Now I never gamahuched Kitty, nor thought of doing it to her, and yet I did it to Mrs. X. Why to one, and not the other I never could tell, when I thought of my selection.

I was glad both liaisons had terminated. The “family way” annoys me always and I suppose both women spoke the truth. Mrs. X. was frantic when her monthly period approached, and there was nothing to show for it. “My God if this should cause my marriage to be broken off,” etc., and I could not marry her. — She had always liked me she said. Good God what madness had come over her on that unfortunate night, when she let me get into the cab with her. She took however her fucking readily enough as long as her courses stopped. We never were actually in bed together, though we were undressed, and on it. Curiosity, opportunity, and a randy cock and cunt brought the affair about, — I expect there are many such cases. I have at J***s Street when Hannah was mistress, seen once or twice, ladies come in fine evening dresses, hiding their faces, and going upstairs with gentlemen, and once she told me that a lady came there, stripped herself naked, covered her face with gauze, and then was fucked by men she got for her; but she never would tell me who the men or the lady were.

Kitty took her “family way” more coolly. She had not her courses

on, even when she left, but she had been to some woman who gave her something, sure she said to set her to rights, though it would make her very ill. So she resolved to take it when at home with her mother in the country. I gave her ten pounds at parting, and the fullest advice I could, as to her behaviour on her wedding-night, and fucked her just before she got into the cab to depart. She met me under the portico of the Haymarket Theatre, leaving her cab with her box outside close by. She was behind time, and I thought she had humbugged me. I had just only time to throw up her petticoats, have a last look at her male-cage, and plug it. Then looking at my watch I doubted if she would catch her train. Off she went with my spunk in her cunt. I had her address, and she a post-office where she could write to me, — but neither of us did write.

Then I took to indiscriminate whoring, and having for the time plenty of money, soon tailed about three dozen of the finest women of the Argyle set. I was surrounded by them so soon as I showed myself there, — they were the palmy days of the Argyle.

(I don't think I have said that Hannah had been dismissed from J***s Street. I have never seen her since.)

Chapter XXI

Camille the second. • Stripping. • The divan. • Cock-washing. • Camille's antecedents. • Face, form, and cunt. • Mode of copulating. • Avaricious. • Free fucking offered. • Gabrielle. • Cunt, form, and face. • Minette. • My daily dose of doxies. • At M**g**e. • Lodgings at the green-grocer's. • Louisa the red-haired. • The lodging-house servant. • The shop-boy. • My friend's daughter. • Piddling, and presents. • Loo's bum pinched. • The servant kissed. • A stroke on the sands. • With Loo on the beach. • Chaff, and cunt-tickling. • A declaration of love. • The virtuous servant.

Since I had finished with Camille, her sister Louise, and the French artistes in letchery whom she introduced to me when I was twenty-one years old, I do not recollect having gone with a French woman excepting when abroad, my tastes ran on my own countrywomen. Now in the year 18**, a year of national importance, and one in which strangers came from all parts of the world to London, I was to have a French woman again.

Was it for the sake of change only, or because they were more willing, salacious, enterprising, and artistic in Paphian exercises? — was it my recollection of having that when I did not want it? — I cannot say. At quite the beginning of the month of June, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I saw a woman walking slowly along Pall-Mall dressed in the nicest and neatest way. I could scarcely make up my mind whether she was gay or not, but at length saw the quiet invitation in her eye, and slightly nodding in reply, followed her to a house in By Street, St. James. She was a French woman named Camille.

I named my fee, it was accepted, and in a quiet, even ladylike way she began undressing. With a neatness unusual in gay women, one by one each garment was folded up, and placed on a chair, pins stuck in a pin-cushion, etc., with the greatest composure, and almost without speaking. I liked her even for that, and felt she would suit my taste. As each part of her flesh came into view, I saw that her form was lovely. When in her chemise, I began undressing, she sitting looking at me. When in my shirt, I began those exquisite preliminaries with this well-made, pretty woman, feeling her all over, and kissing her; but my pego was impatient, and I could not go on at this long. Smiling she laid hold of my prick. “Shall we make love?” this was in the bed-room. “Yes.” “Here, or in the salon?” “I don't like a sofa.” “Mais ici,” said she pushing the door open wide, and pointing to a

piece of furniture which I had not noticed, though noticeable enough.

In the room was a sort of settee or divan, as long, and nearly as wide as a good-sized bed; so wide that two people could lie on it side by side. It had neither head nor feet, but presented one level surface, covered with a red silky material, and a valance hanging down the sides. At one end were two pillows, also red, and made flat like two bed-pillows. “There, on that,” said I at once.

I never saw any divan or piece of furniture like it in my life since, neither in brothel, nor in private house, here or on the Continent, excepting once when quite in the extreme East of Europe.

It was a blazing hot day. “Shall I take off my chemise?” “Yes.” Off she took it, folded it up, and took it into the bed-room. “Take off your shirt.” Off I drew it, and we both stood naked. She laid hold of my stiff prick, gave it a gentle shake, laughed, fetched two towels, spread one on the divan for her bum, laid the other on a pillow for me, went back to the bed-room, poured out water in the basin, then laid herself down naked on the divan with her bum on the towel. I kissed her belly and thighs, and she opened them wide for me to see her notch, without my having asked her to do so. To pull it open, have a moment's glance at the red, kiss and feel her rapidly over, mount her, fuck and spend, was only an affair of two or three minutes, so strongly had she stirred my lust for her.

I laid long up her, raising myself on my elbow to talk with her whilst my prick was still in her sheath. At length it slipped out. Gently she put her hand down, and caught it, taking off the excess of moisture. Delicately she raised the towel, and put her hand on her cunt, and saying with a smile. “Mon Dieu, it en a assez,” went to the bed-room, I following her.

She wiped her cunt with the towel, half squatting to do so, then rose up quickly saying, “Shall I wash you?” I had begun, but the offer pleased me. I have no recollection as I write this, of any gay woman having made such an offer since the first French Camille, me. If she be a cheat, and only uses the money to ex-tort more, be it so. — I know my woman, and have done with her henceforth.

Camille was a woman of perfect height, about five foot seven, and beautifully formed, had full, hard exquisite breasts, and lovely legs and haunches, though not too fat or heavy. The hair on her cunt, soft and of a very dark chestnut colour, was not then large in quantity, but corresponded with her years. Her cunt was small, with small inner lips, and a pretty nubbly clitoris like a little button. The split of her cunt lay between the thighs with scarcely any swell of outer-lips, but had a good mons, and was altogether one of the prettiest cunts I have ever seen. I am now beginning, after having seen many hundreds of them, to appreciate beauty in cunts, to be conscious that there is a

special, a superior beauty in the cunts of some women as compared with others, just as there is in other parts of their body. She had pretty hands and feet.

Her skin had the slightly brown gipsy tint found in many women in the South of Europe. I never saw a woman in whom the colour was so uniform as in her. From her face to her ankles it was the same unvarying tint without a mottle, even in any cranny. It had also the most exquisite smoothness, but it neither felt like ivory, satin, nor velvet, it seemed a compound of them all. I have scarcely felt the same in any other woman yet. That smoothness attracted me at first I expect, but it was only after I had had her several times, that I began to appreciate it, and to compare it with the skin of other women. She had with that, a great delicacy of touch with her hands.

Her face was scarcely equal to her form. The nose was more than retrousse, it bordered on the snub. She had small, dark, softly twinkling eyes, and dark hair; the mouth was ordinary, but with a set of very small, and beautifully white, regular, teeth. The general effect of her face was piquante rather than beautiful, but it pleased me. Her voice was small and soft, — an excellent thing in a woman.

(Such was the woman I have known for thirty-one years, but of whom there is scarcely anything to be told. No intrigue, nothing exciting is connected with her and myself. I cannot tell all the incidents of our acquaintance right off as I do those of many of my women, who appeared, pleased me, and disappeared; but she will be noticed from time to time as I had her, or sought her help in different erotic whims and fancies, which took hold of me at various periods. I write this now finding that her name appears in my manuscript a long way further on. She was moreover a most intelligent creature, clean, sober, and economical, and saving with a good purpose and object, to end alas! for her in failure.)

I never had a more voluptuous woman. Naked on that divan, or on the bed when the weather was warm, I had her constantly during that summer. I know nothing more exciting, than the tranquil, slow, measured way in which she laid down, exposing her charms; every attitude being natural yet exciting by its beauty and delicate salacity. She always seemed to me to be what I had heard of Orientals in copulation. She had the slowest yet most stifling embrace. There was no violent energy, no heaving up of rump, as if a pin had just run into her, nor violent sighs, nor loud exclamations; but she clung to you, and sucked your mouth in a way I scarcely ever have found in English women, or in French ones; but the Austrians and Hungarians in the use of tongue with tongue, and lips with lips are unrivalled in voluptuousness.

Beyond a voluptuous grace natural to her, she had not at first the

facile ways of a French courtesan, they came later on. I saw the change, and from that and other indications feel sure she had not been in gay life long before I had her. I could tell more of her history, but this is a narrative of my life, not of hers.

(I have destroyed some pages of manuscript solely relating to her.)

She soon got a good clientele, picked up English rap-idly, dressed richly, but never showily, and began to save money. She made affectionate advances to me which I did not accept. After a time she used to pout at what I gave her, and got greedy. So one day saying, “Ma schere, here is more, but adieu, — I don't like you to be dissatisfied, but cannot afford to come to see you,” — she slapped the gold heavily down on the table. “Ah! mon Dieu, don't say so, — come, — come, — I am sorry, — you shall never pay me, — come when you like, — I did not want you to pay me, but you would, — come, — do come, — that lovely prick, — do me again before you go, — don't go, — my maid shall say I have not come home,” (she expected some man), — and she never pouted about my compliment, till many years afterwards.

I suppose that having had this charming fresh French woman, made me wish for another; for spite of my satisfaction and liking for her, I made acquaintance with another French woman, as unlike Camille as possible. Her name was Gabrielle, a bold-looking woman with big eyes and a handsome face, very tall and well-made, but with not too much flesh on her bones, with a large, full-lipped, loud-looking cunt in a bush of hair as black as charcoal. I never told Camille about her, and think it was the great contrast between the two which made me have her. That woman also seemed later on to have taken some sort of fancy to me.

She had all the ready letchery of a well-practised French harlot, I saw it from the way she opened her thighs, and laid down to receive my embraces. About the third visit she brought water, and made me wash my prick, on which the exudation of healthy lust was showing whitish, before she let me poke her. I liked her cleanliness, but to my astonishment no sooner were we on the bed, than she reversed herself laying side by side with me, and began sucking my prick. I had no taste for that pleasure, nor since a woman in the rooms of Camille the first did it to me, had my penis been so treated that I recollect, though I had made ladies take it into their mouths for a second. I objected. “Mais si, — mais si,” — and she went on. My head was near her knee, one leg she lifted up, showing her thighs, which opened and showed her big-lipped cunt in its thicket of black hair. She played with my prick thus till experience told her she could do it no longer with safety, then ceasing her suction, and changing her position, I fucked

her in the old-fashioned way.

The amusement seemed not to have shocked me as much as I thought it should have done, and it was repeated as a preliminary on other days, without my ever suggesting it. After I had had my first poke, the delicate titillation of the mouth seemed vastly pleasant, my prick then being temporarily fatigued by exercise in its natural channel; but I felt annoyed with myself for relishing it at all.

I had not overcome prejudices then, though evidently my philosophy was gradually undermining them. Why, if it gives pleasure to the man to have his prick sucked by a woman, who likes operating that way on the male, should they be abused for enjoying themselves in such manner? A woman may rub it up to stiffen it, the man always does so if needful, — that is quite natural and proper. What wrong then in a woman using her mouth for the same purpose, and giving still higher, more delicate and refined pleasure? All animals lick each other's privates, why not we? In copulation and its consequences, we are mainly animals, but with our intelligence, we should seek all possible forms of pleasure in copulation, and everything else.

With these two women I was satisfied till towards the end of August, both of them trying to make me see them much. Gabrielle for some fancy of her own took to calling me Monsieur Gabrielle. I did not see her nearly so often as Camille, but one or other I saw al-most daily, Camille generally between luncheon and dinner, Gabrielle after dinner. I have seen both on the same day, and then both were fucked; but I usually copulated but once daily. I was in good health, and one daily emission of semen kept me so, and seemed as needful to me as sleep. I had much lewed pleasure in comparing mentally their two cunts, their being a most striking difference in the look of the two.

I was so amused with them that year, that I would not leave till near September. Then, “You've stopped all the long days, and the hottest weather, when I wanted to be by the seaside, — and now I won't go at all.” I was glad of it, and without waiting for change of intention in that quarter, had my things packed up, and without delay, took myself off to the healthy, but vulgarish town of M**g**e. It was a place where I expected a little fun, a few kisses from healthy lips, and a little intrigue perhaps, and the chance of getting some young healthy, unfucked cunt. I know pretty well now that with town-women out for a brief holiday like most of those who go to M**g**e; that idleness, better air, more and better food than they are accustomed to, heats the cunts, and makes many a modest one long for the male, and discontented with her middle-finger.

I had not been at my hotel a day, before I met an intimate friend with his wife and eldest daughter, — a girl of fourteen. He had taken the upper part of a house over a shop, being a man of but moderate

means, and intended to have brought two other children, and a maid, but something prevented that. I liked both him and his wife, and at his suggestion went to occupy one of his rooms, and live with them (paying my share). I found the rooms were over a greengrocers, which I didn't like, and think I should have cried off, had I not seen that the servant was a healthy, full-fleshed bitch, and I thought there might be a chance of prodding her, like Sally on a previous autumn.

The house newly built, and evidently for lodgings, was bigger, more comfortable than most of its class, and had a side or private entrance-door, opening on to a passage separated from the shop but with a door into it at the end where also was a kitchen with a bed-room over it, and a water-closet, all looking into a little garden with one or two trees in it. The sitting and bed-rooms over the shop were occupied by my friend and wife, and of two rooms above, one was mine, and one his daughter's; the attics the landlady and the servant I thought occupied. There was also leading out from the staircase, the bed-room over the kitchen which my friend had also hired, to avoid having strangers in the house with them. This was entered from the staircase-landing, as was the lodgers' water-closet, a convenience which few such houses had then.

The shop seemed flourishing. Any one going in at the private door could not fail to see the whole of the shop, down to a small parlour having a window on to the garden. The first thing I noticed was a strong, healthy, red-cheeked, saucy-looking girl about sixteen years of age, with a curly but dishevelled head of deepred-coloured hair, — a very unusual and peculiar deep-red, and but rarely seen. The girl standing at the shop-front stared hard at me when I arrived, and nudged a big boy about fifteen years old who was hall-sitting close by the girl, upon a sack of potatoes. The girl called the woman of the house “Aunt.” She attended to the shop I found when the aunt was away (cooking chiefly when so). The boy took home the goods purchased, and left nightly after closing the shutters. Red-Head slept in the attics over me, and took off her boots at times as she went upstairs, so as not to make a noise over the lodgers' heads, — the aunt slept there also. They two eat in the kitchen or the shop-parlour.

I was at once cheery with the servant, but it did not promise much. The red-haired one (another Louisa, and called Loo), pleased me, though I did not like her hair. She spoke so loud, laughed so heartily with customers, took chaffing, lifted such heavy weights, and moving het haunches, that I longed to pinch her. She looked so hard at me (and also my friend), when we passed the shop, for she was generally at the door, and often outside it, goods being placed there, — that I made up my mind she had just come into the first lusts of womanhood, and was pretty strongly in want of a man.

In a day or two I was buying fruit two or three times daily. “Keep the change Loo (I hear that's your name), — it will buy you some ribbon.” “Oh! thankee sir,” — and she put it quickly into her pocket without hesitation. Emboldened I gave her half a crown. “Keep the change, and you shall give me a kiss for it.” Into her pocket it went. She looked quickly towards the back of the shop, — there was the boy. She slightly shook her head. “I can't,” said she in a low voice, taking the change out of her pocket and tendering it to me. I winked, pushed out my lips as if kissing, and left the shop, leaving her the change. The boy was out of sight somewhere when I was buying the fruit.

Between eleven and one o'clock she was mostly alone, her aunt in the kitchen, the boy out, and the same for an hour or two in the afternoon. Unfortunately those were the bathing and promenading hours, so there was difficulty in getting at the girl unobserved, but nothing stood in my way when cunt-hunting, and never had. From always thinking how, and where, I all my life have got my opportunities with women. I also found that of an evening, her aunt just at dusk went out at times to get, I heard her say, a mouthful of fresh air. Then the girl was alone with the boy till he left.

About the fourth night, the boy had left, Loo was alone in the shop-parlour, my friends upstairs. I went out (as I said), to have a cigar, and a stroll, but when just at the bottom of the stairs the shop-door in the partition opened, and Loo appeared. “Hist, — hist,” said I. She stopped, I caught hold of her, and kissed her.

“Oh! don't, — Mary (the servant) is in the kitchen.” I kissed again. “Oh! don't.” “You owe me a kiss.” “Oh! not here, — go to the front-door,” said she. I did. She came there, just outside the door, but up against it, she kissed me, and went rapidly back. “I'll wait for you as you go to bed,” I said, and did so with slippers off.

About half-past ten she passed my bed-room. I heard Miss * * * * moving about in the room opposite to me, but on the landing I pinched Loo's bum hard, — very hard as she passed. She winced, and passed on very quickly, shaking her head and smiling, candle in hand. I put my head down shamming to look up her clothes. We were intimate already, I had begun double entendres which she took, and I began to think that the fresh-looking, saucy one, young as she was, knew a prick from a cucumber. Then I found that the servant went home each night to sleep.

I hadn't been at M**g**e a week before I wanted female assistance, and picking up a casual, and thinking of my intention, gave her five shillings to show me a baudy house or two, which she did. One, a very quiet one, was in the old part of the town, over a china-shop.

Parting with the woman I strolled on to the beach, and met her there again, and felt her cunt, I sitting on a seat, she standing by the side of me. My cock stood, and I gave her money for a poke. It was not a dark night. “There is sand low down,” said she, “no one will notice us when we are lying down.” But a fear came over me, — I told her so. “Well I've got your money, and if there was anything the matter with me, I'd hardly ask you to have me, — I'm here every night, and live up at * * * with my mother.” Then near to the waves, she laid on her back on the soft dry sands, and I fucked her, and enjoyed her very much. “How do you wash your cunt?” “I piddle now, and wipe it with my handkerchief, down there (nodding her head) — there are rocks and pools of water, — I'm going to wash it there, — I always do after gents,” — and she went off to do it.

Next day buying something, “Come Loo, and kiss me in the passage.” “I can't — he'll be going out at half-past eleven.” Excusing myself from accompanying my friends, I was at the lodgings at that hour. The servant above had then all the beds to make, and the aunt was cooking. It was risky, yet I had a brief talk with Loo in whispers in the passage, and kissed, and hugged her, and told her I had fallen deeply in love with her. I had not begun smut, but her bold manner made me wonder why I had not. That afternoon I overheard a quarrel between her and her aunt, and saw Loo wiping her eyes. Loo said to me when I told her what I had heard, that she wished she'd never come, and would sooner go to service.

I noticed also, for I was dodging in and out all day, and listening in the passage where I could hear much said in shop and parlour, what seemed to me a very familiar manner between the girl and the boy. One day he took her round the waist. She, seeing me enter the shop, pushed his hand away and boxed his ears. He stooped, pulled her petticoats a little way up, and then suddenly appeared very busy. Evidently she had given him a hint. It annoyed me, and I wondered if the boy had felt her.

I did not quite give up hopes of the maid, who looked five-and-twenty. I kissed her, and gave her a little present for cleaning my boots nicely. She took that fairly well. Then I felt for her notch outside her clothes. She repulsed me violently, and with a look which I didn't like. So for a time I desisted, but re-commenced, and at length kissed her every time I got her alone. My friend's daughter caught me at it, and her father spoke to me. He didn't mind, but his wife did, — I must take care, — it wouldn't do to let a young girl see that game going on. Nothing more was said, but I noticed that he and his wife looked after me. One night when we were walking out alone, he said, “You want that woman, — and a damned nice woman she looks, — if my wife wasn't here I'd try to get her my-self, — but for God's sake don't let

either of the ladies catch you, — it won't do."

The young lady's room was opposite to mine, and such was my insatiable desire to see females in deshabille or nude, that it passed through my mind to bore a hole (which I had done at foreign hotels) through her door, to spy her. I could have done so, but I did not, though I could not restrain myself from listening to hear when she piddled and a few times succeeded. Then I thought of her piddle and little hairless cunt, which gave me such pleasure, that I quite felt a liking for the girl, but not sexually, and brought her presents which pleased both her and her parents.

In a fortnight I had often kissed Loo, and pinched her bum till she said it was blue. I told her I should like to sleep with her, for I loved her, — this was on the first night she got out for a walk at dusk. I had heard her aunt say she'd keep a tight hand on her, and I found Loo was fast almost to a gallop. We walked and sat down on a beach-seat. "How can you love me? — you're married, — Mary heard Mrs. L**g saying so." "I never said I wasn't, but I hate her, and do nothing to her, and love you." "Oh! gammon," she replied. I had now a little changed my opinion about the girl. She wanted to know the meaning of my "doing nothing," was free in manner, and any delicate smut which I began using she answered frankly to. "Oh! I knows what you means well enough, but don't you go on like that." I concluded she had been brought up with coarse people who spoke of all their wants, and acts openly, so that the girl saw no harm in such things. She had only been with her aunt that summer. She told me of her relatives, and where they lived in Northumberland, — there was a large family, — but that was all I could get out of her. "Yer don't want to call on em," said she laughing.

All was soon finished with the servant. One morning I waited indoors in hopes of getting at Loo, and spied the servant as she brought a slop-pail to the closet which as said was close to the bed-room over the kitchen. When she came out I asked her into that room which I had never entered before. "Come here, I've something particular to tell you, — come." Reluctantly she came in, then I kissed, and gradually getting to the unchaste, got my hand on to her cunt. "Be quiet, — you shan't, — oh! don't, — Mrs. Jones will be up to see if all's right." "No she's out — oh! what lovely thighs, — what hair on your cunt — don't make that noise." She resisted hard, and pushed down her clothes, at first spoke in suppressed tones, then louder. "You shan't, — oh! you wretch, — I don't want a dress, — you shan't, — oh! oh! leave off, —I'll tell Mrs. Jones, — I will."

I desisted for a moment, but only to pull out my prick. She had taken up the slop-pail looking very angry. With prick out I rushed at her, she banged the pail down, I pushed her against the bedside, and

got my fingers on to her cunt again. “Let me have you.” “Oh! — you — shan't, — I'll call.” “I'll say that you asked me in here.” “You liar, you beast, — I won't, — oh! hi!,” and she cried out so loudly that I desisted.

“I won't stop here any longer, and I'll tell Mrs. Jones.” She went out of the room crying and nodding her head furiously at me. There will be a row, thought I. Later on I offered her two sovereigns. “Don't say anything, — you'll only lose your character if you do, — I've done you no harm.” Indeed I rather funked the affair. She took the money without a word, and pushed me off when I tried to kiss her, and I never got at her again. Two days afterwards she left, — she was only a weekly servant. I don't think she ever told about me, — she said she didn't like the place.

Chapter XXII

Loo on the beach. • The shop-boy' sattempt. • Caught at the water-closet. • A knowing one. • The gay sister. • Success despairs of. • Over the china-shop. • Virginity slaughtered. • Alone in the lodgings. • The bed-room on the stairs. • Poking like blazes. • A gamahuche. • Aunt at market. • Clever dodges. • Naked in bed. • Homage to Priapus. • Belly to belly. • Belly to bum. • She on he. • The hand-glass. • Am I with child? • I leave M**g**e. • Sequel.

I had no one now but Loo. She had gone out one evening without leave, and met me. Her aunt scolded. I got very warm in my hints and words. She laughed at them, but still I hesitated, she was such an odd, unusual girl. I did not know what to make of her, and my failure with the servant made me cautious.

It was slow I found being always with my friends, the lady didn't like my taking her husband out of a night without her, so though dining with them I went out by myself, but usually came back justwhen the shop was being shut up, to catch Loo, — even if I went out afterwards.

The night after the new servant came, I left my friends at a concert, and went home. Entering I heard voices wrangling, and stealthily crept as near the partition-door as I could. Loo and the boy were scuffling. One second I couldn't hear a word, the next minute everything. “Don't, — leave off, — I won't let you,” — then a chair or something made a noise. “Oho,” cried she, — “shan't.” “I've felt it, — ain't it hairy?” chuckled the boy quite loud. Another scuffle. “I'll tell aunt, — don't, — oh! the lodgers will hear.” Again a scuffle. “Oh! — now — you — shan't.” “Cunt,”

“Oh” — “Prick,” — a slap. One of them banged right up against the partition, something dropped, and all for a moment was silent. I mounted the stairs out of sight, and listened. The door opened, the two came out at the same moment, and the servant, who had not gone, came out of the kitchen. “I dropped the candle, and couldn't see, and jumped agin the door,” said the boy. “You're a stupid clumsy,” 'said Loo. The boy went out of the house like a shot, the servant and Loo into the kitchen. He's been feeling her cunt, — perhaps she him, — the little bitch had been fucked, thought I.

A day or two before I made a hasty offer to take her to London for a week, — would she go? — “Oh! won't I just, — I'm longing to see London.” Then, “How can I get away? — aunt would tell father.” No she could not. “Take a walk with me when the shop is shut up.” But

the aunt rarely let her go out in the evening, nor in the day, except on Sundays. Put up to it by me she told her aunt she would. “We'll go out to-gether,” said aunt, — but it rained a little, aunt said it would spoil her clothes, and would not go.

Next night the aunt was out, the girl had the shop shut directly it was dark, and spite of aunt came out to meet me on the beach. I told her what I had heard. She admitted the boy had tried to feel her, but had not succeeded. “But I heard him say it was hairy.” “He's a liar.” “I don't believe you've got any hair there,” said I. “Oh! ain't I though,” said she laughing. “Let me feel.” Then in the dark, little by little, I man-aged to feel a fat pair of thighs, and the tip of a cunt. She sat quiet, at last kissing me, and I her. One of her legs was over the other, so that my finger could only just rest on her clitoris. Then she felt my prick. It was a lovely hour I passed on that seat by the shingle. I whispered in conversation, “prick,” — “cunt,” — “fuck,” — that magical triad. “Oh! I knows what yer means.” “Open your thighs now,” “there then, — oh! you hurt,” — and she got up. “You wicked little devil, let me.” I thought her cunt seemed open enough. There was a row when she got home, but she cheeked her aunt boldly.

Next morning I went to the closet, some one was there, and wanting to bog badly I went down to the closet in the yard, pulled open the door sharply (it was not bolted, and there stood Loo with petticoats up, showing both legs nearly to her backside. She was just turning to seat herself. “Oh!” she shouted dropping her clothes. “Oh!” said I banging the door to, startled as much as she was. I went off, but an hour afterwards bought some fruit, — no one was in the shop. “I saw your bum.” “You didn't,” said she without a blush. “I did.” “It was no fault of mine if you did.” “Show it me now, — there is no one here.” “Shan't.” She really blushed, and sat down, but could not contain herself from laughing. I showed her my prick, and was nearly caught doing so, by some one entering the shop.

She got out another night to walk with a female friend whom the aunt thought Loo could be trusted with. Directly clear of the house, that girl went off with her lover, — five minutes later I was with Loo on the beach. It was moonlight. How I cursed the moon, then luckily heavy clouds hid it. Now I talked about copulation openly. She knew all about it she said, and at last admitted laughing that she had felt the shop-boy's prick. “No,” no other man's excepting quite small boys, — she had felt those. “Let me do it to you, - - why not?” “I would, but I am frightened, — sup-pose I had a child.” I told her how I would prevent her having one. No, she was frightened. We felt each other well. How I restrained myself from frigging God only knows; but we were only about an hour gone.

Next day I felt her quim in the shop and again as she went up to

bed, and showed her my prick. What risks I ran, and how I escaped! Had my friend opened his door, or the girl opposite opened hers, I must have been caught.

I found she did not like being in the shop, did not like her aunt, and soon after said she would go away with me to London, if I liked (I'd now offered to keep her). That bothered me, I had only just got rid of a woman, and did not want another. “But in London you'd come to grief, — perhaps go on the town, and be miserable.” Well she didn't care, she wouldn't stop with her aunt, didn't want to go home — had had enough of them. She had a sister who was gay at ****, who told her she was very jolly. The murder was out, her cheek and frank acceptance of baudy suggestions, her knowledge of fucking, were due to her gay sister. At once I said, “What's the good of sitting here by the sea where we may be known? — let's go and have a chat and a glass of wine in a house.” “No.” “Why you know you've been fucked, Loo,” said I angry, not mincing words now, and believing she was shamming for a purpose. “I'll take my solemn oath on any Bible, I ain't had it done to me,” said she earnestly, — but I didn't believe her.

There were constant quarrels now between her and her aunt, — we heard them upstairs. Mrs. L**g, my friend, complained of the noise. Then I found that Loo had been sent there by her father to keep her away from her gay sister. All this time my friends had never noticed my goings on with the girl, all having been done by us two with such stealth.

After that night I talked open smut to her, and felt her, and she felt my prick on every opportunity. We discussed fucking, and getting with child, as if we were married. She a girl of sixteen would look me in the face, and laugh about it without the sign of a blush. It was the most extraordinary state of things I ever have experienced; but matters stopped there. A month nearly had passed, I had shagged the woman (already named) on the sands two or three times, to keep myself from fist-fucking, and liked the novelty of the place; but I was very lewed on Loo. She liked the spooning, and liked my feeling her cunt, but, “No, I'm frightened, — I won't go anywhere with you, — I won't let you do it.” “I fucked a girl on the sands, as you would not let me,” said I in just those words. “Lor you didn't.” “I did.” She became quite silent.

My friends were now leaving. “I'm going away with them Loo, as you won't meet me.” I said that on two successive days. She made no reply. Sunday came. “Come out this evening.” “I'm going to church with aunt.” “Well, meet me instead.” She did, and I got her without any trouble to the china-shop, and five minutes after that, we were sitting close together, her hand round my prick, I titillating her clitoris, our mouths glued together, speechless. Oh! those lovely five

minutes. Her thighs and bum gently moved. “Oh! don't.” “Get on the bed, Loo, — don't be foolish, — we'll feel each other better there.” She rose. “Take off your gown, you will rumple it.” She took it off in silence, and got on to the bed herself without help. We laid down. “What a lovely fat bum you have. — I must kiss it.” I loosened my trowsers. “There now, let my prick just touch your belly, — feel me.” My fingers slipt along her cunt, and I tried to put one up it. “Oh! you hurt.” Is she virgin? Then without any resistance I laid on her. She sighed, her thighs opened, I adjusted my prick, grasped her buttocks firmly, and thrust. “Oh — ohoo! — bar!” one loud cry only. I had shattered it in three or four hard thrusts. She was a virgin, and a tough one. My sperm was filling her cunt the next minute. She had meant fucking some hours before, I am sure of it, and almost fancy now, that she had made up her mind to have it done to her, long before that Sunday.

Coming to my senses, “Did you like it — did it give you pleasure?” “No it hurt,” said she with perfect tranquility. I laid still, kissing her, nestling up her my stiff prick, put my fingers down, and found them red. I had put a towel on the bed, and now pushed it under her buttocks, and uncunted, — I thought soiling her linen might cause her difficulty. For a moment to my delight, I saw the unusual sight of a virgin cunt just fucked, and then pushed the napkin between her thighs. “You never have had it before,” I remarked. “I told you so,” she replied. She laid still till I sug- gested her washing. As she washed, “You've made me bleed,” and she laughed. The affair did not seem very serious to her. Then we talked, I saw her cunt, and fucked her twice more, — the second poke I stopped in the middle. “Don't you feel pleasure now?” “Oh! yes — oho, ah!” She did not get home till past ten o'clock. I went home first. Her aunt rowed her in the passage. Walking with a friend, — walking with a friend was her only reply. My friends heard the row in the passage, as well as I, and next morning re-marked, they were afraid that shop-girl was giving her aunt much trouble, — Mrs. L**g said she looked an impudent minx.

Then came that delicious time when a couple both on heat scheme how to fuck on the sly. It seems to me the most delicious gratification of sexual passion, when it is done thus successfully. To kiss, and finger your privates, whisper as you psas, give signals to each other, cunt in one's mind, cock in the other's; to think all day when, where, and how the copulation is to come off: to watch this one who is in the way, scheme to get the other out of the way, hatch excuses for getting out of the house, tales about where you have been, and reasons for coming in late is delightful. I love the secret joys of success in deceiving, the passionate fuck here, there, anywhere, just as the opportunity offers; the rapid spend from genitals in which from

thinking constantly of it, with lewed desire for hours, the sperm and sexual juices have been accumulating, ready for mingling. I had all this with Loo, have had it with many other women since the age of sixteen, and know nothing in life so soul-absorbing, so delicious. Next day we felt each other in the shop, on the stair-case, and going up to bed. Next day promised to be unsuccessful for us, but I was so lewed that I was ready for any risk, — she much the same. We could think of no place, till suddenly, “There is the bed-room on the stairs, — it's empty, — no one will think of your being in there.” I went in the evening to a bazaar with my friends, left them there; and then slipped into the house, and into the bed-room unobserved. The servant had left, the aunt went out, and Loo slipped into the room.

She had left the boy in the shop. I fucked her quite in darkness on the bed-side, — the boy thought she had gone up to her bed-room. I sat patiently half an hour, then up she came, and we did it again. Nearly another hour and again she came, and was fucked. “You haven't washed your cunt, have you?” “No, — ought I?” said she. “Isn't fucking nice?” “Oh! ain't it just!” The -boy wondered at her keeping the shop open so late. “The bed (a feather one) will show,” said I. “As I come down in the morning, or directly Tom's gone, I'll set it to rights,” said she.

For the rest of the time of my acquaintance with this red-haired damsel, my dodges and devices to get her were mostly like those with little Sally, already told of. The circumstances were nearly the same. A sea-coast town, a lodging-house, a landlady, a young lady anxious to get her cunt buttered, a man in full health, intent on buttering it for her. Who could under those circumstances prevent copulation?

The next night she went out without asking leave, and I had her in the china-shop. “My darling let's look at your cunt.” She opened her thighs quite freely. “Does it look much different to what it did?” She had been trying to look at it in the glass, but couldn't see, — she hadn't a hand-glass. “But it feels quite different,” she remarked. We fucked like blazes for a couple of hours. There was a great row, and threats of the aunt about her absence, when she got back.

She was biggish, almost a woman in form, but with girlish expression in face. Excepting for that she looked eighteen. She had large thighs, a fat backside, and nice plump, but little breasts. Her flesh was beautifully white. She had a pretty cunt, a very fully-developed clitoris, and the hair on it was more carroty than that on her head. I had never yet seen a regular carroty cunt, but there was not much hair, — in that respect it looked sixteen. The edge of the split hymen was well jagged, any one could have seen that it had not been split up long. I looked at it till the exceptional letch seized me. I tickled the clitoris with my tongue till she gave a sigh, then the idea of

giving her full pleasure enchanted me. I closed my mouth on it, and licked, and licked, and thrust my tongue in and out, till she writhed. “Leave off, — oh! — it's dirty, — oho!” My jaws ached, my tongue was weary, I thought it was impossible to finish her, till with a strong effort, gliding my tongue over her clitoris, with all the rapidity that fatigue would let me, her thighs opened, and with a low yawling, half-moan, half-sigh she spent, clutching my hair spasmodically, and her thighs nipping. I don't know how long I had been operating on her, and wonder why I did not fetch her sooner. I never did it to her again, and can't account for this sudden letch, — I never can give reasons for gamahuching one woman, and not another. Next day my friends left, I stayed, and hired their two rooms, and the odd bed-room, — the old landlady said she could not let them together. The weather was getting cold, no other lodgers were expected, the shop-business fell off. The landlady next day asked if I would mind her waiting on me, as she and her niece could do all I wanted, unless other lodgers came. Though delighted I said in a dissatisfied manner that I expected to be properly cooked for, and waited upon; that I didn't like persons above their positions about me, and so on. Oh! she'd take care, and her niece should wear a cap. Soon after she returned. Would I excuse the cap, — her niece would not wear one; — she added that the girl had given her father lots of trouble, and now gave her trouble, — and she should send her home. How I laughed in my sleeve; the servant left, the shop-boy remained, a charwoman came for an hour daily, and the landlady, Loo, and I were alone in the house at night.

I got lots of trouble, sending the landlady out to buy this and that. Whenever I wanted her out of the way I sent her to buy something. I kept her hard at cooking, and did not care what it cost to get her out of the house, nor did she, for she got profits. When she was out up came Loo. In a trice I had her on my bed, and shagged her. The landlady laid the cloth, my beefsteak was burnt, and I grumbled. She was very sorry. Then she laid the cloth an hour before my meal, so that she might cook. I wasn't going to have a table-cloth on in the room all day, — I should dine out. Oh! she was so sorry. “Get a servant then.” Well she would, — but would I mind her niece without a cap laying it? “No, let her,” — and up came Loo. What a lark! the woman was cooking whilst I was pulling up Loo's petticoats, slapping her backside, kissing her motte, she laying the cloth. Then I slipped into my bed-room. Then knock, knock, “Your dinner's on table sir.” In I went. “I see the young woman has laid it all right.” “Yes sir, I'll see that she does.” I rang, and up came Loo. “A bottle of pale ale.” The shop-boy fetched it, Loo cleared the table, and had a glass of ale, her aunt had gone out to buy me something so we fucked. A randier little bitch never had a prick up her. At a late dinner it was the same game,

and Loo's cunt had another seminal libation. What a jolly day! Is it my luck, or my clever maneuvering? I think that latter, for I have had much practice in this sort of thing.

For a week, twice a day, and mostly three times I had the girl. She gave me hints when to get her. “Aunt will go out at such a time.” “Where will the boy be?” “In the shop, — I'll tell him I must be in the kitchen, — he dare not leave the shop, — if he goes in-to the parlour even, aunt would send him about his business, — he puts any money he takes down on to the counter, till aunt takes it.” Then up skipped Loo directly she thought it safe, got on to my bed, and almost pulled her own petticoats up, so longing was she for the prick. Directly afterwards, and often with her carroty quim unwashed, off she went. I grumbled about her want of attention to her aunt, to keep up the deception. The old woman let out about the girl being a wild one, and giving her trouble, and then for a couple of days the woman attended to me herself, and I had no poke.

“Aunt goes to market herself to-morrow,” whispered Loo grinning. During the season a relative went to the market for her. At six o'clock next morning off aunt went, Loo partially dressed, let her out. The boy was to have been there to open the shop. He entered by the private door to do so, and Loo had cunningly told him to come later. The lock was always bolted back when the door was opened in the morning, so that lodgers could let themselves in and out. The lass omitted this, and there were we in the house alone and secure, I in bed ready.

Upstairs she ran like a hare, “Pull off all your clothes, — yes, naked.” “No I won't,” — the only objection I ever heard her make. But I stripped her and myself, and in a minute we were both start naked in my bed together. What a delicious cuddle we had on that chilly morning! Then I gratified my eyes, never having seen her naked before. A little reddish hair was just showing in her armpits. A kiss on her pretty little breasts and her red-haired motte, a peep at the ragged, jagged opening of her cunt. I knelt over her, and she kissed my prick, — never before, and she did it with such delight. Then ouf! in tight libidinous naked embrace our genitals coupled. Oh! what a di-vine fuck it was, — luckily with a towel under her back-side, I don't spoil sheets, and give trouble now, — I deluged her cunt. Everything is nice to people in copulation. “Put your hand down darling, and feel my prick in you.” “Oh! isn't it wet!” “Do you like fucking naked in bed?” “Oh! yes, it is nice, — do married people do it naked?”

Then lying coupled, nestling our bellies, talking of fucking, instructing her (half the delight of having a virgin is in instructing her in libidinous acts, and in-stilling into her mind ideals of copulation), kissing, tongue-sucking at intervals. We passed a time. “Can you feel

that my prick's getting smaller in your cunt?" "Yes it is." "Do you like the feel of the spunk in it?" "Oh yes I do" (a question I have put to all my virgins before, but ever fresh it comes). "Feel my prick now it's out. Isn't it small!" "Yes, — I shall try to make it stiff." "Do love, — let me look at your cunt." Thighs wide opened I saw the offering my prick had left there. "Would you like to see your cunt now?" "Yes, — but it looks nasty, don't it?" "No dear." I stiffened. "Look love, look at my prick. — let's fuck before your aunt comes in, — get up, — kneel, — there, that's it," — and then with her white, smooth, hard backside against my belly as I knelt at the back of, her, I had another glorious fuck in her smooth, sperm-lubricated vulva.

"What am I doing dear?" "Oh! — ah! — a doin it to me — ah" "Say flicking." "Fuck — hing, — ah! ah!" We are quiet, I am bending over her, hands quiet on her buttocks, motionless all but in the last throbbing of my prick, and the gentle clipping of her cunt round it, as my ejaculation finished.

My prick kept in its channel, her bum close into my belly. What delicious tranquility, and soft baudy dreaming. "Is it nice this way dear?" (the first time I had done it so). "Oh! yes, do married people do it this way ever?" A silence. "How long's aunt been gone? — oh! that's the boy ringing." "Don't move Loo, — my prick's stiff yet." A pause. "Oh! I'd bet-ter, — he'll keep on a ringing, — what a nuisance." "Let him ring." "Oh! take it out, — he might tell aunt, — and I've got to dress." Out I pulled it, she dressed (a frock over her chemise). "I shall tell him I fell asleep." Then she let him in, and again came to me. We kissed, felt each other's genitals. "Don't wash your cunt, Loo, and we'll do it again at breakfast." Off she went, dressed properly, and lighted the kitchen-fire.

When she brought my breakfast, "I wish we could sleep together." "So do I," she replied. "We'd sleep naked." "Yes," said she grinning, but we never did. We could not manage a poke till after luncheon, and then did it on the sofa, backside to belly again, because it took so long to make the feather-bed look square, after we had rumpled it. How quickly she rumped up to my prick! — how gloriously she fucked! She was made for fucking, and loved it. I guess that in a year or two, when full-grown, it will take a strong man to do all her carnal work. Her exact age was sixteen years and one month the day I broached her.

We were baulked all the next day, for the aunt at-tended to me, but the next morning went to market. The boy's mother was ill, so Loo told him he might come late, and again in bed naked we strummed. I put her on the top of me. Libidinous devices, played with the young lass, pleased me fifty times as much as with an accomplished courtesan. "Are you coming Loo?" "Y — hes, y — hes," — our salivas were mingling. "Do married people do it like that?" said she as she lay

on the top of me after her spend.

I had every meal at home, and had cooking and things fetched at intervals all day long, to get the aunt out of the way. To my annoyance she said she must get a servant, for it was too much for her. “Why don't you make your niece do more?” “She don't like waiting (all arranged), — the girl's a rare trouble to me, and to her poor father; but I must send her home.” “As you like, but I am not likely to dine at home so much.” No servant was got, — one would have spoiled all, — so I did not lose my lass. Every other morning the aunt was away for about two hours, and did not know the boy came late (he was glad to come late), for the shop was always open before she returned. We lost no time, my prick was in Loo's cunt five minutes after her aunt went out, and generally in it a quarter of an hour before she came back. Between our carnal exercises, she with only a frock on lighted the kitchen-fire, and let the boy in, stripping and getting into bed with me like lightning between those performances. She now kissed and toyed me most lasciviously directly she got into bed.

One morning I lent her a hand-glass, and helped her to inspect her cunt. She contemplated it with great satisfaction. I pointed out to her the edges of the ruptured hymen, — it almost looked like a cock's-comb on each side, she said.

“I wonder if I'm in the family way,” said she one day just after we had fucked, and whilst she was taking away my breakfast things. She had had no symptoms, no sensations that she knew of, but she wondered, — she would know by the following Monday. On Monday she was all right, the redness showed, and for three days she was untouched. Then we resumed our fornication, and for nearly a month more carried on this sweet little game of copulation, and I believe unsuspected excepting by the boy.

It was close to November, all visitors were gone, and I told her then that I must leave, and then for the first time she showed anxiety about her future, and shed tears. But from conversation, though she had now got very close, I firmly believe she had made up her mind to turn strumpet. Her aunt and she quarrelled daily. Aunt was always threatening to send her home, she threatening to run away. I urged her going home, and one morning feeling uneasy about her, I gave her twenty pounds in sovereigns. That set her crying violently (she had never asked me for a farthing). As I could not take her to London (which it was impossible for me to do), perhaps she'd go home. “If you don't go home, stay here, — you're handsome, — you'll get a sweetheart, and marry if you're careful, — he won't find out what you've done.” Only common shop-people spoke to her she remarked with a toss of her head, as if she thought them not good enough.

Two of her monthly periods had passed since I first had her,

without signs of pregnancy. I felt quite comfortable about that, and after a heavy day's fucking, and three hicks on the last morning done with great risk, to my astonishment she suddenly cried bitterly, and just before her aunt came home, put her bonnet on, went out, and I never saw her more. The aunt was in a state of anxiety when I left, and so was I, the girl being so peculiar in character. I feared she would come to London, but I never saw her, if she did. The following spring, being about twenty miles from the town, I went there purposely to enquire. As I saw the aunt in the shop I went in, and bought something.

The aunt knew me, smiled, and asked if I were coming to M***g**e again. “Where is your niece?” said I casually. “Oh! gone home — or somewhere.” After a pause, “She gave my poor brother lots of trouble.” I asked one or two fishing questions, but learnt nothing further. I am convinced that she turned gay, and would have done so whether I had had her or not. She was made for much fucking, was ready for it, waiting for it. I believe she often had felt the shop-boy's prick though she denied that. She admitted once having done so, but they were always scuffling.

It is funny that I should so soon after I had a lady with a ginger-coloured motte, have fallen upon a red-haired motte. Liking neither of the colours I yet much enjoyed both women, but Loo far better than the other, owing to her youth, freshness, and inexperience. But each woman as she succeeds another, seems fresh to me, and brings her own peculiar charms and enjoyment. The delights of women are inexhaustible.

(I was alone nearly all this time at M**g**e, the season was over; what acquaintances I had had left, and these notes were written partly whilst there, and the rest soon after, for I had just then strongly on me the desire of describing the incidents of my private life, and writing them gave me the greatest pleasure. The account of my doings with Loo the red-haired, are word for word as I then wrote them.)

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

Volume 5

Chapter I

Camille. • Gabrielle and a female. • Temporary impotence. • After supper. • Minetting. • Gamahuching. • Flat-fucking. • Screwed and lewed. • Libidinous posing. • A triad of debauchees. • Next day recollections. • At Naples. • An agent for pederasts. • Reflexions about sodomy. • At Milan. • At a bagnio. • Cheap women. • In a diligence. • Mother and child. • At G**n*b*e. • The chambermaid's mistake. • Noisy incitements. • Through a door. • Invitation and surprize. • A warm room. • Warm suggestions. • Warm actions. • A hot pudendum. • A scorching hot penis. • A burning conjunction. • A moist conclusion. • A good night's work. • A hairy bum furrow.

When I came to London, Camille received my attentions but I was not constant to her, for a change of women was necessary to me. Gabrielle I had lost sight of, for she had changed her lodgings, till one afternoon going up an obscure street near Regent Street, I heard called out, “Monsieur, Gabrielle.” Looking up I saw it was she. Upstairs I went, and very soon was up her. I saw her several times afterwards, and one evening had a desire to see two women naked together, — it was years since I had done so. Gabrielle got me another woman as tall as herself, and with a cunt of similar hairiness and look. I sent for champagne, we all stripped naked, the two women sat on my knees, then laid on the bed side by side, and then knelt on it with rumps outwards, whilst I investigated their genitals; but my prick would not stand, and though I tried to fuck the stranger who used every blandishment, I could not do it.

I have before, and since, at times been unable to poke one woman when another was present, — why I cannot understand. Neither can I account for passing by dozens of nice women without putting my tongue to their cunts, and then frantically gamahuching one, without perhaps any greater charms, although for the moment she may have appeared to me to have possessed them. I have as already said, poked women in the presence of others, though but rarely.

Gabrielle found out my weakness, went out of the room, and soon after I was in coition with the other French lady. We went on champagning when Gabrielle returned. Having put chemise and shirt on, and made up the fire (for it was cold), in an hour or so Gabrielle said it was her turn to be fucked, and began, unasked, her favorite move of stiffening me by a delicate application of her tongue to the naked tip of my penis, and very shortly my lust was rampant again. Then began one of my unpremediatated orgies.

Our talk had been of the loosest; all three had been smoking, sitting round the fire, the women with chemises above their knees,

letting the warmth of the fire reach their cunts. At times I looked up between their thighs and amused myself libidinously with them. Time went on and I did not fuck. Gabrielle asked me to give them supper, and consenting, they sent out for ham and French sausages, which they devoured, — I made them sit quite naked to do so. Again we smoked, had more champagne, and our talk was of the lewedest. I felt Gabrielle's cunt. “Let me feel it too,” said the other woman suiting the action to the word, and feeling Gabrielle. Then both women kneeling down, one licked my prick-stem, one my balls, till I nearly spent, but re-strained myself.

Voluptuous excitement then filled my mind with libidinous fancies. “Gamahuche, Gabrielle,” I said. She scarcely needed a second request; both women laughed, moved on to the bed, and the stranger, kneeling between Gabrielle's legs, gamahuched her, whilst I looked at her fully-developed, thickly-haired cunt from behind, as her big rump was raised up by her kneeling with her head low. Gabrielle had two pleasures, or else shammed them, but I think not, for I can now pretty well tell between the real and the sham in baudy exercises. After that, again we all smoked, and drank champagne sitting round the fire, and then Gabrielle gamahuched the other woman.

My lewed imagination worked still, and made other suggestions. I said, “Flat-fuck her, faites la tribade.” The two were now pretty screwed, and up to anything, and I now believe amused each other this way when by themselves, though I did not then even fully realize that tribadism was more than a sham.

On the bed got the two tall French women, naked, boots and stockings excepted. Gabrielle mounted the other, who passed her thighs high up over Gabrielle's haunches, and they joined their cunts. I felt the mass of hair made by the two cunts close together. They kissed each other, then they rubbed cunts together, till they moaned with pleasure; and then laid silent. Then as they laid flat and tranquil in each other's arms, I got between Gabrielle's thighs, put a hand round between the two bellies, and it lay embedded in the hair of their cunts. I somehow inserted my prick in her cunt, whether much or little up it I can't say, — and spent my seed up her in a shove or two. Then as my prick came out, Gabrielle, with a cry of pleasure, rub-bed her cunt lubricated with my sperm against the cunt of her friend, and they rubbed, and wriggled, and screeched, and spent in voluptuous frenzy.

I was going away after that, but looking out found it still pouring with rain, as it had been all the evening; so I stopped, — it was passed midnight. We had more wine, and my brain was whirling with lust. I made Gabrielle and her friend piss over my hand, I held their cunts open, and the pot under each whilst the other held the candle,

whenever either of them wanted to empty her bladder (and the champagne ran through them freely), so that I could see the function performed. Then Gabrielle laid down again, I knelt over her and she sucked my prick, whilst her friend again gamahuched her. My antipathy to minette was overcome, a desire to finish my prickwork in its lodging came over me. “I shall spend, — I'm coming,” I cried. Gabrielle sucked my prick harder and I spent in her mouth, and bent over her, until her own pleasure came on as her friend rapidly licked her cunt. She spent almost simultaneously with me. Then we got up, rested, and recommenced. At last having fucked both women again, all on the bed now together. At four o'clock in the morning I found my way home exhausted, and two-thirds drunk.

It was a long time since I had had any debauch. Women, and lots of them, were my delight, but I took them one at a time. With a strong constitution, I could copulate without fatigue once or twice daily, could do so without excitements, without stimulants of any sort, excepting the glorious contemplation and amusements that the beautiful woman for the time could give me. I disliked the idea of minette, yet now I had consummated in the lady's mouth, and actually enjoyed it; had set women flat-fucking, and enjoyed seeing that. Did they do it properly? — did they enjoy each other? — were they only shamming? I sat reflecting on all this with an aching head the next morning, and wondering how many times I had spent. I certainly fucked each woman twice or more, and spent in Gabrielle's mouth — and that was all I knew.

Next evening I went to Gabrielle's. Both women had got drunk she said, and slept together. “Did they flat-fuck afterwards, — did they really enjoy that” “Mais certainement oui,” it was “une fantaisie,” and they did it till they could do it no longer — “Mon Dieu,” till her friend fell asleep on the top of her. She was “une femme charmante, et cochonne.” They both had head-aches, had enjoyed themselves — look at the bottles. The bed was unmade, the room still in disorder. Should she fetch her friend again? — she had only just left her. “Mon Dieu” she did not recollect how often I had spent — seven times she thought. I fucked her, left, and did not see her again for months, but frequented Camille, who with her soft, almost feline ways and delicious manner in copulation, charmed me much.

To get away from home, I went abroad again early in December to Naples with a friend, and had women there of course. One evening coming out of my hotel, an elderly man exceedingly well dressed, accosted me in Italian. He was so gentlemanly in appearance and manners, that I stood and listened to him, at first not being able to make out what he said. It was that he had some charming ladies he could introduce me to — not common women, not whores. I listened,

for it was the first time I had been solicited by a man on such matters, though I had made many a valet-de-place pimp, and go to brothels with me. They were charming he said in a quiet voice, and one a delicious young lady only fifteen years old. I told him no.

"Ah! the Signor would perhaps like a fine young man." I did not quite understand him at first, not understanding Italian well, and repeated after him interrogatively the word "young." He misunderstood me. Ah! yes, if I preferred young, he had two lovely boys, quite young, one thirteen, one fourteen years old, without any hair on them — they were most delicate. Finding I had to make him repeat, because I did not understand him and that I answered in French, he addressed me quite fluently in that language, and told it all over again. Yes, only thirteen and fourteen years, — no hair on them, but though so young they both could spend. I declined, he took off his hat with a gloved hand, "Buona sera, Sig-nor," — he was often on the Chaia, if I changed my mind, and I several times saw him there accosting men just at dusk.

This set me thinking very much, and on reflection, though amusing one's self that way seemed to me most objectionable, yet if men liked it, it was their affair alone. A man had as much right to use his anus as he liked, as a man has to use his penis — that was the conclusion I came to. But it set me wondering if many men took their pleasure up other's backsides. Was it more pleasure than fucking women? — did the bug- garee have pleasure like the buggerer? — and so on, till I thought over all I had seen, heard, and done with my own sex from boyhood to the present time. My curiosity on the matter was aroused, and the curiosity has become stronger since.

I was extremely unhappy whilst away from England, felt as if banished, yet hated to go back, and was so depressed that I never had fewer women. I seemed to care nothing about them or indeed anything else, till parting with my friend, I went to Milan. There I found that at the very best house where they kept women, the price was only something less than four shillings for a woman, and fresh handsome women they were. A sexual rousing took place in me, but it was not the result of the cheapness of cunt, it was the niceness of the women, and out of eight women in the house I fucked seven. Then to Turin I went, and sledged over Mount Cenis, and afterwards by diligence much of the way, and the rest by rail, reached Paris with a few adventures, and the first, strange to say, again with (I believe) a married woman.

I travelled in the coupй of a diligence with a tall, dark-eyed, handsome lady, looking thirty, and a boy about five years old, her child. She was well, even ex-pensively dressed, but most quietly (quite the style then when ladies dressed for travel, with its roughness, and

not as tho for show). Eight hours were we together. It was very cold, and I longed to get near her for the warmth which a nice woman gives a man; but the child sat in the middle. Of course we talked during the whole journey. She was going to the same town as I was, but I found not to the same hotel. She had been there before, and pronounced the F**c*n Hotel excellent, so I altered my mind, and went to it at the town of G**n*b*e.

It was a big old-fashioned hotel (the railway had then not quite reached the town, and none of the hotel-servants could speak anything but French and Italian (commonly the case in those days). We went up speedily with others to get bed-rooms (no telegraph then), a chambermaid showed them to us together, evidently thinking us married. I selected one. The lady looked at the one next. “The little boy will sleep with me,” said she, “I must have a large bed, — this bed won't do.” “Lucky boy,” said I. She fixed her eyes on me, and coloured. “Boys recollect what they see when very young, I know that, I do,” I went on to say, and laughed. “Do they?” — and she laughed too. “This room then?” said the maid. It had a large bed, but I had selected that. “There is a little room leading out of this (the smaller room) which will do for the little boy,” said the maid, showing it. The lady took the two rooms, the chambermaid then unlocked the door between my room and the lady's. “Shall I bring your supper here, or will you go downstairs?” said she to us. The lady laughed, and (in French of course), “No, no, — the gentleman is not with me.” “Mais pardon, Ma-dame,” said the chambermaid much confused, and shooting a bolt on Madame's side of the door, she went into my room and locked the door on my side, leaving there the key. I was standing in the corridor. Then my prick began suddenly to swell with a voluptuous sensation, the idea of being alone in the bed-room with the lady caused it.

The lady was a well-informed woman, and spoke French and Italian well. We had crossed the frontier in the diligence, and I heard her speak both languages; but though with her for hours, not a word, not a sign of voluptuousness had passed between us, and I had never thought of love till that moment.

Now lust seized me. “She means us to visit each other presently,” said I. The lady laughed. “A pretty visit for me, that would be.” “A bachelor on the visit to a widow.” “But I'm not a widow.” “You've been a long time without a husband you told me.” “And truly enough,” said she with a sigh.

We went into our rooms, washed, and soon after she went downstairs. Seeing no one, I went into her room, unbolted the door, and went then downstairs. The table d'hote was over, we each ordered dinner, and at the waiter's suggestion agreed to dine together, she

paying her share. “Do you like champagne?” I asked. “Yes, but I can't afford it, so don't order any for me,” said she quite anxiously. “We are in old France again, and champagne I must have,” and I ordered some, begged she would favor me by taking a glass, and we soon got through one bottle, and began another. The little boy who had a small quantity, fell asleep, the mother said she must put him to bed. “Good night, sir,” said she. “I'll say good night to you upstairs, for I shall go to bed too.” She looked hard at me.

It was a very cold night, the corridors of the hotel were silent. Almost directly after she left I went up to my room. We could hear every movement in each other's room; it was always so in old-fashioned hotels in those days. I listened, — a door closed. “You're nice and warm, — good night dear, — go to sleep, — I'm close to you.” The next instant the rattle of a long strong piddle reached my ear. I laughed loudly and intentionally, and said through the door, “Good night.” “Good night,” she replied in such a tone, that I felt sure she was trying to stifle her laughter.

In conversation, I had discovered that she had travelled much in Europe, and tried to draw her out about herself, but found it useless, — she was close as an oyster. She tried the same with me I noticed, with what success I cannot say. Who is she? — what is she? — her husband has been long away she says, — she looks quiet but invitingly, — she advised this hotel, — she laughed in a lady-like manner at little boys recollecting things, — does she want poking? — shall I try it on? — so ran my thoughts rapidly.

With lewed intent, but nervous about my intentions, I still listened and heard movements as of a woman undressing. Then I half-undressed myself, brought the pot nearest to the door, and pissed, making it rattle as much as I could to excite her. Anything which brings man and woman to think of the genitals of the opposite sex has a stirring lewed effect! Then I knocked gently, and called, using the name (Mrs. M***l**d) she had entered in the hotel-book. “What do you want?” said she coming to the door. “To talk to you, — I feel so dull.” “And I'm so cold, — good night.” “Haven't you a fire?” “There is no stove.” “There is one in my room, — and it's quite warm, — come in and chat, — you are not going away tomorrow?” A long pause. “No thank you.”

Rustling movements again, and a cough. I hesitated, for she had given me no encouragement. My prick got voluptuous, it had not entered a woman for a week or more. I put wood on the fire, summoned courage, and knocked again. “Come and have a chat.” “No thank you, I've my gown off.” How rapid is human thought. I saw in my mind's eye her half-naked breasts and arms, and my prick rose stiff. Has she bolted the door, or found out that it is unbolted? I turned

the key, then the handle, and the door opened! “Oh! who's that?” said she running to the door. “Oh! you really must not — the maid ought to have locked it.” Her voice had dropped, and we stood looking at each other, when she found it was I who had entered.

“Don't be frightened, — it's too early to go to bed, — come and chat, — your room is like an ice-well, mine like an oven. Leave the door open, it will warm your room.” “I don't mind the cold.” You complained of it.” “I shall be warm in bed.” “You'll be warmer in mine, there is room for two.” “Oh! don't talk such nonsense.” “It's not nonsense, — we are alone, — come.” “No.” “Come and have a glass of champagne (the bottle scarcely commenced was in my room), — you'll sleep better.” No she'd had more than enough; but she hesitated, and stood still looking at me. “Fetch me a glass” “Come in, — it's warm, and your boy won't hear us talk.” “Poor little fellow, he is so tired,” said she standing still, “and it's really freezing here,” (throwing a shawl over her shoulders). “Come, it's warm in my room.” A little more persuasion and she came, sat with me before the fire, and had champagne. The door was left open, so that the heat might penetrate her chamber. No one was in the bed-room next to mine, — I had ascertained that.

We talked cosily, then warmly. Gradually I felt her arms. How plump she was, — she did not look so plump in her gown. Really, — didn't she? Then with coquetry and pleased vanity, she showed her arm nearly to her shoulder. I kissed it. “What sweet, smooth flesh you have.” “Now don't, — you must not.” I had lifted the shawl, and she tightened it. “Oh! do let me see your bust again, — it's beautiful, — I saw it when I opened the door.” With a twitch I pulled off the shawl, clutched her, and kissed her shoulder, but little of her breasts were visible. She would go if I went on so, and put the shawl back. I made her pull off her stockings, — her feet would get so warm. She turned her back to me, and did, — and nice white little feet she showed.

But one of my nervous timid fits was on me, and I could not make the attack boldly that I wanted to make. She was a lady, evidently married, and I didn't then see that whether conscious of it or not, or whether she intended it or not, that she really was ready for fucking, — she really was ready for fucking, — she could not help being so. I hesitated, and went on talking quietly and respectfully. When did she see her husband last? “Oh! some time ago.” When expect to see him? She didn't know, — she expected a letter there from him. I had all this in the diligence; and got bolder. “You're longing for him to be in bed with you, aren't you?” “No, — but it's quite natural if I did,” — and she laughed, and looked at me. In half fear I kissed her. “You mustn't really,” but now I had struck the lewed gamut, and ran rapidly up it after my usual fashion. “Let us sleep together.” “Oh! no, — I ought not

to have come in here." "Do." "I dare not." She half rose to go, but I kept her down on the chair. "Don't go, — it's quite early, — your room will get warm soon," and I threw more logs on the fire.

"What pretty white feet — you've a lovely leg I am sure. — Do let me." And gently I put my hand high up on her calf, I did it so respectfully, but she stopped me. stood again, I knelt for an instant between her thighs, shaking my stiff machine at her in baudy waggery. Then putting out the light we covered up, and talked lust, lewedness, and love, till again we consummated, and went to sleep, her bum against my ballocks, her back against my belly, my hand over her haunches touching her motte. The loveliest of all ways of sleeping with a woman in cold weather. We slept for hours. When I awakened it was six o'clock, and quite dark. Her rump was towards me and she was fast asleep. I was lying on my back, with as grand a prick as ever opened cunt lips. I never could have too much of a woman. Even when fucked out I still like to see, feel, and kiss her. I soon turned round, and felt my lady pretty freely over her body, but without awaking her. Then I slid my fingers between her buttocks and thighs, in what seemed much crisp hair, till the soft elastic covers of her quim met them. I wriggled quite slowly my middle finger up it, how warm, soft, and smooth, it felt, and I revelled in it for a minute. I believe it to be impossible to keep a finger up a woman's cunt long without awaking her. Mrs. M***l**d's bum began to move quite gently, and her cunt to clip when my finger had been in her a little time, then she half turned round, and my finger came out. "What is it, what are you doing, what is it? Oh, it's you," she said, suddenly becoming conscious that she she was in bed with me. Lust was raised in her. I pulled our night clothes well up, and belly to belly, with hands on each other's arses we kissed. "Let's do it again." — She turned on to her back, I on to her belly, and we had that fuck with pleasure peculiar to the morning, and fell asleep again.

But she awakened me soon. — "I must get out." "To piddle?" "Yes." I groped for the pot and handed it to her, she pissed, and went to the boy's door. "Arthur," she called. "He's fast asleep," said she, and came to bed again. — We cuddled, but fucking was over. At the first glimpse of daylight, "I must get into my bed before my boy comes in," said she. She bolted the door between our rooms, I went to bed, and it was late when I went to breakfast. She had breakfasted and left the room long before. — We had agreed not to notice each other much. The towel I had taken to bed with us was handsomely stained. — I am too old a hand now, and have had too much trouble with stained sheets to for-get a towel on such occasions as this.

Chapter II

False names. • Mrs. Ml**d. • Baudy tales. • Naked by a trick. • My smooth flesh. • The child's mother. • The hairy bum furrow. • I leave G**n*b*e. • Who was she. • At the town of N*v*s. • Spy holes. • Marital frolics under the bed clothes. • Husband and chambermaid. • Chambermaid and self. • The brooch. • Conflicting emotions, desire, and disgust. • Suzanne's complaisance. • I leave N*v*s. • At Paris. • The Bal Masque. • Gabrielle and Violette. • Baudy exercises and groupings. • An orgy to exhaustion. • To London.***

After her luncheon she left her child down stairs, and came into my room. “When should I leave G**n*b*e?” she asked. “Just before you do.” “Which road are you going?” “Towards Paris — and your road?” “Not to Paris.” “Your name is not M***l**d, but you have entered it so in the hotel-book.” She laughed and coloured up. “No, and yours isn't — * * * *” “True, we don't want to know each other's name, but they were entered from our passports at the frontier, what if the police find we have changed them?” (Passport regulations were very severe then.) “Directly you have got your letter I will leave, I won't cause a suspicion of you, and if we ever meet elsewhere we will be utter strangers to each other.” This seemed to satisfy an anxiety she showed in a conversation much longer than this. I had begun kissing and hugging, she was cool to me, and without reply resisted my lifting her petticoats, but she mollified as we talked. Standing up at first, we were soon sitting on the edge of my bed, my finger on her cunt, and arm round her waist. It was a clear, brilliant, January day, but cold and frosty. “Let us do it.” “No, I've run a dreadful risk.” “Risk it again.” “I'm frightened.” “Feel me,” and out my prick came. She laid hold of it. “Let us.” “My little boy is alone.” “Never mind, let us — I must see your lovely thighs.” “A-h-a, leave off, take your hand away.” “Get on the bed then, love.” She got on. I threw up her clothes, and kissed her belly and motte. Had she come to be fucked, I wonder. — I can't say. Women are so cunning; but her cunt had just been washed, the hair was moist and not with piddle. Pulling aside the lips, I fingered it and lightly tickled her clitoris, I was standing by the bed side, she laying along it, so that was all I could do with my tongue. Her thighs and belly looked lovely on a beautiful white chemise with work round the bottom. The winter sun shot a brilliant ray right on to her cunt as she lay — it was that which seduced me into the lingual incitement. — Then I laid my head on her thighs, contemplated her charms, and smoothing her belly said, “How many children have you

had? You have no marks of child-birth." "Oh! pull down that blind, I don't like being exposed so." "My darling you can stand any amount of exposure, your thighs and belly are lovely." But she pushed down her clothes, I pushed them up again, she down. — Then rapidly for fear of refusal, I got on to her and fucked right off. Curiosity seized me whilst lying on her, and I repeated the question. She laughed, and the laugh jerked my prick out of her. — She got up and washed her cunt. — I repeated my question. "You don't know where to look," said she laughing. "Let's sleep together to-night." She shook her head, locked the door between our rooms, and went down stairs.

She walked about the town with her boy; I met her, bowed, and passed on. I barely noticed her at the table d'hote. I ordered a fire in my room, more lights, wine, and cakes, and went there about 8 o'clock (it was dark at about five) and waited till I heard her and the boy's door closed. Then I knocked — no response — louder and louder I knocked. "Don't," said she, speaking thro the door. "Come." "No." I gave a violent bang, and the door opened. "Don't make that noise, the boy will hear. I'll come when he's asleep," — and she came.

We sat by the fire drinking champagne, put inquisitive questions to each other and fenced replies. — "You won't find out anything more," said she laughing. "Well it's stupid, I'd better not, nor you of me." Then I began kissing, talked baudily, told story after story. "Good gracious, I never hear such things," she kept remarking. "Hasn't your husband told you such things?" "Never, he never uses such words." "Not cunt?" "No, never." "Not fuck?" "Never." "You've heard them." "Of course I have." Then on I went in my lewedest strain, charmed with such a listener.

She would not let me take voluptuous liberties, whilst this conversation went on. No she would leave if I did. So leaving off, I began quietly love making, kissing, and cunt feeling. "Come to bed, love, we can talk just as well there, let me look at your thighs as you sit, let me undress you." — She objected but yielded. I helped her and took off garters and stockings, charmed with the disclosures of her flesh. She carried her clothes into her room; I went with her. "Bring your night-gown in-to my room. It's so cold here." "No, you go and I'll put it on here." But I carried it into my room, she following me. "Let me put it on you." "No I won't." She took it from me, pulled her arms out of her chemise, which she held up for the second with her teeth, opened the night-dress, raised it over her head, and as she did so, let the chemise drop to her feet; just then I snatched the night-gown out of her hands, and she stood as naked as she was born. "Oh, what a shame," said she very sharply, and put her hand over her cunt as if to hide it, "give it me now." — I dropped on my knees, buried my lips in the hair of her cunt, kissing it, and clasping her round her smooth

buttocks.

Her struggles were slight. “Now let me put it on, I'm cold.” I rose and holding her close to me, looked at her beauties as well as I could in that position. Then she insisted so strongly, that I let her put on her night-gown. She pardoned me, I undressed, we both sat before the fire and again recommenced billing and cooing. She let me expose her thighs. “Let me see your lovely bum.” “No.” “Do.” — “No.” But coaxed, she at last consented, and stood up modestly with her bum to the fire, whilst I looked at it, felt, and kissed it. — “Look,” said I, with a sudden impulse of lust, which made me desire to show myself; and stripping off my night-shirt, I stood naked with prick stiff in front of her. “Feel me dear, do feel me,” and I placed her hand on my thigh. — In a modest way she felt my flesh all down my thigh, and then up one side. Said she, “What lovely flesh, — You're just like a woman.” “Many other women have said so.” Into bed we got — and without more dalliance — my burning prick went in her hot, soft, cunt. We fucked, we spent, and lay coupled together long. “Feel my flesh and talk now, love.” She ran both hands over me. “It is just like a woman's — I thought — men were always hairy.” I uncunted, turned on my back, and she felt my belly and breasts. “It's like a woman's, it's lovely,” again she said. I wondered who and what she was, that she should lay lasciviously enfolded in my arms. “Am I smoother than other men?” “I've only felt my husband and you — and gracious Heaven — what risk I am running.” “When were you fucked last?” “Oh, months ago.” She had seen a few men partly naked, working — and some fishermen and labourers, they were all hairy, she said.

In an hour we talked ourselves into lewedness again, and she let me see her form and beauties, but did not then open her thighs. Again we fucked and slept, she awakened, went and listened at her boy's door, pissed in her room, and got into bed with me — I had a night lamp — and we passed a voluptuous but restless night, which left us weak when the morning came; and in one of our burning, lewed caresses, she said she had never had a child, that the boy was her step-child, and had never known his real mother. That is the utmost about herself I learnt at any time.

For two days she would not let me have her in the day time, but an hour after the table d'hote she was in her room, put her child, whom she had tired out by walking, to bed, then got into bed with me, and we fucked all night. I was in first-rate condition, and it was a sort of honeymoon to us both, but specially to her. My smooth flesh seemed to excite her wonderfully, and on the last night she kissed me all over. The last time I had her it took me half an hour to get an emission, stopping from time to time at the work, but never taking my prick out. She who had her pleasure quickly, with short sighs and

clasping me very tightly to her, and had been fetched oftener by my unremitting ramming, groaned, “Oh, do leave off.” “I'm coming in a minute love,” — and I went on violently at the rate of two shoves a second, finishing the fuck almost with pain, and with a sore prick. At daylight we were a hollow eyed, fucked out couple.

The child on the third night cried “Mamma, mamma.” — She must have slept but lightly, for she was out of bed in a minute, awakening me as she got out; he soon went to sleep again, and she came back, shivering, to my bed. She was exceedingly kind to the boy.

She was not a short woman, and had ample flesh, her calves were thin, the thighs swelled out rapidly to fine haunches, her cunt was full lipped. By the last night I had eradicated all modesty in her, she let me look and feel as I liked, and I verified that she had short, crisp hair, like horse hair, along the bum furrow, from her cunt to her back-bone. The hair of her cunt was thick, very curly, and lay close on her flesh. She was dark eyed, dark haired, had unusually large thick eye brows, and was a boldish looking, handsome woman.

She had been twice daily to the poste restante, and every day made me promise to leave when she asked me. One morning “Now you must leave to-night if you can.” I left that night and have never set eyes on her since. From a slight accent, I think she was Irish.

After luncheon that day she refused me. Fatigued sexually as I was, yet the idea of losing her excited me — no she would not but she let me into her room. Then letting down my trowsers (what strange incitements come into my mind), I held my shirt up all round me. “Well feel my flesh for the last time,” the invitation succeeded, her hand smoothed and felt up to my breasts in silence. As I hoped, it stirred her lust. “Let me feel you, dear, for the last time.” “Well that's all.” — I felt her cunt. — My prick stiffened, she felt it, and a few minutes after I was groaning in the delight of having her, rather than the need of ejaculating my sperm. “I'll get you with child,” said I, as vague baudy thoughts floated thro my brain with my increasing pleasure. — “I've never been with child — oho-har,” she sobbed out as her spending began. — She told me the same as she washed her cunt afterwards. “I didn't mean to say it, and I'm running a great risk.”

I had been wondering daily who and what she was, I was surprised at my easy success. Did she want money, or was she only satisfying her lust — she had no servant — said she couldn't afford champagne — yet drank excellent Claret, had the best rooms — was well clothed — had very fine linen, and lots of baggage. Risking it I said delicately, “If you want money I can lend you some.” — “No thank you I have enough, and have only to write to get what I want.”

We kissed. “I shall often think of you.” She made no reply. “I hope we shall meet again.” “Gracious heaven, I hope not.” She kissed

me. “You're very hand-some,” — she said, then shut the door, and I never have met her since. C C M was marked on her linen.

After the first day we never took but the slightest notice of each other when we met in the town, nor did I dine near her, nor do much more than bow slightly when in the hotel. No one could have guessed our secret amusements unless it were the chambermaid, nor she unless she listened, which was not likely; but fearing that, I slipped into the adjoining bedroom unobserved. The room was empty, and a wardrobe placed against the door, so that hearing there was not easy, and we spoke always in a low tone.

On my road to Paris I stopped at the (then little visited) town of N*v**s. At the hotel was a big French-man and his young wife. I thought he must be commercial. His wife was a young, buxom woman, and I fancied they had not been married long. My bed-room was next to theirs, and I noticed that spy holes had been bored in the door between our rooms, but carefully plugged up, which gave me a desire to have a peep at the lady. It is a delicious sight to see a pretty young woman at her toilet. So with scissors, I pushed open some holes and could see clearly through some of them, a bed, and pot cupboard by the side of it. This so excited me, that instead of going to see the cathedral, and other things I had come to see, I did nothing but watch this lady; and whenever I thought she was going to her bed-room, I went to mine. I have ever been indefatigable in watching for opportunities with women, nothing ever turned me off the scent, no amusements ever drew me aside, when a lewed intention, or hope, had laid hold of me.

After breakfast up stairs she went, I also, and mounted a chair (the holes were high) to peep, but saw nothing worth seeing. She put on her bonnet and went out with her husband. I went out but returned before her. About half an hour before luncheon, she came back, and I had the pleasure of seeing her sit down and laughed. I watched, but her bed was all I could see from one peep hole, and I could not be constantly shifting, so some times I saw her, some times not, and him the same. After a time she appeared in chemise, sat on the edge of the bed, pulled her stockings off, piddled, pulled off her chemise, showed her back-side quite naked for a second or two, put on her night dress and got into bed. He came into view in his shirt, and pulled down the bed-clothes, and she pulled up her nightgown to let him look at her cunt for a minute. She evidently quite understood his wants. Then he mounted her, but it was cold; he uncunted, they covered themselves up with the bed-clothes and fucked under them. I had only the pleasure of seeing the bed-clothes heaving. He had put the candle, which had been by her bedside, on to the wash-stand, and I could not so well see her face as I had in the day time. He then got off of her

and went to his bed, taking the candle with him and extinguishing it. She had turned on her side, and seemed to sleep directly he had left her, with the soothing effects of her plea-sure and a cunt full.

I watched all this with intense pleasure, standing on a chair, with my prick out stiff, and feeling it, and longing for a pleasure. I resisted frigging myself, determining to get a woman next day. To my annoyance, I awakened in the night with a baudy dream, and spending copiously on my night shirt.

I passed most of my time when waiting thus, in writing my doings at Naples and G**n*b*e with Mrs. M***l*d. Next morning I did not see them copulating, tho I got up at day break and watched till breakfast. Then I heard the lady say, “I may as well go there at once; and you come to dinner.” Then I watched her go out of the hotel, and fancying there would be no fun for me till night, I thought of going out myself, and in half an hour or so, went up to my room for my great coat. When there, I heard male and female voices talking quietly in the adjoining room. Oh, thought I, she has come back, so got at once to my peep hole.

But the husband was there alone, and I was about to get down, when in came a chambermaid, who closed the door, bolted it quickly, and in a minute was on the bed side with her thighs wide open, and he was tailing her, just where he had done it to his wife the day before. I watched them fucking. The instant it was over, she shook down her petticoats and left the room, in another minute he was out of it, neither washed. I was staggered, and soon after I left my room and saw the chambermaid talking to some travellers at the end of the corridor. Oh, how I longed to have her.

I went out, could not find a whore, came back, had luncheon, and went to my room thinking of the chambermaid, and wondering at her tricks, and her impudence, in doing it in a room with a married man, and where I supposed she must have known there were peep holes. The man and she seemed acquaintances. Then I wondered if she would let me. Impelled by my throbbing prick, which kept urging me to please it, I went up and down stairs to my room, trying for an opportunity, till I saw her in the corridor. She was a good looking, dark eyed woman, seemingly about twenty years old, and was dressed better than an ordinary chamber-maid. I rang for hot water, she brought it, I began a conversation. — It was very cold. — “Yes, will you have a fire, sir?” I knew she would send a man to light it so declined. “You warm me.” “I don't know how,” said she with such a sly lewed look, that I felt sure she was game. “I'll show you,” and I kissed her. She resisted after the manner of women, but so feebly, that I easily held her close, and repeated my kiss. “Now leave off, they will wonder where I am.” “I'm warmer already, ma chere, I'll give you a

lovely cameo brooch if you make me warmer still, and no one but you and I will know it." "What do you mean?" "Why this," — and I put my hand up her clothes. She scuffled. "Oh, no certainly not," but she would not have dislodged a child's fingers from her cunt, which I got well hold of. "I won't." "Don't make a noise, ma chere, or they will hear us in the next rooms." "I'm frightened," said she, "I can't, I won't," — and I thought my chance was gone.

Talking one evening with the friend who had recommended me the house in L***f***d St. (where I had been with Mrs. Y***s***e) on the subject of women, he said that he did not offer servants and that class of women money, that a bit of jewellery caught them much more readily than gold, and that it was very much cheaper. "They may refuse a sovereign or two, they may be offended, but jewellery they can't refuse." I had found boots, and bonnets, backed with gold, do very well, but certainly had failed in two or three instances signally, and had missed opportunities in other cases, where a mere offer of love could not be made, with chance of success.

Struck with some pretty cameo brooches at Naples, I bought half a dozen for presents (they were not nearly so costly thirty years ago as now). "I've got such a pretty brooch which I'll give you. Do you like brooches? Look at this." "Yes," said she taking it. I caught hold of her again, pulled my prick out, and got my hands on to her cunt. "Now don't, I don't like it," — was all she said, and she stood leaning her bum against the bed, looking at the brooch with her thighs closed, and my fingers fumbling about her cunt lips.

Sure now of having her, I let her go, then rapidly bolted the door, and in a minute had her on the bed with her petticoats up. She meant fucking. I was on her, and my prick had touched her cunt when, my fin-gers feeling its moisture, the idea of her not having washed the Frenchman's sperm out of her seized me, and my prick began to dwindle. Tho the fucking took place hours before, tho my knowledge of copulation generally should have taught me that I should find none of his leavings, even if she had not washed, yet all occur-red just as described, and then followed in succession, an absurd variety of contradictory emotions, and actions, which must have astonished her.

I rose on to my knees between her thighs hurriedly, and holding my prick looked at her. Shall I ask her if she has washed, r thought. "What's the matter?" said she hurriedly. Mentally then I saw the husband fucking her at the side of the bed, and my prick stiffened, again the idea of his sperm lying in her haunted me, I felt I could not fuck her, and thrust my fingers up her cunt to feel if his sperm was there — as if it was a more delicate thing to feel it with my fingers, than with my prick. "Oh, you hurt!" she cried out loudly. Then down I fell on her forgetting the sperm, thinking only of the two as I had seen

them fucking. My prick was like a horn, my lust got furious, and with fierce thrusts I spent in her. “Oh, you hurt — oho,” she sobbed and she spent with me.

This conflict of desire and disgust, a prick stiff one minute, the next dwindling to flaccidity, stiffening again as a different thought flashed through my brain, and furiously emptying its semen in a violent paroxysm of pleasure into the cunt which a minute before it had re-fused to enter, strikes me as one of the singular events of my amatory life.

She interrupted my tranquillity by uncunting me. “Let me get up.” — I got off of her, my mind again recurring to her not having washed, but she washed now, turning her back to me, when a bell rang. “It's the call bell,” said she, rising quickly from the basin, “look and see if any one's in the corridor.” I did. “Yes.” “Peep, and tell me when no one's there,” in a whisper standing at my back. The bell rang again. “There is no one.” Out she went, leaving the brooch on the pisspot stand.

Temporarily satisfied, I soon wanted her again, kept peeping out of my door, and at an opportunity beckoned her. “Presently,” said she in a whisper, as she passed the door, “there are travellers about just now.” In an hour the corridor was again quiet and she came in. “I cannot stop long,” said she, getting on to the bed without hesitation at my request. I got by the side of her, had a pleasant grope, kiss, a partial look, a few minutes baudy talk, and then I was up her again, and we had the nice second fuck of two people who wanted it. As our privates unjoined, the call bell rang again, “Sacra” said she, “what does she want now?” — and off she went quickly with her cunt unwashed this time. She had not asked for the brooch which I had put by, tho I saw her for a moment looking round the room, as if seeking something. She promised to see me after the table d'hote.

It was quite dark when I went to my room — no travellers were in the rooms on my corridor excepting the couple in the adjoining room. — I lit my candle and kept my door ajar. Suzanne kept her word and came. “Have you washed your cunt,” said I, “since we made love?” “Of course,” “Where?” “In my room.” “Let's look at you.” “No, I don't like that.” But I would. We got on to the bed. “We must not make a noise,” said I, “for there is a married couple next to us. Who are they, do you know?” “Yes.” It was a manufacturer. He used to live in the town, and had not been long married to a lady whose relatives lived there. “I heard them fucking last night,” said I. “That's what they married for,” she supposed, laughing as she said it. “I dare say he has fucked you before he was married, as you know him.” “Mon Dieu, non.” How I longed to tell her what I had seen, but did not, and then we enjoyed each other. I gave her the brooch, which pleased her

immensely. No, she could not sleep with me for fear of being found out — but her room was by itself, two flights up thro a door, which she indicated. She would leave the door ajar. Following her at distance, she showed me the way by going straight to, and entering the room.

The married couple came home. I saw him fuck his wife. At the hour appointed, all was silent. I slipped up to the maid's room and had pleasure with her, went back to my own room, passed a tranquil night, awaking just in time to see my neighbours fucking on the bed. After their breakfast they left the hotel.

Then I slipped into their room, and found that apparently after the peep holes had been bored, their room had been painted and traces of the holes obliterated. Those freshly opened by me now alone showed.

I passed the entire of two days there, keeping much to my room. Suzanne slipped in to me at my request, and I gave her pleasure several times daily. In the intervals writing the narrative of my liaison with Mrs. M***l***d at G**n*b*e. Then having fucked myself out of my rutting fit, with a kiss I left her, and left the town for Paris, stopping at several towns on the way, and using spyholes whenever there were any, but saw nothing worthy of recording.

In a week or two I was at Paris, and went to a bal masque at the opera house, Rue Lepelletier. A tall woman, masked, dressed as a man entirely in white, but not as a Pierrot, tho with a Pierrot's hat on, and with breeches which terminated at her knees, was dancing a furious cancan with others. Her legs were flung about high and low, her gestures were lewed and suggested fucking. I, with a group, stood much amused at the dancing. At a pause of the dance she accosted me. — “Je vous connais, Monsieur.” “Mais non ma belle.” “Mais oui, souvent je vous ai vu a Londres.” “Qui etes vous done.” “Donnez moi un petit souper et vous verrez.” — She spoke in a high pitched tone to prevent recognition. Dancing recommenced; I thought nothing more of it so moved off among the crowd. A dozen women in masks had said they knew me. I was soon after-wards talking to a beautiful creature with exquisite legs, and dressed as a ballet dancer, and was thinking of seeing her legs with her silks, when the man-woman in white appeared. — “Ah, you run away from me then!” “No.” “I know you.” “You don't.” “Bet.” “No.” “Will you give me a supper with my friend here if you do?” “Perhaps.” She lifted her mask, and I saw Gabrielle. The ballet dancer moved off, muttering. Gabrielle, her friend, and I were soon supping at a cafe, and an hour after were in Gabrielle's room. “Not your friend,” said I. “Mais oui. You will find Violette charming. Si cochonne, elle fera tout ce que vous voudrez. Do

you remember that night with two at * * * Street? We will so you amuse to-night." And the two women and I went to-gether to Gabrielle's bed room.

Indecent familiarities began, obscene if you like; the more libidinous, the better they seemed to please me. I felt Violette's blonde cunt as she straddled across me. Whilst sitting, Gabrielle knelt and had commenced her favourite minette with my prick. It was her fancy not mine, but lasciviousness is contagious, and I yielded. Violette was partially undressed, Gabrielle still in man's attire. She explained to me the way the trowsers were put on, and how opened when she wanted to piddle. "No, don't take them off, Gabrielle. I'll fuck you with them on at the bedside." "Ah, si," and laughing, "then you can fancy you are buggering a man." — We stripped the other lady who was a blonde, laid her across the bed, put pillows under her arse to elevate it, and Gabrielle stooping, licked her cunt, whilst I putting my prick into Gabrielle's cunt from behind; we all took pleasure together. We two fucking, soon spent, the other lady was longer. Gabrielle, who seemed as if she could not take her mouth away from the cunt, persisted till she had finished Violette twice. Most of the time I looked on from behind; my prick, still more or less stiff, up Gabrielle's cunt.

Alas, — these delicious, enervating, sexual amusements will end. The stiffest prick will leave the loveliest cunt. The randiest cunt feels full and satisfied. The strongest and most agile tongue fatigues with minette. — The gamahuchee even needs a little repose. So our groupings terminated, our bodies separated, and with moistened genitals, we sat talking and looking at each other. All were still lewed, lascivious, libidinous, tho every letch we could think of had been gratified. The women had sucked each other. Both had resuscitated my prick with their mouths when other means failed, tho I did not ejaculate under that suction. — I fucked both of them more than once, and at day break was fast asleep lying close to Gabrielle, whilst her friend lay snoring on a sofa. At midday we got up and breakfasted. — I fucked them both and left.

After a week's amusement mainly with Gabrielle and Violette, but with one at a time only, I returned to Lon-don. There were signs of spring.

The little episode at N*v**s set me trying at every hotel I went to afterwards to see if there were any spy holes, and I often found them. I had seen them at hotels before, and had looked through them, but had no very satisfactory sights when I did. I really cannot under-stand why I had not been more on the look out for them. I think they were more numerous in France then than in other countries, and that the plan and arrangement of the rooms then favored them. — At all events I have since looked most cunningly after them. Just about this

time also I had begun to shave in a new and careful fashion, and had bought a gimlet to enable me to fix a hand glass to the windows for that purpose, and now began to use it at times for making holes, or opening those which had been made and stopped up.

When I found that in my room there was no opportunity of peeping, I changed it as soon I could. When arriving at an hotel, I waited to see which room was selected by young women, or by a young married couple if there were any, and if possible got the room next to theirs. If there was no door communicating with it, I found some objection and refused it. Thus I got many opportunities, and had some very pleasant, and at times, chastely voluptuous sights.

With Gabrielle and Violette, my libidinous tricks were much the same as I had with Gabrielle at London. The orgy at Paris was but a reproduction. I have had Gabrielle with another woman together since, and see that she loves licking another's cunt, as well as prick sucking.

Chapter III

Explanations. • Reflexions, and observations about my-self. • My private establishment. • Easy circumstances. • My new house. • James the footman. • Lucy the parlour maid. • Love exercises in the dining room. • Two dismissals. • The cook and James. • Kitchen and housemaid. • A general turn-out. • Lucy's despair. • My kind intentions. • At her lodgings. • A dinner with her. • On the sofa. • On the notch. • Her confession. • At Js St. • Her form and features. • Gamahuching intervals. • Frig precedent. • Fuck sequential. • Paradisiacal copulation. • Instructions in oral obscenity. • An exquisite cunt. • My gamahuching letch.***

[I have not looked through and corrected the foregoing manuscript. — The abbreviations may change the narrative but there is no help for it, if it is to be printed; yet but few incidents having any novelty have been erased, and the conversations with my women are just as I wrote them originally — the excisions excepted. — How delightfully the episodes come back to my memory as I read the manuscript. Incidents fading into forgetfulness come out quite freshly to me, and I almost seem to be living my youthful life over again. Would that I were going to do so, for it was a lovely time with women; and was only cursed by that one lasting, deep, irremediable error. [I am not sure about ages in one or two instances, nor the exact order of two or three of the more fugitive amours. I could perhaps set these quite right by reference to books now hidden and dusty, but it is not worth the trouble to do so. — None are of any real importance. I write for my pleasure alone, and if I print, shall print for my pleasure alone, so let the manuscript stand as it is paged.

[I notice now in reading it, that some of my raciest adventures, those which being unsought, those which fell to my lot as it were by accident, and which tho brief were among the most voluptuous, occurred whilst I had other and more enduring liaisons on hand. Such was my weakness and fondness for the sex, that I never could keep faithfully to any one woman absolutely, however much I loved her. I have wished and in-tended to do so, have tried hard, so hard, to avoid in-fidelity, but surrendered at last to the temptation. The idea of seeing another woman naked, of piercing a fresh cunt, seemed to foreshadow to me voluptuous pleasures never tasted before with any other woman. As my prick entered the cunt it had never touched before, the sensation always seemed to me more exquisite than that I had ever had with others. Yet many a time after such pleasures I have been disgusted with myself for my weakness, and tried to atone for it, without the object ever having been aware of the reason for my ultra

kindness.

[The quality of manuscript still left for revision, alas, is long. Amongst it is an essay on copulation, written I think somewhat earlier than some I have revised, and written with such knowledge of the subject as I then had, as well as with some ignorance which I now see. It has that freedom of expression which I at once adopted in my narrative, and leaves no doubt in my own mind about what I meant then, and at all times. — It pleased me much when I wrote it, yet it must be sacrificed to time, money, and expediency — for it is not an incident, and forms no part of the history of my private life, tho it illustrates well my frame of mind and knowledge of things sexual, at the period of my life when I wrote it.

[This perusal brings prominently before me all my acts, deeds, and thoughts for full twenty years, and I perceive clearly, that altho I had done most things which were sexually possible once, and almost out of curiosity, or else on sudden impulse (up to about this period), yet that my habits with women in my lust were for the most part simple, commonplace, and unintellectual; and that I had not sought for out of the way lascivious postures and varied complex delights in copulation or its preliminaries, which a fervid, voluptuous, poetical imagination has since gradually devised for my gratification. This desire for variety seems to have commenced some time after I became acquainted with the second Camille.

[But by that time I was evidently no longer displeased with that which, in years previously, would have shocked me. My prejudices have now pretty well vanished with the approach of middle age. I have conquered antipathies and reaped the reward, in seeing before me a great variety of frolics, suitable to my maturity, but which I am glad I did not have prematurely in my youth when I did not need them, and should not have appreciated them as I do now. — It is amusing now to notice the gradual change from simply belly to belly exercise, which contented me, to the infinitely varied amusements since indulged in.

[No doubt in this I tread but in the ordinary footsteps and ways of male-kind. What I have done, thousands of others are doing. It is only when lustful impetuosity is weakened that reflexion and experience begin to devise new pleasures to aid it. As we get older we invent them as a stimulus, and woman thus become more and more charming, needful, and important to us; and just at a time when our responsibilities towards them become greatest. So by aiding and administering to us in our salacious devices, they reward us. In the end they are more and more needful to us, and we repay them by our generosity, our care of them, and our sacrifices for them. Nor are they behind us in desire to participate in these frolics, for they have lust as

well as we. In a quiet, hidden way, they like lasciviousness if taught it gradually. But lust is mainly in we men — women are the ministers to it, it is the law of nature. — No blame attaches to woman for liking or for submitting to such frolics, abnormal whims, and fancies, which fools call obscene, but which are natural and proper, and perhaps universally practised, and which concern only those who practise and profit by them. In my experience many women delight equally in them, when their imaginations are once evoked. Nothing can perhaps be justly called unnatural which nature prompts us to do. If others don't like them, they are not natural to them, and no one should force them to act them.

[The foregoing and similar paragraphs, written long after the manuscript, are to be enclosed in brackets thus [ ] so that I may identify them when I see them (if I do) at a future day in print, and this writing destroyed.

[The headings of the chapters are now written for the first time. — They will be needful if this be printed. Now I resume my narrative.]

Whilst away I arranged it, and directly on my return to England gave up a snug, quiet, illicit establishment elsewhere, and to the satisfaction of both parties. Both agreed to it, and thought it was for the best. We had no quarrel. It cost much money down, and an annuity paid still, but no one was injured, no one wronged. All interested were provided for. I wonder if this will ever meet her eyes, or if so if she will know that it refers to her. It is not probable, for neither names, places, nor initials are given, and no clue afforded; yet nothing is impossible.

I had not returned to England a fortnight before a domestic turn-out took place, which caused me much annoyance but led me to unlooked for pleasure.

It has, I think, been said before that I had been for some time in better circumstances, had a larger house, more servants and so on. Among the servants whom I found on my return, was a parlour maid, a lovely girl with a superb pink and white complexion, and a skin which looked like ivory. She had darkish chestnut hair, soft hazel eyes, and a lovely set of teeth, was well grown, plump, and altogether a most desirable creature, and who looked a lady. Her name was Lucy. It passed through my mind that she would be an exquisite sweetheart, but I resisted incipient desire, avoiding by prudence and custom all intrigues with my own house-hold. Suddenly this girl was dismissed, and I was re-quested to dismiss my man, who had lived with us before I had left England, indeed had been in my service nearly two years. He was the best man I ever had, and was moreover a fine, handsome

fellow, five feet ten high, and pleasant to look upon. He had been caught in loving familiarities with Lucy, who it was said also was with child by him; the poor girl had let this out to the cook or some one else, and the cook split upon her. James was impudent and denied it all, but I think the case was proved. It would not have done to have passed over open fornication. Had I done so, the habit would have spread throughout the household; so I reluctantly gave him notice. The poor girl went off very quietly in tears. I never felt so sorry for a woman, especially as whilst denying that she had let him have her, she said that he had promised her marriage, which James, when I told him, said was a lie. But this statement of hers confirmed me in the belief that he had tailed her. Lucy was however promised a character, and that nothing should be said about her faux pas, unless a question leading to it were asked. It was an unusual piece of charity of my old woman.

So nice a looking girl was of course sought after, and in two or three days ladies applied for her character, but none would take her. James had not gone because I could not get suited with another man. I spoke to him again, and accused him of cruelty and wickedness in promising marriage, but he still denied it altogether. “But the cook asserts she has seen you on the sofa in the dining room more than once.” “She's a liar,” said James, “but I've several times had her, and on that sofa too, and because I'd have no more of her, she's got up this tale.” — James got then insolent.

Now in my dining-room was a sofa, tho not an usual piece of furniture in a dining-room; but I liked to lay there myself and read after dinner at times, so as to avoid the drawing-room and all that was usually in it. The footman and parlour maid laid the dinner things, waited at table, and cleared away, and so no other servant had any right in that room usually at those times, they had a nice chance and had availed themselves of it, I quite believed.

I wished the cook at the Devil for causing me to lose two nice servants, and immediately told my wife what I had heard about her.

She turned up into a high state of moral indignation, and had the cook up, and told her what James had said, I was asked to be present. Cook was fattish but had a pleasant face, was under forty — and I have fucked many a less tempting bit of flesh. — Never did a woman turn so red as she did. She was almost speechless, then almost choked, denied it, and dared the villain to say so to her face. I called him up. My wife said she could not have such investigations before her — yet she stayed. James repeated that he had been “very familiar” with her. — Cook howled, shed tears, and said he lied. He retorted that the kitchen maid knew it. The kitchen maid was called up and questioned in a most delicate way. — She first denied knowing anything about it,

but catechised by James, said that the cook and he had certainly been to the top of the house to-gether at times when missus was out. She didn't know why, it wasn't her business to spy her fellow servants, and so on. And then said that the housemaid who slept with Lucy knew more than she did about Lucy and James. A regular shindy ensued among the servants, and it ended in the whole lot being discharged, excepting the lady's maid. Altho by no means sure that the footman had not accused the cook out of spite, I felt sure that he had got into Lucy under promise of marriage.

At the end of a week the poor girl came crying to us, and imploring that nothing should be said to prevent her getting a place. Then I found out her lodgings and went really and truly to comfort her. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. “Three pair front,” said the landlady, not looking very pleasantly at me, and directly I had gone, as I heard afterwards, said “I ain't a going to have any of them games here. You take your-self off if swells like him visit yer.” — So as I really was much interested in the girl, and had determined to help her, I arranged for her to meet me at Charing Cross that afternoon. I declare I had no intention of trying to have her, tho I had felt a desire for her. But I meant to try to get her married to my man. That was my vague notion.

She was a little late, and as I could not well talk with her in the street, I took her to the Cafe de P**v**e and ordered a little dinner in a private room. — She had had very bad food since she had left my house, and this nice dinner delighted her. Like all women of her class she refused it at first, was nervous, said she could not eat before gentlefolks, and was most uncomfortable, but it gradually wore off as the food warmed and the wine cheered her. Her lovely eyes began to sparkle and her tears dried up. Then cheered myself, a sudden throb of desire went through me. She has had it up her cunt, has been spent in, has clasped a man in her arms, has felt his prick. — I wonder if she has a pretty cunt, much hair on it, and a group of cognate thoughts came on and my prick was standing, and was within a couple of yards of that cunt. Did my lust communicate itself to her by subtle magnetic influence? how can that be known? But I became silent for the moment, and so did she, staring intently and, as I thought after-wards, voluptuously at me.

The dinner was not long about. Whilst eating I told her that I meant to help her out of her difficulties. “How?” she asked. Well I must feel my way, try if I could get James to marry her, or send her home, or get her a place, or a doctor if she wanted one. But I must know more than I did, must feel sure I was on the right path, she must tell me the truth, or I could do nothing. — This was varied by talk about myself and household, and I heard much that had taken place,

and what had been said, during my absence; for this girl had become our servant just after I went abroad. The talk however always got back to the subject of her faux pas with James, and there was an undercurrent of lewedness, for it all referred to cock and cunt; tho not a word of smut had I used, as we sat eating so close to-gether, with my legs touching hers under the table.

The dinner was removed, but wine left, it was only sherry. Unnoticed I bolted the door, and down I made her sit with me on the sofa. “Now, Lucy,” said I, “let us talk quite seriously about you and your belly; before I can do you any service, you must tell me the truth. Has James done it to you or not?” — After long hesitation she said slowly, “No.” “And you're not with child?” “No.” She did not look me in the face and became quite cast down. “He has never put it up you?” said I, revelling in the idea of evoking voluptuous recollections in the girl. “No sir,” “Then if that be so, I don't see what use I can be to you, I was going, had you been fucked, and had you been with child, to have helped you to get rid of it, or to have sent you to your parents, till you were confined, or to some where else, and to nay for it all, for I much pity you. But now all you have to do is to get another place, which you are sure to do in time, so give me a kiss for my good intentions. I watched her closely as I said fucked, and saw her blush and wince, with a sense of modesty, and I felt a delicious lust creep through me when uttering the lewed words, and calling to her mind sexual pleasure.

For a minute she sat looking down speechless, and I repeated all I had said. She seemed to be struggling with herself, and at length raised her face to mine and kissed me. Then I kissed her passionately, and hugged her to me and kissed every part of her face, her ears, and eyes, and neck. — Her eyes filled with tears, she broke from me, buried her face in her hands, began crying violently, and saying that I was very kind. I tried to comfort her, putting my arm around her, kissing her, asking what it was all about, repeating, “Has he fucked you, has he? tell me, now tell me,” but getting no reply for some minutes. Then her tears sub-sided and she sobbed out, “I told you a story, I'm past two months with child by James.” And having made the confession she came to herself, kissed me whenever I asked her, and told me the history of her seduction (for that it was), whilst I cuddled her to me affection- ately, making her sip sherry at times to comfort her, and keep her spirits up.

James had promised to marry her. One night he took her to the theatre, and then to have some drink in a house, and there he induced her to let him have her. Since then he had her repeatedly, and nearly always on the sofa in our dining room. For half an hour I questioned her and she told me all the detail, as if I were her confessor.

Then I repeated my promise. She was to consider what would be the best for her to do, but perhaps James would marry her. No he would not for she had written him, and he had not answered her letter. — I told her on no account was she ever to mention me to him, that she might be easy about money, for I would pay for all she needed, till she was out of her trouble. She said she didn't want money, having by her two or three pounds. I gave her more saying, “That will pre-vent your fretting.” She was deeply grateful, and cried and kissed me again and again.

I can do her no harm thought I, for she is with child, and my prick swelled proudly. Voluptuous thrills passed through me as I thought of her cunt being within reach of my fingers, and I resolved to try for it. We finished the wine, she was heated, I again began talking about her love affair, and now in burning words of lust. My embraces, kisses, and lewed words excited her. Did he hurt her, when his prick first went up her cunt? Wasn't it pleasure to her, doing it. “Kiss me, Lucy.” She kissed but did not answer. “How exquisite the sensations are just when the prick stiffens to its utmost when up the cunt, aren't they?” “Oh don't, sir, talk so,” she burst out. “Why not, love? You know.” Then my hand began roving about. “Have you much hair there, Lucy?” “I won't tell you, now leave off.” “You garter above knee, don't you?” “Yes, sir.” I pulled her further on the sofa, and still closer to me. pressing her closely to me, kissing her, telling her of my desire for her, in a few minutes my hand was on her thighs and roving up and down, then round her haunches as far as I could reach, it went over her smooth, sweet flesh; and then the fingers nestled between her notch, and when half hidden by the plump lips and the thick, silky hair which curled over my knuckles — there they rested — “I'm feeling your cunt, Lucy, I don't hurt you, do I now?” She replied not, but our kisses met, and we laid in silent enjoyment. I am feeling her, she is being felt. The fingers of a man, even if motionless, on a woman's cunt, inflame her.

Now I got burning with fierce desire, as my fingers played delicately with a well-developed clitoris. “Fucking is lovely, isn't it dear Lucy, feel my prick, love.” Removing my hand from her cunt, I got out my prick, and placed her hand on it. Back went my hand between her thighs and recommended its delicate fingering. “Open your thighs dear, and let me feel lower down.” “Oho,” she gasped, as they widened apart, and softly with a burrowing motion, two fingers buried themselves in her vagina.

“How wet your cunt is, love — you want a fuck.” Not a word she said, her breath seemed short, her eyes closed, she kissed me when ever I asked her, she was swooning with voluptuous feelings. “Let me do it, I want it so badly. You are so lovely and it can't hurt you now,

let me." and I kissed her rapturously. "No," she whispered but almost inaudibly, holding my prick still in her hand. I took no denial, gently pushed her back, lifted her legs up, without resistance mounted her, and the next instant my pego was sheathed in a most heavenly cunt. With deep drawn sighs, Lucy clasped me to her and we fucked. "It's lovely, isn't it, dear?" "Ah-ho, o-ho," she whispered, and the next instant we were both spending in ecstasy.

What voluptuous, triumphant joy I had as, raising myself up partly, I looked at that lovely face. — My prick still buried up her. Then in tranquil enjoyment I lay kissing her, till my prick slipped out. How uncomfortable the sofa suddenly seemed to be. I have had scores of women on sofas, but how few sofas gave full comfort in copulating. That which we were on now was a miserably small one. I got up, so did she. "Wasn't it lovely, Lucy?" "Did you bring me here to make me do that?" said she sorrowfully.

I swore that I had not, — that it was only the result of her beauty, — an accident — that I suddenly had lusted for her. She shook her head as if she doubted me.

"I wish I could wash," said she. — I rang the bell, the chambermaid showed her a room. When she came back we had more wine. "I'm fuddled," said she, but she wasn't. "Never mind, I'll see you home, but come with me, we have some hours before us, and we will go where we can be more comfortable, finish your wine." In ten minutes I was in the room which I first entered with Sarah Mavis.

"It's a bad house," said she. "So they call it, my love, but it's good to us, so why is it bad? Take off some of your things, and we will talk about your troubles lying down." She was docile. Soon we were on the bed half undressed. — "Now don't be foolish dear. Let me look at it. I've fucked it, what can be the harm in looking at it?" In half an hour I had seen all, and we fucked as often as we could, till it was time to go. I took her to within sight of her lodgings in a cab.

The next day we dined together. I was wild to have her again, and as quickly as we could, we adjourned to J***s. St. I passed a delicious four hours with her. We both stripped to shirt and chemise. She was exquisitely formed, plump to perfection, without an ounce too much fat, and had the loveliest little cunt I ever saw, with a little nutty shaped clitoris, with a mere line of inner lip, and delicately puffed lips covered with bright, chestnut colored, silky, yet crisp hair, which only just covered her mount, and stopped half way down towards the bum hole. Her flesh enervated me with its sweet smell, she was one of those delicious-smelling women. The smell of her cunt was also exquisite, and I opened the lips again and again to smell it. My prick rose as its odour permeated me, I could not wait to enjoy my eyesight, but mounted her and fucked her madly.

When we had reposed a little, and her dear little cunt had absorbed some of my libation as we lay talking, I made her wash it clear of the remnant of the pearly sperm, and brought her with modest reluctance to the side of the bed, where I could get the best light. Then I looked well at her exquisite rosy aperture, and smelt, and sniffed its fragrance with rapture. At once my prick stiffened as the aroma penetrated me, but I re-fused to be hurried by it into blissful exhaustion so rapidly. Restraining myself, I gloated speechless on its beauty, and revelled in my inhalation. — What vol- uptuous thoughts rushed thro my brain as I knelt with the wide spread thighs before me. Then gently I put my tongue on her clitoris, and licked lightly, then it played over the whole surface of her cunt, now it protruded up her vagina as far as it could reach, then went again to the clitoris, then broadly over the whole lovely pink surface, covering it as it were, with a plaister. Suddenly in her lust, “Oh, what are you — doing?” she said, writhing, “Oho-a-ha.” “Isn't it pleasure love?” “Oh, yes, oh — but don't — aha.” On I went licking, sucking, tongue probing, now covering her cunt with my saliva, now sucking it up, mixed with her salt effusion. “Oh — don't — leave off — shall do it else,” — she cried, with a bum jerk. “Spend, love, spend in my mouth,” I cried, and licked still faster. — My hands were under her lovely white buttocks which wriggled gently side ways, then gently but quickly, up and down, rubbing her cunt against my tongue; her thighs opened wide and shivered, I took the whole surface of her cunt in my mouth, sucking, inhaling it, until — clutching the hair of my head with both hands, with a prolonged moan of pleasure — “Oh — o-ha,” and a quiver of her belly, and short sobs, her muscles relaxed, her thighs and belly were quiet, a salt discharge came over my tongue, and all was silent all quiet, but my rigid, restless, prick, which was throbbing and knocking up towards my navel.

In full tide of lust and love for my delicious partner, I sucked her cunt dry, scarcely knowing that I did so. Then I arose. She lay motionless, with eyes closed, thighs distended, and hanging down, as I had dropped them. Every hair on her cunt was saturated, and the juices were running to waste down towards her bum- furrow. It hung round my mouth, and wet moustaches. I felt it there with delight. Holding up her thighs, I pushed my prick up her, and gave it a delicious lodging for a minute or two, till it got too impatient and threatened to finish without me. Then I withdrew it, and wiping her cunt dry outside with my hand, and drying my moustache, I laid by the side of her on the bed, and we talked of the tongue pleasure, which she had never tasted nor even heard of before. What delight I felt in having given that girl a new pleasure. She had fucked and frigged, but had never been gamahuched, until by me.

I feared to fuck her, tho burning to do so, lest my over excited machine should too hastily finish its enjoyment without giving her her share. “Feel my prick, there love, isn't it stiff? If I put it in you now, I shall spend directly, and you won't. Frig yourself a bit first.” “Oh, I can't.” “Nonsense, no stupid modesty, love — you've often done it to yourself. You've just told me so — haven't you?” “Yes but by myself.” “Frig now.” “Oh, no, no.” “Let me then frig you, turn on your back.” The lovely creature did so at once. I turned on my side against her, covered one leg with mine partly, and her mouth with mine, kissed her with wet lips and tongue, and excited her. Then I put two fingers as far as I could up her cunt. “Now love, do frig yourself.” I stretched her cunt and felt its corrugated, wrinkled surfaces. “Frig, love, now whilst my fingers are up you, till you feel pleasure coming on.”

Persuaded at length she did so without reply, gently as if ashamed. Then my prick now less rigid, I pressed up against her thigh as she lay, I whispered lustful words, a restless movement of her body came on soon, as her fingers moved nimbly over her clitoris. “Do you feel the pleasure, love?” “Yes,” she whispered. Then gliding over her, I pushed my prick between the delicate lips and silken fringe, and it glided slowly and deliciously up her lubricious tube, till it touched her womb door.

Then gently backwards and forwards I moved it. We fucked. That glorious word expresses it all. Slowly, till urged by spermatic wants, that inner sovereignty or force within my balls, hurrying to ejaculate itself; quicker and quicker went my thrusts, her buttocks responded, her cunt gripped, till with short, sharp, thrusts and wriggles, my prick hit against her womb, her cunt constricted and ground, and sucked round my prick from tip to root, moistening both itself and occupant, and my sperm shot out, and filled it. “Ah — oho — my —love — darling — a —har — fuck a har,” and we were silent, well pleased in each other's arms, our tongues together. Can paradise give any bliss like that which a man and woman enjoy, when loving each other and their prick and cunt perfectly fitting each other they join their bodies in copulation, till they pour out and mix together the unctuous salt juices, which reproduce their kind.

Again I gamahuched her, again I fucked, and again gamahuched. Her heavenly, voluptuous look as she spent I shall never forget. — I was frantic with lust for her. — Indeed had a love for her rapidly springing up; for not only did she seem to me, and indeed was the very perfection of sexual enjoyment, but she was lady like in look, in voice, and in manner, and so utterly unlike a servant, that any gentleman, had he mar- ried her, might soon have made her a lady; yet here was this poor girl with child by a footman. As I laid by her side that day, I vowed to myself to do all I could to prevent her going

to ruin, for I noticed that her very docility would enable any rogue, male or female, to lead her easily. I have had more pleasure in writing this narrative about her than had when writing about other women, whose doings I have told about.

The girl was also chaste in words and in manner, which pleased me much in itself, and also because it gave me the opportunity of teaching her to use lewed words. It is to me one of the great charms of liaisons with women who are not gay, to make them speak in the coarsest language of their organs, wants and sensations, whilst I look them in the face. Two or three days afterwards in the middle of a fuck, I raised my-self up and leaning with both hands on the bed, whilst my belly pressed hers, and my prober was to its full length up her cunt: “Where is my prick now?” said I. No answer; her cunt tightened and moved my prick in it, but she replied not. “Where is my prick? say dear, say in my cunt,” and I gave a thrust. “Say in my cunt,” another thrust. Her eyes closed, she was coming spite of my prick being motionless. The grip of her cunt was on me, “Say in my cunt, or I'll pull it out. Say cunt, love.” I moved spite of myself. “Say cunt.” “Oh — a — har,” — she sobbed. — “Cunt, dear.” “In my cunt a — ha,” — burst from her. “Oh,” and drop-ping on to her and thrusting my tongue into her sweet mouth, in a transport of all-pervading voluptuousness we lay speechless in each other's arms, whilst the juices of our mouths mingled, and the thick hot sperm filled her cunt to over flowing. Then in the soft fon- dlings of satisfied lust, I made her repeat the four words, which express at once the simple loving function. I love to make a modest woman say them.

Daily she went after situations uselessly, and for nine or ten days I had this exquisite creature, and had I not just repented and got rid of a similar folly, really believe I should have offered to keep her, so nice was she in every particular. As a fuckstress she was perfection. Rarely have I found such an exquisite fitting cunt as Lucy had. Its delicate tightness and elasticity, its lubricity and smoothness, its depth, its nutcracking grip when the spending spasm was over — for she had involuntarily that gift — I have never found coupled in greater perfection in any women yet, tho I have had some as nice, and one always has a tendency to praise the charms of the woman in possession for a time.

My desire for gamahuching her increased instead of diminishing. I never tired of looking at her cunt. — So every time I fucked her, I made her wash, then bringing her to the side of the bed, I put pillows under her head so that I could see her, and sitting down on a chair, took her thighs over my arms, and looked at her exquisite pink orifice, till I dropped on my knees and put my mouth to it and sucked, till I gave her pleasure. Each day we parted both of us exhausted. But I

must not any longer dwell on the charms of this lovely creature.

Chapter IV

Lucy without place. • Fausse couches. • Goes home. • James leaves. • A confession. • Lucy's marriage. • My wedding gift. • An anonymous letter. • James' amourous exploits. • The use of a dining-room table. • Camille again. • Erotic literature. • Erotic anticipations. • Camille's opinion thereon. • Ill. • Memoirs arranged. • Frail fair ones. • My gratitude. • My unhappiness. • A visit to the manor house. • Joey a hobble-de-hoy. • Tomlin the parlour maid. • Joe and Tomlin. • Sly looks. • On the watch. • The garden grotto. • A peep hole in the roof. • The couple there. • Their amusements. • An unintended spend. • An uprighter. • Joey's cunning.

She could not get a situation, for her uncharitable brute of a mistress, always after giving her a good character, somehow let out about this faux pas, so Lucy and I both agreed that she should get an abortion. — I told her to spare no money, and put her in the way of getting the thing done. She took other lodgings and got relieved (at her third month), and then went home to her parents. I gave her twenty pounds the day she left, and told her to write at any time to me at a club if she wanted any more; but never to mention me, or any thing about our connection, or her miscarriage, to any living soul as long as she lived, even if she married, or was dying. I never told her about the general turn out of servants in my house, or what James said he had done to the cook, thinking the less I said about those things the better.

I had got a new set of servants, for even the lady's maid it was thought desirable to send off, but James remained for I could not get suited. I took a dislike to him for his brutality in not answering the girl's letter; and taking no notice of her when out of place. So one morning, “James,” said I, “what has become of that poor Lucy, has she got a place? She has ceased coming here about her character.” He replied that he did not know. “Well, it's no business of mine, but I have an impression that you have wronged her. Poor creature, and such a nice young woman. If it be really true that you seduced her by a promise of marriage, you will some day regret it, it will be on your conscience heavily. She would make a good wife to a man of your class, and a man even far above you. I never felt more for a poor creature, than I did when I saw her going away crying.” “How am I to keep a wife?” said he. “Set up a shop for her, or let her take in washing, and you can work as either indoor or outdoor servant, you are both strong and healthy.” “Where does she live?” “I don't know, I

can find out; but I know where her parents live in the country, and dare say she's gone home." I noticed all this time that James had ceased to deny having had her. Then impulsively I said, "Poor thing. I'd give fifty pounds to help her, and prevent her become a street walker, for that will be the end, if it be not already." Then turning away I said sharply, "That will do, you will leave on Wednesday." — "Are you suited, sir?" "No, but I won't have you about me any longer." The man retired — crest fallen — he had been, I know, flattering himself that I would after all still keep him on as my servant. He liked me I must add. On Wednesday he left.

A fortnight elapsed before I heard anything of him, and was surprized he had not applied for his character. Then he came to me. He was trying for a place in the country, would I give a written character as footman or valet. It was a place where he was to live out. Yes, if I was certain all was square. — Where was it? At * * * * near the village where Lucy lived. Then he volunteered that she was with her parents, and that he had been down to see her. I was startled, and began to think about my own little games in Lucy's receptacle, but said, "What did you go there for? Is she with child really, or not?" "Well its quite true she was so and it was my fault, but she's had a miscarriage and is all right, and we've made it up." "More fool she," said I, "you will serve the poor girl the same dirty trick again." No he wouldn't, he was a thinking of marrying her. "That's like a man," said I. "I'll give you fifty pounds to help you if you do." "Will you sir?" said he. I reflected. "Well, I really think I would." "By gosh I'll marry her in three weeks," said he, "for it would just set us up, and I've saved a little money, and can go home of nights." "Well I must think it over. Come to me tomorrow morning, and if the gentleman writes to me for your character, I will see what I can do for you."

I was really very glad, but did not quite see why I should give fifty pounds. I had done the girl no harm, had given her lots of money, and enabled her quietly to get over her trouble which I had not brought on her. But I had deep sympathy for her, almost an affection seemed springing up in my vacant heart. So thought I, it may do good to her. She is a sweet creature and deserves it; and next morning I told him I would give him fifty pounds, so soon as he was married to her. Not knowing how I might be compromised by this act, I instructed my solicitors in the matter, told them all the circumstances (excepting that I had tailed the girl), and arranged for them to pay the fifty pounds, so soon as they were satisfied that they were married.

He got the place he wanted; soon my solicitors got a letter from her saying the marriage was to take place on a certain day, and subsequently a copy of the marriage certificate. They then paid him the money. He went to service near the village, and so did she for a

time, they heard. Two or three months afterwards I received a letter with these words in it: “Sir, God bless you for your kindness, please burn this, I felt that I must thank you. Lucy.” — and I never heard of the couple afterwards. It was one of the shortest, but one of the most delicious of my amours, and I look back to it with intense satisfaction.

From first to last I had about three weeks enjoyment of her, for she was only a day past her monthly period, when the accusation came, by which she lost her situation, and I had her up to a day or two before her courses were forced on by the doctor.

I can't explain to myself why I had such a letch for gamahuching her, excepting the extreme beauty of her cunt, and its sweet, inciting smell. I have been always fitful in this taste. To most of the women — including some splendid women — young, beautiful, lascivious, whom I have much liked, I have never done it. I have done it with a half dislike, to several lovely creatures who insisted on my doing it to them, and I licked, spitting frequently, and wiping my mouth on the sly afterwards to avoid offence; but occasionally I have liked it much, tho as I write and look back years, I don't recollect one woman to whom I gave such cunnilingual attention as I did to Lucy. The idea of giving pleasure to a woman seems to actuate me more in what I now do, than it used. Once I seem mainly to have thought of my own pleasure. There is a strange feeling of enjoyment comes over me now, when my tongue touches the clitoris of a sweet young woman, if I like her.

Although Lucy willingly kissed my prick and balls, I never even suggested her taking it into her mouth, — do not indeed recollect the idea having ever occurred to me. I was of course curious about James' amatory tricks, but there was little to tell, and what there was, she told me quite freely when I had had her a few days. Excepting at the house, where he shattered her virginity, he had only once had her in another house, the rest of the doings were in my house. When they had brought the dinner or luncheon things up stairs to lay the cloth, he shagged her quickly on my sofa and some-times on the table. Directly we had left the dining-room, he did the same whilst they removed the things. So very frequently, sweet Lucy waited at table with his sperm both in and out of her cunt, and it is to be hoped that before the dinner bread was cut they washed their fingers, tho I greatly fear they did not. His prick seemed to her about the size of mine, but she had scarcely seen it, and she got with child at the second or third fucking, so she had not had much fun for her trouble. She never had the pleasure with him that I gave her, and that is all she said.

I have had a dozen women with their backs on a dining room or other table, and have found them a most convenient couch. For

impromptu coition, tables are just the height for me. I can see, feel, and fuck easily on them, and can save the lady's clothes from inconvenient rumpling. One night in the smoking room of the club, the conversation turning as usual upon women, I alluded to tables, and wondered if every man present had used them. Ten men were present, and each said he had often times done so. One man, since dead, said he had shagged every servant he had on them. He was in the F*r***n office, not well off, and kept but two servants. “It's the safest place in the house,” said he, “just before the cloth is laid. Your wife is most likely dressing, the cook cooking, and neither can interrupt you. I expect every man has put a woman's arse on that piece of mahogany.”

Then again I sought Camille's society, and for a long time thought her the most charming of courtezans. — She had plumped up still more, took a warm bath every day, and her skin, always good, had the most delicious, velvety smoothness. I use that word advisedly, because having an exquisite sense of touch, I notice that some women's flesh feels like ivory, some like satin, and some like velvet, and some (which is the perfection of all) which seems a compound of all them, and I call that perfect flesh.

Moreover she had a slow, lazy, voluptuous manner of fucking, by which she seemed to prolong my pleasure, and this with her, I think, was art grafted on natural aptitude. She was never in a hurry for me to go, never said she was engaged, or that some one was coming at * * o'clock, or would I excuse her for a few minutes, or similar devices of strumpets with which I am now fully acquainted. Nor did she borrow, nor be dissatisfied with my gifts, nor say she was short of money, that her rent was due to-morrow, and so on. She had plenty of friends I know, for her splendid tho quiet dresses, silk stockings, boots, and fine chemises told me that. Indeed she admitted it, showed me various men's cards, saying that she supposed if they left her their cards, they did not object to their being seen, or why leave them. And so I used to sit for hours with her, poking her at intervals, and talking upon sexual matters, as well as all sorts of subjects, and drinking Claret and smoking.

Indeed she was a most enticing creature, for she had among other qualities, a small, soft, exquisitely feminine voice, and a silvery quiet laugh. In cold weather clad in a lovely loose sort of silk wrapper, she sat half fronting the fire, with perhaps one leg just over the arm of the chair, or in some attitude by which I could see half way up her thighs. As it got warmer she would loll about with a chemise so fine, that you could see the hair of her cunt through it, and her rich darkish flesh looked exquisite against the white by contrast.

[I had until within a year or two of the period of time now

entered on, read but little erotic literature, and that in English. Now I had read much of that written by the French. How coarse and commonplace the average English baudy book is, compared with the French; and the same may be said of the pictures. With certain facilities recently possessed, I must I think (if they exist) have come across English engravings in which the workings of love (called lust), that potent factor of human action implanted in him by nature for his pleasure and the woman's, and for the perpetuation of the human race, are artistically portrayed; yet I have scarcely seen any which, as engravings, are not coarse; designed by those evidently unaccustomed to draw the human figure at all, and quite unable to portray the male and female either in the varied incitements to, or the varied attitudes, in which they copulate. Whilst in the French are to be found copious engravings, true to life in every one of these particulars.]

This literature amused me much, as did the pictures of fantastic combinations of male and female in lascivious play and in coition. Their impossibilities even amused me, and brought frequently to my mind what I had heard of in my now wide experience with Paphian ladies. There is no end of variety in such amusements, and no limits to eccentricities in lewedness, and no harm in gratifying them, either alone with one woman or man, or in society, to whom it is congenial. A field of lascivious enjoyment new to me, seemed opening, and I thought about the out of the way erotic tricks portrayed, and of those I also might play, and that I should like to try them. I began to see that such things are harmless, tho the world may say they are naughty, and saw through the absurdity of conventional views and prejudices as to the ways a cock and cunt may be pleasurably employed.

Why, for instance, is it permissible for a man and woman to enjoy themselves lasciviously, but improper for two men and two women to do the same things all together in the same room? — Why is it abominable for any one to look at man and woman fucking, when every man, woman, and child would do so if they had the opportunity? Is copulation an improper thing to do, if not, why is it disgraceful to look at its being done? — Why may a man, and woman handle each other's privates, and yet it be wrong for a man to feel anther's prick, or a woman to feel another's cunt? Every one in each sex has at one period of their lives done so, and why should not any society of association of people indulge in these innocent, tho sensual, amusements if they like in private. What is there in their doing so that is disgraceful? It is the prejudice of education alone which teaches that it is.

Such reflections for some year had crossed my mind; they tended to sweep away prejudices. And tho I still have prejudice, yet for the

most part I can see no harm in gratifying my lust in the ways which the world would say is highly improper, but which appear to me that men and women are intended by instinct as well as by reflection to gratify. This frame of mind seems to me to have been gradually developing for some time past — and accounts for much that follows.

In these opinions I was strengthened by repeated conversations with Camille. She was one of the most philosophic whores I ever knew, was fairly educated, and had a wonderfully cool common sense way of looking at things. When I had doubts of the propriety of doing this or that, she would solve them with answers which appeared to me irrefutable, at length. We seem to have been on the subject of unusual pleasures whenever we met. — In fact we were constantly talking about varieties in lustful enjoyments. She would sit down smoking a cigarette, and I a cigar, and consider whether there was wrong in frigging, gamahuching, minetting, tribadism, or sodomy. — In men frigging each other, or women doing the same, and other things. Our conclusion was that there was no harm in any of them. With that clear conscience, and aided by my imagination and by the French books and prints, erotic whims began to suggest themselves to me gradually.

I then fell ill for a short time, and during that, arranged some more of these memoirs. Soon after, disappointments, troubles of various sorts, and other considerations made me nearly burn them. Getting well I drowned my sorrows in female society, and had many of the fair mercenary ones, whom I had known before I left England. To their class I owe a debt of gratitude, and say again what I think I have said else where: that they have been my refuge in sorrow, an unfailing re-lief in all my miseries, have saved me from drinking, gambling, and perhaps worse. I shall never throw stones at them, nor speak harshly to them, nor of them.

They are much what society had made them, and society uses them, enjoys them, even loves them; yet denies them, spurns, damns, and crushes them even whilst frequenting them and enjoying them. In short, it shamefully ill treats them in most Christian countries, and more so in protestant England than in any other that I know.

Then came the weariness of spirit, the vacuous dissatisfaction of an affectionate man, without a woman to attach himself to. Hating still my home, again with less money (my own fault), I went on a round of visits to my relations of whom I had many. Among them, I went to my aunt in H***f**dshire; I had not been there for four or five years. She was now an old woman, and all her children were married excepting one still at home. Fred was dead, little Joey, whose nursemaid years before I had shagged, and caught with Page Robert, lived with my aunt. His mother, whose cunt I once saw when young, was poor and had a large family. The old butler was dead, and with

the exception of one old gardener and the old farm yard keeper, not one was on the estate who was there in the jolly days, when I had Pender, Whiteteeth, and Molly. My mother I should say was also dead, and the house in which I was born was inhabited by one of my married sisters, whom I did not like, nor she me.

I found life at the manor house slow. Walking and riding out with my cousin, even tho she was the handsomest of the lot, did not satisfy me. Why she had not married was always a wonder. So after I had paid visits to some neighbouring friends I thought of leaving, when something detained me. It was a woman again. God bless cunt! copulation for ever! God bless it for all the sweet associations and affections it produces. This act described as filthy, and not to be alluded to, is the greatest pleasure of life. All people are constantly thinking of it. After the blessed sun, sure the cunt ought to be worshipped as the source of all human happiness. It takes and gives and is twice blessed.

Joey had grown a big hobledehoy before his time, and was turned fourteen years old. — Forgetting what I had been at his age, — my desires to know what a cunt really was, — my languishing inclinations towards females, I now treated him as a child, and only thought of him as the little piddling imp, who formerly gave me the excuse for getting acquainted with his nursemaid, a dozen years before.

He came home at about a quarter past one and went back at three, to a school about a mile from the Hall. To suit him (tho indeed it had nearly always been my aunt's principal meal), we had dinner at half-past one. After dinner, I used to smoke and read till three or four, then go out, — and often with my aunt or cousin. The simple meal rarely occupied three-quarters of an hour, then my aunt took a nap in her room, — Emily sitting with her. — Joe always disappeared immediately, and either went back to play at school, or look at some rabbits he had in the stables. Nobody heeded where he went.

There was no man servant just then in the house, one was expected soon. A parlour maid waited at table. A fine, strapping, but some what bold looking woman, apparently nearly thirty years old. She was no great beauty, but the picture of health, blue eyed and light-brown haired, fleshy and strongly built. My aunt had a favorite dog ill at the farm, cut off meat for it at our meals, and used to send this woman with it to the farm-yard directly she had done waiting. When I began to want a woman, I wondered if this woman would assuage me. Her name was Tomlin.

Smoking and strolling out of the library, directly after the midday meal one day, in the direction of the farm, I thought to my surprize that I saw a man kissing a woman in the laurel shrubbery, not far from the memorable privy in which I once had Pender. As I

approached I heard male footsteps going off. — Going on then to the farm, and thinking of the fuckings I had in cow house, dairy, and barn, — after about a quarter of an hour I saw the parlour maid come quickly across the rick yard, and pass into the laurel walk towards the house. Not thinking of that, and walking leisurely back, I saw Joe in the distance on the extreme edge of the lawn, on the other side of the grounds, making for the stables very quickly. Then it struck me of a sudden that he had been in the summer house called the grotto, — perhaps thinking of my own tricks in that grotto put the idea into my head, that the servant had been there as well.

At our supper I watched Joe, but saw no signs of intelligence between him and the woman. — At the next midday meal I fancied that he eyed her in a peculiar way, so when she went off with the dog's food, I went off to the stables, and thence to a point from which I could see the walk leading to the grotto. The grotto was hidden from view, and so it was from the house. Master Joe after a time came away from it in a hurry. I hid in a stable, and saw him pass out towards the road, then going back near to the laurel walk, I saw the parlor maid going very quickly towards the kitchen entrance of the house, and looking demure enough. There is a game up for certain, thought I, between that woman and that boy.

The grotto has already been partly described: it was a big building, an expensive toy. The back and sides were built of rock, burs, and lumps of stone; ferns and ivy grew on it, the boughs of big trees over hanging it. The roof partly was rockwork, the remainder, formed of trunks of trees rustically put together and boarded, was falling into decay. My aunt would not incur the expense of restoring it. — I suspected that the boy and full grown woman had been there. How could I man- age to watch them. I spent an hour in the grotto before I could devise the means.

It was almost surrounded and covered by big trees and shrubs, and by climbing up the rock work at the back (easily enough done), I reached the arch, and leaning over that reached the wooden part of the roof, which was so decayed that in many places the ivy had worked itself thru the boards, and hung down inside. — At a convenient spot, I thrust a walking stick thru it, and made a hole big enough to see half the place be-low. It was so big that indeed any one looking up care-fully, might have seen an eye placed there, or certainly have seen the hole.

Next day saying I should not be at midday meal, and putting on an overcoat — really to lay down upon and prevent my hurting myself on stones, I posted myself on the roof. Soon after, in came Joey and — bless him — sat down on the side nearest the peep hole, pulled out his cock, looked at it and put it back. Almost simultaneously in came the

woman. He kissed her, in an instant his hands were up her clothes, they scarcely had time for talk, there was no wind, and I heard them fairly well.

Opening her legs she let him feel her. “Don't you wish your uncle (so they called me) was gone?” said she. “I just do,” said Joey. “Oh, let me see it,” pulling up her clothes. She pushed them down. “No, you saw it the other day, it's the same; where is your thing?” Joe pulled it out stiff enough, she took hold of it, and quietly felt it. Joe contineud his groping, and begging for a look. “Not to day. I can't wait.” “Oh, its coming,” said Joe all on a sudden. The woman let go his cock and sat down. He sat on her knee. She caught hold of his cock again, and after a few frigs Joey cried out again, “Oh, it's a coming,” and out spouted his sperm. “What did you do that for?” said he. “You won't tell any one ever, will you now?” said she. “If your father knew he'd send you to Van Die-mens' land. He said he would if you troubled him, you know. Here, look.” She lifted her petticoats right up in front of Joey, who was sitting on the seat, feeling his cock and sulking, but instantly dropped them, almost before he could have seen anything, and laughing, went out. They were not together five minutes. Joey put by his machine and, looking out first carefully, went off.

I felt now sure the boy had had her, and next day I did not dine with my aunt, but again got to the top of the grotto. Joey came in first, she after. “Your uncle is looking sharp after you,” said she directly she entered. “Does he guess?” said he. “Don't know, but don't you look at me when I'm in the dining-room.” While saying this they felt each other, both standing up. He had thrown his left arm over her shoulder, his right was up her petticoats. “Make haste,” said she, and placing her bum against the edge of the heavy rustic table, she pulled up her petticoats, caught hold of his prick, guided it to her cunt, straddling her legs apart to get to the proper level, and, so both standing, they fucked with heads over each other's shoulder. They were quiet for a minute after the spend, then she kissed him loudly, gave him a push, down dropped her clothes, and she went off instantly saying, “Tomorrow, if it don't rain.” — They had only been a few minutes together. — She alone was in a hurry, Joey leisurely looked at his cock and then went out. Something must have disturbed him, for he came back and stood by the side of the grotto, not far from the front of the slope by which I got up to the roof. — Then he ran off. — I was frightened he would see me, for I was getting down from the roof when he returned, and I caught sight of him thru the foliage. They said a few more words to each other than I have written here, but I only heard them partially.

Chapter V

My letch for Tomlin. • An assault. • Slight resistance. • What's for dinner? • Cook this. • Sham displeasure. • Aunt out. • After dinner. • My bed-room. • Tail in tail. • The grotto again. • The dog's food. • Joey's fears and regrets. • Against the table. • A holiday out. • The brothel at ***. • Complete enjoyment. • Tomlin's widow-hood. • Confession of lust. • Her husband's lechery. • No fears. • Joey's future. • A round of visits. To London.

The sight was delicious, tho I had only seen Joey's cock which was a boyish one, and one of her legs to the knee; for when she lifted her petticoats for him to look at her quim, her back was towards me. When fucking they were just under me. — But I knew she was a fine plump woman. — And I now knew, a hot cunted one. — I was sure she had seduced Joe, and not Joe she. Getting down, my prick aching with stiffness, and thinking of how to get into her, I went off thru the farm yard as I often did, and down the lane where Pender once lived, then round to the house and rang the bell twice before the front door was opened. “I beg your pardon, sir,” said she, “for keeping you waiting. I was up stairs when you rang.” — Perhaps to wash your cunt, I thought.

Imprudent as it was, for my aunt and cousin were dressing, I kissed her. “Oh, don't sir, you'll be seen,” said she. She looked round with anxiety. Again I kissed and clutched her round the bum. “I've been longing for you ever since I saw you.” She no longer dropped her eyes in the demure, sham-modest way, which is always the way with a woman who knows a thing or two more than she ought, and whose hidden fires are strong; but looked me fully in the face with a smile. Then I walked into the dining room, she following.

“Are you having your dinners.” “Yes, sir.” — Get me something directly you have done.” Ten minutes after she came to me. “What shall I get you, sir.” “A night gown, and you and I will go to bed together.” I never saw woman look more astonished. Of course I knew now that I might take any liberties. — Then I kissed her, praised her hair and flattered her. “Did I like the color,” she asked. — Yes I did. — “What color is it down there?” pinching her clothes at the spot. “What shall I get you, sir?” she said again. “A night gown.” “Oh, do say what you would like, sir. Mistress will be coming down.” “Ask the cook what I can have.” — Coming back she said there was no cold meat, should a chop be cooked.

I looked at my watch. In twenty minutes my aunt would be down.

The carriage was ordered I knew, and she was punctual. I was boiling over with desire. Should I wait till my aunt had gone off before I went further, I thought, and made up my mind to do so; but looking at the woman quite upset me, and in the reckless mood, which overtakes me at times, I put my hand up her clothes. She struggled, “Oh, sir, don't,” and in undertone, “Mistress may come down at any moment, oh, don't.” Her back, retreating under my advance, was against the wall. She could retreat no further, my finger was well into the slit. — Then pulling out my prick, “You cook this for me, my darling.” She got away and opened the door. “I'll tell the cook, sir,” and off she went, but I saw that she looked at my stiff cunt-prober.

I rang after a while, “Is the chop ready?” “Not yet, sir.” She looked at my prick, which I was showing, and then round anxiously towards the staircase, and shaking her head as she saw me advancing towards her, she went off. A minute after, aunt and cousin came in-to the room.

What a pity I had not come into luncheon they said, and after a five minute's chat, I saw them to the carriage. The parlor maid closed the street door. — Then how she looked at me. She came into the dining room to lay the cloth. In an instant I was kissing her. — “What color is the hair there?” She was bolder al-ready. “I don't know I never looked.” She shammed displeasure, what did I take her for. “Why a sensible woman who liked fucking, fucking is in those lovely eyes of yours.” “Oh, what things to say.” I got a good feel up her. She objected, but resisted less. My cock was out. There was a sofa, I pushed her towards it. “Oh, if the housemaid should come in.” — Recklessly I locked the door, and pushed her on to the sofa; she lifted her legs ready for me, and cock was up cunt in a jiffy. How she liked it. I wonder if she thought of Joe's small cock there, when mine was up her; I shall never know that, but I thought of his cock having been in the same hole two hours before, and also that she would never know what I was thinking about.

Then she laid the cloth whilst my sperm was on her thighs, I'll swear, — for the accumulation of a healthy abstinence of some days, a long continuance for me then, was there. We now talked of fucking quite calmly. What a shame to treat her so. — “You liked it.” She didn't. “Well you will after I have had something to eat.” She had been so hurried to serve me, that she had scarcely eaten her own dinner she said. “Go and finish it my love, and you'll fuck better.”

The chop came, I could scarcely eat for excitement. — “Let's poke again.” “No, we shall be caught.” “Go to my bed-room when I have dined.” “Impossible.” It was quite impossible: the plan of the house I have de-scribed before. There was the servant's staircase, my bed room next to Joe's, and just past it the lobby connecting with the

servant's rooms. “Take away the things, I'll go to my room, say you are going to your bed room, but turn into mine, and we will enjoy each other.” “Impossible,” the housemaid would be arranging her mistress' room. “Wait till she has done.” I laid hold of her, swearing to have her again on the sofa if she did not agree, and told her that years before a servant had done it with me in that very room.

I went to my room, heard the housemaid about, and then move off. Soon after, my door (left ajar) opened, and in Tomlin came. In an instant she was on the bed with her clothes up to her navel. A sniff, a feel, a hurried look and we were fucking. Then she went down stairs, returned, and was rewarded by a bum basting. She was grateful for it, — never woman enjoyed more,

— she did not disguise her pleasure.

I inspected her charms after a wash in my basin and she inspected mine. She fondled my prick in silence.

— “Go down and come up in half an hour,” said I for I was not up to further work. “Master Joe will be just then home for school unless he meets Mrs.,” said she, — and sure enough he came home. I began to wonder if he had ever had her in his bedroom. — He usually waited near the village for his grand mother's carriage at that hour, and drove out with her; but the at-traction of a spanking backside and a hairy quim, I knew full well, would bring him, as it had brought me home once.

A rutting fit came on me, and I thought of where I was to have her again; and finding her so hot cunted, I asked her, and suggested likely places about the grounds. No, they were never allowed to go to the stables except for messages, nor to the farm unless sent, until every one had left off work but the head man, and his wife, the dairy maid; or on Sundays when they went to church. It was the same years before. “Not in the grotto at dark?” (She looked me hard in the face when I suggested that.) No, it was too far off. “The privy in the laurel walk?” “A nasty place,” said she. — I was interrupted by Joe coming in, the young cub was cunt hunting, and often in the way afterwards.

I found afterwards that his grandmother thought he needed looking after. He was rarely allowed out after dark, but went to school early, and was often in the morning room with the parlor maid alone. — My old aunt no longer went to the farm yard before break-fast as in Pender's time, — so I went down early in the morning to baulk Joe, if he intended any game; and took a dislike to the boy for his precocity.

After breakfast Joey was off to school. I leisurely smoking a cigar, just before she went off with the dog's meat, waited in the shrubbery having ascertained that no one was in the privy.

She came along with the dog's food in her hand, saw me, looked round anxiously, shook her head. “No, — no,” but I drew her into the

privy easily, for her cunt was athirst, and had her up against the wall, the dog's food on the privy seat. Five minutes afterwards she was in the dining room clearing the table. One of the charms, to me, of intrigues with servants is the odd, out of the way places and times in which I tail them — the hurried plugging, their intense enjoyment of my prick, and then the sensuous pleasure of seeing them at times, almost directly afterwards, at their household duties with cunts full of my sperm. There was Tomlin now in that condition at her work, looking demure but flushed, and Aunt and Emily in the room with us, but blissfully ignorant.

Next day I was at the grotto; I had enlarged a hole in the roof to hear better, but it was windy and heard badly at times. — “Make haste, I can't come again, your grandma thinks I'm too long gone, your uncle will find us out.” “He's going next week,” said Joe. She pulled up her clothes in a business-like way, placing her bum against the table, he gave a look for an instant, she felt his cock, and then they fucked. The very instant Joe's bum had ceased wagging, she pushed him off, and went away saying loudly, “You wait a quarter of an hour.” Joe sat down playing with his prick and frigging it hard, but it did not stiffen, and then went off. I could not move till he had, and laying on my belly, with stones and lumps beneath me, was so cramped that I could scarcely get up.

When aunt had gone for her drive, I had Tomlin on

my bed; she could not come again — fearing the housemaid, whose room was next to hers, and for that reason I could not risk going to her room. Feather beds were in all the house, so we had to re-make mine before we left the room — I helping (mattress and spring beds were unknown then).

I wanted fuller enjoyment of her than was possible at the manor house, and after scarcely getting a feel for three days, she readily enough, at my suggestion, said her mother was ill, and got leave to go and see her. Early in the morning saying I was going to the town of A****, which was untrue, off I went. The beer shop at the market town where Pender and I had our delight was no longer available, but at A***, a larger place, I found what I wanted, met her at the station, and without noticing each other she followed me.

“This isn't a Public house,” were the first words she uttered. I told her frankly, a baudy house, which didn't seem to shock her. “I'm so hungry, I had no time to get any breakfast,” said she. I had not forseen that, but meaning to have a long day's amusement with her, had at an hotel got a lot of sandwiches and a bottle of sherry. “Oh, I'm so glad.” “Let's do it first.” “No, I'm so hungry.” — She stripped, to please me, to her chemise then sat eating whilst I at her feet, kneeling, fingered her quim, looked at her body, felt it, and kissed her thighs, rising up

at times to show her my excited generator. — She was soon satisfied with food, and with her mouth almost full, I mounted and satisfied her cunt.

Then we both got into bed. I had no difficulty in making her do so, and a very fine woman she was. White in flesh, with a fine backside, large, round thighs, most beautiful breasts, but not much waist; and I did not admire the colour of her motte. She had such intense pleasure in fucking that she almost doubled mine. She spent copiously, we made the sheets in a precious mess, and fell fast asleep.

Then to her annoyance the wants of nature compelled her to leave the room. That necessity in a woman, in whose arms I had lain, at that time somewhat revolted me — a squeamish stupidity since lost. She washed when she came back, we finished our wine and sandwiches, got into the bed again and, feeling each other's genitals, talked. What confidences are exchanged when a man and woman are laying side by side at that play. I can recollect all I write and lots more. — “You're fond of fucking.” “Of course,” said she. “Who does it to you?” “No one, I'm going to be married soon.” “Your sweetheart does.” “He wants, but I won't let him.” “Has he felt your cunt?” “Once or twice; how curious you are.” “Why did you let me do it to you?” “I suppose I wanted it.” “Did you expect I was after you?” “Not till two days before, when you looked at me so.” “If you're not fucked I suppose you frig yourself.” “Every woman does who isn't married.” “Do the servants?” “I never knew one who didn't.” She was so wonderfully straight in all her re-plies, excepting as to when she was tucked last. I longed to ask her about Joey, but restrained myself, talked generally about Aunt and Cousin; at length said, “Has Joe ever kissed you? He is fast for his age and looking after you.” “Yes, and tried to pull up my clothes but I smacked his head and said I would tell to his grand-mother, but what makes you ask me about him?” “Because I thought he was after you.” The spirit moved me, I made her put her thigh well over mine as we were lying side by side, and put my fingers up her cunt. “You've had a good lot of fucking, you're too fond of it to do nothing but frig.” “I had plenty for three years till my husband died.” “What, married?” “Yes, three years.”

Then she told how she had been in service, had married, and was a widow three years after. Some relative gave her a character for a fresh place, her being widow was kept secret, because ladies would not readily take widows into their service. They get with the men more readily they thought, which was a mistake; there was the housemaid three month's gone with child, and had never been married. “Well,” said I turning in-to her and inserting my prick, “You fucked your husband out.” “He didn't want much asking, the doctor said he would kill himself if he did it so much, but he would.” “Was

his prick bigger than mine?" said I feeling my pleasure increasing. "Oho, — the same — size — oho — ," she sobbed out. "Oh, don't — oh ah ah," and we spent.

Again we talked. Her husband was always doing it, did it before he went to work, and when he came home to dinner. He was consumptive. I came to the conclusion that both being lustful, he always wanting it, she always ready, that he fucked himself to death.

"I shall get you with chlid." I am fond of saying this to women. She had never been so, and a doctor had said she never would. So she laid tranquilly enjoying her full cunt.

She told me my cousin Emily had fine limbs; of the quarrels of another cousin with her husband when staying at the Hall, of the way Mrs. *** (the cousin di- vorced, whose cunt I had seen when a girl) went on with gentlemen, how the housemaid who was in the family way said she wished she had never had a man; we always got to talking of nudity, and genitals, and then fucking till we were fucked out. Then I took her to eat at an obscure place and she went back; I by a later train. She opened the door to let me in. Aunt next morning hoped I would not come in so late and keep the servants up.

Three days afterwards, we did the same but she could not get away early. One day I went to the grotto, but neither she nor Joey were there. — The dog was better and at home. I got her to my room and had a hurried fuck one afternoon when my aunt was out, and made her a present, and that week I went home.

A few months afterwards, being at my aunt's, I heard she was married. Joey had left also; aunt said she could not manage him, and he had been put to a boarding school. A few years afterwards he was sent to a colony by his parents — they could not manage him. I never disclosed to Tomlin what I knew about her and Joey.

After visiting such of my relations as I intended, I returned to London, and whored quietly as heretofore. My one remedy when miserable, was a woman. When I wanted a very quiet one, I went to Camille — she was always desirous of knowing what I did when away from her so long, and she did not get the truth. Gabrielle had come back to England, but she seemed a bird of passage, appearing and disappearing often, and I had her a few times; this variety of woman is very charming.

Chapter VI

My uncle's in the North. • Cousin Hannah. • Mop-sticks. • The peep in the hayfield. • At a ball. • The drive next day. • After dinner. • The drawing-room sofa. • A tale told. • Solitude, twilight, and opportunity. • Consequences. • Fear of detection. • Cunning devices. • Hannah's bed room. • Aunt returns. • A night's pleasure. • Morning regrets. • At breakfast. • Against the wall. • Bates, the maid. • Gesticulations and indications. • Hannah's dream. • Nearly caught.

Although I went with women promiscuously, it was only with those of a high class; but variety seemed every thing to me. Every pretty gay woman attracted me, and I had an intense curiosity to see their cunts, more it seems to me than to possess them; tho I don't recollect many whom my prick did not enter after my eyesight had been gratified. It is surprizing to myself how for a time I recollected this great variety of cunt; for I saw five or six fresh ones a week, and one week I had ten. It was one in the afternoon before dinner, and the second after dinner, when I had two.

Then I went on a visit to one of my uncles in the North. He had married a prudish sort of woman, and they lived on their fortune and on their estate which was mainly hers. — He let his farms reserving the game, and I went to see him usually once a year, and generally when game was to be shot. I had only to write to say I was coming, for my aunt liked me tho she said I was wild, “But who would wonder at it.” They had children, all of whom were married but one girl, Letitia, who lived at home. One cousin named Hannah was married to an officer who had gone to India, and she had gone to her father's home to await his arrangements, which did not quite depend upon himself. She was then about going out to him. They had been married four years and had no children, had always lived at hotels or in lodgings, for he had been obliged to move about so much with his Regiment, that they had never had a settled home. It was rumoured that they did not lead a very loving life. Yet I never heard anything urged against either him, or her. — He was quite a gentleman, but poor, and had been gone abroad six or nine months at the time I speak of. A letter from him naming the time of her departure to India was expected. The post only then came in about once in three weeks, or less frequently.

Hannah had been fond of me as a girl, but it was not returned by me. I was about five years older than her. She was so thin when young, that she was the subject of all sorts of jokes. We used to call

her lanky, mop-sticks, and scraggs; and I could not bear scraggy girls. She continued scraggy till about twenty, when she bloomed in to a new woman, and soon after she was married, fattened into a superb one. It was almost impossible to think she was the scraggs of former days. The male and his sperm agreed with her and had helped, I expect, to cover her bones; but it never swelled her belly.

When Fred and I were about seventeen or eighteen years old, and old enough not to have troubled our-selves about young girls, we played with her the same trick in a hay field that we had done with Fred's sisters when we were boys. “Let's look at mopstick's thighs, I wonder if she has any hair on her cunt,” said he one day. She was rather too old for such an attempt, but it was successful. We pelted each other with hay, Fred held her down and covered her head, and I lifted her petticoats whilst she was struggling. Fred in his turn pulled her out from under the hay exposing her thighs, and we both saw her cunt for a moment only. It was hairless. The girl fancied some trick had been played on her, for she got up in a temper, stood colouring scarlet, looking first at me and then at Fred in a peculiar way, and tears came into her eyes. We were suspected, evidently. “Come along Hannah,” I said. “Shan't,” said she pouting, “I'll go to Mamma,” and off she went. “I think mopsticks smells a rat,” said Fred, and we were rather uneasy about it, but suppose the girl never did say anything.

I only saw Hannah once or twice a year as she grew older, and never without thinking of her skeleton legs, so watched her fattening in after years with much interest. Fred used to say her bum-cheeks were not bigger than apple dumplings; I had not seen her for a couple of years, at the time I tell of, and was delighted with her altered appearance. Yet, still I recalled to mind the long hairless slit between the two broom-stick thighs, and wondered how the apparatus and its surroundings looked now. We were thrown together daily and nearly all day; she still called me Walter, and I called her Hannah, tho I heard her husband did not approve of it. Neither did my aunt who used to say that it would be better to address each other as Mr. and Mrs.

My uncle spent most of his time in field-sports, he was much liked and invited to fishings and shootings far and near. When I had been there three days, off he went on a visit, taking his guns and rods, and his unmarried daughter with him, leaving me to stop as long as I liked at "K . My aunt and I, cousin Hannah, were then alone. So Hannah was much more with me than before, but I did not take much notice of her until I got lewed. Then gradually my lust came on strong, and I resolved to go to D**l**g**n and get a woman. We were about two miles from town.

My uncle's house was at the end of a quiet village. It had a ground

and one storey above, only; and kitchens on the ground floor, separated from the other part by a lobby, shut off by a door. Like other gentle-men's houses of that class which were old built, it stood in beautiful grounds. When my prick began to irritate me, a lewed pleasure came to me in looking at Hannah, and thinking it was months since her quim had had a stiff one up it. In a delicate way I alluded to her being a half widow, and I a half widower. — “Don't you feel dull when you get to bed,” said I. “Don't you,” said she, and we both laughed. The joking was never more direct than that, but I was sure it had occurred to her that I meant to say “You have nobody to fuck you, Hannah.” I never however dreamed of trying to have her, for as often said, I esteemed it disgraceful for a man not to respect his own family, and I objected always, on principle, to interfering with other men's wives, tho unfortunately I have been seduced into breaking this rule.

There was a good deal of difficulty in getting at the servants of the house, four in number. The cook was the wife of the coachman and looked closely after the other three, who were nice, fresh-coloured bitches; and seeing no chance there, I intended to have a free lady at the town of D* * *n. I should add that there were no men servants kept in the house. The parlor maid seemed to be always looking at me, and I had kissed her on a former visit, had even given a poke with my finger below her waist, but nothing more; and she now looked at me severely.

We went to a small ball, which my uncle and other cousin had not accepted. Hannah's white shoulders and breasts enticed me. I waltzed with her, the smell of her flesh upset me. “What a shame we can't kiss each other, as we used,” said I, when waltzing. “So it is,” said she, laughing, “for we are cousins and there would be no harm, but people might make mischief.” After supper I danced again with her. “I can scarcely keep my lips from your shoulders,” I said. “Be careful, don't hold me so close.” My prick was stiff, and I had pleasure in the idea of its being close up against her. She would dance with me no more that night. Her mother had whispered to her not to do so. — In the carriage going home, I rejoiced in the warmth of her limbs against mine, moving them gently up against her — as I thought without her noticing my little game — and I rested my hand on her knee whilst talking as if without intention, and so on, indulging in voluptuous feelings which touching a pretty woman always gave me, and thinking about her cunt, till my prick was well nigh bursting.

The next day, a man called on us who invited me to sup with him at *** and I accepted meaning to have a woman there. After luncheon, I went with my aunt and cousin to the town of D* * * *n shopping. The carriage was an open one. It was a nice autumnal afternoon and I

sat opposite them, my right leg against Hannah's. I'll swear she was as lewed as I was, for the music, dancing, and champagne over night had excited her, and perhaps also my contact with her, for I was in an awful state of lust anticipating an evening's fucking.

My aunt's purchases just filled the spare seat by the side of me, and I moved to make room for them quite opposite to my cousin, and then her legs were closer to mine. Aunt then bought at a linen-drapers some flimsy, light article of large size, “Put it in the carriage,” said she to the draper; and to me, “It won't annoy you, it's so light.” It hid our legs, and we went home, I indulging in the warmth of Hannah's against mine, which I closed delicately on hers. Hannah was very gay and laughed at every thing I said, till aunty wondered what she saw to laugh at so much. The pressure of my limbs against hers made her, I believe, half hysterical with want of fucking.

We had dinner, and my aunt went out directly after-wards to see a friend close by who was very ill, and she took a servant to escort her. — I prepared to go out to ***. Hannah went to the drawing room, and sat on the sofa doing fancy work. It grew twilight. — “I'm going out,” said I, “to D***n.” “Are you not tired? I am, quite hot, quite feverish,” said she. She looked so nice, that I put down my hat and sat besides her on the sofa talking with her. A slight autumnal gust rose and it grew chilly: I got close to her. She laid down her work. “Let us kiss,” said I, “for we are cousins,” and I put my arm round her waist and kissed her. She gave me one without any hesitation in return, and then I took a dozen. “I don't know what Charley would say if he knew it,” said she. “Neither of us will tell him,” I replied and I pulled her to me, and kissed again and again. “Oh, don't,” said she, giving herself up to it tho, and letting me kiss, and giving me even some in return, but saying, “Don't now, we mustn't.”

Then lewedness made me forget all in a desire to talk to her of baudy things. As far as I recollect the having her body had not even then entered my mind, but I thought of what I had seen in the hayfield, and longed to tell her. I felt on dangerous ground, was nervous, but the desire was irresistible. — Putting one hand on to her thigh gently outside her clothes, “What a difference,” said I, “there is between your thighs now, and when I saw them eleven years ago; they are three times as large.”

“What?” said she, laughing in an astonished way. “What? How do you know about the size of my legs? Do you know what you are saying?” I cuddled up to her, I pulled her to me, and whilst she kept saying at intervals, “Oh, what a shame,” — I told her in a whisper the story. I used no strong words, tho what I said was quite unmistakeable. I am master of that kind of language, and she knew I had seen all. — “Your thighs were not bigger than your calves now

are, and Fred said — shall I tell you" "Yes." "Don't be offended then." "No." Then I told her. "Oh, what a couple of black-guards! I knew you were up to some-thing, I have often thought of it since; it's disgraceful, and you have no business now to tell me anything about it," said she, with a sort of temper. The fog had thickened, the room was darkish, all was as silent as the grave. A desire to feel her cunt, to fuck her — a passionate desire to do so seized me suddenly. I thought not of who she was and who I was — my prick was stiff and throbbing. I pulled her to me and we kissed and kissed. "Oh, I can't breathe — leave off, Walt," said she in a soft voice. "Let me love, — let us — who will know — let's do it," said I, pressing her thighs, slipping my hand down towards her knee. "Oh, don't — oh, don't." — A stoop, a lift, and my hand was on her naked thighs. She made a sudden at-tempt to push her clothes down, but it was too late, and struggled no more. — Her thighs were closed; I pushed my fingers thru the hair, they felt the soft clitoris, — then all is nearly confusion. I fingered away at it, that soft enticing rub, I kissed her, she kissed me, her head lay on my shoulder, she lay half slanting on the sofa, my left arm round her; I with-drew my hand from cunt for an instant, and pulled out my prick. — Seizing her hand, I put it round it, and my right hand resumed its place on her clitoris. "Oh, don't — oh, Walter dear — no — don't," she murmured. I stopped her utterances with kisses, licking her lips, shoving my tongue into her mouth, laid her down into the sofa, lifted her legs on to it without resistance, and threw myself on to her. Her thighs opened wide for me, and in a minute Hannah and I were spending, in a family fuck. We had committed adultery without meaning it. A randier cock and cunt, both bursting with sperm and fucking essences, never joined together; they were near to each other and could not help fucking — neither of us was to blame for that consanguineous embrace. "Get up — oh, if the servants." I was still up her smoothing her bum with my hands, kissing and tonguing her still, almost bewildered myself, and wondering where I was, so blissfully unexpected the affair had been. I uncunted and we sat on the sofa together. "Oh, if we should have been seen," said she. — I had no fear. No one could be in the garden (the windows opening on to the lawn were however open), and the only possibility was one of the servants having come in whilst I was up her. But that was improbable; one was out with Aunt; the cook always went to her husband's rooms after dinner; the only one likely to come in was the parlor maid, — and she never came into the drawing-room after dinner till tea, or light, were rung for. I stole thru the big silent hall, opened one of the doors between the lobby leading to the kitchens quietly and listened. Two servants were talking to each other. Re-turning, I told Hannah, but she started all sorts of fears. "It's dark nearly. What will they think of our being here without lights?

Oh, if they tell mamma. She is a little afraid of you Walt, and tells me to be cautious about you." Much of that sort was said, all in a low tone.

We kissed and thought out a ruse. It was no time to think much, for Aunt might return at any minute. Softly I left the room, put my hat and stick on the hall table, went to my bed-room, took a pillow from the bed, put it under my head, and laid down on the sofa.

When Hannah had given me time to do this, she rang the drawing-room bell. The servant came. "What time is it?" "Half-past eight, Ma'am." "How cold it is, shut the window, I've been fast asleep. Get tea, and lights, at once." The servant shut the window and brought lights. "Did Mr.*** say when he should come home?" "He won't to tea. Only make tea for me. I dare say Mamma will have hers out." "I don't think Mr. * * * is out, Ma'am, his hat is in the hall. "He went out directly after dinner." "No, his hat is there." "Go up and see if he is in his bed-room." Up came the servant — knock, knock — knock again. "Ulloh come in," said I, in a sleepy tone. Mrs. * * * wants to know if you would like tea, sir? She did not know you were within." "Say yes. I have been asleep."

I waited up stairs till I heard the servant go towards the drawing room with the tea, then I went down — and Hannah and I laughed at each other before the servant, for falling asleep. — "I thought you were going to ***," said she. The servant heard it all. "I shan't go out now," I said. — "I'll put on my slippers," and so saying went to my bed room. As I did so, something made me feel sure that Hannah would go to her bedroom, to feel her cunt, or wipe, or wash it, or piddle, or do something with it; and my bed room was just round the corner and not thirty feet from hers.

I was right. Up she came, I saw her form in the dim light (she had no candle) at the door of her room. With-out shoes, and quietly as a mouse, I moved towards her door. — "Oh, for God's sake, don't," she whispered, "what folly!" But I pushed her into her room, and closed the door. — "Let's do it again." "No— oh, if we should be found out, its madness." — But eagerly I pushed her onto the side of the bed, tilting up her thighs, I kissed her cunt, one rapturous kiss — which left my own sperm on my nose and lips. — Then driving my prick up her, we fucked again at the bed side. What a lovely fuck it was, how I stuck to her, holding up her thighs, closing my belly on to hers, puffing her to me by her thighs. Squeezing my balls home, and covering her bum with them when I had long done spending. It seems but yesterday that it happened, and my prick stiffens with sympathy as I write this.

Then I went cautiously to the drawing room and she soon followed. We kept up the deceit. How little the maid knew of my prick

sticking to my shirt, and the use Hannah had made of her cunt. We drank tea, I read, and Hannah worked as if we were brother and sister. The parlor maid, a demure young woman with fat rosy cheeks and lightish brown hair, handed toast. Before long that servant was to have her turn of grinding.

When the maid left the room I told Hannah I meant to sleep with her. — “You're mad,” said she. “Why Mamma's room is next but one to mine.” But I talked my baudiest — of the delight of being naked belly to belly, of feeling and seeing, as well as fucking. I talked her lewed and met every objection she made. — If I were caught in the lobby I would say I was going to the watercloset — but who could catch me. Her mother would not — the servants were away in their own quarter, her father (my uncle), and her sister away, and no one else in the house. We should never have the chance again, so persisting, shewing her my prick, feeling her thighs, talking baudy till she said I was a beast and then laughed at my talk. She agreed to let me, but she was nervous. — “Oh — go — go to your room, — if you keep talking like that, mother will see there is something wrong with me when she comes home, for I feel so upset.” — So I left her with a randy cunt, and she was to say I had gone early to bed tired.

Aunt came back soon after I had got to my room, she was tired and took hot gin and water before going to bed. I was in a fever of agitation, listened, heard Hannah leave her mother's room, — waited the time arranged, then stealthily with naked feet, walked to Hannah's chamber. — I listened as I passed aunt's room and heard her snore. — Hannah's door was fastened, I gently rattled the handle, the door opened. “For God sake go away,” — whispered Hannah. She was in the dark, I entered and closed the door. “Oh, don't, and do go,” said she. But I had not come to leave, and groping for the matches lighted a candle, dropped my dressing gown, stood naked and stiff pricked. — Then quietly she sank on the bed, I threw up her night gown, — saw a delicious dark haired cunt, and buried my prick in it in a jiffy. Then for three hours, all the luscious lascivious work I could think of I tried with her, sucked her bubbies, sucked her mouth, and leaving a towel in a tell tale mess stole back to bed. When I awoke I had a strange mixture of sensations. The prominent one was regret at having committed adultery, and above all with my cousin. I wondered how it had all come about, was clear that I never contemplated it, and certain that she never gave me the least encouragement. I can swear to the truth of that. Had I never seen her thighs when she was “scraggy” perhaps it never would have happened, but who knows. — A randy prick with ten days accumulation of sperm in it, a cunt which for months had never been probed by a male, or had felt the delight of the hot gush of sperm from a stiff prick, were both together in a half

dark room, on a large sofa, after a good dinner; — and who knows what might have come off, even had I not told her of her long thighs and hairless slit. Thinking of all this I went down to breakfast.

Luck as usual (how marvellously I have succeeded without being trapped hitherto), was mine. — My aunt had taken cold and was obliged to keep her room. Hannah came down to breakfast with fatigued eyes. She had not slept and was full of fears. — “What are you staring at me so for, Walter?” — I could not keep my eyes off of her — I allayed her fears. — “Wait to see if you are in the family way my love, you never have been yet — and don't be stupid. Who possibly can know I was in your room?” Then I talked of our lascivious amusements till she blushed like a rose. She wished I had never come on the visit. Then I made love to her, and standing up with a bit of buttered toast in one hand, pulled out my prick with the other. Prick stiff, and handsome with its randy redness on it. — “Oh, for God sake don't.” said she rising in haste, and going in front of me so as to hide it, I sup-pose for fear of the gardeners seeing. — “Oh, if any one is on the lawn. If Bates should come in, — oh, for God sake don't do that, Walter.”

I knew that the gardeners were never on the lawn until the family was out of the house, or before they were up, that the maid never came in until rung for; but I buttoned up my prick and said we would do it as soon as I had finished breakfast. It was delightful to be suggesting copulation to the charming woman. — “That you shan't.” “That I will.” “That you shan't.” “Don't you want it?” “No.” “Yes you do.” — So I talked on at the same time hurrying thru with my breakfast for I was in rut. When she was finished I pulled out my machine again, flourishing it before her, and pulled backwards and forwards the prepuce. — So excitedly glancing at the windows — then at the door

— then all round, as if some one might see us thru the walls — and praying me to desist. — Then rising, “You must be mad, I must go to Mamma,” and she moved towards the door. — I caught hold of her, put my hands up her petticoats on to her bum. She turned round, I pushed her up against the door, got my hand on her cunt, kissing and shoving my tongue into her mouth in which was still the flavour of toast and tea.

Then was a quiet struggle. — Baudy incitements from me, prayers and entreaties all in whispers from her. — “My God, don't. If Bates should come in.” I was resolute — dropped on my knees, butted my head up her petticoats, buried my mouth between her thighs, clasped her fat bum. The smell of her quim made me reckless. — I passed my tongue over and bit at her clitoris, my nose buried in the hairy fleece. Why I favoured her with this salacious incitement I don't know. Then

getting up when her lust was on her, I fucked her against the door, or just by the side of it.

— I don't recollect which.

Standing still lusciously tranquil, prick and cunt joined in their spermy slobber — we heard a bell ring,

— down dropped her petticoats, out came my prick, down we both sat. She by the tea things, I facing the window. “It's Mamma's bell,” said she, “and the lobby door must be open.” — Her face was blood red, then white with agitation. I buttoned up my trowsers wrongly, and had not yet adjusted my clothes, when the maid came in and said my aunt wished to see Hannah. Off she went, and I went up hypocritically to ask how aunt was. Later on when up I went into her bedroom — “I'd better go away,” said I, “for you are unwell and I am in the way.” “You had better stay another day, your uncle will be back then.” — She would not have asked me had she known the state of Hannah's cunt at that moment.

I went down to the dining room where Bates was clearing away breakfast and thought I would like to have her. — When I once have my rutting fury on I can think of nothing but cunt, and even when for the time used up by copulation, — Cunt, — Cunt, — is all I think of. — Every woman I pass in the street, I wonder what sort of a cunt she has, large or small, brown haired or black, much hair or little. — Has it been fucked or is it virgin. — I am mad about cunt — and this lasts usually two or three days till I am completely fucked out. — The abstinence from women for ten days, and the excitement of the last two days, had put me into this state; so directly I saw Bates alone, I thought of her cunt — and how to get into it.

“It's a long time since I gave you a kiss,” said I — Her demure face broke into a smile and she looked all round the room. — “Mrs. Fitzgerald will hear you,” said she (it was my cousin's name), I gave her rosy lips a kiss, and pinched her bum, making some impudent remark. She scuffled but I got her to kiss me, and for a few minutes, this game was carried on. — The bum pinching upset her most. — “Oh, law, don't. You'll make me lose my place, if any one's come in. Oh, if she be coming down, — oh, don't you hurt.” “I'll pinch it in front then.” Whereon she opened the door wide. I walked into the garden smoking a cigar, for I fancied I heard Hannah coming; but I saw plainly that I might have much fun, if not fucking, with Bates demure as she looked, and even tho she was going to be married.

Bates had been a long time in my aunt's service. When I had seen her before, I kissed her — but was not encouraged to proceed further; and two years had elapsed since then. My aunt had remarked that she was engaged to be married, — that and her demure look, and the difficulties in the way, made me dismiss all idea of getting into her —

and had I not had my rutting fever on, dare say should never have attempted it. Now I was in my reckless mood and, having kissed and bum pinched, saw she was not annoyed but only timid. In the dining room I whispered, as she laid luncheon cloth, that I meant to sleep with her. — “I mean to see what color it is,” said I, — at which she looked funny but very serious, and eyed me a long time without making any reply.

At every opportunity — and I made many during the day, Hannah being so much with her mother, — I at-tacked her. When she opened the door I kissed her. — She was sent to me to a summer house (oh those summer houses, how often I have tailed women in them of which I shall have to tell more) — to say my aunt would be glad to see me. There I told Bates I had hurt my fingers against her bum, and was sure she was softer in front, and made fucking signs with my fingers. — Whilst Hannah, with her dark haired cunt, was opposite to me at dinner, I was wondering what sort of quim the maid had and was taken with a furious letch for the wench— and saw that every thing tended to giving me a chance with her.

Hannah refused to let me into her room that night and I had to content myself with a grope. I went out in the afternoon — and came back to dinner. We dined later than usual and it was dark. There was a carriage drive up to the house — tho no lodge. I had rung the bell, and was waiting under the porch to be let in, when I thought I saw a paper on a garden bed, and stepped back to pick it up. Bates opened the door and not seeing anyone, stepped into the porch to look, and the wind slammed the hall door to just as she saw it was me. — “I'll go round to the kitchen entrance,” said she, “and get it open for you, sir.” I saw my opportunity — caught her — kissed her — talked baudiness, and edging her up against the porch whilst kissing her, got my hand on to her cunt. 'Your cunt's nice — let me fuck it and I'll give you a lovely new dress.” — She struggled but fear made her speak in a whisper. “For God sake, don't — you'll make me lose my place and my character — oh if the ladies know I'm here. Oh, do let me go — what will they think in the kitchen? — I'll scream.” — But she did not. — “Oh, I will meet you on Sunday night as you asked me, if you leave off.” “I will indeed.” “Leave off then, you shan't.” “And let me fuck you?” I asked. “Oh no — no,” said she answering in her worry. I let her go, she ran round to the servants' gate, got in that way and coming to the hall door again, let me in. I put my fingers to my nose and said, “How lovely it smells, Becky.” — I was fond of saying that to women whom I had felt.

She waited at dinner, but instead of looking bashful, looked defiant and stolid, pinched her lips together, and kept staring at me. Several times when she was standing at the back of Hannah's chair, I

put my finger to my nose in a careless manner, and then she coloured up, and I saw was on the point of smiling. Thought I — I'll shew you my prick at the first opportunity.

— Dinner over, Hannah said she must sit all the evening with her mother, — I went out to * * * and played billiards. When I came back, Bates opened the door.

— “Where is Mrs. Fitzgerald?” “Up with mistress,” she replied. Out I pulled my prick which had stiffened before the door was opened. — “I'll put it into you on Sunday night,” said I in a whisper. “You're a beast,” said she. — Never had I made more progress with a woman of her class in so short time. — Nothing but my heat would have made me so reckless — for tho I now see that extreme impudence in these matters tells the best, I have been often unable to act on that belief at first — and was even astonished now at myself.

Hannah came to say good night. — She had scarcely slept for two nights, and would not let me into her room again, — no, never — she was in mortal fear and looked ill, but before she retired I pushed her against the door and fucked her. — Her great fear was of being in the family way, — “and oh if that Bates should have heard us.” If she fancied any thing she would tell her mother, who had such confidence in her, she having been in her service since a girl.

Aunt did not get better. Hannah the next day would not let me have her, but let me pull up her clothes, and see and kiss her lovely thighs at breakfast and lunch-eon. This got her lust up — for she promised if I would never ask her again, to let me into her room provided I left “directly you have done it.” — “I've had horrid dreams and a persentiment that we shall be caught.” — I promised of course — but made baudy signs to the maid whenever I got the chance. A new dress and bon-net were hers — I said — if she would let me, she knew what. — “No she didn't,” she replied. How wonder-fully like one adventure with a woman is to another, yet every one at the time, seem to me so fresh.

I began to care more about having Bates than Hannah, because of the difficulty of getting her I suppose — “Let me fuck you.” “You're a beast,” was said several times in the day. — When I came in at night, I caught hold of her clothes just outside her cunt, and repeated all in a whisper, “Will you meet me on Sun-day night?” “Yes at seven o'clock if you won't annoy me any more.” — I had some grog, — Hannah came down from aunt's room. — Bates brought in hot water and sugar, and she looked as modest as the Virgin prayers — but both women had heard the word fuck, a few minutes before, and I doubt not both cunts were reeking with the lewedness I had evoked.

Hannah implored me not to go to her room. — “Here then against the door,” because if any one came in we could have hidden our

doings — but she would not, and at night the house was too quiet to force her. — “I'm sure something will happen,” said she, “and if I'm found out I'll kill myself.” I laughed at that, having heard it before — and said that even in her room and some one came to it, I could easily get under the bed, — and I told her of one of my escapes — and what she should do, and what I would do in that case, little thinking what was to follow.

Later on I went cautiously from my room, peeped round the corner, and saw Hannah leave aunt's room. — She saw me and made an imploring gesture of don't come — but a stiff prick would, and after listening at aunt's door and being sorry to hear this time no snoring, I went to Hannah's, the door of which was open.

“Make haste and go away,” said she. “I am so frightened.” — I was voluptuous with her and insisted on a light. — I was naked, kneeling between her legs, I had kissed her cunt and fingered it. (How well I recollect her large round thighs, and playing with her cunt and with lascivious tricks, delaying the fuck.) Then I was buried deep up her, the warm, smooth, juicy clip of her cunt was round my prick, her hands clasped my bum, mine gripped her smooth buttocks. Our tongues were joined and, fucking hard, we were half way to the ecstatic spend, when a voice feebly crying outside our door — “Hannah — Hannah,” came to our ears.

Hannah threw up her arms, and saying, “My God,” they fell flat by her side. — In my excitement I for the moment was confused, but recovering myself, felt our danger and uncunted, and still half laying on her thighs listened. “Hannah — Hannah dear — I'm so ill and can't make Bates hear,” and the handle of the door rattled. “My God,” said Hannah again in a whisper, and throwing up her arms again. “Hold your tongue, sham being asleep.” Seizing my dressing gown I blew out the light, and got under the bed. — Hannah came to her senses — let her mother try the handle of the door again and again. — Then called out, “What is it?” and in a sleepy manner opened the door. — “My dear I'm so ill and the servants' bell rope broke. Call Bates, and get me hot water.” — Then her mother, who had no light, went back to her bed room and Hannah followed her, shutting the door. I gained my room un- seen and waited events, peeping out at times from my door ajar.

Hannah in her night gown came past my room to go to the servants, saying as she passed, “Mother's ill, take care.” — I came out soon after as if awakened by noise, as I saw Bates appear. — “What's the matter?” said I. “Mrs. is ill,” said she, and went on to aunt's bed room. How it reminded me of a similar event in my youth when my mother was taken ill, — and the way I was nearly caught in the nursemaid's room at my aunt's in H***f***shire; and thus I sat in my

night clothes in my room thinking of those two escapes, and feeling my prick, which was stiff and disappointed at not having completed its exercise in Hannah's vulva.

Chapter VII

Bates in deshabille. • Caught and taught. • In rut. • Hannah again. • A mixture of juices. • Erotic reveries. • My luck. • Hannah's monthlies. • In the summer house. • Hannah ill. • "What's impregnation?" • Bates surprizes me. • Her disclosures. • With child. • Preparing to leave. • Uncle returns. • Bates' sister. • Hannah in London. • My mother's dining table. • Hannah Fitzgerald departs.

Bates looked so nice with her loose dress and sleepy eyes. She had put a gown loosely over her night gown, which was partly undone in front, — and showed some of her breasts. — The gown hung close to her haunches, she carried a candle, and I gave her a hard pinch on her bum as she passed. She went to aunt's room, back again past mine (another bum pinch), soon back with hot water, and as she came past that time, I stood with prick out, inside my door. When she had gone into aunt's room, I knocked at the door and asked if I could help. — "It's very kind of Walter," I heard aunt say. She was in great pain and only wanted poultices, and for an hour Bates kept going backwards and forwards to the kitchen. —Whenever she passed me I kissed her, or pinched her, or showed my nakedness, and worked her up to a good pitch of lewedness. Hannah, with her mother, had no idea of what was going on outside aunt's room.

At length I heard Hannah in the lobby say, "That will do, you can go to bed — I will do all that mother wants more," and she shut the door, locked it, and I heard the bolt shut. Bates was about to pass my door, my unsatisfied prick had been standing every ten minutes since it had come out of Hannah's pudenda, — and quick as I write this, I seized the woman by the waist, blew out the light which she held, and pulled her into my bed room. — "Oh pray, sir, oh don't, oh let me go. I shall lose my character and my place if," — and much more in a whisper. "Hold your tongue, don't speak or they will hear you. Don't be a fool, I will have you, I will fuck you." Neither of us raised our voices, we scuffled quietly, but she was randy and next minute I had her on the bed, my prick was up her, and what nearly went into Hannah, went out from me into Bates. — To my surprise when I was over and quiet, I felt her gently, almost imperceptibly moving and wriggling with me. We lay and talked then, and I managed a few more stoutish shoves in the gluey hole, again felt it tighten and then she finished.

"If they see me go out, I am ruined for life," said she. — I was still up her when she spoke. — "Lay still dear and let's do it again." "No let

me go, oh if Mrs. Fitzgerald should be looking or listening." — There certainly was some ground for fear. — I did not want to harm the girl, nor to damage myself with my relations, and indeed was a little funky, — so nestling my belly up to hers and rubbing all I could squeeze out of her on to my balls, I got off. — All was quiet as the grave as I opened the door gently, and going to the angle of the corridor listening, heard the murmur of voices in aunt's room, whilst Bates took her candle stick and herself to her own room unobserved.

I chuckled at my pluck and luck, lit my candle, saw no stains where Bates' arse had lain, — and sitting clown at the edge of the bed felt my prick. — I wondered how long Hannah would be with aunt — and tho for the moment I did not physically want Hannah, yet such was my erotic state of mind that I longed for her.

I sat reflecting, and thought with baudy delight of my prick having been into both the women. What if I could fuck Hannah now — will she be long. I opened my door, listened, and heard nothing. — Hannah gone to her bed room? — I went into the corridor — there was no lamp — but enough light from a window just to see to move about slowly, saw aunt's door open, and Hannah come out with a candle in her hand. With great caution she closed aunt's door, and aunt was evidently asleep then. Hannah then saw me, started and with hurried gesticulations shook her head, raised her hand and pointed towards the servants' rooms. — It was to scare me off, but it did not. I walked across to her room and entered it before her, — she at the door holding up her hands and gesticulating, I beckoning her in. — She could not stand in the lobby long so in she came. — Was she hot cunted after all her fear and worry?

When together in the room again, she began crying, she was ill, how wicked it was of me — but in my excited baudy state, I cared nothing for that. In faintest voice I spoke, got her on to the bed, kissed her cunt and turned on to her. Then alas my prick was not stiff, it had not been out of Bates' receiver long. — I pinched it hard and frigged it, — it was large, swollen, but pendant. — "Do go away," said she, looking at it. A woman who has had a few years' fucking, knows when a man's ready. She put her hand down to it. "You don't want me; now — go," said she, getting up.

I said I did want her, and fingered my prick power-fully. "Lie down and you will see." — The sight of a prick entices a woman — down she laid and I mounted her. Then I was all right, stiffened, drove my cock up her cunt, and in a stroke or two more I hurt her. — The baudiness of the thought of rubbing in her cunt the mixture left from Bates' cunt on my prick, did all that was needful, and in a few minutes I had got our joint spendings running over my balls, and covering what had dried there out of Bates' quim. — I would not leave her till I

had had her again that night, and in the intimacy of the bed, she let out that before her marriage she and my cousin Letitia (her sister) used to frig themselves together. I always opened a woman's heart. Then we parted. How I now chuckled and revelled in the idea of the spermy mixtures of that night, even tho I thought it was nasty. I apparently was more delicate then than now, and had foolish notions about much, yet my cock stood whenever I thought of it. And I never fucked either of the women after, without thinking it in the middle of the exercise.

Hannah did not come down to breakfast. Bates came in and I never saw a woman look so confused. She blushed and looked away from me and stuttered. — Mrs. Fitzgerald was ill she said, and was sorry she could not come down. I did not mind for I was divided in my attentions, and Bates looked so plump, and fresh, that she gave me a cockstand right off. I told her so, and in a minute she got over her blushing and we were kissing. — “I've not seen your article, Bates, tho I've felt it close enough, let's look at it.” — A scramble and I got her with her back up against the wall — close to the door, lifted her clothes, saw white stockings and plump thighs, and got my fingers on to her notch. — But she would not let me poke her, and fearful of noise I desisted, but standing and feeling each other, she told me some news.

Aunt had sent for a doctor and was abed — Mrs. Fitzgerald was in bed. — “She is so ill, she was knocked up first at that dance,” said Bates, “I'm going to take her her breakfast.” “Take it and then come to my room, they won't know.” “No.” “Yes.” 'What, in the day time? — oh no.” “Then by God you 'shan't leave the room till I've had you here.” Saying so I thrust my hand vigorously about her privates, and kissed her till I worried her into consenting. — She did not really seem to need much pressing, for she planned what to do “I must go and see where cook is — and whether Mary has been rung for — I'll push your door, and if it's ajar go in if I can, if not I'll cough and pass on.” “But you shan't pass on, you shall come in.” —I ate my breakfast as fast as I could. She went back to the kitchen to get Mrs. Fitzgerald's breakfast. — I waited some time and then rang my bell impatiently. She came at the summons, to the breakfast room. “I'm going up with tea now,” said she.

I went to my bed room. — She soon appeared in the lobby holding a tray, — went into Hannah's room — and afterwards entered mine. — “She's sitting up in bed drinking her tea,” said she. Then Bates laid down on her back on my bed with the slightest of pushes from me.

I knew well how modest, and at first most women hate a strong light on them when under the voluptuous preliminaries of fucking.

The boldest in baudiness at times don't like too much light. I had pulled down the blinds — but left light enough to have a good view of a well haired cunt, of a lightish brown, but it was a color not much liked by me. She was juicy and wetted me well. — “Wash your quim, dear.” “I can't, they may miss me,” and off she went. — She enjoyed her fucking and was so composed about it that I scarcely believed myself.

I went to the breakfast-room and then out on to the lawn, had a cigar and then back again, and sat till Bates came in to clear away the breakfast things. I chatted and talked baudy. Had she washed her cunt? Of course she had. — I was randy again. — Aunt had had tea, Hannah was asleep she thought, no one would go near to awake them, and the housemaid would not go up stairs till she told her. — I put Bates up against the wall, felt her cunt, and then with the smallest per-suasion she said she would go to my room again. Up I went, she kept her word, — and we fucked a second time. — How she wagged her randy, hard arse, did that fresh faced, modest, demure looking woman, and directly my prick was out of her, she got away, — taking down a tray, which she had left outside the door as an excuse if caught waiting about the lobby. I went down as if I had been up to fetch something. — Hannah and aunt were unsuspecting in their beds all this time.

Tho a similar thing has occurred to me two or three times with other women — dark and light, this double intrigue now was just to my mind. — A nearly black cunted lady, and a light-brown cunted healthy plump servant, — both to hand, both fucked, and perhaps speaking to each other when each had my libations in them, yet in ignorance of each other's doings. What a choice piece of luck. I could do nothing but think about it, did not go out of the house, but kept looking for opportunity, feeling my prick now and then, and wondering which hairy split it would next push between. My cock was ready for anything then. The repose of an hour or two intervening between each pleasure was just enough to leave me ready for a cunt without exhausting me. — I was in full rut, and longed almost for a third cunt to give my salacity full play. I thought about the cunts of every female in the house, including aunt and cousin Letitia who was away, and the kitchen maid. I can sit for hours and think about cunt only, when these lewed fits are on me.

Hannah at luncheon looked ill and was sure she was in the family way. In vain I laughed at her; she was sure of it, for once or twice when fucking she had felt a sensation such as she never felt before. — could I give her something? — I did not believe her fears and yet was anxious, but told her I could get her nothing unless I went to London. — No. That would be too late, her time for menstruation was coming

on, yet she had no indications, she would take violent medicine, would do this, do that, and then burst into tears, which upset me. We had luncheon together. Aunt was getting bet-ter and wanted to see me. — She was going to ask me to leave, for my uncle had written to say that he would not be home for some days, and aunt did not like me being there alone.

After luncheon the servants dined, and the parlour maid was allowed to feed before she cleared the table, so off went Bates to feed, and Hannah and I went into the drawing room. Then I wanted to have her, but she wouldn't. — “Oh, for the last time. If you're enceinte what does it matter?” A feel, a kiss, and a sniff on the lovely motte and then the old game. The feel, the frig. — “Now how can I when the servant may knock at the door?” “Let me spend up it once more.” But she would not because all the rooms opened on to the lawn.

It was a mild day. We strolled out into the grounds, entered a summer house, and there laying her back on a rustic table and holding up her thighs with both hands, I fucked her. I have several times tailed women on a table in a summer house, and never enjoyed a woman more than I did Hannah, — and recollect that as my prick left her cunt, I looked down and saw sperm oozing from it. — My habit of looking I had some-time left off.

Buttoning up my trowsers, she shaking down her petticoats, she with a reeking cunt, I with cock still oozing, — we went in to aunt, who plainly said she wished I would go — as they were both so ill. Would I come again when my uncle returned. — (I was 150 miles from London.) — I said I would go the next morning, tho my aunt was getting well, for she had only taken cold on her stomach. — I am sure she wished to get me away from Hannah. — I wonder what was on her mind about us. — I never shall know.

I told Bates I was going, and meant to sleep with her.

I had given her a couple of sovereigns and promised her a new dress. — I had taken a strong letch for her. She made no objection beyond saying she was frightened of being caught. I found that she had slept with the cook, before the cook married the coachman, and now had the room to herself; that between it and other rooms was a large linen press and a store room, so that the servants could not hear, thru the partitions. Some-times they went to her room, and she to their's for a chat, — tho it was forbidden. “Come to my room then.” “No, Mrs. is ill, her bell rings in my room, and I shan't hear it.” — So I was to go to her room. We arranged this as if we had known each other for months, and her coolness surprised me. This was when she was taking away luncheon. With a kiss and a grope, my fingers yet with the aroma of Hannah's quim on them, out I went — and coming home at night was so cunt mad that I felt the quims of two or three

whores by the way side, and with difficulty prevented myself from fucking one of them.

She let me in — Mrs. Fitzgerald was ill she thought, for the housemaid had taken her boiling water. Soon after, undressed to nakedness, and covering myself only with my long dressing gown, I stole noiselessly to her room. The door was to be ajar with a light shining if all was safe — if not I was to retire. — There was the light, the door opened noiselessly — I had put her up to oiling the lock bolt, and hinges. — I stood by her bed, pulled the clothes down, her nightgown up, and saw the nice white nakedness. I would not put out the light. “I will my love, when we have fucked.” I pulled up her nightgown to her armpits for I could not make her pull it off, and then pressing my naked body to hers, we joined our privates in heat and moisture.

She was a most enjoyable creature and when re-covered from my pleasure, I raised my self up on one elbow (as I often do) keeping my prick still in her. — “You've had a good lot of poking.” “That I have made me say that word, God only knows, probably Hannah occurred to my mind. — “What's impregnated?” said she, and I told her in simple language. — She paused a moment, then looking me full in the face, “Yes I am sure I am in the family way,” said she. “The devil!” “Oh don't talk loud, and do put out the light, and I'll tell you. — Hush.”

I got out, blew out the light, and getting on to her belly again, laid between her thighs, letting my prick pendant and rub the lubricated cunt lips. We drew the sheet right over our heads and whispered. “I'm married,” she said, “and am a month over my time with my poorliness.” — She had been engaged to a shopman, they arranged to get married, and on the excuse of her mother being ill, she got a three days' holiday and was spliced, — had her cunt ruptured at her husband's father's house, and then came back. Her husband came on Sundays to see her, and they fucked at her mother's house if she could get there, or else in the fields when it was dark. She was always allowed out on Sunday evenings. He was going to keep his place, and she hers, unless she got in the family way, and then they were going to live together.

This was her tale and likely to be true enough, for I have known of two or three such arrangements between servants. They wished it kept quiet, because my aunt would not have a married female in her service and had told Bates so. Aunt, like my other aunt, said they were not to be trusted where there were men. I sup-pose she found out that they had obliged my male cousins who were not married. Bates was another illustration of what a thirsty cunt will do — when it has once tasted sperm, and likes it.

All this was in whispers, both heads under the clothes, I on the top of her, my prick hanging outside her cunt. Her husband only once tried to feel her before they were married but he didn't succeed, and she'd never had a man before her husband, she'd swear that if she were dying — never. — “My prick's getting stiff, it will find its way up you without my hands,” and it rubbed about her privates a bit, touched her bum, then hit her clitoris, then lodging itself in the soft spermy division it entered her vagina and had its treat. We were frightened to sleep, almost to speak, but we fucked and fucked till day light was breaking; when I got safely to my bed, after a most delicious night.

At breakfast Bates blushed again — why? Aunt was better, Mrs. Fitzgerald very ill. I went to my room, Bates followed, and I had my last grind. I tipped her more gold, for I took a great interest in the girl. — My trunks were in the hall, when the post came in with a letter from my uncle, saying if I had not left, would I wait till his return, as it would save him a journey to London. — There was a lawsuit then pending in London, in which we were both interested, and he wanted to talk to me about it. — And asked me to stop if I did not mind. I believe she was glad that Hannah was ill, and could not see me. I said I had made arrangements, but never mind, I would wait uncle's return if it would save him trouble. How I chuckled, as Bates took back my trunk and I put my hands up her petticoats. “We'll sleep together again tonight my love.” — She grinned. “No — it would be tempting providence.” — But we did bed together again, and jolly well fucked out both were by daybreak.

During the next four days I fucked her on the table in the dining room, in the arbour, in my bed room, and on Sunday night up against a tree in a lane on her way to church. — She did really go to church but with my spunk in her cunt, and only just before service was over. I saw her piss before she entered the holy place. Hannah still kept to her room, and Bates told me she had a flooding, but would not have the doctor, tho aunt wished it. — Aunt kept with her up stairs, so that I had a lucky time, and when my uncle returned with Letitia I was off rutting, had not only fucked myself out, but had worn out Bates as well. I knew now that Letitia talked baudy with Bates, that the kitchen maid had been with child, that aunt had told the coachman (a widower) and the cook, that unless they married she would discharge them both. Bates imagined that the old lady smelt a rat. In fact I knew every bit of scan-dal there was in the household or had been for years past; for Bates told me all the scandal, — in the sweet intimacy which fucking engenders between man and woman.

Bates moved away her head and wiped her lips the first time I put my tongue between them. “What nonsense — you don't mind kissing,”

said I, when my prick was up her. “Wet your lips, put them to mine, and see how much nicer the kisses are.” — I wetted mine, joined them to hers and inserted my tongue, - soon. She found it so nice that she nearly swallowed my tongue in her ecstasy.

The day before my uncle arrived, I tailed Bates in the arbour — but not on the table. — I turned her rump towards me and had her dog fashion. — It was the first time she'd ever had it done that way, she said, and it was the last time I had her; for there were afterwards too many people about. Hannah got better, and tho ill still I left her so, and came back to London.

“Why did you let me do you?” said I to Bates one night in a curious fit, “I can't make you out, you say you like your husband.” — I could not get an answer to the question straight — sure she didn't know. “Well you worried me — I didn't know what I was a doing, — I didn't mean to come into your room — when you pulled me in.” — Asked whether she hadn't been thinking of my prick and been randy when she came in. — “Couldn't help thinking about it, you'd been a showing it all day — don't recollect wanting any thing.” “But you came afterwards — you lustful little devil.” “Well all the harm was done — you are handsome, and no mistake,” said she one day after I'd fucked her, “all the servants say so.” Bates was a funny sort of creature.

A year afterwards I was at aunt's again and asked where Bates was. — Aunt said she'd been married a long time, and was so when I was there last year, but she had never found it out — until it could be hid no longer, said aunt modestly. She and her husband were doing well, and the present parlour maid was her sister. — I wondered if there was any family likeness in their cunts, but I never got the opportunity of seeing hers, and never tried. — I never heard of Bates afterwards. I think I have noticed a sort of family likeness in the cunts of the sisters I have had, tho it may be but fancy — but why should there not be, just as there is a family likeness in face and form.

Three months or more after I left****, Hannah went to India. Before going she came to London with aunt, and stopped with us for a day or two to buy many things. I kissed Hannah on the sly and began to talk of old times. She begged of me forget the past, but that was impossible. — We could not sit at table and look at each other without thinking of the fucking. — Then Hannah went to stop with my sister, and my aunt went back to the country. I called on my sister every day nearly, when Hannah was there, but there was no opportunity. I had asked Hannah to let me do it to her once more, and promised not injure her — I would put something over my prick, I would pull it out at the first throb of spunking. “No — NO —.” She never would. I scarcely got the opportunity even of saying this much privately, for

my sister was nearly always present.

One day my sister said she was going next day to visit some one, and guessing the best time, I called there. Hannah was alone and having tea in the dining room. I was at her in a minute, kissing, begging, and feeling her ankles, spite of a really sturdy resistance on her part. — “Oh, Walter — for God's sake don't — suppose a servant comes in.” — Mad for her, I pulled my prick out stiff and beautiful. Her eyes fixed on it, whilst she entreated me to put it out of sight. “Only one feel then — let me kiss your thighs — let me smell them— nothing more.” What persuasion a stiff prick has with a woman! — Gradually she yielded, I kissed her thighs — she felt my prick, and I got her to sit on my knees, whilst having my last feel of her cunt. We were soon feeling each other — randier and randier we grew, and we whispered love. “By God, I won't spend in you if you let me — for the last time — do.” — Would I keep my word? — By God I would, did she think I would send her away miserable? — Never.

There was no sofa, it was table, or floor, or upright. — “Stoop — there — so — then I shan't rumple your clothes.” — I placed her, bending, over the table bum afterwards, threw up her clothes rapidly, saw her oval buttocks and pouting cunt lips which I kissed and sniffed for a second, and with one thrust buried my prick up her. She felt its searchings at once. Three months was it since that wholesome piece of male flesh had plugged her. — “Don't now do it to me, dear,” she mumbled as her bum began agitating. “No dear — are you coming?” “Yes — a — yes — dear — a — ah — love a — ha —.” She was spending, her tightening cunt fetched me, out came my prick, and I spent a shower of hot spunk through my fingers, over her cunt lips, and buttocks. I think I see it laying in thick drops on flesh and hair. I never spent more I think. — We were quiet. — “Oh it will make my clothes in a mess.” “Be still love.” — With my handkerchief I carefully wiped off the sperm. Then we kissed and fondled, and felt each other's genitals for a minute, but fucked no more. I soon left. A week or so after she went to India, and I never saw her again for many years.

Chapter VIII

Argyle women. • Curiosity. • Female spite. • A lover of athletes. • Artistic libidinosity. • Reminiscences of the widow in ball dress. • A lovely blonde. • N**l**e H*s. • A perfect fit. • Sympathetic embraces. • My restlessness. • Her coolness. • Nascent affection. • Her absence and return. • Her funny little maid. • Refusal, and insistence. • Clapped. • A month after. • A gamahuching frig. Her disappearance. • Four years after. • At a ball. • Ten years after.***

For some time before and after this, I went to the Argyle rooms two or three times weekly, and had fully a score of the finest women there. I changed my women frequently, and satisfied my whims. The tallest, then the shortest, I took for contrast. One I had heard was so voluptuous that she would fuck a man silly, and I had her. One I had for her bold eyes — an-other because the Duke of R* ** * *d — had kept her, an-other who boasted that two of the biggest pugilists of the day had had her, for I was curious to learn some-thing about the genitals and copulative vigor of the bruisers. The lady told me much, and perhaps a good many lies about them. That woman, I heard from other women, was known to have a letch for big, powerful men, and the lady herself told me of several she had had besides the bruisers already mentioned.

A gay lady whom I went home with shortly after, told me spiteful stories about this lecherous one, when she heard I had tailed her. Said that if she took a fancy to a cabman, or a butcher, she let them have her for love. A big soldier, she would take home to fuck her even if she were hard up for money at the time; — at which my informant affected' to feel great disgust; but it neither surprises, nor disgusts me. I don't see as the woman had gone in for harlotry, why she should not gratify her lusts as much as I do. Perhaps fucking is her only real pleasure. — One woman whom I went home with got maudlin, but she fucked me dry, and said amidst tears which she shed at intervals copiously, that fucking was the only thing she lived for, adding often, “You do fuck lovely, you do, I'd like to sleep with you always.” But I never had her afterwards.

When I saw an usually handsomely dressed woman, the charming widow of whom I have already told as laying on the bedside in silk, satin, and diamonds, came into my mind; and if her looks pleased me, I went home with that lady. — After her out door garments were removed, it was, — “Don't take any thing more off, I want to see your cunt, just as you are dressed, let me feel you. — Oh you have drawers

on (sometimes). Take them off, but nothing else." Then on the bed side, I saw their charms up to their navels; then placed them, to begin with, in a lazy careless attitude on the bed, just as they might be if they had lain down to take a nap by themselves, and showing little more than ankles. Then I pulled up their clothes partially, and then up to their thighs, not even then showing their cunts; and I looked, made them roll and move about on the bed, as a restless sleeper might, and so I saw them on all sides in natural, semi-nude attitudes, restraining my impatience to see their cunts, which it was my desire to see.

Then I went to the end of the room so that I might see the voluptuous picture from the distance. — "Pull up your clothes so that I can see your motte — there — just so, as if you were feeling your quim — put one leg up so that I can see your cunt well — open your thighs more — turn on your side so that I can see your cunt well from behind." — All this usually amused them, but occasionally they objected angrily. — "You are a cure" (a cant phrase then), was often said. Then closer I saw all their charms. — I loved to see the lace, and Vandyked or flounced petticoats falling here and there carelessly about their limbs, — sometimes hiding this thigh, some times that, some times half their cunt. These were charming pictures to me.

One of the postures in which I nearly always had them last before fucking them, was kneeling on the bed with their clothes dropping naturally over their limbs. Then I lifted their petticoats first up to their knees, and looked at them, then over their backsides, and after having had a good look at the hairy pouters and notch, I brought them round on to their backs on the bed side. — My throbbing prick by that time over-powered my wishes for further artistically libidinous postures, and I fucked them there and then.

And what appears to me not a little singular, after my experience at the station privy, after the dislike, and the intense dislike I had even to think about a woman's fundament, I begin now with these gay ladies when in bum-to-front posture, to look from their cunts, past the intervening division to their arseholes, to see what the tight wrinkled orifices looked like, to study them, and even touch them at times with my finger. I begin to think that no part of a nice woman is anything but charming. The having seen and touched a woman everywhere, adds to my sympathy and liking for her. Strange that this should come about in the short space of three or four years. Am I subject to revulsion of feelings on sexual points — or is it that the scope of my desires is enlarged, and I now take in more of the female form for ministering to my lewed pleasures.

This brought me at times funny remarks from some of the lovely libidinous creatures. — Said one, "None of that — that's virgin." "My dear it is only curiosity."

— Another turned herself round suddenly and laughed.

— “What are you laughing at?” “Ten pounds for that, and pay down.” “My dear I've no intention of putting in there if that's what you mean.” “I dare say not, but men have strange fancies.” — That woman put strange fancies into my head, for I feel sure that she wanted ten pounds for stretching her sphincter — and think from what she said afterwards, that she would have taken the stretching without the ten pounds, had I desired it.

One night toward the end of this continuous change of women, I saw there a very lovely creature, a half blonde of middle height, of faultless feature, and with teeth and complexion exquisite. — At a glance she seemed to me to have all that I loved in form. She moved about without noticing the other women, or only spoke to one or two quite briefly, — “and seemed as if she did not belong to the class.” — Other women I noticed looked after her and some spitefully. “There is N**l*e H****s,” I heard some say. I was struck immediately with her, with a desire to be in her society, to know her, speak with her, quite as much as with a desire to have her: lust indeed for the moment seemed without its influence. [I have had a similar wish, and sudden attraction towards other women, to whom I have taken a liking — a liking of which no doubt the root was lust — but which in the first phase, lust for was for a time forgotten or dormant.]

No doubt a desire to fuck her, to be part of her body, as it were, for the time, must have flashed through me, but the carnal want if I had it then (and I'm not sure) was for the moment eclipsed by admiration, and a feeling which may perhaps be called pure love.

I addressed her politely. “May I have the pleasure of going home with you?” “I don't recollect you, have you been introduced to me?” “No, but you may intro-duce me yourself, to yourself, in any way you like.” She laughed, looked at her watch and then at me all over.

— “I don't want to leave here before eleven, my brougham won't be here, and I am expecting some one.” “I'll wait but may I sleep with you?” “Yes, perhaps, I'll see.” Then for fear of subsequent unpleasantry, I said after a little reflection, “I can only give you so much.” Again she looked me over quickly, and said, “Very well,” with a laugh.

We went home in her bourgham to B****t*n S****e

— I did not speak a lewed word on the road — I felt delicate about it. “You didn't offer me any supper,” said she on her arrival. “You didn't ask.” Her servant brought her some. — “Will you give me some champagne?” “Willingly; shall your servant fetch it?” “I have some in the house.” We both had some, and some cold meat, then went to the bed room, and I there kissed her for the first time, and she me. - “Oblige me before you undress.” “What?” “Lay down just as you

are, and let me see your charms unless you have drawers on." "I have none," and laughing she got on to the bed. I threw her clothes up so as to show one leg and half of her belly, and the other leg partially, and went to the other side of the room to con-template her pose. Her limbs were white, beautiful in form, and she looked exquisitely voluptuous as she lay with a bit of the delicate fringe of her cunt filling up the triangle of her thighs and belly; silk stockings and kid boots, fitting to perfection, added to the charm. — I rushed up to her and kissed her motte, then rapidly undressing, got into bed, she leisurely followed. By the time she had piddled I was wild with anticipation of pleasure to come. — "No, leave both candles burning, my love."

She cuddled up to me, in a winning quiet way. It was a coldish night, the sort of night when the naked flesh of a woman feels most exquisite to me, as it touches my own. My prick lay squeezed between our two bellies so close had I drawn her. — "How stiff it is," said she laughing. — I kissed her as if I could devour her, then loosening her, my hand felt all over her cunt, my fingers went up it. I restrained myself from coiting, but almost groaned with lust. — "Do it," said she in a sweet little voice. "Let me see your cunt." — She turned on her back (her nightgown already up to her breasts), opened her thighs, and I saw a perfectly lovely cunt in the midst of a light auburn silky thicket. — Then with a thrill and murmur of delight, I put my prick up it. — I thrill with delight at the recollection as I write of it now, and in too short a time we died off in each other's arms, with throbbing, ecstatic pleasures. Can the joys of paradise be greater than those I feel when my prick moves for the first time in the smooth, moist, warm cunt of a lovely woman, when that cunt, in its slip and profundity, seems made for my prick, as N**l*e H****s seemed made for mine — a perfect fit.

"No don't wash." "Yes, I always do." "You shan't." "I must," and she did. "I'll look at it well if you do." "As you like." — I washed my prick, and we laid on the bed, and I looked at her from back bone to navel. — How I revelled in the sight. — "Now are you satisfied?" — "Yes, for a minute, but I could look you all over for ever."

Then I cuddled her. "Let me go to sleep." "No, I must have you again." — She laid feeling my prick, I her cunt. We were both very quiet, — she was not a talker I found. How delicious was that quiet feel, and the rising voluptuousness gradually stealing thro me. I stiffened. — "Put it in." "Not yet love, let me feel you longer." — Again we were quiet. "I shall spend if you keep on — put it in." — Then into her and up her I went, and had a delicious rest inside before movement. How exquisite she looked as silently we lay, how perfectly her vagina seemed to fit my prick. A throbbing grip of her cunt hurried me into action, — she spent with me, — and seemingly

enervated, turned and went to sleep without washing this time.

In a couple of hours I awakened — it seemed a sin to awaken her, but I did by lascivious touches. — What odd fancies I have with women. With one I do one thing, — with another something different. I wonder if other men have such baudy whims. Puffing down the clothes and unskinning my prick, I rubbed it gently over her naked bum. Then I wetted her bum with my spittle, and rubbed my prick there till it was erect, then got gently out of bed and pushed my prick near to her face, it delighted me to be doing so, and she unconscious. Then laying down I tried to insert my prick in her cunt from behind, which awakened her.

“What are you doing, what do you awaken me for?” said she angrily. “Let's do it.” “I shan't, you've done it twice, you may do it again in the morning, — I never let men do it more than twice to me — I won't.” “Then let me feel you, there — just — just so,” and I slipped a finger partly up her cunt from behind. “Oh don't, your nails hurt,” said she turning on to her back to escape me. My hand slipped over her lovely haunches, I raised myself on my elbow and instantly my fingers were on her clitoris. “I can't bear men sleeping with me, — I nearly always lay awake all night, — I was nearly asleep,” said she angrily. — I had been as I often was at first with women, quite delicate in my phraseology. — Now I talked lewedly, coarsely, her cunt excited me, I kissed her all over incessantly, — I smelt her cunt, and much wonder I did not lick it, gradually she yielded, laughed and opening her thighs,

— “Oh what a lewed beast you are,” she said. — I got between them at once. — She had refused my tongue before but now she joined it to hers. — “Oh, you beast

— how lewed you've made me,” and sympathetically moving her thighs, silence came over us, as my prick thrust deep, and short, and quick, as we mingled our spittles, and my sperm shot out into her cunt again. Soon now we were both asleep, my wet prick trailing over her lovely thigh, she on her back with thighs open.

But I could not rest. Tho I had had plenty of fucking recently, I felt with her as if I had not had a woman for a month. Something in this woman stirred my lust in its innermost recesses. I felt spooney. I could not help awaking her, and I roused her lust, for she responded, and we fucked, and fucked, till no sperm would come from me. — “Oh what a lewed beast you are,” she kept saying, and then she spent. — At length nature insisted on repose and it was eleven o'clock before we awakened. — She had quite recovered her coolness. — Yes she had slept well. She rarely did with men. — She felt she could sleep by the side of me tho a stranger. — She did not know why. — No I could not have her the next night. And mind, not such another night, when I

did. — I could come three days hence, she was engaged every night till then. She went to the Argyle just to see friends, but whether she went there or not did not matter. — Look at her letters. I did, and saw several asking the evenings she might be disengaged. — She took my money as if it were dirt and I departed.

Another and another night I had her, my heart began to beat with a feeling of love and affection for her, and spite of her I roused her lust and we fucked till prick and cunt were sore. — Then she went away with a friend, and I saw no more of her for a month. She then had moved to another house. I saw her once or twice there but she would not let me sleep with her. Then I was away for a little time, and called on her on my re-turn one morning. — She could not see me, she was engaged. — Again I called in the afternoon. Then she was out, her little maid said, and smirked at me, and behaved funnily. — "You won't see her, — oh dear no, even if you call again. — I wouldn't call again if I were you." — I tipped her half a sovereign, and then she said Mrs. H* * * *s was at home when I called in the morning, and that no one was with her, but she would not see me. She would be back presently. — I would wait I said. — "Oh pray do my dear, but I've told you not mind," and she began trying on bonnets of her mistress which were laying in the room. How did she look. "Shouldn't I get gentlemen if I had fine bon-nets?" "Yes if you had a fine leg." "It's not so bad is it?" said she pulling up her clothes to her knees, and dropping them.

I began chaffing her. "You've made my cock stiff." "Oh fie." — "Look at it," and out it came. "Oh fie. — I'll tell my husband." "Married?" "Yes," — her husband was a potman at a public close by, and not good for much. — "He fucks you?" "Yes he does it at times." "Don't tell Mrs. H****s you've seen my prick." "Oh lud no. I shouldn't be here long if I did — now don't you wait, it's no good — I wouldn't if I were you — you'd better not. We are going to see our mother my dear. Don't you see we've got new bonnets to go in?" all said in a jocular manner, "We've had enough of it for the present — we'll have a rest." — "Ah," said I, "she's got a lover she is going away with." "Perhaps she has, perhaps she ain't." "She won't go without some one to fuck her." "She's had enough of fucking," said the little maid. "Now what are you waiting for — it's no good, she won't see you if she comes in."

This went on for an hour or so — I thought the little woman was light headed, or half screwed, and tired of waiting, left at last. — "Don't call again it's no use," were her parting words, but I did at about nine that night. — "She's not in," said the maid, but I pushed her aside and rushed up stairs into the bedroom, and there was N*ll*e. — She was angry — she was engaged. She would see me tomorrow.

But the next morning I was off to L*v**p**I. — Then she was taciturn, no she could not, she expected some one she said, all the time scarcely looking at me, but at the wall and lights. — Then I swore I would not go till I had her, and thinking more money was wanted I offered her more. Then with her clothes on she mounted the bed and I fucked her twice. She laid in a dreamy way looking at the walls, scarcely a word could I get out of her between the operations, and I don't think she spent with me. She remarked once that she would dismiss her maid for letting me pass up stairs.

Next day I went to L*v**p**l and the morning after, found I had the clap. I know it must have been from N**l*e, for I had been keeping myself chaste with the hopes of having her. — Her strange manner came to my mind, her maid's funny manner as well, and I felt certain later on that the maid had tried to prevent my seeing her mistress, knowing that she had some ailment. I wrote N**l*e directly telling her frankly, and I came back to London, not savage, but feeling wounded, hurt, but with the kindest feelings towards her. I can't think how I was so foolish, but I flattered myself she did not know that she had the ailment and that I was doing her a service in telling her. — The little maid opened the door. — “Oh-la, here we are again,” said she in her jocular manner. “Not at home — we are not at home. — We've gone to see our mother. — Call again in a month.” — She looked at me enquiringly, but I made no disclosure and went away. — My clap was a bad one. I called when well at the end of four weeks or so, saw N**l*e and told her I was not angry, and that such things would happen. — But she denied most indignantly that she had caused it, she had never had an ailment in her life, some beast of a woman must have given it me, but not she.

I longed to see her lovely form and exquisite cunt, and tho wisely I could not have her, I asked. — No I was a beast with that ailment and she would not. “Don't be foolish — I can't hurt you. — Let me.” The more she refused the more I longed, — longed so that I got furious and scarcely knew what I did. I put all the money I had on the table, my lustful infatuation was so great. The money conquered. She laid at the edge of the bed, I kissed her cunt and thighs, I groaned to have her, but my prick stood with a violent pain in it, and the doctor that morning had told me not to ex-cite myself; that altho I could do no harm to a woman if I fucked her, I might do much harm to myself. — But my lust was irresistible. Almost involuntarily I pulled out my prick and with two or three frigs spent in a spasm of pain and pleasure, whilst holding one of her white thighs with my left hand, and I buried my tongue in her cunt, and sucked and licked it in lustful fury. — With a sudden effort she freed herself. “You beast you've frigged yourself,” said she. I confessed it. — “You shall never have me

again then." — "Why did you not have me if you are well enough, when I allowed you?" Then we quarrelled.

I drove home. The irritation of my prick was great and it pained me much, but I was mad with lust and frigged myself again, moaning as I spent. — Then I took medicine, the clap returned with virulence, I had the worst and most painful features, sleepless nights, and more than a month passed before I was well. — When I called on Mrs. H* * * *s she had left, and gone no one knew where, and years elapsed before I set eyes on her again, and as there is so little more to tell, I may as well complete at once the narrative of so much as I know about her.

In the month of * * * four years later, I went to a public ball. Public tho select, the tickets for ladies if not well known, being obtained with great difficulty. It was a splendid affair, the toilettes were superb, the men mostly in uniform. — A friend nudged me. "There is a lovely woman just by you." I turned round and saw N**l*e H****s — superb in jewels and lace, and more beautiful than ever. — "Do you know her," said he. — "Know her? why she gave me one of the worst claps I ever had." "Hush!" said he, "she is the wife of Captain W**t****ny." She knew me again I am sure. — We danced in the same quadrille, and I even touched her hand in it, but of course we made no signs of recognition. Her manners were composed as usual, and I don't think she even coloured up when she saw me. I thought the whole evening about her, and my cock stood repeatedly.

(Three or four years after I fancied I saw her in an elegant close carriage in the park, but thought I must have made a mistake. — Talking full ten years after-wards with a friend at * * * * he introduced me to R* * * *s. — "That lucky fellow," said my friend, "inherited R**s fortune. Don't you recollect he married that lovely little N*l*e H****s. Both she and Lord R are dead, and he then came into the property.")

Sweet N**l*e — I have often thought of your cunt when my prick has been in another woman's, and of my infatuation which soon would have become desperate love, had it not been for that clap which was perhaps not so bad a thing for me after all.

Chapter IX

Five days' amusement at Bf**d. • The big chamber-maid. • A sovereign promised. • A pego produced. • The superintendent on the watch. • The corridor out of her sight. • The lamp closet. • The water closet. • An uprighter. • Fucking in fear. • The servants' staircase. • A baudy house sought. • At 5 o'clock a.m. • An hour's felicity with her. • Three hours' delight in a brothel. • The chamber-maid's antecedents. • I leave the town.***

On my way back from my uncle in the North (this should have been told earlier), I stopped at B***f**d at the new hotel, and called on a schoolfellow who was now a very wealthy merchant in that town. He wished me to take up my quarters with him, but intending only to stop a day or two, I preferred remaining at the hotel, where also I had taken a strong fancy to a very big, fine, chamber maid, who attended to my bedroom.

I had not seen her when I arrived late, but ringing for hot water in the morning, and having omitted to bolt my door, I heard a knock, then the door opened, and in came with the water a woman five feet ten high, and big in proportion, yet evidently quite a young woman, with a fresh complexion, dark staring eyes, dark hair and a handsome, yet with a rather bold look on her face. Slowly she placed the water on the wash- stand not noticing me, then turning round she fixed her eyes on me, as if struck with me (I don't say she was) and walked to the door looking at me all the way.

“Stop Mary,” said I, “put my boots out side, I for-got them, and ring for the boots, will you?” — I said it to keep her in the room to look at her. “Yes, sir,” said she, approaching the bell pull which was close to the bed where I lay. — She pulled it, then took up my boots, put them outside and closed the door. Her big back-side jutted out as she stooped. Belly, bum, cunt, and all her secret parts rushed to my mind's eye instantly, and a desire for her made my prick tingle. How strange that the mere look at a woman has that effect at times.

I dressed, thinking of her all the time. — I know the class, and that they are nearly always accessible, and doubt if nay chamber-maid at an hotel is a virgin, tho she may not have lost her virginity in hotel service. — I have had several of them, and have rarely been re-fused. It is altogether a question of money and opportunity. Few of the class are really handsome, but all are well grown, strongly built, and are good firm, solid, flesh, from knee to neck.

I made up my mind to try her. It was a few days since I had had a

woman, and my hard wrinkled testicles and a periodic throbbing of my prick, told me what was wanted and urged me on. I dressed, and rang for more hot water. She brought it in. — “By Jupiter you are handsome.” — She smiled. “How long have you been here?” “Three months.” “I shall give you lots of trouble.” “Very well sir.” “So there's half a crown for you, but I must have a kiss.” — She took it, and let me embrace her easily, tho with sham re— assistance. I kissed and kissed, putting one hand round her waist, one round her bum, drawing her close up to me and wriggling my belly against hers, with an insinuating, half fucking movement. — “Shouldn't I like to be in bed with you.” — She broke away. — “Let me go — let me go, I'm watched — it will be noticed if I'm in the room long,” said she in a low tone.

After breakfast going to my room I rang for more hot water. — I caught her, kissed, and tried the belly wriggling dodge again. — Angrily disengaging herself, “You'll get me into trouble, let me go,” said she, “the head woman can see every room I go into on this side, and if I'm long in one I shall get dismissed.” “Come to me to-night.” “I can't.”

The hotel was large. From the staircase two long corridors ran like the letter L, and at the angle was the head woman's room and linen store, she could thus see the length of two corridors, but not along another connecting with one of them. This maid had my corridor and the other to attend to.

My friend called for me, and drove me off for the rest of the day. I could not help myself, but anything which interfered with my cunt hunting, annoys me. I have if possible given up anything, everything, when on the female scent, so was glad when night came, and got to the hotel. — I winked when I saw her, but she kept a quite stolid face, and I found afterwards that she was looking to see if the head woman was visible. — I rang for “Whiskey and water.” “Please, sir, ring for the water.” Disappointed I did. The whiskey went into the chamber pot.

Just opposite my room were water closets. I watched thro my door ajar till I saw her, and fancied she was loitering near my room, but was not sure. Waiting, and watching, and thinking, my prick stood painfully. I crossed over to the closets, which were at the end of a short lobby, inside which I stood with the door open and beckoned her. She shook her head slightly and opened her eyes wide at me. It looked like willingness, so I re-crossed to my room, and rang. “Bring me a hot foot-bath.” “There are baths down stairs, sir.” “I want one here.”

What shall I do when she brings it, thought I — my lewedness made me reckless, and yet I was nervous. — Was she one of the “thus

far thou shall't go and no further" sort, or was she game. I took off coat and waistcoat. — She came in with the bath, I caught hold of her and kissed her. — "Come in for ten minutes only and I'll give you a sovereign." — It was treating her like a harlot I know, but I was reckless. — "I can't — let me go, sir." — Then she brought the hot water. "Shall I pour some out?" "Do dear," and I repeated my offer. "Impossible — anything else, sir?" "Look what a state your charms have put me in," and I pulled out my prick, rigid and flamming. Her eyes opened and she stared at it. — "Impossible, — I was never asked such a thing before, oh if we stay three minutes in any room when it's a gentleman's, we are marked, the old woman is always on the watch." "Go to the water closet and I'll go to you there." She shook her head and went out, looking bold and lewed.

I now felt sure I should have her somewhere or some-how, and went to bed. — In the morning she brought me hot water. I had kept in bed, stiffened my penis in anticipation, and at the proper moment threw off my clothes, and exhibited my manhood. — "Stop only five minutes and I'll give you a sovereign, — there it is on the table for you." "Impossible," but she lingered. I jumped out of bed, seized one of her hands and put it to my prick, then thrust my hand up her clothes on to her thighs, and I felt the motte. — "For God's sake don't — the door's open, the old woman was standing at the stairs as I came in — I shall lose my place." "Where can I speak to you?" "In the housemaids' closet round the left," said she struggling to get away, but speaking in a whisper. I with the cunning and tricks of my youth which I find just as servicable now at times, dropped on my knees, and had got both my hands on her backside and belly, when with a violent effort she got away.

She means it evidently, but she is peculiar thought I — and soon after breakfast loitered into the lobby round the left, and out of sight of the head woman, a middle aged, sour looking matron, whom I saw patrolling the lobbies frequently. — There I found water closets similar in plan to those opposite to my room, and next to them a door not like a bed room's. I pushed it open found it filled with candlesticks, baths and such like, and she was sitting on a stool cleaning things. "If you're seen in here I shall get dismissed I tell you," said she starting up. "When can I speak with you? I've something to say." "I don't know, I never can know when she may not come, except when she's eating; pray go out." "When does she eat?" "Her breakfast's at half-past seven, and dinner at half-past twelve; I dine after her this week." "I'll be here at half-past twelve." "It's of no use, I won't let you; now pray go, that's her footstep." But it was a man's. I left full of hope, after a little more talk. My friend again came for me, I wished him at the devil but went out with him, and got back about 12 o'clock,

promising to be with him in the afternoon, then went to my room irritable with lust. The corridors were empty — the visitors to that town were almost exclusively commercial men, who at that time were mostly out on business, and the corridors were silent. At a minute after the half hour, I saw the maid walk leisurely round the corner. In another minute I was in the lamp closet with her.

No. She would not, she dare not. What did I take her for. — How many dozens of servants, seamstresses and others, have asked that question of me? I begged, flattered, felt her thighs with less resistance, shewed my prick, and then “here is the sovereign.” She would meet me out in a day or two. All right, but I must have her now, who would know, for the old woman was feeding. — “Go into the water closet and I will follow.” No they were forbidden to go to those closets — but at length she consented. I went to a closet first. She followed directly, and then standing up against the wall, I felt the large thighs and hairy notch, and in a minute or two, my machine was discharging the ac-cumulation of some days' continence in that big woman's cunt. She felt the pleasure, wriggled, sighed, pocketed the gold, and went off. — In a minute after when buttoned up, I went out and pushed open the lamp closet door. She was not there.

I went to my room and washed my penis, eased and pleased, but with lust strong on me as ever — increased in fact. — Surely there will be time for another before the old dragon has fed, thought I, so sat feeling my cock, which in a few minutes rose again in full glory. — I peeped out towards the staircase, saw no one — went again to the lobby — passed a man who took no notice of me (I had purposely put hat and coat on, and carried a stick), opened the lamp room door, and there was she.

She started up quite agitated. — “You'll get me dismissed — don't stay.” “Go to the closet again.” “I won't.” “Then here I will stay (and saying so pulled my prick out, I am fond of showing it now), whether I am caught here or not.” “Oh pray, some one may catch us there — I'm frightened.” In a minute or two she was in the closet again. It was a glorious up-righter, she sighed and heaved, and again mingled her juices with mine. How I longed to look at her buttocks as I grasped them. From that moment her tone and manner altered — she kissed me to go. — Yes she would be there again at 6:30 p.m., or tomorrow at the same time, for at night people were in and out of their rooms, and often went to. the closets, but not in midday. Further on was the servants' staircase. Said she, “Wait in this corridor, look out of that window, and if I put my hand behind me, you go down the servants' staircase — they will stare but think you have made a mistake — people often do.” Saying that, she went to the angle of the corridors and looked towards the superintendent's room, her hand went behind

her — and descending by the servants' stairs, I got to the coffee room unobserved.

I had to dress to go to my friend's dinner, for he had invited people to meet me. — She brought me hot water. — “You'll have another sovereign to morrow,” said I. Then for a minute only, she opened her thighs and let me feel her cunt, and she felt my prick. — “Can you stay with me here a quarter of an hour or so tonight?” “No, impossible — but,” said she, “at a quarter-past five in the morning I could come in for a little, the old cat comes out at six, and then goes round to see if all the maids are in their places.” “But it's quite dark then.” “Yes, quite.” “Come my darling.” “Well leave your door ajar then, and I will.”

That day with my friend, the talk got about women. Where was the best house, I asked him, to take a lady to. — “Ah, you dog, at your old tricks — how should a father of a family know?” said he — but he told me of one or two houses, and on my way home at night I called at one to make sure. — Should she send for a lady for me. She might, and did. A little one came, I stripped her, and amused myself with my fingers, but so intent was I on giving all I had to the Yorkshire maid, that I did no more, much to that little girl's astonishment. I rang for the chambermaid when at the hotel. “A quarter past five, mind.” — she smiled and said, “all right.” “Bring me an extra candle.” — That she did.

I was awake at four o'clock in anticipation, lighted my candles, and put my door ajar. — She came in a minute. “I'm dreadfully frightened,” said she, “they turn poor girls away at a minute's notice, if that old cat reports them.” — Then she laid on the bed — she was not quite dressed, and up to her navel I saw all. She was a splendid creature, almost too big for my taste then, but such an arse and thighs I have not often felt. Her cunt tho full lipped, was not very hairy, and whilst thighs and belly looked quite thirty, the cunt looked quite a young one. — Her petticoats got in my way when I laid on her; and so after kissing her cunt and praising her beauty, she consented to kneel on the bed, and I saw two of the most magnificent arse globes in the world, with the dark brown hairy notch pouting between, and a very lovely fuck we had, which she enjoyed as much as I did.

We played with each other's genitals — and soon I gave her another bumbasting; this time holding her great thighs up over my arms, by the side of the bed. — “Have you spent?” said I, not feeling sure. “Why yes — isn't fucking lovely?” “Ah isn't it?” — At midday I had her again in the closet, and a grope at half-past-eight at night, and went to bed happily and quite contented.

The next day she had told me was her evening out. She agreed to meet me and we went to the house I had called at. We both stripped

and got into bed. It was a cold November night, and for three hours I had a lascivious treat. She was a splendid creature. Her flesh was like ivory, her breasts lovely, and she fucked divinely. — I had her twice next morning at a quarter-past five, and now having worn off the novelty and fucked myself a little down departed by an early train. She kissed me passionately in my room, and said she was sorry I was going — whether it was for my fucking or my money, I can not say.

When laying in bed at the baudy house she said she was too big for service in a private house, and had been in three hotels — she was tired of it. A gentleman who often came to the hotel had asked her to go to London with him. She had refused, but if he asked her again she should accept. — She longed to see London. — “Who had you first?” “Ah, that's tellings.” “You are fucked always on your evening or afternoon out?” That she wasn't — very few gentlemen spoke to her, — and when out, she always went to her aunt's who lived in the town. — She thought the gentlemen who came to B***f**d did not admire women as big as she was.

It was after I got back to London that I met N**l*e H**s. After I recovered from the ailment N*l*e had given me, an illness of quite a different class overtook me. Unhappily it was needful for me to keep to my home, but I very nearly went to an hotel instead. When I had done looking into my private affairs, which had again gone a little wrong, — and my worry had sub-sided, I amused myself by reading, sorting and arranging these memoirs. I referred to them by dates in my diary, and made them in their order pretty complete. I used to lock myself in my room for the entire day, and said among other things that I was writing a book. — Happily my illness was not a long one.

Chapter X

A convalescent amusement. • On copulation, and the copulative organs.

During my illness I was as chaste as men usually are, when they cannot be unchaste; but I thought much about women, and the complicated organs of the sexes, by the agency of which the species is continued. I reflected on the secrecy with which human beings envelop their amours — of the shame which they so ridiculously attach to any mention or reference to copulation in plain language, or indeed at all — altho it is the prune mover of humanity, and finds expression in every day life in some shape or another, by word, or deed; and is a subject which passes thro the mind, almost daily, of men and of women who are in a healthy state of body, and have once fucked, and perhaps before that.

It was a wonder to me that when both sexes feel so much pleasure in looking at each other's genitals — that they should take such extreme pains to hide them, should think it disgraceful, to show them without mutual consent, and penal to do so separately or together in public. — I came to the conclusion that in the women it is the result of training, with the cunning intention of selling the view of their privates at the highest price — and inducing the man to give them that huge price for it — the marriage ring. Women are all bought in the market — from the whore to the princess. The price alone is different, and the highest price in money or rank obtains the woman. Then I wrote what follows, because I never had found it written in plain language elsewhere.

This description of the genitals, and their mode of meeting, has probably in it many errors and omissions, for I am not a doctor, but it was all I knew about it when I wrote it. No attempt is made at anatomical definition or exactitude —. It is what may be termed essentially a popular description, suitable to the smallest capacities, and fit for both sexes — or if you please — instructive reading for the young. It is, to the young, essential knowledge — yet the great aim of adults seems to be to prevent youths from knowing anything about it.

Providence has made the continuation of the species depend on a process of a coupling the sexes, called fucking. It is performed by two organs. That of the male is familiarly and vulgarly called a Prick, that of the female a Cunt. Politely one is called a penis the other a pudenda. — The prick, broadly speaking, is a long, fleshy, gristly pipe. — The cunt is fleshy, warm, wet hole, or tube. — The prick is at times

and in a peculiar manner, thrust up the cunt, and discharges a thick fluid into it, and that is the operation called fucking. It is not a graceful operation — in fact it is not more elegant than pissing, or shitting, and is more ridiculous; but it is one giving the intensest pleasure to the parties operating together, and most people try to do as much of it as they can.

The prick' is placed at the bottom of the belly, and hangs just between the thighs of the man. It consists of a circular, pendulous pipe, or tube of skin and gristle; with a hole through it, by which piss and sperm is sent out. — It has a knob or tip at its end, like a blunt pointed heart, and is covered with a most delicate thin skin, which had the most exquisite sensitiveness to touch. Over this knob or tip is a thickish skin of the same character as that which covers the stem of the prick, and is formed in such manner that it can be easily pulled from off of the tip. It shields the tip from in-jury, and keeps it moist and sensitive. It is called the foreskin, or prepuce. The prick is usually flabby and hanging down, is about three inches long, and soft to the feel. — The outer skin feels loose all over it as does the foreskin or prepuce, which covers the tip. — But when the man is lewed, that is to say, wants to fuck, it lengthens, thickens, stands up quite stiff, and the fore-skin comes a little off the knob, which is then of a fine carmine colour. If the skin does not then move off readily — it is easily pulled back a little. When put to the cunt, it goes back at once, and the knob in its exquisite sensitiveness goes up the cunt uncovered, followed by the rest of the prick, until the whole is up it, to the Balls. The balls, or stone bag, is a wrinkled, skinny bag, hanging at the root of the prick and a few inches on its under side from the bum hole. — It contains two stones called also testicles, which feel from the outside about the size of bantams' eggs, and some people call them their eggs. Sometimes this bag feels firmer than at other times — it is always a good handful. If it feels firm and full, and is covered with well defined close wrinkles, it is generally a sign that the man is in fucking order. — This bag is sometimes called a ballocks, but oftentimes when a man speaks of his ballocks, he means his prick and balls all to-gether.

The stem of the prick is smooth, and usually free from hair until towards the point at which it connects with the belly and balls, where it is covered with hair which curls round it. It seems to come out of a hairy thicket, which grows up the stomach towards the navel but stops short of it. There is usually but little hair on the balls, but it grows round beneath them, and some-times down the inner side of the thighs a slight way, and under the balls' bag to the arse hole, and some-times even there is short hair round that hole. If there be much it is called hairy-arsed, and is not convenient, for it interfered with the comfortable cleaning and wiping of the bum, after voiding.

The prick is naturally dry excepting the tip, which is usually covered by the foreskin, and which has at all times a tendency to be moist. If a man is randy for a long time and cannot ease himself by fucking, or frigging, or by getting his sperm out somehow, this tip sweats a white pomatum looking stuff, which covers the tip, and collects under the knob, where it joins the stem. This randy exudation called sebaceous, emits strongly a peculiar male smell. A fuck clears it all off. — Inside the body of the male are organs for secreting and forming a stuff called sperm, or spunk, which is whitish, partly thickish, and resembles paste which is thin and badly made, — or thin lumpy gruel. This is spit up the woman's cunt, through the tip of the prick when fucking. — This emission in popular language is called spending, or spunking, and is the period of the highest pleasure of the fuck, and the ending of it. — This stuff, is the male seed, and impregnates the woman, or as it is called in simple language, — gets her in the family way.

The cunt is the woman's organ, and is placed at the bottom of her belly between the thighs. It consists, firstly and outwardly, of a slit about five inches long, looking like a gap or cut, with lips. It begins near the bum hole, and curves upwards towards the lower part of the belly in the direction of the navel, and finishes in a hillock, or pad of flesh, a little above the thighs. This pad gradually dies off into the general surface of the belly, and is called a mons, or pincushion. In some women the slit, or cunt gap, is less than in others but in all they begin near the bumhole, and the lips gradually thicken, and then die out again into the mons. In some women these lips are in part of their length, twice as thick as those of a man's mouth. — In others they are thin, and some scarcely have the form of lips at all, but look like swollen flesh. The cunt looks like a mere cut, in such women.

There is hair all over the pincushion, or as it is called the motte, and round the outer lips of the cunt, down to its bum hole end. The hair getting usually less thick, and shorter, as it gets there; but at times as in the man, the hair grows a little round the bum hole it-self, and up the bum furrow. The pad, or pincushion, or mons, is placed there to cover certain bones which go over that part of the cunt, and prevent the man hurting his belly, when thrusting up the cunt in fucking. This in his excitement, he might at certain moments do by shoving violently. — The mons, or motte, is more thickly covered with hair than the rest of the cunt, particularly at the spot where the slit begins or opens.

If the outer lips be pulled open, their inside will be seen to be smooth, fleshy, almost pulpy, and like the inside of a mouth and of pink or carmine colour according to the age of the female and the usage of her cunt. — A little way below the beginning of the slit at the

belly end of it, is a little lump or button of flesh called the clitoris. This is red, and smooth like the rest, and in some women, is much larger than in others. — When the woman is not sexually excited, or wanting a fuck, or is not randy that is to say, — this is softish, but when randy it gets a little firm or solid, or as they say stiff, but not in all. — It is the chief seat of pleasure in a woman, for tho the prick rubs against it but little in fucking, the woman often gives herself pleasure by rubbing it with her finger, or frigging herself there, till she spends.

This is a description of what may be termed the mouth of the cunt, or its externals, and its inner parts must now be described. Just under the clitoris, almost in continuation of it in fact, but just at the beginning of what I call the prick tube, it being specially made to take the prick, is a little projection in which is a hole. — This is the woman's piss duct. — Both clitoris and piss duct are for the most part covered by the outer hairy lips, the hair curling round in front, and partly overshadowing the gap, hides all of it more or less in most grown women; but when women want to piddle, nature induces them to squat down, so that their bums are within a few inches of the ground. In that position the cunt gapes and opens, the clitoris and piss-vent come to the front, and the piss comes out with force. The hair of the cunt is shortish, opens with the lips but nevertheless it is frequently wetted by the stream. If there is longish hair, you may see drops of piddle, like drops of dew, clinging to it when she stands up after pissing. — Some of the piddle also runs down to the mouth of the vagina, or fucking prick hole, yet to be described, and that art being not unfrequently a little sticky, the piss cleanses it. Thus the outer hair, and the inside of the cunt mouth and lips, are wetted generally by the woman's piddle, — and when she gets up, she usually tucks her clothes for an instant between her thighs to dry it. — This is vulgarly called “mopping her cunt.”

Beneath the piddling orifice, the soft red surface slopes down, and inwards, to a hole very near to the bum hole, so near in fact that you may readily put one finger up the cunt and a thumb up the bum hole, and pinch the partition which separates them. This is the vagina, or prick receiver — the hole which goes up into the woman's belly, and in which the operation of fucking is done, by the man's prick.

The opening is in some a little tight, but inside is more capacious. — In all cunts, it easily distends, and will take any thing from a little finger to a rolling pin, — and will gently close on, clasp, or embrace it, with an evenly tightening grip all round, whatever its size may be. — This fucking hole is deep enough usually to take a stiff prick six inches long, without pain to the woman. If it hurts, they have a knack of dropping their buttocks, so as to prevent the prick going too far up.

— This vagina, as it also is called, at the top or end, rounds off and contracts, and the tube of the womb enters it. In the neck is a small orifice usually closed but at the proper time during fucking it opens. It is against this opening that the man's prick knocks, and the sperm is shot out in fucking. From the clitoris, and inside the outer lips of the cunt slit or gap already described, are little thinnish red flaps or cartilage, which descend on each side, and terminate by the prick hole. They are in fact a sort of inner cunt lips, and are called Nymphae, or vulgarly often called lapels, or lappets. They are of the same pink or carmine tint as the inside of the whole of the cunt mouth. — In most women these lips are so small that when a woman's legs are closed, or only just slightly opened, the outer and hair cunt lips hide and cover them, or they only just show the thinnest red line between them. — In other women they are large, and hang out even like large red flaps. These lapels are always moist inside, and when large, and a woman opens her legs so that the outer lips separate, the lapels stick together, the clitoris peeping above them, and they rub on each side of it in fucking.

In virgins — just inside the tube, prick-receiver, or vagina, and behind the piss-vent, is a little red film or membrane covering the hole, all but a little perforation through which the monthlies, or courses, or bloodies, as they are called, and other cunt juices of the woman escape. This is the hymen, or virginity, which is broken by the prick the first time the woman is fucked, leaving the membrane with a ragged edge like a cocks-comb, but which raggedness disappears in a year or two after fucking.

The hole or tube which receives the prick, is also pink, soft, and smooth inside, and feels like the kernels on the inside of the mouth. The sides will give ready way to the push of the finger, and being elastic it directly recovers itself when the finger is withdrawn, and therefore closes gently on the prick whether a large or a small one. — This quality makes it a very pretty plaything for the man. — Nothing pleases some so much as putting their fingers up it, or playing as it is called at stinkfinger, whilst the woman plays with his cock and balls. — This mutual handling and titillation of each other's privates, makes them both lewed or ready to fuck. — I forgot to say that when the man's prick is randy and the woman squeezes it, that the hole at the tip opens slightly, and a strong smell comes out of it. — Some women when randy like that smell.

The cunt is always wet inside. If anything be put up to dry it, it is wet a minute afterwards. — If a woman wants fucking it gets wetter, and in some women if they have their clitoris titillated, their cunts get very wet indeed. — This moisture is very smooth and slimy and is salt to the taste, which condition is intended so to lubricate it, and to

make it smoother and nicer for the man's prick, the red, fine skinned tip of which is very thin and highly sensitive. It is the seat of pleasure in fact. The cunt has always a peculiar smell, slightly fishy or cheesy it has been called, tho I never detected that sort of smell. This is the case even with the cleanest women, and it is stronger if a woman has been very randy for some time, and has not washed her cunt, — or in one who rarely washes it, but depends on her piddle and her cunt mopping afterwards to keep it sweet and wholesome. This cuntal smell from a healthy, clean, woman, is pleasant and stimulating to most men.

Fucking consists in putting the two organs just de-scribed, together. That is, in the man making his prick stiff and pushing it up the cunt as far as it will go, and quite plugging it up. Then pushing it backwards and forwards in it, and gradually quicker and quicker, his prick getting stiffer and stiffer, and her cunt getting wetter, and tighter and tighter, until at last the pleasure which both feel from the instant their privates meet, and which increases gradually as the fuck goes on, gets maddening almost in its intensity, and terminates by the balls shooting out through his prick into her cunt, a quantity of sperm, and the whole surface of her cunt at the same time clipping his prick, and exuding a thinnish milky liquor described before. This done, with intense pleasure to both, they are both quiet, satisfied, and almost insensible for an instant from excess of pleasure. Then the cunt gets lax, the prick. shrinks out of it, and the fuck is over.

But before this occurs both of them should feel, and the man actually must be randy or want to fuck, for without that his prick will not be stiff, and the symptoms of lust or randiness must be understood in the first place.

Randiness in a man shews itself by his prick feeling uneasy, yet with a voluptuous sensation, by its swelling, lengthening, and stiffening. His thoughts go to women who look beautiful in his eyes then, even if they did not before. He longs for them, gets fidgety, and, if sitting, has a desire to wriggle his backside backwards and forwards. — He can scarcely keep his fingers from his prick but, wants to feel it and fondle it. His prick burns, his balls, if he has not recently done too much fucking, are firm and covered with well corrugated,. close wrinkles. — If he touches his prick much, it begins to throb, and knocks up towards his belly. His bumhole tightens and squeezes, as the prick knocks, and, when in that state, he is ready to fuck anything, from his sister to his grandmother, from a ten-year-old, to a woman of sixty, for a standing prick has no conscience. — Woe be to the female whom he gets a chance at, if she does not want him, for he will have her if he can.

Randiness in a woman shows itself in some respects in the same

way, but it gives much less outward sign. — She feels restless, has an inclination to press her legs close together, then to open them wide, then close them again. To squeeze her cunt tight by the muscles at the orifice of the prick hole, — the same action closing tightly her arse hole, which thus acts sympathetically with the cunt. — To move her bum about uneasily on the chair, to sigh with a sensation of pleasure, and throw herself about. To put her fingers on her cunt and play with it — and to rub her clitoris. Her cunt feels hot — burning — some times it gets wet — very wet — with a languishing swooning sensation — and yet she does not exude or spend as when being fucked — she is sensitive with men. — If one touches her hand or squeezes it, it gives her pleausre. — Any attention from a man fills her with vague desires of she knows not what. — Her eyes seek his, then drop — and if she has seen or known much of men's nature, — she eyes askant his trowsers, just where his prick lies, and blushes at what she is doing, as if he knew what she was thinking about. If she is of a very sensitive, or warm nature, or what is called “hot arsed” or hot cunted, or “randy arsed” — and this lewedness has continued for a long time without the relief given by fucking she is subject to hysterics. In young women a good fucking sets them to rights, but this is by the way. — Some girls when randy, giggle and laugh a great deal, and laugh at all a man says to them. — Their eyes brighten and languish, they involuntarily re-turn the pressure of the man's hands. All this is just what incites men to desire to fuck them.

When both the man and woman are randy, they are in the best condition for fucking, but when not so, and nature is impelling them both toward copulation, they make each other lewed if they get an opportunity.

Let us suppose a couple together — he having had women before — she having had it once or twice on the sly, but has been a long time without it, and determines not to risk it again. He knows nothing about this but begins to long for her. — They are quite alone, and there is no chance of being disturbed.

He looks at her, chats pleasantly, draws nearer and nearer, till they sit quite close. — He wonders what her secret charms are, if her thighs are round and plump, her bum big. — Then his mind goes to her cunt. He thinks of its hair, its color, and then his prick stiffens and he longs to fuck her, and wondering if she wants it, or will let him, is impelled to try.

Then under the impulse of intention, his desire to discharge his sperm up her becomes stronger. Reckless, he begins kissing, which is resisted at first by her, but at length permitted once and with protest. — Then his arm goes round her waist — he draws her closer, and so they sit whilst for a time he murmurs love.

Then one hand goes on her knees outside her clothes — and more kisses follow. If not randy before, — the pressure of his arm, and hand now drawn still nearer to her belly, or pressing on her thighs but still outside her clothes, makes her randy now. — He kisses her more passionately and in doing so, his hand pushes against her belly. — She guesses he had done it purposely but says nothing. — Her cunt and bum hole tighten and a voluptuous shiver runs through her. — She fears herself, and threatens to cry out but does not. — Gradually she returns his kisses, but begs him to go and leave her.

Meanwhile he has stooped a little, has felt her ankles, had thrust his hand up her petticoats and it is on her thigh just above her knee. — She resists violantly, but lewedness now pervades her system. — She is in a sweet confusion, and overwhelmed with lustful sensations, one moment makes a half cry — then laughs, — then says “hush” as baudy wishes now find utterance from him. — She perhaps kisses him to leave off, but does not wish him, likes what he is doing, knows it is wrong, but makes up her mind that he shan't do the trick to her.

This lasts for a time. She is getting sick with lewed desire. A cry — a struggle — and he has forced his finger between her cunt lips — it is rubbing her clitoris, whilst she with closed thighs is pushing him away with one hand, and trying to pull down her clothes with the other. She shifts her bum back, tightens her thighs together, but he keeps his finger there still. — Then he pulls out his prick, a stiff, ivory, red-tipped rod, with its pendulous, firm balls. — Its look fascinates her. — He tells her to look at it. — She turns her head and eyes away, — but can't help turning them again.

He struggles now to get her clothes up — she to prevent him. — Now he pushes the prick against her hand and a thrill goes through her as she feels the hot rod. — Again and again it knocks against her hand — he snatches her hand and makes her clasp his prick. With a cry, she snatches it away. — In doing this he has for the instant withdrawn his hand from her cunt, and with a slight feeling of relief she thinks for the moment he is going to cease.

Vain hope, if she hopes it, which is often doubtful, for the feel of her hand on his doodle has made him curious. — Seizing her, he pulls up her clothes, — sees her thighs, and the dark hairy shadow above the split, and ere she can prevent it, his finger is pushed further towards the prick hole. — She cries out that he hurts, but he pushes on his fingers. — She entreats, resists, but voluptuous sensations are coursing thro her veins. The stiff prick dances before her eyes, — and altho she would resist if she could, feels her power to do so going, for lewedness has possession of her body, and desire to let him have his way is taking possession of her soul; and so both panting, they for a minute cease — he keeping his fingers where he had forced them.

Nature has placed the woman's clitoris so that it can-not escape man's fingers. — If a woman closes her thighs tightly, a man cannot from the front get his finger to the cunt hole; and from the back, the arse cheeks close, so that without violence he cannot do it, even when she be standing up, altho as easily then, as from the front. But without hurting her, and do what she may to prevent him, the clitoris can be reached by this middle finger. By pushing it through the closed thighs, — it reaches the upper part of the cunt where the clitoris lies, and was so placed to enable the man to incite and incline the woman to submit to his will in copulation.

In a minute he recommences. — In vain she tightens against it, he holds her close to him with one arm, kissing and beseeching; whilst just under her eyes is the throbbing prick ready to plug her. Her thighs are exposed, she is now too excited to pull her clothes down, and her cunt feels wet. — “Ah! — AM — What is this?” A shiver of pleasure runs through her, which makes her, spite of herself, open for a second her thighs — her cunt feels wetter, her face inclines to-wards his — her resistance is gone, her eyes close, she is nearly spending, she only murmurs, “No — no — oh don't — leave off — I won't,” to his earnest entreaties, and the next instant falls back under his pressure, or is partly gagged, partly lifted, lustfully conscious, to the nearest bed or couch, all resistance is gone, she is saturated with lust and is quiet. — Then their bellies meet, his hand insinuates itself under her round warm haunches, something stiff and hard, yet smooth and soft, pokes between her thighs and glides quickly down over her clitoris. She feels it at her cunt entrance, — it thrusts, it enters, — it is up her, — she feels it in her vitals and the balls knocking against her buttocks, and then for a minute both are quiet.

Then up her womb, then down nearly to her cunt lips, backwards and forwards goes the prick. Long shoves — short shoves — quick, quicker, — a sigh from him, a wriggle from her, and then again a slight rest. — A shove again, and then perhaps (tho but rarely) he, curious, withdraws one hand from her smooth bum, and feels the stem of his tool gently closed round by her cunt lips, gently yet firmly, and the hairs of their or- gans mingling. — His finger gently touches the clitoris against the lower end of which his prick had rubbed. — A shiver of delight goes through her as she feels him, and juices — quicker and harder, his rigid prick knocks at the portals of her womb. — Now a sigh from her, — her eyes close — her mouth gently opens. — Shorter and quicker are now the thrusts, and his arse wriggles, he thrusts up her cunt as if he would engulf his whole body in her, his balls covering her arsehole, wag and rub, and knock against her bum cheeks, her belly heaves — her thighs open wide — her knees move up gently, her legs stretch out, then close on his again and squeeze his

thighs, his prick stiffens more, and begins to throb violently in her, — her cunt juices have wetted it from tip to root — it is running out and wetting the hairs round his prick stem.

Now a more delicious and almost maddening sensation pervades their whole bodies. — Gradually more and more powerful, it usurps their senses in a voluptuous delirium. — If her father were now to come into the room, she would cling to the man. — If he knew his mother was being murdered in the next room, he would not, to save her, withdraw his prick from the cunt.

Now their kisses are moist, their tongues meet, their salivas mingle, — he sucks all he can from her mouth, his hands tighten round her backside, he clasps her to him as if to squeeze the breath out of her; her hands tighten round his waist, or rub convulsively over his buttocks, or up his back. Up go her thighs gently again, and press tightly against his haunches, he grasps her bum like a vice and with a long drawn breath — with a sigh from him — and perhaps a convulsive cry of “cunt,” — out shoots his spunk against the portals of her womb which open to receive it, — her cunt at the same moment tightening round his prick and grinding it, and distilling over it on all sides its thin, salt, milky, juices. What sperm her womb does not suck up and absorb, unites with her juices, making a bath in which his prick lies weltering. — Some squeezes out, making still wetter the hair of both their genitals, and then with gentle and gradually diminishing wriggles, and backside movements of both, with gentle murmurs, sighs, and kisses, they lay quiet in each other's arms in luscious Elysium with limbs stretched out, and every muscle tranquil, — what senses they have left, absorbed in dreamy thoughts of prick, cunt, sperm, and fucking, and in loving delight in each other.

So they lay for a few minutes until he moves again, when the friction of his prick, even in her lubricated cunt, causes it sympathetically to tighten, tho but slightly only, for sated with pleasure that channel to her womb has lost its muscular power for a while. Yet the gentle grip it gives sends a thrill of pleasure through him, and his shrinking prick; this sends forth one drop more of lingering sperm now in its thinnest liquidity. It is the last. — Then his weight oppresses her, she moves, and his shrunken, wet, cock comes out drip-ping over her anus, and with a kiss he rises. — In doing so a drop falls on to her thigh, or on the thicket of cunt hair — it is the parting dew. She also rises, pulling down her petticoats and for a minute they are both silent and look at each other. — On his face is a smile of satisfaction. — She blushes and looks abashed at her doings, and is in the dreamy pleasure of a sperm saturated cunt.

If the happy couple have fucked before, and are in bed tranquilly together, the game is slightly varied. Their spend is over; but naked,

limb to limb, he lingers on her belly, nestling his balls up to her and trying to keep his prick in its soft, smooth, wet, warm lodging. — He lingers on her long, the hair on both their privates sticking and drying together, so close and intermingled have they got. — His weight, which she did not feel whilst thrusting and moving up her and their postures varied each moment, now oppresses her; and she moves, or has a cough or feigns one, which shakes her belly and his shrinking prick uncunts.

Still he will not get off, and the red wet tip, is still dribbling out a little sperm which drops on her bum hole — or against her bum cheeks. Then following his withdrawal, — some of their mixed essences which her womb has not sucked into it, rolls out like a great thick tear towards her arsehole. He turns off of her. She turns on her side towards him and the spunk tear changes its course, and lodges on her thigh near to the arsehole end of the cunt. She need not put down her fingers to feel that her cunt fringe is wet, she feels unmistakably that her cunt lips are slabbered, wet, and spermy; and it gives her pleasure to feel it there for it came from out of his body into hers. — She loves him for putting it there. — He also turns towards her, — his prick still shrinking, flabby, and sloppy, falls on his thigh and wets it, and he loves that wetness for it came from her cunt. Then belly to belly — or belly to bum — naked and touching, with soft baudy words of love, and baudy images floating dreamily across their minds. — She thinking of balls, prick, fucking and of the spunk lying in her cunt. He of cunt, spunk, and tongue sucking, they fall asleep — and that is fucking. But often times something comes of this cunt basting —not quite unknown, but mostly unthought of during the hot fit of lust and pleasure, and certainly unhoped for excepting by married women. Something which, had it been thought of whilst with clasped haunches, wriggling buttocks, prick thrusts, heaving bellies, sighs and murmurs, the couple were insensible to all but pleasure, their souls steeped in Elysium, — would certainly have made the lady at least a little anxious. That second or two's mixed spending, and spunk sucking up of the womb, sometimes causes the lady to be in the family way, and that day nine months, after much fainting, sickness, longing for all that is out of season and out of reason, with a swollen turgid belly — much spewing, five minute pissings, farting, shitting, and the whites: — an infant comes down that cunt, — the result of such fucking, and this is how it comes about.

High up in the belly of the woman and in recesses just outside the womb, are little organs or parts of her body, containing what are called ova — and which common people call eggs — it is a sort of enclosure in which a woman breeds eggs within herself, out of herself, and parcel of her nature. Leading from this egg nest, is a little

tube connecting with the womb, and at monthly periods, an egg is squeezed out of it into the womb through this passage, and it only wants to be touched by the man's spunk — when man and woman are both discharging in their spasm of pleasure, and lo! — the thing is done. That which had no life, lives, — the egg is vivified, the woman is impregnated, is with child. Then it will grow bigger and bigger in her, and her belly will swell, until in the nine months, out comes a child through her cunt. And this is the exact process and time when the egg has life given to it. — As far as is known, the thing takes place at the moment when both man and woman are in the greatest state of voluptuous enjoyment, and at the crisis and termination of the fucking. If the man alone spends in the woman's cunt, it will not do it. — If the woman spends alone, it will not do it. — If they spend some time after each other, it may or may not do it. — But as the fuck goes on, and their mutual pleasure increases — just at the moment that the woman's cunt tightens, just as the man shoves short or merely wriggles his prick as far up the cunt as he can — the egg either being there ready, or being then squeezed out of the bag into the womb — the woman's juices exude from her into her cunt. — The man's spunk squirts, — the womb sucks in the male and female mixture, — the egg is touched, and life begotten. Thus in the delirious ecstasy of the fuck, the job is done.

Such is a prick — such a cunt — such fucking — such the consequence. — The fucking organs excepting to those who have them, would not perhaps be thought handsome. — No one thinks a dog's prick handsome, or a cow's cunt beautiful, — yet they are not unlike those of the human species. — No one who sees a dog fucking a bitch, thinks that their action is elegant, or their faces edifying, yet their movements are much like those of the human species. — The wriggling of the lady's buttocks when a prick is moving up her, and the up and down movements of the man's haunches, and the saucers he makes in his arse cheeks are not elegant, — their slabbered privates when they have finished not nice, — their faces during the operation not expressing intellect. In fact the motion is somewhat monotonous, is inelegant, almost ridiculous, and the end, sloppy and odorous; yet they both think the operation most beautiful.

And if a woman in stature, form, colour, skin, and in beauty of mouth, teeth, nose, and eye, were perfect; if her limbs were perfection, her breasts ivory — her breath sweet as a honey suckle, her voice tender, her temper perfect, and if in brief she comprised all that we call perfection in a woman; — yet were she without that hairy mouthed, slippery, half slimy, salt, and odorous cunt, a man would sooner sleep with his grand-mother or lie down with a cow than with her.

And if a man be tall as a guardsman, formed like Apollo, be strong as Hercules, and a grand model of strength, beauty, and all that is attractive in man — if he even be gentle and kind to a woman — and yet had not that bit of distensible gristle, with its pendant balls, or if having it, it would not stiffen and swell at times so as to enter, fill, and plug up the cunt entirely, and shed into the innermost recesses and end of the cunt — that thickish, semi-opaque, gruelly essence of man's blood — she would not care a far for him, and would sooner sleep with a male monkey.

This is a description of the organs employed, and the object, art, and manner of using them, which is called fucking — together with its results. It is written in this simple, homely, yet classical manner; so as to enable the dullest, simplest, and most unsophisticated to understand it. It is specially suitable for ignorant boys and girls from twelve to fifteen years of age, — at which period they begin to think of such matters, and when they may study it with most advantage, because and at that age the world tries its best to obscure the consideration, and to hinder all real knowledge about ; getting to them. It may read usefully after evening family prayers also, by older members of the family, D whom at times, it may serve as an aphrodisiac, and it will spare many young, but full grown people, trouble and loss of time in searching for knowledge which ought o be known to all, but which owing to a false morality, s a subject put aside as improper.

[At the time I wrote this, I had but little of the anatomical knoweldge of the sexes which I now possess, and vulva — vagina — clitoris — and other terms or their exact signification were only partially known to ne.]

Chapter XI

Camille again. • Intentions of fidelity broken. • About myself and good fortunes. • Shall I print my liaison with Victoria? • Miss Victoria B*c*n. • About omnibuses generally. • A foggy night. • The late omnibus. • Dark inside. • Vic's hurry. • Her friskiness. • The end seat. • The unknown lady on my right. • Thighs felt. • Cunt touched. • Vic's garters. • Risky gropes. • With Vic in the fog. • Against the railings. • Baulked. • Her convenient cousin. • Two assignations. • The unknown lady at Js St. • Her form. • Cunt. • Large clitoris. • Belly indications. • Hot arsed. • The gin bottle. • Views in the looking glasses.***

Directly I was well enough, Camille gratified my concupiscence. She was a sort of magnet to me at times, and her philosophical licentiousness in act and talk charmed me so much, that I thought I would keep to her, I soon however ceased to see her, for never in one year have I had more racy adventures, more charming intrigues, a greater variety in age and condition, and nicer women and girls to fuck. They fell to my embraces accidentally and without difficulty. So much so, that I am almost inclined to be conceited about my attractions, but will only remark that I was in the very prime of manhood, did nothing to exhaust myself, was always ready with my prick, and seem to have nearly, altho not quite, overcome the hesitation I have had at times, and which I have spoken of before. I first had an adventure with the sister of a friend, which perhaps I ought never to have put on paper; but writing these reminiscences gives me great secret pleasure, writing them indeed seems to have become a habit which I cannot break off. When written, I tore the paper in half which narrated this liaison, and a year or two afterwards carefully gummed the pieces together to preserve it. — Such was my inconsistency. (The lady and her brother are, I hear, dead and no harm can be done by narrating the liaison now.)

In my youth I knew a Mr. B*c*n. He was the son of a very rich man, tho only a merchant, and who lived in such style that we who lived then in the greatest luxury, until my father died, seemed poor by the side of them, and they rather looked down on us. — He how-ever failed and died, and his son came in only for a very small share of a splendid business. The son married, had three children — and his sister who had been expected to be a heiress, lived with them at the time I write of.

The sister had been engaged to be married. The day before the

wedding, her intended died suddenly, her health broke down, she left London, and went to live with an aunt in the country. Then people kindly said she was in the family way, and hinted she had had a child. She was away I believe, but do not know, for many years. She was certainly thirty years old now.

At the time I write of, B*c*n's wife died, his sister came to take charge of his house, and he had come to live about a mile from our new residence. — I renewed our acquaintance, and an attempt was made to be on visiting terms, — but the women took a dislike to each other, and it dropped, tho they were quite civil to each other when by chance they met. — I and B*c*n however called on each other occasionally.

The sister was shortish, square built, almost broad, and was plump, had blue eyes, auburn hair, a superb pink and white complexion, and an unusually large mouth with good teeth in it. — She had a most unpleasant voice which seemed as if she was suffering with hoarseness, and had a fastish expression, and a peculiar look in her eyes, which I did not like or under-stand (— I see now it was a mask to cover up her unchastity, which was not satisfied as much as she wished) but she was pronounced handsome and strongly resembled the Queen, so here I shall name her Victoria. When with her brother at a ball at our house, I saw that she had big white breasts, the only thing which gave me desire to see more of her; but so little had I desired that, that had it not been for a chance, it is probable I never should have possessed her.

Omnibuses at this time were but little used by poor people, the fare to my neighbourhood from Charing Cross was a shilling [it is now three pence]; there were but few and they loitered almost as they liked. — The last one at night usually loitered till it was full, or until those inside insisted on its going on. — Some years before that time there were no lights inside them, the gas lighting on the roads of the suburbs was feeble, and when the roads were wide, the inside of the omnibus on dark nights was nearly, if not quite, dark. The oil lamp in the omnibus often went out, no one seemed to take any heed of it, and I have in the dark felt women's thighs, and had my prick felt by strange ladies with whom I exchanged words inside the omnibus, without ever being caught at it. Women who were fairly well dressed and seemed quite respectable played these pranks, and one of these incidents I am now going to tell of.

Nearly all omnibuses at that time held thirteen passengers, and had one end seat where a passenger sat with his back to the horses. — Those on the either side seats, sat with their knees half side ways. — Ladies, unless it was very hot weather, went usually to the end seats to avoid people passing them, and if I saw niceish looking women at

that end, I went there so that my knees might press thoughts and sensations. [Real ladies went by omnibuses in those days, very poor people could not afford to ride.]

In Cockspur Street one pitch dark, misty, cold night in February — at about 10:30 p.m., seeing an omnibus I resolved to go home by it. A female wrapped up well, hurried past me towards it to secure a place. — "Why Miss B*c*n, is that you?" Flurried, I saw, by my accosting her, — "Oh yes, I hope there is room, I'm so dreadfully late, I don't know what my brother will say." — There was room, she went to the end, and I to the middle seat, she apparently did not expect I was going by the omnibus. — On the other side sat a lady who as well as I could see by the mere twinkling lamp, was tall, handsome, and bold-faced, and who eyed closely both me and Miss B. After delay the omnibus moved off, soon the lamp flickered, the conductor enlivened it, but soon out it went; and the omnibus was in darkness.

I could feel Victoria's knees against mine and liked it, and at once thought of cunt. I chaffed her about being late, and she made some lame excuse. — "How close we are packed, we are nearly as close as if we were in bed together." "Are we?" she said laughing. I got gradually lewed and bold — I had dined well — and put my hand familiarly outside her clothes on to her thigh. — "If we were to kiss no one would know it," said I, "it's dark enough for any naughtiness," said she laughing. As the omnibus passed a gas lamp, I saw her big white teeth — and her eyes fixed on me, and then I thought she had had wine, and gently I pinched her thigh, and begged then her pardon. "It's so dark I can't see what I'm about." "Oh you hurt." "Hurt me in return." "Nonsense." I pinched her again. "Be merry, but be wise," said she. — Then I put her gloved hand high up on to my thigh. — "Pinch me," said I, and she did. — A cock-stand ensued. — "Pinch me all over," said I, placing her hand on the slope of the thigh inwards and near my tool. Then we both laughed, and I pinched her harder. "You are pretty merry," said the lady on my right. That brought us to our senses. — In the jolting and noise of the vehicle I thought no one could have heard us, and was sure no one could see us. — "What does the Lady say?" said Vic. — I told her. "Take care," and she pushed off my hand from her thigh. I put it round her bum and pinched what I could, but she had thick winter clothes on.

The omnibus stopped for full ten minutes for passengers at a large public house, where the lights showed us to each other. The person on my right began to talk to us. — She looked much and boldly at me. She was very handsome and perhaps thirty, and spoke like a lady. I came to the conclusion that she also had been drinking, for it was unusual for women to talk to a strange man in an omnibus. — I fancied her breath smelt of liquor.

The omnibus, when stopping, got crammed full, and went slowly and noisily jolting on its way over a quite newly macadamized road. — The mist changed as we got further out to a fog which filled the omnibus, and all was dark. — “How cramped my legs are,” said the lady. “I like yours against mine, they are so nice, and it's so nice and warm,” I replied. — To my astonishment she gave me a gentle punch in my ribs with her left hand. — “Oh for shame.” “Stretch them out,” said I, encouraged. “I can't.” “Shall I stretch them apart for you?” Another pinch. “What's the best way of stretching legs?” “I don't know.” “Why, put some-thing between them,” I said. Another pinch. — All was said in a low tone. No one could have heard but us two, no one could have known what was going on. — A fat old man who stunk of brandy and water was on the lady's right, and he was snoring so loudly that people laughed. — Vic could not hear me, tho opposite to the lady, thro the noise in passing over the rough road.

She's randy, thought I, — who is she? — A kept woman perhaps, whose man doesn't fuck her enough! — and I wished Victoria out of the way. — I ungloved my hands, and put my right hand on her thigh. — She made no resistance. — “They are close together, they are cramped really, open them wider.” — I can't, this old snoring man's legs are against mine.” “Lift one over the other.” She did. I kept my hand there and began gently pinching her thigh. — “That's your garter,” I whispered, feeling a little lump. “Are you sure?” “I'll make sure.” Stooping a little, I dropped my right hand down, and pulled up her clothes. — There was such a weight of them that my hand could only get up gradually. — I felt her calf, and that it was, in silk. — She let me. “Oh your heavy clothes,” I whispered. She put the leg down and far from the other, — half moved her bum as if to ease her position, — and the next instant her clothes being looser, I had one hand on to her thigh above her garter, and pushed it slowly higher up till my little finger was buried in the thatch of her motte, and my other fingers lay a little down grasping her left thigh, but I could not get them far enough to feel her notch, and the weight and pressure of her clothes against my wrist was almost painful. She put her hand down, but only to pull her clothes forwards fearing perhaps that passing a gas-light might disclose our position. All that increased the drag on my wrist and arm, for I was using my right hand, that being next to her, and my knuckles were outwards till I reached her knee and now was only sideways on her thigh — a difficult position, with heavy clothes against it.

At that moment Victoria remarked, “How dreadfully we are cramped, there must be more people than there ought to be in the omnibus.” “I'll sit forward,” said I, bringing my bum to the edge of the seat, and pressing towards the woman on my right, gave Vic more

room. “Thank you,” said she. Now my hand got more to the front, and slipped side ways between the lady's thighs like a leaf, and the tops of my longest fingers lay just touching her warm cunt lips. — The man next to her at that minute awakened and called out, “Stop, stop,” and rose up. I withdrew my fingers like lightning, down slipped her clothes, and no one to this day perhaps but she and I, know of our little lewed game.

The old man got out, and also one or two passengers which gave us room. “Can you get a light,” said some one. “The oil's out,” said the conductor. “Can't you get on quicker?” “You can't see a yard afore the Posses noses.” On went the omnibus. — My cock was now standing like a horn. “Take off your glove,” said I, in a whisper. I had on a great thick winter cape or cloak. — Pulling out my prick I lifted the side of my cloak and put her hand round it. — “Oho — you,” said she, and began feeling and squeezing it, and at last frigging it; but not wishing that fun, I stopped it and hid my machine.

Then for a minute I talked to Victoria to prevent her wondering at my speaking with the lady. “How shall I get home?” said Vic. “I will see you home.” Again my hand went on Vic's thigh outside and pinched it near her belly. — She didn't resist my lewed tricks. — The idea of playing them both with an omnibus full, de-lighted me. — The idea of Victoria knowing nothing about my tricks with the lady added to my pleasure. Secure in the foggy darkness, and with more room, and her thighs opening wide to let me, I now had a sort of backhanded feel of the lady's cunt. — I could not twist myself round away from Victoria, so sat nearly at the the edge of the seat, feeling the lady's gap, till she suddenly pushed my hand away. Then again I put her hand on my prick. “Do you live about here?” said she. “No, the other side of the water — I am only going to night to a friend's where I am stopping for a day or two.” “Who's that lady?” “His sister — and our meeting was a mere chance.” “Is that true?” “Certainly.” “Where do you live?” “At ****,P' I re-plied, and — “Do you live about here?” “No,” said she. “How will you get home in the fog?” “My husband will meet me at the Turnpike.” “Are you often at Charing Cross?” “No.” “When shall you be again?” “The day after tomorrow,” said she, after hesitation. “Meet me, and let's have a talk together.” — In a few words more she agreed to be near the Nelson Monument at half past six, two days afterwards.

“Stop, you've passed the Turnpike,” said the lady getting up. “We aren't there yet,” said the conductor. “Stop, I'll get out.” — Quick as thought, I had slipped my right hand up her clothes on to her backside. — The omnibus stopped with a jerk, and it threw her back into a sitting posture, half on to my knees half on to Victoria's. Begging our pardon, she got up and out of the omnibus— it was so

dark that I could not distinguish faces from bodies.

Two minutes afterwards the omnibus journey ended, and all got out. The fog was so thick that the street lamps could not be seen fifteen feet off. We had been an hour and a quarter, doing a half hour's journey. I gave Vic my arm, intending to escort her home, and felt awfully lewed, and somehow sure that she would permit a liberty, tho I was surprised at that discovery. She seemed to me all at once to be a frisky bitch, in-stead of my friend's sister, the daughter of the wealthy merchant. I kissed and was kissed — we stood still in the fog — I pressed my hand against her belly. — “Let me,” said I. “What?” “Do it.” “Oh likely,” said she, laughing and pushing away my hand; but putting my arm round her, I pressed her gently up against the railings of some gardens abutting on the road; and got my fingers on to her cunt. — “Let's do it.” “You're mad.” “None can see us, no one is out.” “I won't, people will pass,” she said, in a low tone, but her thighs were open. I was sure she was lewed, and that she was enjoying the friction of my fingers. Pushing aside the lower part of my cloak, I had my prick ready, and was pulling up her heavy winter clothes, when men's voices were heard, and two came along talking loudly. We moved on, dropping both petticoats and cloak over us. What the men fancied I know not but jeeringly, one remarked, “I hope we ain't disturbed you.” — Lost in the fog in a minute, we still heard their voices and laughter and “fuck” said very plainly, but we were quite disconcerted, and she would let me do no more.

Then I asked her to meet me — and she named “the day after tomorrow” — I had just arranged to meet the unknown lady on that day — no, I was engaged. — “It must be this day week then.” “Agreed, and at half past five, it's dark then.” Suddenly she said she was going to sleep at her cousin's that night — and in five minutes I left her at the cousin's door. — She had said before that she didn't know what her brother would think about her being out so late.

Victoria's permission, her behaviour when in the omnibus, and now her sleeping away from her home set me wondering, for she seemed so much up to snuff. The next day I made enquiry about this cousin, and heard she was the widow of a clerk in the Bank of England who had been dead about two years, and had left her enough to live upon — but she let her first floor. — She had lived there some years, and all looked respectable, but as to Vic it was clear that she knew she was going to meet me for fucking, and I was staggered at her doing so, considering who and what she had been, and what she was now, — and this cousin who came to my knowledge thus suddenly, — staggered me, she seemed like an accomplice in Victoria's pranks.

On the appointed day, I was by the Nelson column, and saw a

weil grown woman walking quickly with her veil down. — She walked past me, I followed not recognizing her, but knowing that if she returned when she got to the end of the square, she would be waiting for some one. — She did. — I bowed and said “Kensington.” “Yes,” said she lifting her veil with a laugh, and putting her arm at once in mine. — In five minutes we were in my favourite house — she seemed agitated and kept her veil down, saying “Let's walk quickly,” — which we did.

She threw off veil and bonnet directly she was in the room. I kissed her at once. How delicious is the first illicit kiss of a pretty woman. — “I'm so glad you've come, I half doubted you.” “Ah who'd have thought it,” she replied. Down on the sofa we sat questioning each other, mutually curious. I dare say both told lies enough, she more, I expect, from the sequel than I — having certainly more to hide.

But almost directly, and whilst chatting, my hand went on to her cunt. Her fat thighs offered no obstruction to my fingers, our mouths joined, and we were silent. She in the voluptuous enjoyment of being felt, I in feeling her hot slit which speedily moistened with lust. Then I gave her my prick to handle, it was throbbing for her, and soon was ungovernable. A prick shows its lust at once to the female, a woman's cunt gives less easy indication to the male.

“Let's do it,” said I rising. — At once she began undressing I did the same, and in shirt and chemise only, in a couple of minutes we mounted the bed. “Let's see your cunt love.” Open went her thighs, I saw for a moment a full lipped red gash in a thicket of dark hair, my belly met hers, I clasped a fat arse, and in five minutes in tranquil pleasure, my prick lay still, weltering in a cunt as full of spunk as ever cunt was, and she speechless was kissing me softly in a voluptuous satisfied manner.

Tho there was a large fire, and two gas lamps burning, she wanted to get under the counterpane. Pulling off our shoes we did. With slabbered prick, and cunt brimming over, we lay down. Feeling each other, the gluey state of our genitals adding to our lasciviousness, and baudily we talked. — “Do you like fucking?” said I. “Do you know any lady who doesn't?” —Was I married — was she — when was she first fucked — when did I first do it. — These and a few similar lewed questions seemed to come quickly and unpremeditatedly; this was one of the lewedest talks I ever had with a lady at so early a stage of acquaintance. In a short time by squeezing, fumbling, and groping, I was stiff again, buried my prick in her lubricated cunt, and we fucked and dozed off in each other's arms under the counterpane. We had not been in the room half an hour.

“I must wash,” said she awakening, and as if it had only just

occurred to her. — Getting up she did so — I did also. — “Now I must see your cunt,” said I. “You may look At it,” she replied laughing. “Take off your chemise.” “I shall be cold.” “Come on to the sofa.” — Off went her chemise. “Take off your shirt.” — Off I threw it. Then I looked at her cunt, and upwards and downwards from armpits to anus. —Oh those delicious investigations when made for the first time on a fine woman, or indeed almost any woman for the first time, for a lustful curiosity steals over me at the idea of seeing any female naked, from an infant to a middle aged one, — and she was a splendid tall creature, with large breasts, hairy arm pits, a dark fledged, full lipped, mature, bold, handsome looking cunt, with a larger clitoris than usual. It was indeed so much developed as to be quite a feature, but there were but small inner lips, hanging from it. Her whole form was fleshy and solid, her face handsome but bold, with large dark fiery eyes, and splendid teeth showing thro full lips, and now I guessed her to be thirty-eight years old.

I stirred the fire, and moved the cheval glass, so that in two glasses we could see ourselves reflected. — We kissed — I laid naked on her. — She rubbed her hand over my flesh from my naked rump up to my blade bones. “What lovely flesh you have,” said she. “You don't like hairy men then.” — She did not answer, but burst out into loud laughter. — Then I laid half by her side, half sitting, and she the same. She seized my prick, held it fast, and put her tongue to mine, whilst I felt her cunt. But restlessly her eyes first turned to the chimney glass, then to the cheval glass, and I saw she was delighted at seeing herself with me naked in the reflection of the glasses.

“Did you never see yourself reflected in a glass naked with a man like this before?” “Never,” said she, emphatically. “Do you like it?” “We look very beautiful, don't we,” she replied. — Then I got up, lifted her limbs, put myself in attitudes for her to see, and pushed my prick in her face. — She held me to her, nestled her mouth in my balls, and kissed it long. — Again I laid on the top of her naked, on the sofa. — “Oh-o,” said she sighing — “it's lovely to be naked together,” and putting her hand down she inserted my prick in her cunt. — “Let's get on the bed, we have more room there.” — She got on the bed quickly, as if she had not been fucked and within the hour thrice had my spunk bedewed her cunt. She had come out for a fucking and meant to have it, and was either a strong lewed one, or her cunt had been a long time neglected. But I set her down as having strong passions.

Then we reposed, for the third fuck takes it all out of me for a time, and it cools most women whom I have had. — So under the counterpane we got again, tho the room was hot as an oven — and kissing and tonguing we laid close to each other, she holding my prick

with all its moisture, I feeling her large clitoris. Then we talked, till she turned on to her back, and I laid my head on her breasts as a pillow, and we slightly dozed.

I got thirsty and suggested wine and other things. — No, nothing but gin. — A bottle was brought and we drank it with water. — It's the only time that I have had a lady in a brothel who asked for gin — Then we put on shirt and chemise, and coals on the fire — and in semi-nudity sat again on the sofa, talking and kissing, my free hand (the left I may add) roving from breast to cunt. — After a time she slipped her hand under my balls, and we talked, her eyes fixed on the looking glasses. Now and then she moved her limbs to contemplate ourselves better, and every now and then she kissed me. I could get to know nothing about her. — “We haven't come here to learn all about each other have we?” said she. “You've been asking me enough questions.” “And how much do I know?” she replied. — We laughed. — “How often are you fucked? — you can tell that,” said I. — “Oh, once a month and twice on new year's day.” “How often do you have a lady?” “After each of my meals — and twice in the night regularly,” said I “Oh, you story,” said she, squeezing my prick, and putting her tongue to mine. — I left off questioning, and we talked about baudy houses, and the price of the rooms, about which she seems intensely curious.

More than an hour must have passed in talking, when the unknown gave unmistakable signs of her cunt being overheated. She ceased talking and looking in the glasses, her lips were close to mine, kissing and delicately tonguing. She gave soft sighs as if my feeling her cunt gave her pleasure, — and she frigged me, but so slowly and gently, that one could scarcely notice it. — “Shall we fuck dear,” “Yes,” said she, at once. — “Let me look at your dear cunt again,” and I knelt down by the side of the sofa. — Her thighs opened wide — and for a time I gazed at the very red orifice. — Then (I had been thinking about it) , I began to look on her thighs and on her belly, where the ample curly hair of her motte ended, — to see if there were marks of childbirth. I kissed all about it whilst looking, to hide my object, and every now and then opened her cunt lips, and put a finger up her, for the amplitude of the fat gap and clitoris stirred my lust.

“What are you looking at?” said she. “To see if you've had a baby.” She pushed my head away, closed her thighs, and sat up laughing. — “What does it mat-ter to you if I have or have not?” “Have you?” “Yes and no — you will know more perhaps by and by, — can you tell?” I replied that I could — and indeed for a year or two past I have been very curious on this point, and many of my courtezans I have asked if they had had a child, and if they had got them to point out to me the peculiar signs of an over strained belly. —

My lady however did not refuse me further inspection, but I could not see any clear signs of it, — but risking it, I said, “I see you have.” “Really! you are clever,” was all she remarked, got on to the bed, and soon I forgot every thing in the probing of her luscious cunt.

Then we lay quite quiet, she with eyes closed — cuddling quite close to me, and clasping me as we lay side by side, as if in most voluptuous dreaminess. I was tired, but my brain always baudily at work by the side of a woman, kept thinking her over. — So we lay speechless long. At length — “You are thinking of fucking,” I said. “Yes,” said she with eyes still closed. “Let's go to sleep.” “I am frightened we shall sleep too long.” Then I put her thigh up over mine, and my hand grasped the gluey gap. I rubbed her clitoris till she gave a shiver of pleasure, then she roused herself and washed her cunt. I looking on, noticed that it was a surface wash only. — Then with chemise and shirt on, we went back to the sofa, and looked at ourselves in the glasses. “Do you always wear silk stockings?” said I. [They were twice the present price — but silkier.] “Only sometimes,” she replied.

Our talk was of all sorts of things, tho we still put sly but useless questions about each other. At length - “What does it matter if we like to meet here, who we are?” said she. The time went on, her conversation was most charming. — She drank moderately, — and had never yet pissed, till rising. “I must pee,” said she, lifting up her chemise slightly, and looking for the chamberpot.

My letch came on at once. “Do it here and I'll see you.” “I won't.” “You must.” — fetching a pot, I put it in front of the sofa. — She refused for a time, till she could wait no longer, and then pissed over my hand half a pot full. — “Look what that's done,” said I showing a stiff stander. — Then I covered the whole surface of her cunt with my hand, and so dried it. — Odd tricks of that sort are always occurring to me. — “I never should have thought that any man would do such a thing,” said she. — I told her some of my exploits with women and that bladder fluid, which led to further history of my doings with women, and on saying I had seen, and felt, and fucked, six or seven hundred. — “Oh, you story teller — I don't believe any man but the Grand Turk has, and oh! your making me pee on your hand — oh! it's incredible.”

It was nearly ten, she said she must think of going, — but still we sat half reclining on the sofa, feeling each other and kissing. “I'll fuck you before you go.” “Can you?” “Come to the bed, — no stop, — kneel on the sofa instead, and we can see ourselves.” — She was amorous enough for anything. — I pushed the cheval glass and sofa about, till with the chimney glass we could see every movement. — Then stripping off our linen, she knelt, and after kissing her marbly

arse, and fat protruding hairy cunt lips, we had ten minutes hard fucking, and she cried out — “Oh — how — stiff it — is,” — and spent as I did. — Then with backside gently quivering, and I with trembling knees, we kept joined long, both silent and looking in the glass, till my prick slunk out of her cunt.

Immediately she poured out a tumbler full of very strong gin and water, and drank it right off. My suspicion about her condition in the omnibus crossed my mind. —Was she going home by omnibus? — “Certainly not.” — “Why the other night?” “A whim.” — She dressed quickly. Yes I'll meet you again on Saturday. She did not wish to be seen walking with me; but when quite dusk, she would be near to the end of the street, — I was to go to the house when I saw her, she to follow me in a minute. “And mind I can only stop an hour or so.” — She made me promise then not to follow her. — At leaving I made some offers. — No — she herself would get a cab directly. No — she had plenty of money to pay for it. — “Let me kiss your cunt before you go.” — I did, and we stood for a minute in front of the cheval glass, feeling each other's genitals, — our tongues meeting. Then she took an-other tumbler of strong gin and water and departed — leaving me very curious, but pleased with her full and voluptuous libidinosity, and the baudy amusements we had enjoyed.

On the Saturday, it came off exactly as planned. We were shown into a back bedroom without so many glasses. — “It's not such a nice room as the other,” she remarked. — I rang. — “The front is engaged, sir, the upper front if you like.” — There we went. — (Her veil carefully down.) There the glasses were much the same. She began stripping instantly, I followed, and for a minute or two we lay on the sofa, looking and feeling; then she frigged at my prick so impatiently, and sighed so, that at once on the bed we went and fucked passionately, and her intense enjoyment added greatly to my pleasure.

She washed her cunt directly afterwards this time, and piddled. — Whilst sitting on the pot, “There is a glass there,” said she alluding to one against the partition. She hadn't noticed it before. — “Yes, and we can see ourselves fucking in it.” With our tongues to-gether when fucking before, we had not noticed this possibility in the other room. — But now she frigged up my cock, looking over at us in the glass whilst she did so, and when next we fucked both our heads were turned towards it, and I lost her lovely moist mouth. Then we fucked a third time, and at each succeeding embrace she seemed more and more impassioned. I've never had a woman who held me so tightly to her as she did when copulating. — In a hurry she went off as before — promising to meet me on the following Thursday, and stop late. The looking glasses were an exciting novelty to her, as I have found them to other women. She said they excited her and that she had never seen

herself fucking in a looking glass before. [It is a fact that then when in the actual movements of love I cared but little about looking glasses, my physical enjoyment in fucking was so absorbing, but I have liked them as I grew older.]

Chapter XII

Vic at Js St. • Inspection refused. • The unknown. • An unlucky meeting. • A disappointed prick. • Sperm on a looking glass. • A red night. • Lessons in music. • A sloppy cunt. • Vic's antecedents. • A dark night in the park. • Miscellaneous gropings on chairs. • A fresh fucked cunt. • A Scotchman's sperm. • Erotic recklessness. • A young lass. • On the grass. • The lady and soldier. • Sister Peg. • Sitting on a chair. • My fingers. • Fears. • The doctor.***

On the Tuesday at the appointed hour, I met Victoria and took her to the same house, the scene of so much of my amorous work. — She could only stop an hour,. — must get home, — I might see that she really did go home if I doubted her. — She had evidently come for fucking, and didn't mince the matter, but she would only take her gown off and would not let me see her cunt, and got very angry, and began putting on her dress to go when I insisted. —She expected I should treat her like a lady. — “My dear I've had many ladies, and they all let me see their cunts.” She didn't care, she wouldn't. I found her nicely formed, but tho looking large and full in her dress, that her flesh felt poor and fllabby. — I mounted her, and found her cunt was excessively wet, but primed by three days' rest, I soon injected thick spunk, into her thin contribution. The sloppy sensation her cunt gave me, displeased me but I don't think that she had any ailment.

She well understood the movement of her buttocks when fucking, I found, but before I had had my voluptuous repose. — “Take it out — do now and let me wash,” said she — and I let her.

Again we did it, and she laid with my prick up her as if she had forgotten it. — Then suddenly out she jumped and washed, then put on her things, and got ready to go. I took her nearly home in a cab, but was not satisfied with this hurry, tho placed as she was I knew that it might be necessary. She agreed the next time to stop with me all night, her brother was to be told that she should sleep at her cousin's, whose utility I began to perceive. — I was to write to her there, if anything unforeseen occurred to prevent our meeting.

The day came when I was again to meet my unknown. — She was such an amorous bedfellow, she so enjoyed my baudy pranks, speechless when doing them with me in her intense enjoyment, that I anticipated the day of meeting with impatience. I usually rode to and from my home and Charing Cross, but it being a clear, bright, cold day, I walked, and near to the place at which the unknown lady had descended from the omnibus on the foggy night, and I was thinking of

the pleasure of the evening to come, I met the lady her-self, with a child about seven or eight years old. — We were about fifty feet off when we recognized each other. — She grasped the child's hand, and ran across the road dragging it with her in the very teeth of the carriage traffic, hurried on, never looked back, got in-to a cab and drove off rapidly, and before I could make up my mind what to do, the cab was out of sight. With a presentiment of evil, I went to the appointed spot — walked about for an hour, enquired at the house, went to the Nelson Column thinking I might have made a mistake in the place of meeting, back again to the Haymarket, and did this for three hours in a state of fury with unsatisfied lust, but she never came, and I never have seen her since. — At intervals for some days afterwards I walked all about the neighbourhood where I had met her, but never saw her. I had taken a great fancy to the lustful lady and was much mortified. — Had my accidental meeting stopped her, or had she ever intended to meet me again. — Was she single, wife, or widow. — Was her husband abroad, was she a kept woman? — That she was not a harlot was the only point about which I could make up my mind, and that she was a voluptuous, libidinous creature was certain. I wonder if a woman with a large clitoris is more lewed than others.

I went home angry and disappointed. — Why I did not have the pleasures of a gay lady I can't tell, I often can't make out my reasons for my behaviour in sexual matters. — there was a good fire in my room. I stripped naked and my prick stood rigidly, I could think of nothing but the unknown lady, and resisted a desire to frig — but walked about with my stiff prick, admiring myself in a cheval glass, and put myself into various eccentric attitudes, looking at it all the time. — Then all constraint left me, I stood up against the glass and wetting my right hand, the tip of my prick with my spittle, I enclosed its whole length with both hands, but instead of moving them and frigging the usual way, I pushed my prick thro them as if they were a cunt, oscillating my bum, and thinking of the un- known lady's backside and thick clitoris, and spent my sperm on to the looking glass. — Then mad with my-self for doing so went to bed. I once in my life did a similar trick.

Vic met me on the day appointed. I took a largish travelling bag, and she had a small hand bag. Hailing a cab we drove to the **** hotel, took rooms, had dinner, and soon after went to bed. — Beyond feeling her cunt I had no indecent familiarities in the sitting room, but talked baudily, at which she professed to be shocked, — tho her face gave the lie to that; and I noticed that she had a sly habit of looking out of the corner of her eyes at me, which I didn't like. We had a good deal to talk about. — Mutual acquaintances, our childhood, and so on.

When we went to the bed room and she had undressed to her chemise, said she, “I declare my poorliness has just come on.” I am certain she must have known it was her time. And was a beast to have come to me.

I could never bear a woman in that state — and swore. She began to whimper, — it wasn't late, and she would go home. — I had been keeping myself chaste for days — so would not hear of her going — and spite of her ailments, fucked her two or three times. I dissembled my annoyance, but was glad when in the morning I had put her into a cab. I had never looked at her cunt, or attempted it. — We arranged to meet that day week again, when her courses would be over, she insisted they had come on suddenly.

The day came, we went to another hotel and to bed early. I found her limbs and bum fleshy looking, but very flabby to the feel, but her breasts were large, and her skin white, which made a good show. We quar- relied because she would not let me see her cunt, and I only had a glimpse of her motte which had plenty of a lightish brown hair on it.

She enjoyed her tailing. Her cunt was very roomy, easy, and wet, and got very wet directly my prick was well up her, and it hurt her when I pushed with vigor. After the first washing — she washed no more — and talking with her, in a jocular way I remarked that the reason why she would not let me see her belly and cunt was that she had had a family. — It was no business of mine if she had, she remarked in an offended manner, but of course she had nothing of the sort, it was an insult to suppose that she had.

A day or two afterwards I called on her brother and had tea there. — She played on the piano most brillantly — it was exquisite — I made an assignation and we met a few days after, when I did all the fucking I could in an hour and a half. — Then she disclosed to me under pledge of secrecy — that she could not bear living with her brother, and that weekly she came, unknown to him, to a musical professor, to learn the rudiments and the art of teaching the piano, intending to go back to her aunt and give lessons in a neighbouring town when she was proficient.

I met her a few times after that in a hurried manner, and then had another night with her. She drank wine rather freely, and told me about the death of her intended, the night before her marriage, and that he had had her, that the fear of its being found out, after his death, drove her for awhile out of her senses. He had only done it to her three times, and she had never had any other man but him, and myself, — which I don't quite believe. I asked her what I should buy her, for I had never given her any present. She named something, but said she would rather buy it herself. — Her brother kept her very short of money, so I gave it. Soon after. “What will you do if I'm in the

family way?" — Staggered at the question put suddenly — "Get out of it," I re-plied. — "How?" — I told her what I knew — she smiled and said, "You don't know much about it." — "I've got a dozen or two with child tho." — "Perhaps you have, but you didn't get rid of them — If I am with child you'll keep it won't you?" "If it's really mine and you wish it, certainly." "I don't wish it, and you won't be bothered about it — but you've given me a child, and I expect you have done so to many." — Then she told me such a lot about myself and my home, and disclosed that one of our dismissed servants had lived with her brother as servant, and every bit of tittle tattle that had been told by servant to servant for years, had come to her ears. — A precious libertine I was made out to be, but Vic did not wonder at it. This is the second time friends have heard scandal from servants I had dismissed, as I think I have said elsewhere here before, but am not sure.

Not being able to see her cunt, for she still refused that, I got intensely curious about it. I felt it continually, put my fingers up, and tried to compare my sensations as my prick went up it with those I felt when probing other ladies, — and am sure hers was an extremely large, loose article, and with but little of the muscular grip of most cunts, even when she spent. Moreover it got awfully wet, almost sloppy, and I began not to care about her but didn't know how to break off the liaison. As I became indifferent, she seemed quite the re-verse, began to name days frequently, and I had to make excuses. — The London season was on, and tho at home leading a life absolutely apart, we kept up externals, and went into society at times together, and I by myself a great deal, — so I got off meeting Vic on those grounds. Then she turned indignant. Had she thought I should behave so, she would never have met me. Our acquaintance dragged on till July, and then I went abroad and all ended.

Seeing her less, I had Camille once or twice; but ready for any opportunity, I soon picked up a plump servant out of place, and had her at intervals, and at one time I had three women on hand, at this period.

One thoroughly dark, dry, night, going across a park soon after darkness had set in, a woman accosted me. — I adjourned to beneath a large tree and felt her cunt. "Fetch that girl," said I, as another woman passed near me. She did and I felt her, and then a couple more, at a shilling a feel. I could not see who, or what they were like, but found them coarse and common. — I was that night a little in wine and thrilling with lust. "Your cunt's not clean," said I to one. "I've just been fucked," said she. "Where do you hick?" asked I, in perfect ignorance. "Any where — on the chairs — on the grass, or against the trees, or the hurdles. — Look, there is a couple fucking there." — I looked and in the dim light saw by a tree a man sitting on

a chair, and a woman in a sitting posture moving up and down on him; looking on the other side I could see a couple standing up at work. No, the policemen never came, they were away from the road. why should policemen interfere, said the two park whores.

"Let me fuck you," said one. — I declined tho well nigh bursting — fearing disease in such poor creatures whom I thought could have but the commonest men. The couple fucking on my right moved away, and the place was taken immediately by others. "There is plenty of fucking to night," said the woman who now remained by me, hoping I suppose I should have her. — "I should like to see them doing it closer." — "Come up to the tree then, they won't mind, stand back a minute, directly he's got his prick up her — he won't notice anything, and we'll go close."

We walked rapidly to the rear, then up to the back of the tree, seeing clearer and clearer and the woman moving up and down as if pumping. As we got close she ceased, and the man went off almost at a run. — "They have been quick, she's got a cunt full I'll bet," said my woman. — "Has he fucked you Polly?" "Rather," the woman replied.

Baudy wishes all in conflict, all in tumult rushed thro me. I scarcely knew what I wanted or did, "Let me feel your wet cunt," said I, and the next moment my hand was on it. It was like a paste pot (my old simile, and I know no better) and half way down her thighs was the same. Astonished at the quantity and feel, "He has spent a lot," said I. "He's a Scotchman," said she, "they always spend a lot and quick, they doesn't do it to a gal till they can't keep it in their balls no longer," said my woman. "And then wants it for nothing," said the other. "Yes they always wants it for nothing," echoed my woman, "cheap suits 'em, but they ain't long about it." I groped and groped, — till the spunk, by my feeling it drying up, almost glued my fingers to her cunt. — "Damned if you aren't made me hot, messing me about, fuck me." "No — no, I can't," but I buried al-most my whole hand in her cunt, thinking of the man fucking, and almost out of my senses with lust. Then suddenly reflecting, I withdrew my hand, wiped it on her chemise, gave them both silver and moved off rapidly, surprised and disgusted with myself, spitting on my hand and rubbing it hard then with my handkerchief; and at length on the grass where no one would see me, pissing over my hand to purify it.

Getting nearly across the park, and in sight of the entrance, my lust suddenly returned and I thought I should like to see more. The continual sight of coition going on had affected me lewedly, and with all my knowledge of London and experience of life, I had never before known of such amorous games being played nightly in the open, by many hundreds; so I walked back nearly to the same spot, and watched couple after couple go and fuck in the dim distance, and

largely verified what the park whore had told me about the vast amount of nightly copulation there. She said a thousand fucked nightly.

Then with prick painfully rigid, and almost with an aching in my testicles, inciting me to ease them I walked away. It was not about a quarter to ten, and I had not gone far before I met a shortish girl who seemed one of the host of Paphians. For some reason, I know not what, I fancied and accosted her, and made her an offer to feel her cunt. She moved away from me. — "No," she wouldn't. — I laid hold of her arm, for her refusal stimulated my lust — "Let me feel your cunt and I'll give you ****." "No I won't go that way, my sister's there, and I don't want her to catch me."

We went then across the grass, across walks, and by some hurdles, a long, long, way where it was quite solitude, dark, and close to a plantation; and I felt there the girl's cunt, which was tight, and had but little hair on it — and I knew she was quite young by that, tho I scarcely seen her face; and whilst feeling I questioned her.

She was sixteen, her sister was gay, was in the park every night, and she wanted "to see about," like her. — But her sister had driven her back home, and hit her, and told her mother. She had as much right as her sister to be in the park. — She liked to be there "and watch the couples doing it." — She'd never had it done to her in the park, excepting by her young man who had done it to her for now a month, but he didn't give her anything for it. She worked at envelope folding, and was tired of that.

Feeling her tight little cunt and the little hair on her motte, and noticing her manner, I believed mainly what she said, and do now, credulous as I am about women's tales of themselves. — I frigged her — and talked about the couples fucking. — Desisting — "Go on rubbing me," said she. — "Let's fuck you," said I (all prudence gone), "on the grass, it's quite dry." — Down she laid at once, and in one of the tightest little cunts I ever had, and in a short time, and with exquisite delight, I spent my spermatic juices, — and she spent with. "Do you like fucking?" said I. "I love fucking, and why shouldn't I do it like my sister, and get money like her, she's always telling me about it." Her naivete was charming.

Still lustful, — charmed with the oddity and novelty of the night's excitement, and standing up, I felt the tightness of her vagina even with my lubrication, and gave her my prick to feel. — We scarcely spoke, — each was intent only on stimulating the other. — Then came the old idea into my head. — "Is my prick bigger than your young man's?" "Oh much bigger, and longer, — but he isn't older than I am, not quite as old, he aren't sixteen — and he aren't much taller than me, — Oh! — isn't it getting big again." "Lie down." — Down she

went like a shot, and my prick felt as tightly enclosed in her cunt as if it had been grasped by a fist, and we soon spent again. How the little lass enjoyed it there was no sham.

The last drop of my sperm had barely jetted up her cunt, when — “Oh there's some one dead” — and a slight shriek of a female roused us. — We got up. — A man laughed. “It's a couple at it,” said he, and a tall woman and a soldier in red (that I could see) passed us. Her petticoats rubbed against me and a foot nearer and she would have trodden on us. — They passed out of sight in an instant. — “They are going to fuck,” said I. — “Yes — I likes to see them doing it,” said my companion. When Peg's gone, I comes into the park and watches them sometimes, and sometimes my young man comes, and we watches together — and then he does it to me, but he lives two miles off, and can't always get away.

I gave her a lot of silver, which overwhelmed her, but I didn't leave, for talking to her had a singular charm for me. — She told me all about the couples in the park. Where and how they copulated, and the price paid, — Her sister, said she, told her everything, yet wanted seemingly to prevent her from practising the art of sperm drawing. — The small price accepted for their favours, — and the number of men that a woman sometimes had nightly — was a revelation to me, and I did not quite believe it. I do now for I have heard much since.

Time went on. — I heard a clock strike. My desire for feeling her cunt and my own sperm seemed insatiable, and we talked on, and all about park whoring, till I determined to have her on a chair, as I had seen couples in the park for the first time in my life that night.

So I led her to the spot, and selecting a chair furthest seemingly from the spot most frequented by copulators, — I sat on it, and lifting her clothes, I put my peg into her. She clumsily rose and fell at first, but nature soon taught her. She spent, received my injection in her cunt, and sat on my prick till it left her, and then kissed me. “Let us go further off,” said she — I think my sister's about here, and I must get home before she does.” She never fucked that way before, and I never had done it like that in the open.

I found now that I had not a bit of silver left, but was charmed with the little fuckstress, and “Give me the silver back,” said I, “and I'll give you half a sovereign for it.” — She did — but suspicious. “It's real gold ain't it?” “Go to a gas lamp and look and I'll wait here for you.” “No — I won't, and you must be a real gentleman, and I'll be here tomorrow night, will you come to me?” said she. “No — You keep away and work, it's best for you.” “I shan't, I only gets nine pence a day, and walks three miles there, and three miles back. — I'm tired on it.”

I got home, my lust fever over, and in a terrible state of disgust

with myself. I scrubbed my hand over and over again, I washed my prick and rubbed it till it was sore. When I have had such a mortal fear of disease I don't recollect. — Not since my boyhood I think. It was Pox-Pox, I dreaded. I soaked my hand next day in strong soda, plugged my nails with soap, then brushed it out, and was for some days in terror. Then I fancied my prick sore, and went to a doctor. I would not for days touch food with the hand which had paddled in the Scotchman's sperm, — and I had Victoria with fear lest I should disease her. It was a fortnight before my mind righted itself, and then I was still disgusted with myself for feeling the spermatized cunt of he park doxy. Yet with this I had a strange desire to see how a cunt looked, as well as felt, with another man's sperm in it. I have often desired to see that lately.

[This was a lewed interlude, had without intention. Curiosity begat curiosity, which begat lust, strong, unreflecting, unconscious, and unmanageable. — Yet now I say what harm was there in it, what evil did I do to anyone — what to myself? — As a series of lewed, and sequential impulses, the affair seems to me now a psychological phenomenon, and nothing more.]

Chapter XIII

In the Haymarket. • Cunt struck suddenly. • Sweet young Hefty. • An impatient couple. • A happy meeting. • Almost in love. • Mary S*s. • A servant by chance. • In Cockspur St. • Luncheon and lust. • Stared at. • At the accommodation house. • Nakedness. • Anonymous letters. • Fe-male spite. • A quarrel with Vic. • With Mary at F***f*** St. • Confessions.***

One Saturday afternoon I met a sweet faced girl looking twenty, fairly grown, and elegantly dressed. There was something about her which attracted me even in the distance. I kept my eyes fixed on hers from the moment I could distinguish them — and she on mine. — A sudden and strong desire for her seized me, tho I was not wanting nor even thinking of a woman. I wanted to see and talk with her, rather than anything else. We both slackened pace as we approached each other. — "Come with me," I said with sudden impulse. Half stopping, looking at me steadily for a few seconds, and then smiling, she placed her arm in mine as I turned round, and in three minutes we were in a handsome bedroom. — We had not spoken a word, until the servant had closed the door; I had got one of my well known rooms, at J***s St.

"I never was pounced upon like that before," said she. "I longed for you the instant I set eyes on you," said

"And I thought I should like you the instant I set eyes on you," she rejoined. We stood up kissing for a minute. She had beautiful brown hair, and light hazel eyes, with the softest and most voluptuous expression in them, and beautiful teeth. — Then taking off my coat and waistcoat, she, unasked, quickly stripped to her chemise — and a lovely creature she was. Slim but quite plump enough, with flesh like ivory, hard little breasts, sweetly shaped legs, and with one of the loveliest little youthful cunts, set in a small quantity of silky chestnut hair that I ever saw, and all seen in the most exquisite underclothing. Stripped to my shirt, her naked bum was soon seated on my naked thigh, and whilst I twiddled her cunt, and she held my prick, our mouths and tongues together uttered inarticulate soft sighs of love, without speaking, till I almost felt I should spend. We were speechless with lust and impatient to couple.

I pulled my prick from her, and my hand from her cunt. "We are in a hurry, — do you want to go soon?" "Oh — no, I'm in no hurry, but I want you to poke, let's do it dear and we will talk afterwards." — Again our hands were on our genitals, our sighs and salivas mixing for

a minute, and then with one accord we went to the bed and fucked, murmuring our pleasure to each other. Recovering, — “You've a lovely cunt.” “You fuck lovely,” said she. “Oh I wish my prick would never come out of your cunt.” “So do I, — keep it in till you do it again,” thus we murmured our liking for each other, almost in each other's mouths.

Tho very late in the spring it was cool — and a fire was in the room. We sat after fucking on the sofa, with arms round each other and kissing. — The suddenness of our meeting, and poking, astonished us both. When had she been fucked last. Nearly a fortnight, ago — she was kept, and her friend had been away that time. “Didn't you want fucking my dear?” “And didn't you?” “I must wash, it's running out on to my chemise.” “No, don't it's nicer the second time unwashed.” “So it is, but give me a towel.” — I gave it to her, she put it under her bum, we talked a minute only longer, then speechless our tongues again met, and then to the bed. My prick went up, — “Oh isn't your cunt smooth?” “Yes, dear — oh, lovely,” — soon we were in ecstasy again, and then on the sofa we sat and talked. — Her name was Henrietta, and she was called Hetty. Soon again I had her.

Time rolled on, I got hungry. She wanted food, — but neither talked of leaving. At about ten o'clock, — my glorious stiff one (my prick will always stand to a nice woman even if it can't spend) rammed and rammed and fetched her but gave out no sperm. — “I'm done,” said I. “And done enough, you have knocked me up,” said she. Then we went to a shop, feasted full of lobster and separated. I had never had a more exquisite five hours with any woman, young, old, modest, or gay.

She met me again by appointment a few days after. — I had ordered clean dry sheets on the bed, and we laid naked together in them. We were mutually satisfied with each other's bodies. This time I gave her a little dinner before we went there, so we were in the best possible condition, tho I doubt if we really fucked better, or enjoyed each other more than we did at first. We spooned each other. For the most part my taste and my luck as it seems to me, has run me into large arced, fleshy, fat cunted, well haired, big women, so that this little lady seemed lovely to me by comparison. Her cunt seemed to fit me so, — and the slight hair pleased me so, that I kept thinking about that charming variety. Variety was perhaps at the bottom of it all, for a fresh cunt is mostly delicious, or it always is so to me.

When fucked out and dressed, we sat by the fire. — She would not tell me where she lived, —it was a nice little house, but her man was nearly always with her, and had kept her a year, she had only been gay three months before he did so. Now she was only eighteen, and he was so good, and liberal, and kept her mother as well, so that

she was frightened-of being found out. — She had never, she could swear, had any man since he had kept her but myself. — and, “Good heavens, I longed for you as I looked in your eyes, and the quickness, oh!” Here she repeated my words, and described my action. — She should never forget it. — “I wish you would keep me. — I should love you in a week,” said she, “and would be so faithful to you. — I've never really felt I should like a man but you, tho I've only seen you twice.”

If her friend had not returned she would meet me a third time. — If she did not, I was to understand that she could not, and that she had said good bye to me. She did meet me, and we had three hours of the hardest fucking I ever have had yet. — “Oh,” said she, kissing me, “to think it's the last time I ever shall see you perhaps, there may be a chance, but I fear not.” — We arranged where to write to each other. “But what's good,” said she, “I shall love you perhaps.” She never did write, I did, but got no reply. — I made her take some money which she had refused before. — She cried and kissed me, passionately when we separated for ever, for I never saw her afterwards.

She was so nice that I had at once the idea of asking her to be my mistress — I had the same idea about Lucy a year ago — but resisted it. — I was so unhappy that I longed for a home with a female in it, but had found that a mistress did not do much to diminish my unhappiness, so altho I longed for Hetty, gave up all idea of keeping her.

About a week after I saw Hetty for the last time, I was loitering about Cockspur Street, at about half past twelve, on a lovely sunshiny, tho coldest day in May, when I met three women walking abreast. Two were middle aged, and comfortably clad like small trades-women, the third was a strapping, healthy woman of about one and twenty, with dark bright eyes, dark hair, and clear skin, and clad like a well to do, quiet, servant. I wanted a woman that morning. Her face pleased me, and as she looked at me as I approached, I put out my lips as if kissing, and winked at her, just as I passed her. The others did not see this.

I turned round looking after her, and saw that she had small feet — (her petticoats were short), and showed a thickish ankle in white stockings. She had a steady movement of her haunches, and had in brief every indication of the form of woman I liked, and I followed them at a distance. Soon she half turned to look back, but seeing me, turned again quickly. In a minute afterwards they went into a public house. She's a servant out for a holiday and if game at all, wants a man, here is a chance — thought I. I like a young servant, and have had dozens of them. — So I walked into the public house after them.

They were standing in a compartment shut off from the rest of the

bar. The two middle aged had ale — the young one nothing. I ordered a glass of wine and re-marked that it was a fine day. — “Yes it was,” said she seemingly a little confused. Would she have a glass of wine. — She looked round at the women, one of whom nudged her. Then she said she would. Talking on, I asked if she was going to the Royal Academy to see the pictures. — She didn't know anything about the place but said she liked pictures. I offered to take her. “It's only across the road almost — if your friends can spare you, let us go.”

This seemed to upset the other women, one of whom said, “If we don't go at once, we shall be late.” The young woman said, “Wait a minute,” — and went on talking with me, and I repeated my offer. Impatiently another said, “If you come out with us Miss ****, you come, if you don't, you don't, — you know the ad-dress, he'll be home at one o'clock mind, and won't wait for nobody.” Then out the two went. Said she, “I must go or they will be angry.” “Never mind, come and have luncheon with me, and we will go to the pictures afterwards.” “Perhaps they are waiting for me.” I went out, could not see them, and then asked if they were relations. — No — one was her landlady, the other woman lodged there, and they were going to her sister's to dine at one o'clock.

Never mind. “You are a dressmaker aren't you?” She answered quite straight. “No, I'm a servant, and left my situation four days ago, but I shall soon get another for I have a good character. I've been after one this morning, and as I'd nothing to do, and Mrs. * * * asked me to come with them, I did, — Oh! but I've forgot the address, — isn't there a place called * * * *” — I could not help her — and didn't mean to if I could. — “What ever will she think if I don't go?” “Say you forgot the address and went home, but come and have luncheon.”

She hesitated uneasily. — We went out, could not see the two women, and I took her quickly to the Cafe de l'E*r**e (one of the best eating and drinking places in London, and supported mainly by kept women and their protectors) . Soon an ample luncheon with champagne was before us. — We sat side by side, she tucked in the food, ate heartily, and got well warmed up with champagne before she had half finished her meat. Good food soon heats a cunt, I know as well as any man now, and heats a prick as well.

All she had told was probable, but where did she lodge — and where had she been in service. I asked this right off. — She told me both places, and they happened to be in the very quarter of London where I first lived after I had run thro my first fortune. — “Do you know * * * Terrace?” “Yes.” “Well I have just left No. 3 — Mrs. S***n**s, I was housemaid there.” — I knew the house perfectly — and where she had got a lodging was close to where my sweet maid Mary had lodged, when she left my service years ago, so I felt

convinced she was telling me the truth. Her name was Mary S****s. How many more Marys am I to have?

I began warm talk very soon after she had got her belly full. Did she sleep alone in the lodgings or with her sweetheart. “Alone, of course.” It was her first place in London. — Her parents lived at * * * *. — “I know why you came to London.” “Do you? why,” said she laughing. “You got into a scrape at home with a man. She coloured scarlet, and seemed confused. — “That it wasn't.” — But feeling sure that by chance I had hit the right nail, I chaffed her and added, “My dear what if you did — a woman's a fool if she doesn't have a man if she liked one. — We are made for each other. Miss S****s — may I call you Mary?” “Yes, if you like.” “And no woman knows what the pleasure of life is, till a man's naked thighs have lain between her naked thighs.”

“Oh — I don't like that talk.” “You like the thing tho, don't you? — but tell me all about your country lover, did his thighs go there?” and I laid my hand broadly on hers underneath the table. — She did not much object to that hand — but “no” — there was no country lover she could declare. — “Have some tarts, don't you like them?” “Oh yes, but I'm nearly busting now, the food's so nice.” Tarts were ordered and eaten, and another glass of champagne drunk, and by then she was frisky and a little loud. — I put my hand on her thigh at every opportunity, and closer and closer to her belly, — then gave a pinch, whispering that I felt the hair. — “Oh you story, don't do that. — How that gentleman opposite keeps staring at us,” and she pushed my hand away.

A man was staring at us — so we changed sides and then the wooden enclosure hid us (scarcely anyone was there). We subdued our voices — but that she was quite lewed thro food, and wine, my talk, and her constitution, I now felt sure. — She laughed at every thing I said, I got from delicate smut, to plain words, then put her hand outside my trowsers on my cock — “Isn't it hard there,” said I and gradually exciting her, dared at last to ask her to come with me somewhere, and have a cup of tea and I would give her a new dress if she would only let me see her lovely legs to just above her knees.

She got up then. — No she wouldn't, she was surprised, — but there was lust in her eyes. She must go, and wished she could recollect the address. — What would Mrs * * * think of her now, and so on — “I declare I think I've had too much to drink.” “You want to piddle I expect.” “I want something badly,” said she, laughing. — “There is no place here but I will show you where.” — Then I paid the bill. — “What a lot of money it cost,” she remarked. “I'll give you twice as much to see you undressed.” — She shook me by the arm, “Now I won't have this.” — We left — I led her to J***s St: You can piddle in

here, and have a cup of tea — it will refresh you." "No." "Come." "I won't — I pushed open the door and pulled her in gently, saying as I entered, "Send us up some tea." Next minute we were in a bedroom. — "Oh," said she, "this isn't a public house is it?" "No," said I boldly, "this is where people come to fuck." "Oho — no — is it really a bad house? — you'd no business to bring me here. I won't stop" — but I pushed her into a chair! and there she sat.

The tea was brought. — "You haven't piddled." "Where can I?" — That point of modesty was gone. — "Here is the pot." "I can't before you." "I can," and pulling out my prick under her very nose — but so stiff that the piss could scarcely get through it, I some-how managed it, whilst she looked askant at me all the time. "There now you do it." "You go away then and don't look." "All right." — Putting down the pot I turned my back, but directly she began turned round to her. — "You rude man," said she, laughing. She was slightly groggy I now noticed.

"Is your cunt wet?" said I. "Dirty man, I won't tell you." "I'll feel," and stooping to get my hand well on to her thighs. —She struggled hard and made a noise, but I pushed her back on to the sofa and got my fingers well between her cunt lips. — That settled her at once

— all her gaity left. — She no longer laughed nor squirmed, but seemed quite scared. — "Oh no — I didn't think you'd go so far as that, — Oh — really — now let me go — I won't have any tea — I must go to my friends."

But I know the trick when once my hand is on a woman's clitoris. — I dare say I don't vary it whether with a lady, a mistress or servant. Instinct teaches from that moment, and alone guides me. I have no system of what to do and say. How I wish I could see other men under similar circumstances. — "Don't struggle, it's foolish, let me feel (— I have felt it you know how)

— only for a minute, — kiss me." — Then twiddle till the pleasure pervades the whole gap, and I kiss so that the woman cannot utter a word. — "Feel my prick

— only for a minute. Do — there — isn't it stiff, — how it's longing to go up your cunt. — Do let me — I won't spend in you. — Don't fear — I'll pull it out when you like, if you'll only let me put it in for a minute." "Oh don't, I'm frightened to let you, — oh — leave off." — Then comes silence, silence only broken by soft, voluptuous kisses — then she is near to spending

— her cunt yearning for sperm, and wetting itself to get ready for the prick to enter it, helpless with desire she surrenders and the thighs open. Thus it was with Mary S****s, as with others before.

Silence and kisses — and the feeling of each other's genitals — but not for long. — In ten minutes after the tea had been brought in,

there was Mary laying on the bed, silent, and with eyes closed, and her cunt full, and my dripping prick was dangling outside it, I on her belly, her clothes up in a heap above her navel. It was only about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I'm so sleepy," said she. "Let's get into bed then and get your clothes off." "I'd better go." "Don't be foolish, Mary — you've been fucked and I'm going to do it again, — let's enjoy ourselves, take off your things." — Rising from her belly, I undressed rapidly to my shirt. — She laid quite quietly looking on. "No," — she must go. — I dragged her off the bed by her feet, and then she undressed, and went to bed, I fucked her again — and then we both slept soundly.

When I awakened it was nearly five o'clock. She was still asleep. Gently as possible I uncovered her to her waist, and saw a lovely pair of hard breasts, and dark hair peeping out from her arm pits. Carefully I drew the clothes over her again and slid my finger on to her cunt which was wet and sticky, as delicately as if with a feather. I rubbed her clitoris for such a time, wetting my finger lower down when it grew dry. She was soundly asleep, but the sensation I was awaking in her began to make her restless. In her sleep she put her hand down to her cunt. I drew away mine. — "Who's that," said she suddenly awakening. "I, my love," and I moved on to her belly with a stiff prick again.

There is nothing I love better than to frig a nice woman when fast asleep and watch her randiness come on, her thighs move, her hand go suddenly (they all do that) on to her cunt as she awakens, after gradually getting more and more restless and excited with voluptuous desire, caused by the friction.

"What's o'clock? oh I've been dreaming so, let me get up." "After we've done it again love," said I — inserting my prick in her lubricious cunt. — What woman with a prick well up her can insist on getting up? Then keeping my prick in, raising myself on one elbow to look at her, I talked voluptuous talk. — "O-ho," sighed she, and her cunt gave a squeeze. Then we had our third pleasure and she seemed on the point of sleeping again.

But as if suddenly recollecting herself, — "Oh let me wash, Oh — I'm nearly naked," — and getting out rapidly she washed her quim saying, "Oh sir, you gave me too much wine purposely to make me do what I've done." Then she began to dress herself, but folding her arms and kissing her I prevented her. "Don't be foolish, it's too late." "Oh you gave me too much wine purposely, and you did it to make me let you do that to me — it's a shame."

I had really done nothing of the sort, not thinking from her manner that it was needful, for I fancied she wanted a man; she had kept hand in mine and pressed it before she had begun to eat. She

certainly had drunk a good lot, but beyond laughing and talking much, had not given a sign of being tight, until she went to sleep. I denied it, and got her to be reasonable. Her land-lady was not to be home till eight o'clock, so what hurry? Let me see your lovely cunt, and I kissed down from her breasts to her navel — and then up- wards from motte to navel. “Now don't be foolish, let me look at it, I've fucked it, I've fucked it three times.” Soon I held the lips open and looked, kissed and examined it, and then, with heated genitals, on the bed we fucked. Each fuck takes longer in completing than the previous one. The pleasure is less rapid, and what voluptuous rests, and talk, and kisses we get, which we cannot pause for in the first coupling. How long one's prick lays stiff and quiet in the folds of the warm cunt before it recommences its exercise.

She dressed. — “Don't look at me — my things aren't quite clean,” said she. — And then we left. — She made a promise to meet me the next day at the same hour. — I put her into a cab and gave her money to pay for it, promising her a new bonnet the next day.

We met, lunched, and enjoyed ourselves as on the previous day. “My linen's quite clean,” said she, “I was ashamed of it yesterday.” — In my hot lust I had not noticed its being soiled, if it was so. She was a nice creature, with fat thighs, large and well shaped calves, with nearly black hair on her cunt, crisp, thick and curly, but not much of it. The handful of flesh which forms the cunt pad between her thighs was full and fleshy, but the lips did not project roundly. That sort of cunt always was pretty to me. — She had more pleasure, seemingly, than many women have in looking at my prick. — Whenever she felt it she kept her eyes upon it. “Let me see it get stiff,” said she, when it was under the clothes, on one day afterwards. Her manners, tho only those of a servant, pleased me. She seemed delighted and proud at being taken for a dress-maker, which I had said to flatter her.

For two more days I had her, but could not give her so much bumbasting as she had on our first encounter. I couldn't manage that on two days running, but a couple of fucks satisfy most women. — Then she got a situation. — “What shall I do if I'm in the family way?” said she. — How I hate to hear that said. It's the penalty of having any woman but whores. I told her my name, and the club to write to, and promised if in trouble that way to help her, but she never applied to me.

As we went into the cafe, on the second day, I passed a distant relative with whom I was on indifferent terms, and who eyed us well. — About the fifth day, after I had had Mary S***s this occurred at my house. “Here are two letters which concern you,” and they were laid on the table. Both were anonymous and ad-dressed to her. — One said that the writer had seen me going into the cafe with a woman, and

named the time. The other that I was seen putting a lady into a cab. Time and place also stated.

I said it was false — she might believe it or not as she pleased, that I guessed who wrote them, and so forth. — "One is in a woman's hand writing tho disguised." "I dare say the same enemy." — There was no scene about it. — I wondered who wrote the second letter, and concluded it was written by the same man's wife. — "Well give them back to me." "Certainly not, I shall not leave you such means of injuring my character. Perhaps tho, you wrote them yourself." — So I destroyed them.

A few days after I met Victoria, and thought she seemed curious in manner. After we had been in the room for a minute, — "I hope you enjoyed yourself when — where?" — I had been seen, she had heard, helping a female into a cab. — I denied it — who told her so. — Her cousin. — "Your cousin is a liar and very convenient to you." "And to you also. — No, you shan't do it to me." — We had words — but she liked a prick too much to refuse it altogether. — So yielding I was beginning the grope, when, — "I will see your cunt" — but she would not let me see it. — I fucked her with-out, and directly after we parted in anger. — I am certain now that she saw me herself with Mary, it was her usual day for being at the West End, but she never avowed it.

I took Mary to another dining place afterwards. Then we went different ways, and met at another baudy house for our enjoyment.

Mary always kept saying that I had given her too much wine on the first day, and she didn't know what she was about. — One day towards the end of our acquaintance when she repeated it, I said I was sure she was as lewed that day as she could be at the moment I met her, and that I saw it in her eyes as she looked at me, and in her manner when in the public house. She with a laugh, "Well you did look like such a nice man, I did look at you — and you looked so at me — that I wondered if you liked me — and I did feel as if I wished you were my husband." "You wanted fucking," said I. "I didn't know what I wanted," and that was all I got admitted.

She wished she could go to see her parents before she went to her situation, so I gave her the money to go — as well as other presents. She came back two days before the time, and two good afternoon fuckings we had. She was to have a holiday once a month, and said that she would willingly meet me — I said I would if in England — but I did not — I knew her new address, but in a month after had other fish to fry, and so tho I in-tended it at the time I spoke with her, I never had her again.

She was not a virgin, but I don't think a regular fuckstress, and I think had not had it for a long time; she enjoyed not embraces so

strongly. After the first day she was much less ready, and more modest, no doubt the wine was in her on that first day, and that her system was craving for a fuck. Had it not been for that, I doubt if I should have got her, but who can tell. The cunt which has once had a prick up it will always have it again, and she helped to amuse me nicely for three weeks.

Chapter XIV

Thoughts about myself, my skin and prick • At a Swiss village. • The hotel full. • A thin partition. • An amorous couple. • Ach mein Liebchen. • The chambermaid listens. • Consequences to her. • Against the window ledge. • The maid's occupation. • The loft. • A splintered foot. • A peep-hole made. • Young ladies bathing. • Three times a day. • Departure.

About this time I began to think more of my self than I had done — which seems a strange thing to me. I had to a large extent, though not quite, got over that mistaken notion about the size of my prick, — so many women having asserted it was a handsome sized one. And several gay ladies having shown affectionate attentions to me, from that I inferred they would not have done so had that supreme article of feminine worship been inferior. I might also say the same of a few ladies who were not gay, but whose cunts know pretty well the difference between a prick and a cucumber. For all that, I have been for a short time and more than once, temporarily impotent thro a nervous fit on this point.

I have within the last few years heard much admiration expressed of my face and figure. — I heard this both directly and indirectly, from chaste, as well as unchaste ladies. — “He might with his face and shape have married so and so, and she was dying for him, but he never knew it,” — was said of me. Another had praised my face, form, and my demeanour, — Camille told me that her maid always spoke of me as “your handsome friend, madame,” when she forgot the name I went by. I had, I know, a skin which for colour and smoothness, was like a woman's — dozens of women had smoothed, stroked, and admired it to my face.

— One said it made her spend, directly she rubbed her hand over my back when I was fucking her. Another used to kiss me all over and ask me to turn on to my belly, so that she might kiss my backside, which was equally smooth.

For all that I had but little conceit of myself and fancied I was too thin. — Another stupid fancy, for I never was what could be called thin, tho I was lithe.

— When I heard that any woman had mentioned me in a flattering manner, I used to wonder if it were true. Then I had a desire more and more frequently come over me, to see other pricks, and satisfy myself by comparison, whether mine was a full sized one or not, and I wondered if they fucked after my fashion or how, and if

they spent as much — and how they looked when spending — much curiosity about males in coition seems to have laid hold of me, and I don't see any-thing wrong in satisfying that curiosity.

Sick of London, I left in July with a friend, and spent much time in the Swiss mountains. He was married but very fast, and we went to baudy houses together. Geneva, Berne, Lucerne and Zurich saw our pricks. We found it economical, for the regulation price was but about five francs a lady, and also safe (A clap when one is traveling is the worst of ailments.) — for they had just about that time put the Paphians under medical supervision at least in some of the Cantons. — Then he left me, and for some time I remained in the mountains alone.

Traveling where I listed, I reached G***d**w**d in Switzerland. The hotel was full, but they put me into a nice house exactly opposite. One of several, I found, hired by the hotel keeper for beds only during the sea-son. The owner occupied only the ground floor. The upper floors had about eight bed rooms, and very thin partitions were between some of them. I was annoyed at having to cross the road for my meals, but the land-lord said I should be very quiet where I was, and could have coffee, etc. brought to my room if I wished. Tired, and it being rainy, I had food sent in. A waiter brought it over, and the servant of the house took it then and served it, that was the custom. I did not notice that any one was so served there but myself.

The servant was a coarse, well grown, fair haired, blue eyed damzel, about twenty years old, and seemingly a peasant hired for the season. She had a bold look, as if she knew quite well what was what in man or woman, tho she did not look loose. Being alone I soon chatted with her in French — asked her Canton (it was a German one) how her sweetheart was, how her last baby was, and such like chaff. — She got neither she said, and enjoyed the jokes especially about the baby. — no, and she didn't want one. Where did she sleep? “At the top,” she replied, pointing to the roof. — I should go up and sleep with her, and she wasn't to put out the candle, — laughing, she said she was never allowed a candle there, for fear of fire. — “In the dark? why then you're obliged to feel your way about, to feel for the water jug.” — No, she didn't wash up there. — How could she find the other bit of china. — She could find all she wanted — she knew I meant the pot. — I said, “I'm going up to sleep with you, mind, to-night.” “Oh that would be fine.” She had better take the ladder away, she said jeeringly, — by which I found that she slept in the roof. Then she left the room.

When I had finished, I called out — there was no bell. — She was sitting on a stool outside waiting. — “Take away, maiden — and here's a ribbon for you,” — giving her a bit of silver and a kiss — she

took both quite quietly. — “Give me a kiss and I'll give you an-other silver coin.” Without hesitation she did. Then I gave her a lot more, and as she was going out of the room with the pay, I pinched her bum hard. She kicked up behind and laughed. — “Who is in this house but me?” “No one yet, but I dare say it will be full presently, unless the rain stops travellers,” she replied.

Tired and intending to rise early, I went to bed. — It was barely dark, and I scarcely was asleep, when I was awakened by a violent bang. It was a trunk thrown down, and then were voices, a door closed, and a German couple began to talk so loudly that they might have been heard across the road. Then I be-came aware that the partition between the bed rooms was but of boards. — I could hear all they said, tho I understood but little, and was about to knock and ask them to make less noise, when I heard a pot put on the floor, and a strong female piddle rattle, and at the same moment the male pissed, — it was a duet on porcelaine. They were undressing I guessed. “You sleep that side,” said the woman, from which I inferred it was a double bed, and the next instant I heard them mumbling prayers together.

Then into the bed they got, and to my horror the bed creaked, and made much noise when they moved, as bad spring beds abroad often do. After a minute's tranquility during which I nearly dozed off — I heard two or three loud kisses, the bed began to creak with a regular cadence, and I knew they were fucking — louder and quicker came the noise, I could count each thrust, I could tell the energy by the noise each made.

— “Ach mein Lieber,” cried out the woman. — “Ach,”

— and with a loud cry of pleasure from him all was quiet. I was delighted with the entertainment.

My bed was close to the partition and there was in fact but an inch or so of board between us, and tho the amorous sounds amused me, and gave me a stiff one, yet I was glad to get to sleep, and was just dozing off again, when the infernal bed began again creaking. They had not finished a quarter of an hour before they recommenced, and again were fucking with an energy, kisses, and noise that I have not often heard during that operation. — I was awakened three or four times during the night by the happy amorous couple, whom I wished at the devil.

Before six o'clock I arose, ordered some coffee and eggs, — and the servant brought them to me. — “Who was in that room?” I asked. “A lady and gentleman.” Said I, “They are just married, it's their honeymoon. — They have been love making all night and kept me awake.” — She laughed — “Hush,” said I, “listen — speak low — shut the door.” — The girl shut the door not quite knowing what I meant.

The bed began to creak, louder and louder. — “They are love making,” I whispered, — quicker and quicker was the shaking. “This is it my dear,” said I pushing my belly back-wards and forwards. — They both kissed loudly, the lady shrieked out, the man shouted out something. — The girl who was German understood it, put her hand to her mouth and rushed out of the room. — A minute after I opened the door gently, — for I wanted her, and meant to bribe her to let me, and caught her peeping thro the keyhole of the door of the happy couple. She rushed off.

I finished my breakfast, called for her to take away, and she came in to do so. Breakfasting, I heard the happy couple washing, pissing and dressing, — apparently quite unconscious of any one overhearing them. — And as she entered I heard them leaving their room, pooped out, and saw a German about thirty years old, and a woman of about the same age, both quite plain and common in face, dress, and manners.

“Do you make that noise when you make love?” said I. — The girl laughed. — “Did you see them doing it thro the key hole?” — “No,” said she. “They were at it tho, weren't they?” “Were they?” said she. “Yes, and you and I will, my bed doesn't creak. — Come along, here is half a louis for you, put the tray down,

— and I put my hands up her clothes. “Don't, mistress will hear, said she laying down the little tray and looking at me.

I flew to the door and bolted it, pushed her on to my bed, and in a minute my spunk was in that maiden.

— She had a spanking backside, a good fat little cunt with thick hair on it, and I enjoyed her much; but a week or two's abstinence, and the excitement of hear ing the couple grinding, and her fresh cunt, fetched me too quickly. My companion had the wetting with-out her share of the pleasure. I like in these stray amours for the lady to enjoy it as well as myself, with a whore I am mostly indifferent. The maiden arose as my prick left her belly, took up my tray, and left with it without uttering a word.

I had washed my prick, had finished dressing, and was thinking of going out in about half an hour after this event, when I heard a quiet knock at my door - it was the maiden who came in smiling, “Look, said she, “that is the Herr and Frau who are in the next bedroom — and thats my mistress talking to them.

—The German couple and the mistress were under a balcony of the hotel having, with others, their break-fast in the open air. — We both peeped long. I put my arm round the servant. — “I mustn't be seen, said she. “Didn't they fuck, said in the lewedest French I could manage, “they fucked six times. “Mein Gott, said she. “Is the house getting full?” “There is no other traveller in the house — this day last

week it was full, it always is on Saturdays, and she lingered. — She wants fucking thought I, and my prick rose at the idea. I kissed her and put my hand up on to her cunt. — “You've washed it. “Yes.” “Get on the bed and we will fuck again.” “I'm frightened lest the old lady should come back — I'll see in a minute if she goes down the village, she usually does in the morning. — She leaned her arms on the window sill, and peeped through the curtains. I peeped also, my arm round her, and gradually I put my hand up her petticoats from behind, felt her bum jutting out, and pushed my thumb into her cunt. After wriggling and pushing my hand away once or twice, she let me thumb it quite quietly. “What a time she is taking,” said the girl, — “oh — don't — now what are you about.”

'Be quiet dear — I'll do it whilst you watch. Now be quiet, I'm not looking, I'm only feeling and I'll rub my prick over your fat bum. — I managed that, my prick stiffened, I rubbed the tip a little in the bum furrow, and in another second or two I had driven it right home up her cunt. Then I rested, she peeping thru the curtain, I leaning over her, charmed with the novelty of the position.

She objected, — said “leave off, but did not extrude me as a woman can do, when a man is up her in such a position. A cock and cunt when joined can't keep still, in a minute I felt her cunt contracting, my prick then wriggled up her involuntarily, her backside replied and I gave one or two thrusts. — “Oh — don't — wait — till she's gone, — said she gasping. “I will mein Liebchen,” — but our genitals excited each other to the climax. — With a sigh she ceased looking at her mistress, laid her head in her hands on the window sill, and jutted her bum further out, I pushed my prick hard home, I got my hands under her clothes and round her belly, and without another word we fucked ourselves into blissful silence.

Our senses returned. With my prick still stiff and in her, “Can you see your mistress?” “Yes,” said she, peeping again, but keeping her backside close up to my belly, — “She's not gone, — she's talking to the land-lord and the couple — they are eating still. How many times did they awaken you?” “Six quite.” — “Mein Gott! — and they are not young people, said she. — Then finding the spermy mixture was dripping, I lifted up her clothes so as to see her arse, withdrew from her what remained of my prick. She turned round, and we both laughed. “I must get my breakfast,” said she, “and make the beds.”

I wanted her to sleep with me that night. — She was frightened — I might sleep with her. — I was not likely to be caught. — There was but one floor above mine, and thence a step ladder led to a loft in a high pitched roof, in which, as I found, were two common beds. — “You can't miss your way,” said she, “but you must come down before it's light and without shoes.” — I did not much like the look of the

place. — Hay and straw, wood, and old clothes, field implements, all were put up there — but I said I would. “But shan't we be alone, to-day some time?” — The Germans might come back, — her master was away, the mistress only came up to see that the rooms were in proper order, and perhaps she would go to mass. — “Ill wait for that, said I, — “we'll talk about night afterwards.”

Having had enough pleasure for the time, I went to the hotel to see the gardens, and saw the German couple who were big, and the woman bony and as plain as a mop. Somehow I wondered at their copulative powers. — They didn't look like it. — Then I took a walk of some hours, returning just before it began pouring with rain. — Hungry as a hunter, I feasted, and then with a book went back to my bed room — saw the mistress of the house at the window, and from my room saw the amorous couple feeding with great glasses of beer in front of them. — Half an hour after, I saw him smoking a pipe, and still glasses of beer were before them.

I kept thinking and thinking of the maid servant, wanting now to look at that cunt and backside of hers — which I had yet had but the merest glimpse of. I could not think of any pretext to get her up — Coffee, I'll have coffee — so I shouted out. — “What do you want sir?” said the mistress from below — “Coffee.” — “My servants up stairs dressing, will you wait a minute, Mein Herr?” “Willingly.” — she was in the loft then, but I did not risk going up. A few minutes after, she appeared with the coffee; — I pushed one finger thro a loop made with the thumb and fore-finger of the other hand, — she grinned quite understanding. — I felt her thighs, she shook her head and at that moment I heard the Germans lumping up stairs, “Quiet,” I whispered.

Almost as quickly as I write, I heard heavy boots thrown down, and the couple piss simultaneously and mount the bed. The maiden stood like a statue staring at the partition, and grinning. Lecherously, I put up her clothes one hand on to her bum, the other on to her cunt, and almost motionless, in that attitude we listened till the couple had done fucking. — Then without a word she took up the tray. — “Come into one of the other rooms, said I, “there is no one there. “No. 5 — presently,” she whispered, and went off with the tray. — The couple seemed sleeping.

I put on slippers and waited, door ajar, for half an hour. — The rain ceased — the Germans went out. — The girl appeared and went into No. 5, I followed, and soon I was inspecting all her charms that were naked, and feeling all I could get at. — She'd got clean Sunday clothing on, and looked very nice. — Madame had gone out. “She always does of a Sunday afternoon,” said she. And with that intimation we fucked — I tongued her, for she had a fine set of teeth, and we had a pro-longed and delicious exercise on a bed that did not

creak. There is nothing like novelty in cunt. — A fresh one almost always seems to have a charm, how-ever plain the owner of it may be.

Then she came and talked in my room, after she had washed her cunt in the loft. — She told me all about herself, and where she lived at home. She had been married, and her husband was killed by accident a couple of months afterwards and now she was a servant. — On that dull, dark, rainy afternoon, she was a great amusement to me — every now and then I had a feel and kissed her belly, and looked at her thighs and motte. “If you'll feel me nicely I'll do it again,” said I. “I think I'll bolt the street door,” said she, “in case the old lady comes back, — I can hear directly.” — It was done, we laid on my bed now, and after I had looked at her bum and cunt from behind, then side by side with lascivious endearments, in voluptuous silence, we amused ourselves till we fucked again. — Then she ran downstairs and unbolted the door.

I stayed the rest of the day at the hotel, weary as people are when stopping for rain, and went to bed early, intending to leave next morning, and my lust satisfied, to sleep quietly. — The Germans fucked, then were quiet for an hour, then they again awakened me with their exercises. Aroused by that, I thought of the servant till I wanted her, and stole upstairs quietly with naked feet to the loft. She gave a loudish hollow when I awakened her, but let me between her thighs in a moment, and both nearly naked, we fucked again. With one of those fits of curiosity about such matters, which at times come over me, I put my finger up her cunt to feel if I had spent much, and was pleased with the investigation. — For some weeks I had but little coition — my sperm collectors must have been in first rate condition — and I did not hurry one pleasure quickly after the other.

Going back to my room, I ran a splinter of wood in my naked foot, and instead of leaving next day had a doctor, who told me that unless I laid up for a few days, my mountain walking would be over for that year. — The weather got fine, travellers left, and the landlord offered me a room in the hotel, which I declined, thinking that a handy cunt in that little village was better than a handsome bed room.

The Germans left — the house was empty all day — all my meals were brought over to me, and either when she brought them, or took them away, I had her. I seemed to have known her for a year. — “Ill fuck you after dinner.” — She grinned, and at the appointed time, if all were safe, her charms were exposed at the bedside, and her cunt spermatized. — She lifted her own petticoats up now, ready for it.

At night the house was crammed with travellers, and two English girls occupied the adjoining room. — “What a nasty uncomfortable bed,” said one. I kept quiet as a mouse, but the only satisfaction was in hearing them piddle. They went off on mules at about 6 o'clock, but

they were coming back at night. The whole house was empty by about 8 o'clock, — the land-lady went over to the hotel keeper, as it seems to have been her custom. — Then smitten with what had occurred on the Sunday, I turned the servant's buttocks towards me from the bed, and fucked her that way. She liked the variety seemingly. Free and easy as she was, and lustful as her youth and health made her, there was a wide difference in manner between her and a harlot, which made her very agreeable, — and then her thrilling pleasure when she spent pleased me much, she liked my fucking her, and gave way to it.

I told her I should bore a hole to see the young ladies. — She said that was shameful and seemed astonished at such a suggestion. — I looked in their room, saw how the furniture stood, bored accordingly, and was re-warded by seeing them both naked, tho only for a minute, as they put on their night dresses by candle light. I guessed one sixteen, the other seventeen years old. The next morning I saw better in broad day light. — One after the other washed to her waist, then dropped her chemise. There was but one basin — each was naked for a minute or two and washed her cunt. I noticed the little splits, and the difference in the quantity of hair on their cunts, and was instructed and de-lighted, wishing much that I could put my penis into both of the thin sylphs, and I told all this to the servant before I fucked her.

For some reason the girls went to another room, and their brother occupied it (the parents were in the house), a youth of about eighteen who snored hard. — He stripped and sponged himself in the morning (there was no bath), and suddenly his prick began to stand as he washed it in the basin. — It got quite stiff as she rubbed it dry, he pulled the skin backwards and for-wards thoughtfully for a minute and looked at it. What was he thinking about? Then he went on dressing and the whole family went off on mules. What feeling is this, what desire comes over me? — I thought of the sailor boy, of feeling cocks in my youth, of the French- man whom I had frigged, and I feel that I should like to feel that young man's prick, and to see him frig, or to frig him — or to see him with a woman. — I chased the thoughts away, but they returned. I thought of similar things, and conceived plans to gratify them all say. — What harm is there, thought I. — Then I re-solved to look no more, to forget it, and I plugged the hole with paper, nor did I look again. I felt tempted to do so, but tho he was there nightly till I left, I did not.

Having but little to do, I amused myself by writing this at intervals. — The house was usually empty by seven a.m., and full again at night. At eight or nine a.m. the landlady inspected every bedroom, and never came up afterwards. I tailed the willing chambermaid twice every day and once or twice more frequently as

opportunity offered, still keeping my rooms in order to get at her more easily. My foot got well, and on a Saturday I left, having had a week or two's good quiet cunt, a coarse affair it was, but I enjoyed her much, and she could have taken double what I gave her. I gave her some gold ornaments when I left, which de-lighted her.

And the Germans, — I envied his powers, for I am pretty sure that he fucked her seven or eight times each day they were there, but they only remained three days.

Chapter XV

At Ls. • An useful keyhole. • A middle aged couple. • An American family. • Eighteen and naked. • Forty in chemise. • Family jars. • The confectioner's shop girl. • Her sister. • Two at a time. • Nervous impotency. • The sponging bath. • Aunt and niece. • At the musuem. • The mutilated statue. • Is it male or female? • Are Americans hairy? • The aunt's bed room. • Coy but willing. • Amy undressing. • A voluptuous night. • Fat, fair, and forty. • A mature cunt. • Wise precautions. • To Paris. • To England. • My abstinence from women.***

This tour I became more and more curious about the doings of those in the adjoining bedrooms. I used spy holes whenever I found them, opened others which had been stopped up, and at last even ventured to make some of my own. — But in three rooms out of six, these little peep holes had been made. If I found the bed-room assigned to me had no communication with ad-joining rooms, I changed it on some pretext, and again if not then satisfied. I found that second class hotels gave me greater opportunities for satisfying my curiosity, they being mostly frequented by foreigners, who have not the absurd finical notions about nudity and the necessities of nature, which my own countrymen have; but whom I incline to think are on the average as moral as we are for all that. To use the opportunities advantageously took time and trouble. I had to ascertain what time my neighbours got up or went to bed, or used their rooms. Many a time I have jumped out of bed to peep and saw nothing. At other times when I intended to rise by day-light, and watch (for I was ready for any amount of trouble to see a woman naked, and would have sat up all night to do so), I over-slept myself, and lost my chance. — Yet nothing discouraged me, and I saw a lot of women in different degrees of nudity, saw them piddle, wash their quims, and undress, yet the great bulk tho highly pleasing to me, are not worth writing about.

Travelling for the most part quite alone this time favoured me. — When with a friend, we too often had rooms next each other. — This time I often had strangers on each side of me, and tho that meant noise and disturbance, I preferred it.

The oddest thing, as it seemed to me, was that some-times with holes in doors as big as small peas, the occupants rarely seemed to notice them. — The middle aged sometimes used, but young women rarely. — They were mostly tired or excited, or in a hurry to dress or undress, or to get to food, or move off, or do something, and seemed to notice nothing in the room. — When they had time they almost

invariably looked out of the window. This journey was nearly all during warm, light weather.

At the town of L***s in France I had a large room. There were but few travellers. I found not only the entire key-hole of the door dividing mine from the next bed room was free from obstruction, but peep holes were in plenty. — In the morning, awakening, I heard the voices of a male and female, instantly jumped out of bed, and saw a middle aged couple dressing. They were having an altercation, and washing, I think, side by side at the same wash stand, which I could not see. Suddenly the lady stripped off her chemise, put a basin on the floor, and soaped and washed her cunt, talking to the man all the time. She was five and forty quite, had a bum as big as a tub, huge thighs, and lightish brown hair in great quantity, on a cunt which as she squatted, looked enormous. The sausage lips opened till they must have been three inches apart. Great nymphae hung down inside them, and then the red gap looked altogether like a cut in a big bit of meat. — Instantly, — so quickly do comparisons make themselves, I thought of the cunt of my aunt, seen at Hampton Court when I was a boy.

At the same moment appeared by her side a man about fifty-five years old, stout, naked, with a very big prick covered with soapsuds, and there they wrangled close together, she lathering and rubbing her cunt, he his prick. Her cunt got so white and held so much soap, and there was so much hair, that it looked like masses of wool hanging between her thighs. For a minute still squatting, she left off rubbing it, and he holding his big prick in one fist, ceased lathering it whilst they talked. — Then she slopped her cunt and took away the basin. — He went out of sight, and both in half a minute came into sight again with towels, rubbing their privates vigorously, and continued their quarrel. I laughed heartily, but did not care about seeing any more. They were I found from their intonation, Americans. The sight was a comic one.

They must have changed their room or else have left the hotel, for after a midday table d'hote, it being scorchingly hot, I went to my room for a siesta and was just dozing off, when I heard a young female laugh, and my eye was at the keyhole in a second. I saw a nice girl seemingly about eighteen years of age, naked all but shoes and stockings, laughing loudly with an-other big fine woman seemingly about thirty-five, who was divesting herself of clothes, but only stripped to her chemise. All the outer blinds were closed to exclude heat, yet such was the brillancy of the day, that it was quite light in the rooms. They sat down at a table and began to work. The naked one remarked that they had better see to their things than go to sleep. “It gets pretty well as hot as it is down south,” said she. — Every now and then she went to a trunk which was out of my sight, and brought

back clothes, so I had good views of her body on all sides, and this went on for an hour.

They talked soon about a marriage, and quarrelled. — “Your father will never give his consent,” said the older. “He shall,” said the younger, “I guess I'll make him.” “Why he's brought you here to get you out of Dick's way.” “I'll bet Dick will follow me.” “There will be a kick up if he does.” “I don't care.” “He's not good enough and look at his beggarly family, he only wants your money.” “He may have it. — He loves me and I love him.” — At length they got to high words, and moved to a part of the room where I could not see nor hear them. — In two or three minutes they came again in sight, and the younger one said. — “If father won't let me marry him, I'll have him without marrying.” “There! I guess it don't matter much to you so long as it's a man, if you are so hot as all that.” “You needn't talk about being hot, you let ** ** do it to you when you were much younger than I am.” “It's a lie.” “You did, and two years after, mother caught * * ** in bed with ****” “It's a damned lie,” shrieked out the other whom I heard, but then could not see. “I've heard mother say so more than once, and * * * said so before she died. “I won't stop with you, or travel any longer with you, I'll go back,” and the elder began to bellow. They both talked together, it was quite a jangle, and they moved. “Don't make that noise, some one is in the next room perhaps,” and naked, the younger came towards my door and listened. — I covered the key hole with a coat, but she must, I think, have looked there. Their voices dropped soon after, a door banged, and I fancied one was alone.

Tired of looking I laid down and slept. When I looked again, there was the young lady sitting still naked at the table examining a bonnet. She put the bonnet on, and went to a looking glass, and I had the pleasure for the second time in my life as well as I can recollect, of seeing a naked woman with a bonnet on. It started a letch in me which I satisfied at a future day — and the sight now made my cock stand suddenly. It had not done so before at seeing the slim American lass naked.

Tired of looking, for I neither could see washhand stand, chamber pot, or bed, and so missed the delicate operations the lady performed there, I ceased looking, and hanging a coat so as to cover the keyhole went out. — At the table d'hote dinner I sat near to the young lady, who was one of a large party, and gathered that the middle aged couple whom I had seen in the morning belonged to the family. He was an American merchant with a branch business at L***s. The woman who had stripped to her chemise when the young one was naked, was called aunt. She had been married, I gathered, and looked a lecherous she. — It was delicious to be talking to the young lady, knowing what I did of her sweet neat body. It was their first visit to

Europe.

After dinner I was outside the hotel, sitting and smoking, when a fine looking, dark eyed girl passed, and I went home with her. — She was a shop girl she said, and told me where she was daily to be seen, but it was impossible to live on her wages. — She usually went home past the hotel because gentlemen there noticed her, and she had many English, but did not know the difference between Americans and English. It was a sweating night and we stripped. — As I entered her rooms, which were very comfortable, a nice looking young woman there, after exchanging a few words, left the room hastily. She did not look as if she were the servant. When in my shirt, “You've a good large bed, your lover I suppose sleeps there with you,” said I. “No,” — sister did — that was her sister. — A letch for having two women together came over me, for a long time I had not had that. — “Let her come, and we will all three be naked together.” — No, her sister would not, she was not gay. I pressed my wishes and asked questions. — Yes, her sister was kissed but was not gay. — A gentleman made her an allowance, and saw her several times a week in the day, and she worked in addition at some silk industry in their room. He would not let her go either to shop or factory — her sister was lucky she thought.

This only whetted my lust. “He won't know, ask her, and I'll give her ** — and the same to you” (it was double the agreed compliment). She hesitated — went to her sister, returned and shook her head. — “No.” — I doubled my offer. — “Ask her to come in and talk with us then.” She was a long time gone, but returned with the sister. — “Now, ma chere, let me kiss you — let me see you undressed, nothing more, for an instant — let me feel you.” “No.” — Then I raised my shirt and showed my pego in grand condition. “Feel it” — “feel it,” said my woman. The sister laughed, laid hold of it, and let it go after a good feel. — “Viola,” said she. — No she would not lie down with us. “Won't you have this?” said I taking two Napoleons out of my trowsers pocket and chinking them — “Come Victorine, who will know?” said the other. — The sight of the gold I suppose settled it, both left the room, she consented.

Directly they had gone, a nervous feeling came over me at the idea of fucking one, whilst the other looked on — I wished I had not asked, and my cock began shrinking. — It was in vain I handled it, and when they came in, in their chemises, desire had gone, and I was in a state of nervous fear. — Then both laid on the bed, I looked first at one cunt, then at the other, I stiffened but then shrank. — Then I mounted Victorine and rubbed my cock against her orifice, but it was of no use. — “Turn your head and don't look,” said I angrily at first, fancying that might take off the spell. — She turned it away, and then

I felt her cunt whilst I lay on her sister, but all was useless. “I am a damned fool,” said I, “it's over excitement and I can't do it some-how.” — We all got up — the women laughing. I hid my cock under my shirt, but remarked — “You saw how stiff it was.” “Yes, I did,” said both of them to- gether. “And you both felt it.” “Yes.” At that, comfort came over me, I did not feel so much ashamed, and we sat together looking at each other like cats in a gutter, till — “Go you, but leave me with Victorine, and come in when I call out.” — The woman went — Victorine and I laid down on the bed, — I cuddled to her in the heat — we felt each other's machines, — we put our tongues together, — and under the soft, quiet dalliance my cock rose to its duty. — I felt my sperm moving, and shouted for the other woman who came in. — “It's in her cunt ,look,” — and I pushed one of Victorine's legs high up. — “C'est bien vrai.” “Lay down,” I said. She did. — I withdrew my prick from Victorine — who objected, — and inserted it in the other's cunt, brought myself nearly to a spend — pulled it out and put it back in to Victorine, and spent up her, grabbing at the other's cunt with one hand whilst I did so. — My manhood was established, my voluptuous joy complete.

Then until midnight, I kept up the game, putting my prick into both cunts before spending, and discharging in each alternately, and departed in much contentment, and leaving them content. — Next day I saw the one in a shop she had named. — She nodded familiarly to me as she saw me. — There were half a dozen young women there. — I wonder if all played the same game of a night.

The adjoining room was dark, and all was quiet when I arrived at my hotel. — Next morning I heard a hubbub, and something sound like a gong. Looking, I found that a large sponging bath had been put down, and saw with much pleasure the young lady take her bath, squat and rise, squeeze water over herself in various attitudes, and rub her dainty little bum, belly, and adjuncts dry. Then she shouted out, “Wait a minute,” and when nearly dry let in the other lady who was in a wrapper, and she used the bath, which I heard after was their own.

[At the time this occurred such baths were a rarity at foreign hotels — if any, they had one or two, and you had to wait long to get one. — The English mainly used them, and at length forced hotel keepers all over Europe to provide them. At this epoch frequently a bath formed part of an English family's luggage.]

The young one had not put on her chemise when she opened the door. — The elder had not the other day taken off her chemise, as I imagined, out of modesty, — but now she threw off her wrapper and her chemise and stood naked as born, and a very fine made woman she was, with a huge triangular bush of dark hair at the bottom of her belly. She bathed and rubbed her cunt and all dry, delightfully in my

sight, and then both had breakfast in the room. — The elder one made my cock tingle, tho the younger had not — and I thought I would try my luck with her, for that she had licked the rolling pin a good bit I was sure, from what I had heard eavesdropping, and what I saw in her face. But I wanted to leave L***s, and go elsewhere, so I must either have her soon, or not at all.

I dined close to home at the table d'hote and got to a certain intimacy, but there was no chatting after dinner in a garden, nor any means of getting to speak to her alone for long. I saw no chance, but shall have my luck with women I believe, all my life.

There were three men of the party and four ladies. The aunt was the oldest lady. — After breakfast next morning one said — “It's too hot to go out till eventide. — We made a mistake in not coming here later on.” The men said they should go by steam to some place. — Aunt said, “I can't stay in all day, I don't mind the heat, and will go to the museum for an hour or two.” — In an hour after there she was, and there was I as if by chance. — “My nieces are lazy,” said she, “if I come to foreign parts to see, I like to see.” — She was well dressed, but of a common breed.

We looked about together, and then sat down. “It is hot.” “Not so hot as yesterday, for after luncheon, I stripped to my shirt and sat in it till dinner time.” “And I did to my chemise,” said she laughing. “I wish I had seen you.” “Do you tho?” said she, making eyes at me. “Yes and you might have seen me, but we men show too much, our shirts are short.” “That depends,” said she, chuckling and looking lewed. Then we had a discussion about statuary. — She liked the nude, she said. I ran as closely to the border of decency as I could in talking about it, and she seemed to like it, and my letch for her grew stronger, tho she was middle-aged.

We looked round again after a rest, and came on the fragment of a male bust in marble, the prick of which had been knocked off; but the balls remained, and what is rarely seen, all the hair round the prick had been sculptured and was there.

As we looked, strong words occurred to me, but I hesitated — p'shaw — if she is offended she can but show it, and I leave L***s — if not, I'll go further. — We are really strangers — I'll see if she is game or not, thought I.

“It's a woman's torso,” said I. “No,” said she, laughing, “where are your eyes?” “Ah — yes — I see where it ought to be, it's knocked off, I wonder what Greek maiden has it.” “Oh for shame,” said she, leering at me. I took no notice. — “See how rare — I won-der, what is the period of the sculpture?” “What is rare?” “They have shown the hair round — you may see hundreds of pieces of antique sculpture without that.” “Oh my — we are getting on I think,” and she left me, and sat

down. In a minute I was at her side.

The ice was broken, I felt now sure she wanted to hear talk suggesting sexual pleasure, and I followed suit. — “American ladies have a great deal of hair haven't they?” “I don't know.” “You have.” “How do you know?” “I'm sure of it from the look of you — haven't you?” “I don't know.” “Will you ascertain? — but not here.” “Oh — it's time to go to luncheon.” “We'll go back together.” And we did. I felt sure now she'd let me have her.

After luncheon we all loitered a little in the reading room. “Where is your room said I. “It looks out on the back.” “Ah you are cooler, mine looks on to * * * * it is hot, but what a nice view.” “What's the number?” she asked. I gave it. — “Why that's next to my niece's.” “Yes, I can hear her.” She looked hard at me. — The other ladies had just left the room and she rose. — “Are you going to the museum to see if the torso is male or female?” said I.

“No — to my niece, Amy's.” “And I to have a siesta in my shirt.” — She looked so hard at me that I felt sure some suspicion crossed her mind. We went up-stairs together. As we got to my door. — “This is mine,” said I, “look, — it is large and so nice.” — She cooly walked in and went straight to the door between the rooms, my clothes covered the key hole, but with-out any hesitation she pulled them aside, peeped thro the key hole, and then looked at me. — “Oh you have been peeping.” “Yes, and saw you both naked this morning, bathing,” said I boldly. — She burst into a quiet laugh, holding her sides and sitting down. — “We've come to Europe to learn something I guess.” “I guess I want you,” said I, and gave her a kiss and put my hand up her clothes. — “Hish, she'll hear — don't make a noise,” said she. “If we are quiet they can't hear there, my bed is close to the corridor. — Now don't be nonsensical, I saw it all this morning, all the dark hair, and your splendid thighs, and bum,” and I pulled my prick out.

She dallied for a minute and did the coy — “I'm surprised at you, — What a shame” — and so on, and squirmed slightly, whilst she whispered her objections, but never dislodged my fingers from her quim, — and laid hold of my prick. — Then she soon got on to the bed quietly, I on to her, and a well fucked cunt received me, — but she was a charming wriggler, and I enjoyed her. — And didn't she like it.

We lay talking in whispers for a time. — “Will you wash?” “No — I'll go to my room, I'll see if any one is in her room.” — She peeped at her niece's. — “I can't see her.” “Come back to me.” “I will if I can in half an hour, but leave your room door ajar then.” I did, and she returned in an hour. — “Be quick,” said she — and quickly we copulated. “I've passed several times,” said she, “but there was always a chamber-maid or some one about.” “Let me sleep with you to night.”

“We'll talk about it after dinner,” said she. — Then suddenly — “I wonder if Amy's there,” and she peeped again. “No. — Could you hear us talk?” “I could not distinguish a word you said, tho I heard you,” I replied.

“Not tonight,” she whispered to me over a Galignani after dinner — “we are all going out.” I was not sorry, for I had fucked rather hard the night before, having been over stimulated by the two cunts. — “Don't stop the key hole.” “I will,” — but she didn't I saw both women naked the next morning — but they spoke in a very low tone. I am sure that middle aged lady enjoyed being looked at naked when bathing.

Next day, she said she would leave her door open a quarter of an hour after her niece was in her room. — She would not come to my room. — If I was out of my room no one would notice it, but suppose one of their party wanted her, nad found she was not in her bed-room, how could she explain that. She was a regular cunning, cock huntress I am sure, and have no doubt that wherever she travelled she got her lower maw well satisfied by fresh pricks. She had lust in her eyes, was baudy to the backbone.

After watching Amy undress at night, I was soon in the aunt's room and passed a lascivious night with her. — She had a beautiful chemise on; her hair was nicely tied up. She was perfumed, had gold bracelets on, and silk stockings and slippers. That middle aged one knew how to excite the male. — She was quite free now. — The other day she would scarcely let me see her cunt, — now she opened her thighs wide to my admiration.

It was one of the largest vulvas I have seen. The mons was like a pincushion, the lips were thick, it opened wide as I clutched it, the whole palm of my hand I laid between the lips, whilst my wrist rubbed her clitoris and my middle finger curved up a little into the vagina. It pleases me much recently, to feel the entire surface of a cunt that way, to grasp the whole, to wriggle my hand over all parts at the same time, it's an unusual mode of frigging and I think it pleases the ladies. — For a minute I lay in that enjoyment with her, our tongues meeting, and, then I mounted her. Her hole instead of being very large as I expected, seemed delicious. She knew exactly at what level to place her legs to engulf me, not a quarter of an inch of my prick was out of her fat cunt, and in-stead of thrusting and ramming away, I nestled it close on to her elastic orifice, with a steady quiet pressure, till the upper wrinkles of my testicles were almost in her, and the upper hair of my prick tickled and irritated her clitoris. — So I lay enjoying her, wriggling, not thrusting, and thinking about her large looking, hirsute charms. “Go on dear,” she sighed impatiently and fucked me with a cunt movement once or twice. Then, immediately,

“Oh — I'm sp-en-ding,” A violent, but momentary oscillation of her buttocks came, and I felt her cunt relax under its own moisture.

“You've spent.” “Yes, you haven't — take it out and wait a minute.” I pulled it out pretty wet. She kissed me, I turned on my side, she felt my prick, I her wet aperture, and did the old fashioned frig on the clitoris. — “Weren't you in a hurry,” I said. “Yes,” she replied with all the frankness of a doxy, “I wanted it so to day.” The next minute I was up her and never spent in a more delicious cunt, its size and hairiness was a novelty. — She spent with me. — “Let me get up and wash.” “No.” “I will.” She uncunted me and did so. — “Why that?” “Oh you know — to prevent consequences.” “But it won't.” “Not for sure, but it's wiser.” “Have you ever had a child?” “Never.” “Are you a widow?” “Yes.” — This is exactly what took place — and word for word what was said at that minute. I did not know before for a certainty that she had been married, and have only her word for it now.

Then I had a full inspection of her charms, and as I expressed admiration she seemed delighted. She let me bring candles closer to see, and she had all to be proud of. She was a tall, stout woman, with a good looking face, half German in type, fine limbed, and with white flesh, her hair was dark, the thatch of her cunt was large in quantity, and thick and curly. — I have never seen more hair on a woman. It went straight across her belly, half way to her navel, it lay thick and curly down the lips, filling the cavity between the cunt and the thighs. Since my adventure at the railway station, I have rarely looked lower in a woman, but my dislike to the frowsy regions seemed to have left me now, and I looked curiously at her bum-hole, and found it surrounded with thick, short, dark hair, crisp, and curly, which went right round the cunt and joined the arsehole edging.

Holding the lips apart I found that the prick hole looked no larger than that of any full sized matured woman. — Why I expected to find it larger I can't say, but I had. — I put one, two, then three fingers up it, and believe I might have put more. It distended easily, yet the cunt clung to my fingers and tightly. — In her armpits was not so much hair. — “Turn over, love, and let me see those lovely buttocks.” She did, and pulling them with difficulty apart, — I saw dark hair from her bum hole to her bum bone. “Are you satisfied?” said she, as I kissed the white marbly flesh. “Yes you are lovely, exquisite,” and I laid by the side of her on, alas, too narrow a bed, and we talked till nature made us join our genitals again.

“How old am I?” said she in a conceited manner, when in the preludes of a fuck our hands were employed on each other's privates. — “Thirty-three,” said I, wishing to please her. “That's my age exactly.” —Aye, I thought, and seven years on to that. I am sure she

was forty, tho in splendid condition. I mentally compared her with Mavis, Fisher, Pender, Mrs. O*b***e, and a dozen big women, some of whom I know were thirty-five, — and from face, form, cuntal indications, and others between the bum bone and navel, am sure she was forty. — But I have rarely had a finer night's amusement than I had with her, and I fucked her every hour until six in the morning. We were then both fucked out.

There was the difficulty in getting away — for half an hour was I peeping for an opportunity. — At last the coast was clear, the servants had gone off in various directions — out I stepped, and as she closed the door behind me, out stepped from a bedroom opposite, the chambermaid. — She gave an astonished look then turned her head. — I left L***s that night, and never told my middle aged beauty that the chambermaid had seen me leaving the bedroom, thinking it could not be helped and would only make her uncomfortable.

I am beginning to judge of the age of women by the look of their cunts and buttocks. — Age is indicated there, as much as by face and breasts. The growth of hair on the motte, and the state and color of the bum cheeks, valley, declare almost unmistakably when a woman has turned thirty, I think I might bet on it.

After this adventure with the American family, I went straight to Paris. There I had a half dozen women perhaps, at the Rue des M**l**s — but certainly not more, for my stay was limited to a few days — and came on then to England. If I had women on my return I have no memoranda about them — and am under the impression that I had one of the short fits of virtuous abstinence which occasionally overtake me, and to which I attribute having kept my health so well, amidst so much fucking. Then, two or three little lasses fell to my prick, in the most unexpected, exciting, and delightful way— but this result was no doubt owing to a predilection which had been growing on me. — It is by setting one's mind steadily on the object, that so many chances have been found and utilized by me — but how comes it that letches for this and that seem at times to seize me suddenly?

I have often thought since of Aunt W***t*r and her delicious cunt, and recollect that several middle aged women seem to have had the most perfect voluptuous cuntal grip of my prick, spite of the seeming capaciousness of their vaginas. Is it that their cunts grow fat inside, as they increase in flesh generally? — Certainly I recollect many young women, whose small, inviting looking orifices felt loose enough inside, and never gave me so much pleasure.

Aunt W***t*r was by nature lascivious. It pleased her to bathe knowing that I was looking at her, and her niece as well, — “Your seeing her won't do Amy any harm,” said she laughing. I fancy they were a hot cunted family, but the demeanour of all the ladies was

irreproachable, but the indifference with which an aunt and niece exposed themselves naked to each other astonished me, and their lax notions about fucking, which the conversation between the aunt and niece disclosed, astonished me more.

Chapter XVI

A letch for juveniles. • On big and little cunts. • In L**c**t*r S*e. • Polly Carter, the young box-maker. • The brothel. • "Show us yer thing." • Willing for half a crown. • Free, easy, and lewed. • My quick spend. • Her disappointed cunt. • Re-medial frig. • Hot cunted. • Her occupation and habits. • Of female boxmakers. • A father eluded. • Jemima Smith. • A chance virginity. • I personate a doctor. • Split up and spit up. • A friend's experiences. • Who first fucks poor girls. • Jemima on boxmakers' morals. • A mother dodged. • A cheated gin bottle.***

I have now great knowledge of the full grown, full cunted, thoroughly developed woman, my taste has mainly run in their direction, but recently I thought of the younger ones, and that I should like to try those less practised in the art of love, those with forms immature, with smaller and unfledged cunts, and with less cunning and experience in the ways of men, and with a curiosity to satisfy about the male. — For all that, I continued my attentions to the more matured females, and the nascent letch for a juvenile split went into abeyance.

Again the letch for a youthful cunt came on strongly. The idea of seeing a little delicate unfledged slit between two little thighs, instead of the bushy haired, five inch, fat lipped gaps, began to give me a fever of anticipation. I hesitated still a while in procuring my-self that voluptuous satisfaction. Why I can not say, but I have been subject to lustful vagaries, hesitations, diffidence and timidity, as well as rash impulses in love affairs, which I cannot account for. So irrational and contradictory at times have they been, that I have been astonished at myself, so will not seek reasons for my hesitation at this time. Moreover my numerous Paphian friends have at times told me of similar male eccentricities, so that I come to the conclusion that many men are as absurd in their behaviour. But chance brought my letch to the front, and to accomplishment.

One night towards the end of November in L**c**t*r S***e., I accosted a lass who looked between fifteen and sixteen years old. She was walking very fast, and I was not quite sure whether she was on the town or not, but know that girls out by themselves at that time at night more frequently than otherwise get their cunts filled for love or money, before they get home.

"Come with me," I said walking by the side of her. She slackened pace, but did not reply. I repeated it, she stopped, hesitated, looked at

me and replied, “I can't stop long.” “You shan't, but come.” In three minutes we were in a house new to me, but actually at the angle of L**c**t*r S***e, tho with a side door. — (Now covered with a fine building.)

I saw directly we were in the bedroom, that she was a work girl. — “I can't undress, it'll take me such a time to get em on agin.” “Yes you must.” “Just help us then, it's in a knot behind.” — Off her clothes went hurriedly. She was poorly dressed, and not too clean, I had not expected anything else. “I'll take off my boots cos they'll muddy the bed,” said she in a gossiping manner, and was soon on the bed in a dirty chemise only, and was a fairly good looking, dark eyed and very dark haired girl. I threw up her chemise and saw a cunt quite girlish in appearance, with a little bush of short, dark hair, about as much as would cover a half crown, surrounding the top of her split and dying away altogether a little way down the lips, which were fattish and pudgy. Whilst standing and looking at it (her thighs obligingly open without my asking), “Show us yer thing,” said she. On producing it, she sat up and felt it earnestly, in quite a simple way, as if it pleased her. “Pull the skin off.” I did and she chuckled. — “Ain't it red?” “Do you want it?” “Shan't tell yer; do it sir,” and she fell back laughing. Her manner was funny, lewed, but very natural, and not a bit like a harlot's. — “When were you last done?” “My last overtime night, a week ago.” “Are you quite well?” I asked touching her cunt. “Oh I arn't got no illness, yer may see for yerself, sir.”

I mounted her quickly, being full of sperm that night. The little cunt excited me — its tightness pleased me, tho I don't like very tight cunts generally — and her manner shewed me that she wanted it and that she was not quite a strumpet. “Let me feel it in,” said she putting her little hand down between our bellies when I was up her. Then instantly withdrawing it, and oscillating pleasurably her little backside in unison with mine, all on a sudden I spent copiously in her little cunt, too quickly for my wish, but as I often have done with a fresh girl when I have been three or four days without spending previously.

“Oh go on pushing I was just a commin, said she, peevishly, and working her cunt up to me, but my prick shrinking rapidly uncunted and I turned off of her. — “What a shame, and I was just a comin,” and she began frigging herself, laying on her back, just as I had got off of her and thighs open my sperm oozing from it. And looking hard at me she frigged herself till she spent. There was no sham about it, she had been baulked by my rapid spend, and finished her pleasure by the aid of her fingers, looking at me and I dare say thinking of my prick.

“It's just as nice that way,” said I. “No it ain't, I likes to do it when the man does.” And then she told me she worked in the city, left at six o'clock nightly unless busy, and then worked till eight o'clock for

which extra she got four pence. — She went there daily unless they were short of work. — She was fifteen and a half, and had been fucked about two months, “on Michaelmas day.” A lot of young girls worked in the same warehouse, and they all did it with chaps she believed, tho some of them said they didn't. One of the apprentices did it to her first. He was about sixteen and she would not let him now, they had quarrelled, “Besides, he never gived me nothing.” — Her father knew the time she ought to be home regular, and kept her in, and gave it her pretty sharp if not home at proper time. But when she worked overtime, he didn't know exactly when she left. — “And then you get fucked.” “Yes, if I'm lucky— but not often.” — Yes she liked it — “It's such pleasure ain't it?” said she, looking lewed, — “but I must go.”

I told her to lay still and I would fuck her if she liked but not otherwise. The edge of my lust being taken off, I could talk coolly about that hot operation, and she amused me. — “Yes, I'd like it, but what's the time?” I told her. “Well do it agin at once then.” “My dear I can't yet.” — She had not moved an inch during our conversation, which was nearly word for word as written, but lay with her fingers still twiddling her wet clitoris, and my sperm showing, I leaning on my el-bow laying by her side and looking at her. — It was a common baudy house where they allowed young girls to go, the light was poor, the bed dingy, the girl's stockings dirty, her chemise as bad, and my dainty prick seemed for the moment to have had enough of it.

But her youthful cunt her evident lust, and coarse frankness made me wish for her again.

“Frig my prick up there,” said I. — She laid hold of it and frigged so clumsily that her art was useless. — “It won't get stiff,” said she, in a disappointed manner. “Well, you don't want it again.”

“Yes, I'd like it.” “Well — I'll try myself,” and I knelt between her thighs, pulled open her cunt lips and looked at the thick libation which bedewed its surface, all the time asking her questions about her sensations, and frigging myself briskly. As I did all this I stiffened, forgot about dirty bed, chemise, and stockings, and was soon covering her little belly with mine and churning up my spunk in her tight little cunt till the grip of it fetched me, and she spent demonstratively with me. Didn't the young bitch like it?

We washed. Then I put her on the bed and looked at the clean little quim and paid her. She would meet me the next night at the same time, and would buy a clean pair of stockings (I gave her the money for them as I have done a dozen girls), she had none at home clean, and she dare not put on a clean chemise till Sunday, her mother would know why if she did. — She reminded me much in her little dodges, and her talk, of yellow haired Kitty whom I knew some years

ago, Kitty was a lady naturally — this one a coarse little bitch — and as hot arsed as ginger.

The first thing she did the next evening when I met her, was to put on the clean stockings before me, and when we had finished love making, she took them off — her mother must not know of them. She had evidently made some attempt to get herself clean and bet-ter dressed. — “Yours is a beautiful cock,” said she, as she felt it clumsily. — I fucked her twice to her great pleasure. “Oh ain't it nice a doing it,” and we parted. There would be no late work the next night she said, there might be next week, her father knew sometimes for he worked in the city too, and sometimes he called at the warehouse to know if his girl was going to work late, he thought to catch her out, but didn't always. She grinned as she told me. Nothing but locking a girl up in a room by herself will prevent her getting fucked, if she means it; and the opportunities of doing it among the humbler classes are hourly — as I know pretty well. You may get any of them, if you don't mind your time and money. — Well — it is what the two sexes were all made for, — to give pleasure to each other.

Then she told me she would be at half past six o'clock in * * * * * on other nights, that it took her exactly half an hour to walk there. — They left off work as it struck six, and at a quarter to seven if she wasn't in doors, her father “larruped” her unless she could tell why. Her name was Polly Carter.

Fresh as she was to me — new as her cunt was to me, I seemed to have had enough of her, yet out of curiosity only, I waited there on a day soon after at half past six. She came along with two other girls of about the same size and age seemingly. She saw me and nodded, the other two looked round after me, as if she had told them of me. — I Iet them go out of sight when — “Perhaps one of the others will let me have her,” came at a jump into my mind, and following rapidly I overtook them, and saw her parting with one, whilst she and the other turned up W**d**r St.

I was on cunt hunt at once. The novelty of their youth again set me on. I overtook the girl who was alone — introducing myself by asking if she knew where Polly Carter was. — Yes she had just parted with her. “I'm her friend, and have seen you with her, but I wish you would tell me something about her.” “Oh you're her young man,” said she surprised. — What did I want to know — I told her that we could not talk there in the street, would she come with me and I would give her half a crown. She hesitated long, asked one or two questions, but at length agreed, for I pressed her, and said five shillings. We went to the same house. In the room she looked round in that curious way which I have noticed fresh but frisky ones always do, at their first introduction to a baudy house. Getting familiar, sitting, I asked her

plain, then suggestive, and at last smutty questions about Polly Car-ter and her sweetheart; cunningly she fenced me, she didn't know Polly's business, or what she did, or didn't. She knew that she didn't do wrong things, if other gals did. Then I said, “My little darling I've fucked Polly on that very bed.” “0, you liar you haven't,” seeming- ly quite startled. Then she told me her name was Jemima Smith. She was called Jemmy.

I repeated, described Polly's stockings, petticoats, legs, backside, and cunt, in the plainest language. To all she only said, “Oh! Oh!” then laughed at last. She seemed a knowing one, affected no ignorance, yet there was something in her manner I could not understand. “Well I've done Polly no harm, nor should I any girl, I know how to prevent that as a doctor.” “Are you a doctor?” “Yes.” “I wish you'd tell me what to do with my arm then I tore it agin a nail yesterday, reaching a heavy bundle down from a shelf.” “Take off your frock then.” — She did partly, bared the arm from armpit to hand, and shewed a bad tear of the flesh. I took paper from my pocket book, and wrote a simple thing down which I knew to be good for slight wounds, and gave her a shilling to buy it with, telling her she need only ask for two pennyworth — “but you must kiss me for it.” She did willingly — “And here are the five shillings, but you've told me nothing, tho I'm sure you know who fucks Polly Carter.” “I don't really but I guess,” and she named some youth. Then she got curious about my doings with Polly, and I told her as much as I liked, dwelling voluptuously on the pleasures we had together. She listened eagerly re-marking at times, “I don't believe it,” but her eyes twinkled, and at length she was silent listening. She was now quietly lewed. I asked who had done it to her. — “No one,” she'd swear. I was sure some one had, and if I saw her cunt could tell in a second, having seen scores of girls' cunts, virgins and no virgins. “Have you really?” “Yes,” and was sure she had a pretty cunt. “Let me see, and if you are virgin, I'll give you half a crown.” — Again as if doubting, she asked about my doings with Polly — and then sat reflecting. — All girls at one time in these sexual crises seem to be silently reflecting.

I told her more, and invented a little, and kissed her voluptuously, asking to let me see her thighs — only for a minute. — No — she would not let me, and I hadn't seen Polly naked she was sure. — I told all again, and described Polly's form, till at last she believed, I think. Then little by little, I pinched her thighs and bum out-side, got out my prick, got her to feel it, and used all the other little endearments and artifices of love, till still refusing, and chuckling at my attempts, my hand at length roved under her petticoats, over naked bum, belly, and thighs, and from navel to knees. I felt that her motte was not rough, and at length after re-fusing

me, she on my solemn promise not to tell Polly, let me put her on to the bed. With thighs wide apart, and with a little flinching which I stopped by repeating that I was a doctor, and not to be humbugged, I pulled a pair of delicate pretty pink-lined hairless lips apart, and saw she was “Virgo intacta.”

It was such a lovely pair of lips, enclosing such a sweet coral pink little delicate cunt, with the mere signs of nut-brown hair showing on the motte above, just at the parting of the flesh — just where the lips begin to form and swell, at the bottom of the belly, that my prick rose throbbing furiously. I felt mad for her, and that if I could get her no other way, I would ravish her. I was astonished at my chance, not having for a moment anticipated her being anything but one of the thousand little wenches in workshops and manufacturies, who working by day, are strumpets for gain or pleasure at night. She had come into the house with me freely, like any little whore. — I felt sure that if she squealed, no one would take notice of it, so have her I would. Just as well I might as some boxmaker, I thought, for she and Polly worked at making card-board boxes.

As I looked at her cunt, she now lay quietly and without a flinch whilst I praised it. — Then I let her get up, shewed her my erection, and told her the cause, and gave her another half crown to give her confidence in my promises and offered a bright sovereign, if she'd let me do what I had done to Polly, to whom I may add I had only given half a crown for her favors. I chinked the sovereign on the table before her.

The gold upset her, the sight of it I find upsets a woman when the mere promise won't. She was quiet, all but saying “no — no —no” — but she felt my prick (half sitting on my knees) curiously, and listened to my account of the pleasure it gave. — Yes she knew what some of the girls said about it — but no. — Yes I might go on feeling her, she didn't mind that, but “no

— oh no — it would be found out.” She had sisters. Her mother might. — She had no father. — “Why your mother does not look at your cunt.” “No,” and she laughed outright. — “Well, lay down then and let me rub my cock tip against it, it will give me pleasure, and you a little, and that can't hurt you.” — Saying no

— yet with scarcely any resistance. I placed her on the bed. Soon she let me lay upon her, with my prick against her little pink cunt, for which posture I had promised her a shilling, telling her at the same time, she was a goose not to get the golden sovereign.

The animal was now I expect pretty well roused in

her, by feeling my prick and my delicate fingering of her cunt. — Young as she was she seemed voluptuously subdued. — “You'll hurt me.” — I swore it was all pleasure and no pain. — Then she was silent

and her thighs opened wider under my pressure. As quietly as I could under the sexual excitement, I lodged my prick, but without pushing or pressing too much on her, then gathered her little bum in my hands, sunk on to her belly and thrust. Stiffer than horn was my engine. — “Oh, you hurt. — Don't. — Oh — oo,” she cried out, and struggled, but I had her arse in my grasp like a vice, she could not move an inch from me, I drove with ten horse power against her virginity, and in half a dozen rapid lunges, I felt my prick gliding up the little cunt; the barrier was gone, but all was tight, soft, and lubricious. She moaned almost in a whisper for a second or two, and then lay quietly under me, as I lay with my prick for a minute quiescent up her, directly it had probed to its depths.

Then in the little lovely tube I fucked with measured pace. What a tranquilliser the prick is to the most restive lasses when once it is up them. — She was quite still now. (They all are at this stage.) — My prick began to throb as if it would burst, quicker I fucked, a strong gush of spunk filled her, and I sunk quietly down, unable to kiss her, for as she lay she was too short. — What sameness in all these devices, cunning attacks, lies, promises, voluptuous talk, feeling, frigging and victory. All nearly the same yet ever successful, ever fresh ever delicious — and to both employed.

She lay quite still, I uncunted, found blood on my handkerchief which I had put under her bum, and blood mixing with my sperm which covered her cunt. I got warm water, and washed her cunt myself. — She let me do everything. — Then she looked quite serious. — Then when I put the sovereign into her little hand, she smiled.

This all took place in little more than an hour. Never had a virginity come to my penis so rapidly, so unexpectedly. When she entered the house with me, I should as soon have expected to find a prick under those little petticoats, as an unbroken hymen.

My friend L***s has often told me that he has picked up half a dozen virgins in the streets. That a sovereign, offered to lasses looking in at a Linen-drapers, will get them to a house, and that the sight of the gold vanquishes them. He looks out for them quite young, for that turned sixteen they are scarcely ever virgins. He thinks from a large acquaintance with these youthful strums, that their cousins and friends (all boys — mere street boys of their own age), get the virginities for nothing, and before the girls are fifteen years old.

The old woman with whom Mary Davis lodged some years ago, I recollect telling me much the same; but I neither quite believed her, nor my friend L* * * *s, fancying that he was a braggart, tho I believed him to be an old hand at mastering females. Much talk with gay women, and my own experience makes me believe both now, and that nearly the whole of the girls of the lowest classes begin

copulating with boys of about their own age, when about fourteen years old.

Few of the tens of thousands of whores in London gave their virginities either to gentlemen, or to young, or old men — or to men at all. Their own low class lads had then'. The street boys' dirty pricks went up their little cunts first. — This is greatly to be regretted, for street boys cannot appreciate the treasures they destroy. A virginity taken by a street boy of sixteen, is a pearl cast to a swine. Any cunt is good enough for such an experience. — To such an animal, a matron of fifty or sixty would give him as much, if not more pleasure than a virgin. I am sure of this even from my own experience, for I cared nothing whatever about the virginities I took early in my life. It was cunt alone I cared about, and any cunt for my pleasure then was good enough.

She now seemed in no hurry to go — her mother would think it was overtime, but she would rather go if I'd let her — The irruption into her other privates, I saw had given her a shock, but I lusted for her again, and wanted her to wait till my prick stood — and such was my mental rousing by what took place, that as I talked with her, I began to wonder whether by her help I might not get another young virgin. I asked her to drink — and giving the servant money, she returned with some gin. The girl eyed the bottle, and as soon as the servant had left said “Oh ain't she cheated you, you gave half a crown, and there ain't eighteen penny-worth there.” It's extraordinary the knowledge these young bitches have about drink. I have found it so with young ones before this one. They seem always on the look out to escape being cheated.

She took a glass refusing more, even that she said would make her head ache. Her cunt was still bleeding. When on saying I meant to do it again, “Oh you shan't it will hurt so.” — I had more trouble in inducing her than I had at first — but at last my prick was safe up her tight little vagina, and tranquilly fucking

I spent, but without giving her pleasure, tho I prolonged my exercise to the utmost in hopes of fetching her.

I parted with her, promising half a sovereign if she would meet me on the Monday following at the same time, and tell no one else, and specially Polly Carter or any other of her fellow work girls.

Until I met her again I could think of nothing but this tight little hairless cunt, wondering at the facility with which spite of its smallness it admitted my prick, and comparing my sensations when up it with those I felt when up the full sized article; — Mrs. W***t**s fat full fledged cunt was most vividly in my mind when comparing, that being the most recent one of mature size which I have fucked.

Chapter XVII

Jemima's first pleasure. • "Get me a young virgin." • Eva Kelly. • A cunt with five black hairs. • Jemima fucked. • Eva a witness. • She refuses me. • Departs a virgin. • Polly Carter again. • Re-view of my year's amours. • My taste for women piddling gratified.

Thinking I might possibly get into some trap thro this little bit of juvenile fornication, I waited in a cab on the Monday at the end of the square. The same three girls came along together. My cab followed up, and Jemima Smith, after bidding good bye to her companions, turned down her street and dawdled, evidently waiting for me. The street being clear, I alighted and she followed me to the house.

I had called at the house, and told the woman to let me have a clean counterpane and two candles. After pausing for a minute and looking at me, she said, "We have another house next door, but they don't let young girls go in, but if you don't mind paying, and as you're a customer I'll tell 'em — and you go in first and let the girl follow." I went with her to the house and saw the room. Jemima Smith came to me there. She looked very dirty by contrast, in a handsome clean room.

She was full of talk now. No, she hadn't told any one — not she. She made me tell her all over again about

Polly Carter, and then let out more about Polly and some other girls. My fucking had loosened her tongue, she willingly took her clothes off, her arm was better, she examined my prick curiously, and was thoroughly complaisant, I fingered her little cunt till I heated it, and then put my prick in her face. I love, when cool enough, to do that with women, to watch for their signs of pleasure, till my own pleasure destroys all power of observation. I had frigged her about till she must have been nearly spending, and now was delighted to see her eyes close, and mouth open with pleasure. Then I dropped full on to her and when fucking, stopped suddenly. — "Does it give you pleasure?" — She never answered, and at the next plunge or two, my spunk was flooding her. I could not feel any gripping of her cunt, but heard her sighs and pleasure in her breathing in my ear, as my head lay by her side. She had spent.

"Did you have pleasure?" "Yes." "Do you like fucking?" "Yes." "Shall I fuck you again?" "Yes." Does your cunt feel nice?" "Yes." "Is it wet?" "Yes." "Shall I pull my prick out." — "No." — "Did it hurt you?" "No." "Have you fucked since I did it the other day?" 'Why no — course not," said Jemmy surprised, and roused at last out of

monosyllabic and voluptuous taciturnity.

Then I fucked again and she spent with me. Then she told me about herself. She was turned fifteen, other gals at the factory she thought had had it done to them quite as young. — She feared her sister, not her mother, for she slept in the same bed as her sister who was eighteen, not married, and who had had a child, since dead. Her sister had felt her cunt not long since and knew that recently she was a virgin. — She didn't want her to find out that she had had a man, for she might tell her mother, tho she thought not, but she had some fear of her sister. Then we parted.

Three nights after, she had made herself smarter and cleaner, for she was dirty enough the first night. We both stripped, and I set her on the top of me fucking, to her great amusement, but she could not manage it all to my satisfaction, and I had to mount her: and having frigged her and fucked her three or four times, looked at her little cunt, and felt and fingered it inside and out, and in every way for three hours; we parted, and I began to have had enough of her, and to be satisfied with youthful cunts.

Yet I met her again. She had told her sister who only hoped she would not get in the family way, and advised her to wash it out directly I had finished up her. Then saying I was going out of town, I did not see her for a fortnight, during which time I had a letch for another little virgin. Then I met and asked if she could not bring me one, offering her gold if she would. Her own compliment was now half a crown. She would try she said, but there was only one gal she knew of, and she didn't work with her, but they often talked together about men and women doing it, and she'd like it done to her she' knew. Giving her a few days, again I met her. The girl would come, and Jemima said she was sure she hadn't had it done to her, for she had seen her cunt. But before Jemima, tempted by the gold, consented to bring her, she remarked, “What do yer want another gal for.”

One night soon after, she came with a girl of about her own size and age — her name was Eva Kelly, and she was I think Irish. — I didn't like her, for she looked half starved, bony, and dirty, besides she seemed cunning, and much too knowing. Her first want was to know what I had done with her friend Jemmy, who at my request, shewed her cunt to me and to Eva, who also saw my prick go up it for a second or so, and seemed gratified by the sight. Then yielding to my solicitations, and the sight of the gold, I got Eva on the bed side with petticoats up, and I examined her orifice.

It was a funny looking little cunt, wonderfully small it seemed for her age, and with four or five straggling short dark hairs about it. — She let me pull open the lips, which were scarcely lips, — and certainly she was virgin. But when I tried to put my finger up the

interior, she closed her thighs sharply and got up, and tho at last I promised her two sovereigns, she would not let me have her. She felt my prick, and looked at it with seeming pleasure, let me pull up her clothes and feel about her, but lay down on the bed with me she wouldn't. — In vain Jemmy said "I'll let him do it if you will, you said you wanted it didn't yer now?" Perhaps I did and perhaps I didn't," she replied to every remark, adding at times, "but I shan't tho, I'm afraid."

Jemmy laid down and I fucked her, Eva witnessing the operations, feeling my prick before it went in, whilst in, and also when it came out reeking from the cunt. — All was of no use. I put my sovereigns into my pocket angrily, saying I'd give her nothing for coming. — She looked I thought disappointed but said nothing. "Come Jemmy let's fuck again," said I after a time — and laid her at the side of the bed. "I'll give you half a crown to let me see your little cunt whilst I fuck Jemmy." — "Do," said Jemmy. — Eva consented, and I shagged Jemmy, looking at the other one's beggarly cunt. She held it open without any hesitation like any harlot. — Again I begged and took out the gold, and fingered her little quim as well, but "No — shan't — I'm afeared," — quite settled the matter, and I neither had her nor saw her after that night.

Jemmy said she could get me no other girl, for she wasn't friendly with many girls — but didn't she get quickly on to the bed when I said, "Let's do it." — After one or two more meetings I got tired of her, and just at that time she said they were short of work, and she had nothing to do, her mother would keep her tight till she had work again, and she couldnt' be out after dark.

My desire for Polly came back, and I waited for her one or two evenings without seeing her, which in-creased my desire. At length I got her, and we had one or two glorious hard fucking evenings. Then I tired of short girls — little cunts, ragged stockings, and dirty linen. I avoided the lot, and never saw more of Polly Carter, but met Jemima about a year or two after-wards. — She was then gay — tho she said she still worked a little at the box business. I asked after Polly having a desire for her again. — She and her parents had gone to America. I fucked Jemima.

This bout was a pleasant variation, and helped to fill my imagination with a variety of lewed images. It was pleasant to think at the moment of voluptuous enjoyment, of the naked, tight little cunts, when my belly was closed on the thick haired motte of a full grown woman, and the curly hairs of her cunt were twining and twisting into the hairs on the root of my prick stem. (The past year as I look thro my manuscript, seems to have been one of the most fortunate in my career. The year before was nice and varied, tho spoiled perhaps on

reflection by adultery with my cousin — but in its frequent change and variety of women, it cannot compare with this. Nice servants (for I had one or two about whom I have told nothing). A lady unmarried. A lady married — a lady kept — an amorous harlot — shop girls, three girls all under sixteen, and a little virgin, — so the sex from forty to sixteen years of age, I tailed — and what is to me more pleasurable than ever now, — with delight to all the recipients of my prick, as well as to myself. I scarcely touched gay ladies (and only saw Camille for a week or so), excepting when abroad and scarcely then. — I had a frenzied orgy in a park, and a libidinous curiosity about male sperm, which surprises me, tho I cannot say why, — for all curiosity about the smallest detail of sexual intercourse is legitimate. — It is fitting that man and woman should know all and every thing about copulation, if they desire to do so.)

But I have omitted many short amusements which I noted at the time at great a length, and abbreviate now, by saying that I often times when out late, gave women a trifle to feel their cunts, and then if they were able to accomplish it, a further gift if they would piddle over my fingers. It always delighted me to feel the sherry tinted jet strike on my fingers, fresh and warm as it issued from the cunt, and many a few minutes' gratification I had in fingering first, and taking the wash afterwards, and many a lady (and many well dressed enough) have I given a glass of wine to, and a cab fare, which she otherwise might not have got, ex- cepting for this letch of mine. — Yet I went home with none of these piddlers of whom I find record, nor did more than what is now described.

At the beginning of this year in the cold weather, this delight in seeing women piddle was strong on me. — I saw a couple of dozen do it in one week, and so much did the letch increase on me, that I longed to see women whom I had fucked do it, and went to see Camille for that purpose alone, tho many a time I had seen her evacuate it and had held the basin under her, and a candle near it, whilst she opened the flood gates of her bladder for my libidinosity. She upbraided me for not going to see her, and wondered what woman had supplanted her.

Chapter XVIII

Camille again. • The philosophy of fornication. • My plentitude of sperm. • A discharge on writing pa-per. • A woman in a hurry. • Light haired and veiled. • "Mind my chemise." • A crop of crabs. • The effects of a good dinner. • The Haymarket at 1:30 a.m. • A cab fare asked for. • Half a crown for a hick. A frig for love in the street. • A fuck to follow. • A big Irishwoman. • Hairy as a King Charles. • A free examination. • A cunt of wondrous hirsuteness. • The Irishwoman is a riddle.

Again I sought Camille's society, who helped further to destroy any lingering prejudices I still had about the ways in which the sexes may use their genitals, either in giving pleasure to each other, or men with men, or women with women, and she told me so many erotic incidents of which she had heard or known, that I feel certain now that whatever men and women may say in public about this and that being immoral, dirty, abominable, and so on — that by themselves, they give free reins to their lusts, and gratify their sensuality in any way which they find gives them pleasure. Who can object to this. Your body is your own, and you may use it as you like. Its usage concerns no one else but its owner, and whether the individual reaps pain or pleasure, is his affair alone.

I was much out at parties just then, which diverted me in a degree from sexual vagaries, and for perhaps a month saw Camille only, and but twice a week, so was in fine condition when I had her. To make sure, I used to write to say when I should call, and always found her ready awaiting me. I used to fuck her with great delight in which she participated, for she undeniably is still fond of me, and that I must have been in fine condition, I am sure from the quantity of sperm I shed in her — she used to remark it. — "Ah mon Dieu, what sperm, there is enough for two men." — She several times said this and I verified it by inspection of her cunt occasionally, for it pleased me to think of my strength and health. — For all that, one day I frigged myself over a sheet of writing paper to see how much sperm issued, and its quality.

But I could not keep to her alone, and one night going to Camille's somewhat early after a club dinner, I saw a full grown woman, with her veil down, walking along quickly. She indeed passed me as I was walking leisurely. — I saw that she was light haired — but what really attracted me I can't say, whether the mystery of the veil, or her quick walking, or her light coloured hair, but quickening

my pace I walked by the side of her. “You're in a hurry to night my love,” said I, to which she made no reply, but looking at me went on.

Not quite able to make out whether she was gay or not, her manner stirred my lust. I forgot all about Camille, to whom I was going, and asked her to come with me. Then she slackened her pace, “No” — she was in a hurry. I laid hold of her arm which felt nice. “Stop a minute, let's talk.” — She stopped, then lifted her veil, she seemed to me pretty, and my prick stood. — “My God, you've made my prick so stiff I think it will burst.” — She laughed and said, “Tell me the exact time.” — I did — “Is it far from here?” It was not my usual quarter, but I knew a house not far off. — “I can't stop long then,” said she, dropping her veil. — Taking her arm, we were soon in a house known by the name afterwards of a celebrated battle, a nice quiet handsome house it then was.

She wouldn't take off her clothes, tho she did her bonnet — she was in such a hurry, but pressed, she hurriedly took her gown off. — She was a tall fleshy woman, and the sight of the light hair on her motte, and nearly a week's abstinence — put me into such a state of lustful impatience, that I could not allow my-self those delicious preliminaries of copulation, which are nearly as delightful as the carnal conjunction itself. — It was increased by the way she grasped my prick and kissed me — so in a minute my prick pierced her. She met me with ardor, and far too soon my sexual spasm came on, five or six throbs each sending a spat of sperm into her, finished my voluptuous crisis, just as she said, “Oh — don't be so quick, wait for me.” It was too late, nor could the energetic action of her own cunt and backside — coupled with my efforts, avail her. “Oh — why were you so quick,” said she in a dissatisfied tone.

I told her as I lay up her, that I had had no woman for a week — “What a lot you've spent (as Camille had said), pull it out and give me a towel, I don't want my chemise in a mess.” “No keep it in, and I'll fuck you again.” “No give me a towel, I can't wait.” “You must. — There, I'm getting stiff again — lay still and I'll give you my pocket handkerchief.” — In our joint impatience, I had only taken my great coat off, and was on her with my other coat on. In it was a pocket handkerchief, which I managed to get out with one hand, whilst I clasped her still to me with the other. She lifted one thigh high, I pushed the handkerchief under her bum, my prick had never left her, we recommenced fucking, she spent almost directly, and again spent when I had my second emission.

“Now you really must let me go,” said she, uncunting me. Then she washed her cunt, had her bonnet on in a second, put the sovereign I offered her without a remark into her purse, and went off. — She agreed to meet me the next night, “Close by.” I named a time — no, it

must be her time, or not at all — so I acceded, left, and did not go on to Camille.

The next night she met me veiled as before, stripped to her chemise, and seemed to like it. She had fine big breasts, large arms and thighs, and her motte was covered with thick sandy coloured hair, her cunt was fat lipped and I guessed her twenty-eight. — Yes, her exact age, she said. — She didn't much like my looking at her cunt, and refused altogether to turn bum up-wards. — She was very poorly dressed, and had common stockings and boots on. — Was she often about here — "No." — "Where then?" "Nowhere." "I'll meet you if you write," and she told me where to, — it was two or three miles off. — I could not make her out but risked a question. "You're gay?" "No," said she laughing. "You don't want money then." "I shouldn't be here if I didn't," and still she laughed. — This was after our fuck, and I was lying by her side on the bed.

Whatever she might have met me for, she was deter-mined to have fucking enough, and didn't want to talk. We had been quick about the first spend, — lust allayed, I wanted a look at her cunt. — "No it's nasty." "But wash it, I want to look, it's a lovely yellow haired cunt." "Yellow haired cunt," she repeated, laughing as if I had made a good joke.

Altho the same in the essentials, tho the end of it must be the insertion of the prick in the cunt, how varied are the manners and words of different women on the approach to that end. It is that variety which so charms me. — "Well — wash it — do." "Presently, you'll do it again to me soon, I'll wash after." — And putting her mouth to mine, she put out her tongue, and clutched my prick with vivacity, and evident intention to make me stroke her again, as soon as she could. She was one of those who do not rely on words to excite a man, but did it by kissing, tonguing and squeezing my prick and handling my balls, and soon was successful. She had put a towel under her backside at the first fuck, but I had not spent as much as on the night previously, when my spermatic accumulators were full. After fucking her a third time we parted, but not till I had had a better look at her cunt, and found the lip lining and clitoris pink rather than red, which I don't recollect having seen in the cunt of a woman of her age and size, before.

Lust for the sandy haired, pink tinted cunt still was on me, and one day I had her again, about which there is nothing unusual to narrate. On the following morning I had an irritable, uncomfortable feeling round my prick, the next day an itching, and then found I had a crop of crabs. I could not get rid of them for some days, and actually went to a doctor about them, so infested was my prick. Then a disgust at the woman came over me, for I knew it must have been she

who gave them me. I wrote to her no more, have never seen her since, and don't know whether she was a whore or not. I have a notion she was a widow. Certainly she wanted fucking badly. Why did she so scrupulously keep her veil on — it was not that she was ugly, for she was really hand-some.

I had some sort of idea that the brothel keeper knew the woman, and I asked. — She said that she didn't, but looked so long at me before she answered the question, that I half think she lied.

A week or two after this I went to dine with a friend at K**b**n. He was a married man, childless, extravagant to a degree in expenditure generally, and particularly in fine food, and wines [he has since ruined himself]. A dozen or so of us men had every thing of the choicest which money could buy, and after sitting, eating, drinking, and smoking for four hours, we left him. It had turned out a pouring night, I had no carriage, his house was d quarter of an hour's walk from a cab stand, and his footman could procure me no cab. One of the guests kindly offered me a seat in his carriage for part of my way home — and at half past one in the morning, set me down at the top of R*g**t Street.

The deluge of rain had just ceased, and tho pitch dark, it was clearing up. Never in my life have I seen R*g**t St. so deserted. The rain had long driven every one home, and I don't think I met six people on its whole length as I walked down it, pleased with the novelty of its absence of life, and glad to walk off the effects in a degree, of my heavy gorging.

There was not even a gay woman to be seen until I got to the Haymarket. There, one or two only shewed, and one asked me to pay her cab fare home, and a well dressed woman she was — cleaned out, without a farthing, the Argyle had been empty, not a friend had she got, she must walk home if some one did not give her half a crown, and she told me where she lived at West Brampton.

A dinner such as I had had always heats my testicles in two or three hours, and as I stood looking and listening to the young woman, a wave of lust rushed thro my genitals, and I began to want a cunt. Yet I had no intention not to have her — for I had other views about the lodging of my penis next day. Then came on one of those baudy inspirations I am subject to, and spite of the evident absurdity of the offer (looking at the dress and style of the woman tho she was not quite a first class), — jokingly I said, “I'll give you a half crown if you'll let me fuck you.”

I rarely accosted a female with such frank baudiness, but I was a little elevated, tho not in the least intoxicated. She seemed in a similar state, and laughing much replied. — “Oh! Lord, I haven't come to half a crown yet, you are liberal, but I'd sooner walk home if I get wet to

my skin." — I laughed about it. — "Ah you don't want fucking." — "That's just what I do want, for I haven't had a man for four days." "You've been poorly." "Just what I have been or I shouldn't want half a crown." — After a minute's more talk, I gave it her, and had intended to do so from the first. "Here it is, and a shilling for a glass of wine, and now if you won't let me fuck you for half a crown, let me do it for love."

"Thank you," said she not moving, but, looking at me, and clapping the money with a chink from one hand to the other, and then back again. — "Did you expect I'd let you for half a crown?" "No my dear, but for love." "Well I'll let you for love. Where shall we go?" "What, to fuck you?" "Yes for love," said she quite seriously.

Taken quite aback, I thought she was up to some trick, the empty streets and the time of night made me suddenly suspicious. — "I was joking, I'm in a hurry, let me feel your cunt. That's all." "Very well, and all for love, mind." There was a narrow court leading into a wider one than (it still exists tho better lighted) which looked dark enough, and in a second we were in it, her back against a house, my finger on her cunt. — "You've got drawers on." "Well I can't pull them off here, let us go to O*e*d*n St." — I would not but between the loose linen I plied my fin-gers. — "I'll frig you." "No, fuck me — no one will pass —I want it — let me feel your prick."

I wouldn't let her—I got coy, began to want her—but didn't like a strange woman in the dark. — "No I'll frig you," and I commenced, putting my left arm round her waist and my stick against the wall. — She let me. — "Oh fuck me do, I want it so—oh I shall spend — you shan't feel me, unless you let me feel you;" and her hand sought my trowsers. But before she could unbutton me — her bum shivered, she caught me round the head, pulled me to her, kissed me and my hat tumbled off as she murmured, "Oh — oh — you beast — oh — you've made me spend," — and she was silent, whilst I picked up my hat.

"You haven't spent — I have tho." "You haven't," I said, tho I felt pretty sure she had done so. Then again I put my hand on her cunt, and after a broad handed fingering under the prick receiver, I satisfied myself that she had. "Why didn't you fuck me, I've never been frigged in a street before." "But you've frigged a man." "Only one or two — why don't you fuck me — come — fuck me for love mind, let's go to O*e*d*n St. or come home and sleep with me — I want you."

I had dropped her petticoats, but I was so lewed now, that I could scarcely restrain myself, and when holding me she began feeling at my trowsers again, my resolution gave way. — "We can't do it here." "Yes we can, no one will come thro here — if any one's coming we can hear them, do it to me — oh what a big one." — She had got hold of my prick, and then with-out another word, she lifted up her petticoats.

— “Damn my drawers,” said she. — The next instant my prick was in her cunt — and against the wall we fucked, the affair was short — and she spent with me.

“I hope you are all right,” said I when my prick had left her. “Quite — don't be frightened, come and see me,” — and she repeated her name and address — and that every night she was at the Argyle rooms. —

“Is it likely I should have made you do it to me if I was ill — come with me to a house and see me undressed, I'm beautifully made.” — She tried hard to induce me but it was all useless. — She squatted, piddled, and I expect washed her cunt with that liquid as she did so. Slight rain began to fall. “I'd best get back,” said she, and in the Haymarket she hailed a cab, and was going off — “Stop my dear you must have a little bit of gold.” “I haven't asked for any,” said she, “and now you won't come to see me, tho you've just promised — I want you to have me for love.”

I had promised that I would go to see her, and repeated her name and address over again as she wished me, but certainly had no intention of doing so. She had a superstition that I should not after I had paid her, — but she took a half sovereign which I pushed into her hand — “I'll call on you soon.” — “No you won't.” “Yes I will.” “No

,you won't,” and the cab drove off as the “won't” died away in the noise. I never did call on her — or see her afterwards. She was a nice bright looking dark eyed woman, of one or two and twenty years of age perhaps.

I walked then down to the colonnade of the Opera house, when a smart shower came on. — I intended to go to my Club which had not closed, to get some soda water — but being without an umbrella, waited two or three minutes. Just as I was about to hail a cab, a tall, full grown, portly looking woman, whom I had seen standing at the angle by Pall Mall, came up to me, addressed me with a broad Irish accent, and asked me to go with her. The accent was so broad, and it was such a novelty to hear anything like it out of Ireland, and she looked so portly, so like a repectable trades-woman — and so unlike a Paphian — that being in a baudy mood, far baudier than when the other woman had asked me for a half crown, I stopped, talked, and then chaffed her.

Yes, she was Irish, and not ashamed of that, and had not long been in London. — I'd just had a woman had I? By her soul, I'd never had a woman like she was, nor seen a cunt like hers, she'd swear she'd more hair on it than was on any two women's cunts. — If I'd go and see it, and she hadn't told me God's truth, I should not pay her anything. — She was a married woman, but the times were so bad with them, that she must get her bread some how, would I come? —

No she would not pull up her petticoats to show me in the streets — not for five shillings (which I offered). — “Yer a big baste to be after asking me to do it. — Divil a bit if I will tho, — but you may put your hand up and feel a bit.”

I accepted the offer, put my hand between her thighs, but long before I reached her cunt as it seemed to me, I felt long hair. Then she jerked her rump back, and pushed down my hand from beneath the clothes. — She had roused my curiosity, I chaffed on, she got angry, and extolled her own charms, and said there wasn't a finer woman in London than she was. After telling her where I'd just fucked — and she refusing still to do anything in the streets, to satisfy my curiosity — it ended with her saying — “Never — never in the street, I'd just sooner be dead — no — not for the half sovereign (which at last I offered) but I'll strip to ye, and ye may do what you like with me in a house, for half a sovereign, and glad I'll be to get it.” — No, she was a stranger about there, and knew no house. — I took her to a convenient brothel in * * * * St.

“Give me the half sovereign,” said she so soon as we were in the bed room. — A bilk thought I, but not caring whether I was bilked or not, for I had only taken her out of curiosity, I got the money ready. “Then if you haven't got a hairy cunt as you say, I suppose you'll give me it back” — said I laughing — “Sure God — there's no chance of your getting it back for it's hairy as a King Charles” (dog she meant). -“Catch” — and I threw it to her. She caught it — spat upon it, and put it in her pocket. — “Sure and ye'll say ye niver seed such a pussy as moine — ye'll be airfter giving me another bit of gould when you have seen it. — Shall I take all my things off?” — I nodded, and she began divesting herself of her clothing.

As she did so, she went on demanding my admiration of her charms, in a very singular manner. -I have known women very proud of their form, and who have shewn great vexation if I made any remark even inferentially disparaging them. I have known some who drew my attention to some particular part of their form, and which in most cases justified their self praise, but this Irish woman extolled herself from head to foot as she undressed — “Isn't that a foine arm? — look — here's breasts I needn't be ashamed of. — My foot's not big for my size is it? I've a splendid leg haven't I?” — and so on, and certainly she'd a good deal to be proud of. Looking at her under the colonnade, seemingly in a heap, she gave no promise of what was underneath, she looked what may be called a homely, motherly woman, and one I should never have lusted for.

“Let me see your cunt,” said I impatiently. — “Wait a bit” — she drew off her chemise. “There — did you ever see anything like that?” — and indeed I never had, for I could not see the cunt at all, — but

only a long pendant mass of darkish brown hair, which seeming to be rooted in her mons, hung down some inches below her cunt, and hid it entirely from view. It re-minded me of a patriarchal beard, and I laughed, which much offended her.

Astonished curiosity at once made me serious, for a cunt is never a thing to be laughed at, its view is too absorbing and stimulating. Quickly I got her on to the bed side. She opened her thighs quite wide, and pulling aside the shaggy covering, I saw a cunt of the usual mature type but with long hair (tho not so long as that from the motte) surrounding it. The hairs every-where had but slight signs of curling, the shorter ones at the upper part had perhaps a little curl, but the rest was long, and nearly straight and in large quantity. To please her I said it was fine, but I thought it ugly, yet the novelty stiffened me — "I'll fuck you," said I. — "Sure an yer may" — and she moved on to the bed. — "No, here, I want to see the hair round my prick," and bringing her to a proper position — up it went into her. — The hair mingled with mine, and hid every vestige of my balls as I looked down. — Then I pushed her thigh high up over my shoulder with my left hand, and held her to me with it, whilst I buried my other fingers in the shaggy thicket and spent very soon up her.

"You've not spent," said I still up her. — "Sure and I haven't, and I ought wid such a poker," she replied in the strongest brogue — and we went on talking till I found myself nearly out of her. — "Lift up both your legs," said I, and she complied. — I meant to do it when I asked her, and laying hold of the cunt beard (the best name for it) I drew it right across the orifice, which shewed, when my prick was out of it, my semen issuing, and wiped it with the hair. "I never saw a cunt which could be wiped with its own hair before." — "No and I dare say never will, and it's a baste that you be for adoing it." Yet she laughed as she washed her cunt. I felt it as she rose from the basin, and it was just like a wet mop. — It must always have been so after she piddled.

She dried it and again I looked. There was hair, and thick, near her bum hole, yet not in very unusual quantity — but all round the cunt it was long and ragged. It was about the ugliest cunt I have ever seen. — Straight hair on a cunt is always ugly. It usually curls, tho I have seen several with straight hair, and that on one or two very nice women. But this woman was proud as a peacock of her hirsute gap.

"Lay still," said I, as I sat contemplating it — for I now began to be curious about the woman, whom in all my midnight prowling I had never seen before. "Sure and you'll give me a trifle more if you keep me long" — I promised that. Then I lay feeling my prick whilst I pulled her about in various ways. She had only the usual quantity of hair in her armpits, and on her head; had a round, pleasantish Irish

face, and not a bad form, tho too thick at the joints to be handsome. She however evidently thought herself a beauty from head to foot. She must have been between thirty-five and forty years old.

“You've had children?” — “Yes and three alive worse luck,” — or she would not be at that kind of work, she'd got plenty to do with all she got, and ever would get she supposed — she had no regular friends — she wouldn't mind meeting me again — but she couldn't do it before half past eleven — no never — she wouldn't say why — no — what did it matter to me, whether she was married or not. Then I put down another half sovereign. — Then she, “Are you going to do me again?” — “I dont' think I can.” — “Try — get on the bed and on top of me properly.” — “Do you want it?” — “May be I shall,” — and tho I didn't like either her, or her cunt, on to the bed, and on top of her I got, had another fuck, and hard work I found it. “Haven't I a nice pussy?” — said she, as I lay up her.

That finished the business, and we left together. Should she meet me — but not before half past eleven — I made no assignation, — said I should take my chance some night of seeing her after the theatres were closed, but I never did and didn't want. Next day I wondered how I had ever tailed her, so ugly did her cunt seem to me when I thought of it.

The woman no doubt was gay — but she was for all that not much like a gay woman in manners — not that she had any modesty. AM no — yet she seemed to show her nakedness out of conceit, not baudiness.

Chapter XIX

Part of my manuscript destroyed. • Sunday night at a country church. • A pretty parlour-maid. • The dark pew. • A furious pego. • A grope, a frig, a spend and a sob. • Fist-fucked by a female hand. • No copulation. • A servant at a baudy house. • Mrs. Eliza Fm**g. • Supper at the Cafŭ de l'E*r**e. • A swell and his mistress. • A quarrel. • His rudeness. • Her silent contempt. • Left alone. • My politeness and reward at J***s St. • My morning's fuck. • Fears about my virility. • Momentary impotency. • Her blandishments. • Cunt seen, kissed, and smelt. • Immediate erection. • Her voluptuousness. • In the park. • The Lady Equestrian.***

My manuscript about this time and covering two months' adventures, is but a series of notes, very amply written, and containing all the material for continuing this narrative faithfully. — Yet I don't feel inclined to take the trouble to arrange or write it out in full.

I find that I got hold of a nice girl at church one evening, a servant of a friend where I was on a visit. The church was one of the old ones — in which the pews were still large, and many of them square, with high enclosures — and it was still lighted with candles and indeed there was no gas to be had. — There were very few people at the evening service — (it was in the country) so that they only half lighted what few lamps there were. I had caught and kissed her on the road, and jerked at her belly about a few days before in the twilight, and had tipped handsomely, for I saw her every day during my stay. She waited with another female servant at table.

I knew the girl went to church in the evening — and saying I should go for a walk, went to church, tho only intending to catch her coming out; but I went into the church instead.

I saw the pew opener going up the nave, and slipped past to the aisle, where I knew the family pew was, and there was she. It was so dark that I could not easily see the print of a prayer book, and had not been there ten minutes before the nearest lamp went nearly out and our pew was really quite in the dusk — there was no one near in any pew behind us, and only one or two people in pews far off in the front of ours, which was so placed also that it was much hidden from the rest of the church on one side by a huge Gothic pillar.

I got near her for the sake of light as I shammed, — and before the sermon began sat close up to her. She edged away from me, which only put her nearer the huge stone pillar, which the pew abutted on,

and hid us more completely when I moved up to her. How I did what I did, strikes me now as of the highest temerity, I never could have contemplated it. Yet I dared, and partly succeeded with a girl not twenty years old, with whom I had only once taken a suggestive liberty — and had only dared to kiss, and say I meant to sleep with her some night — (said in a chaffing manner). I cannot understand it, but I did all I tell of.

I was in a high state of lust — for staying where I was with a friend, I had had no chance of copulation, — and I am sure that my charming lass must have been in a similar state, and that mutual lewedness alone accounts for all that took place. When a man and woman are both thoroughly lewed, but slight opportunity is needed to get cock and cunt joined.

When I got close to her I began to talk smut in whispers. — “Oh — don't sir — they will hear you — now pray don't — there's — Mrs. * * * * — saw me come in — she is just in front.” Gradually before the serman began, I got my hand on to her naked thighs. “Oh I'll get up and leave — oh now — if you — oh — don't — leave off.” Then during the sermon I got my finger on to her cunt tip, and frigged her till she spent. — As she did so, she gave such a loud sob of pleasure that people must have heard it, tho perhaps they may not have noticed it — and she gave such a violent start of her bum forward that it came quite to the edge of the seat.

Before I had got her to that state of maddening concupiscence, she had felt my prick. I had to put her hand to it and make her do it tho, and no sooner had she spent, and had wetted my fingers well as I felt it

—(every woman opens her thighs for a second after her cunt exudes its pleasure), than at once I seized her left hand which was nearest to me, put it round my prick, and closing her hand with mine, moved it up and down and frigged myself with it. — It was an affair of but a minute and then I was satisfied — I had been about three quarters of an hour arriving at this result.

At the benediction I left — to avoid being seen going out of the pew with her, but waited in sight of the church door and followed her till the crowd had dis- persed. Then in the dark road, when she caught sight of me, she began running, I after her — soon I caught her, assaulted her again, — got my hand on to her cunt, and made her feel me, but could not make her let me fuck her. Then failing, I again put her hand round my prick (she willing for that) and frigged my-self with it.

I had no invitation to stay long with my friend, and was obliged to leave. It was with the greatest difficulty in that small house that I managed to speak with her without my doing so being noticed but I

did, and promised to take her somewhere, and to give her a new cloak if she would come to London on her holiday. — I gave her an envelope with my address written on it, and she told me when her day was, but she never wrote or came to me.

In my youth in a similar pew, I have frigged one of my mother's servants, and she has frigged me —but I had already fucked her, so that there was nothing much in that, and we both concurred in the amusement in church, but this young lass was I believe a virgin, tho I could not be sure of it.

Then in town I again got hold of a woman who said she was a servant — but who went with me to a coffee shop where they wrote up "beds" — and she I had. — I don't know whether she was gay or not, I think she was a half and half, but that she really was in service. She wanted a good bit of shagging, for she laid so quiet for a couple of hours with me, and said — "Oh fie" — at my baudy talk, but handled my prick all the time, and never thought of getting up to leave it, excepting to wash once, till it was near ten o'clock, when she said she should catch it and made off rapidly. I put her in- to a cab, and paid for it, and gave her a little bit of gold. — It was a very pleasant evening — and she a very pleasant fuckstress. — It is a great pleasure to have women whose cunts seem to be craving for their natural food, as hers was, but I never saw her again.

Then mercenary beauties in silks, satins, and hand-some garters, had me. For some reason or another I avoided Camille seemingly, for I can find no reference to her. — The rest of this part of the manuscript, I commit to the flames, for there is nothing much worthy to keep record of, till I had a meeting with a most charming lady, who fell to my arms thro a quarrel.

One fine day in June, before luncheon, I met a young lady in Bond St. She was venal, and in half an hour or so she had been fucked, paid, and departed.

That night I went to the theatre, and afterwards to the Cafe de l'furope to sup. — It was a favourite place of mine, such fresh, handsome, well dressed women being usually there. I took the only vacant compartment, which held four usually, and six at a squeeze — and had scarcely begun supper, when a gentleman and lady came in, and after asking if the vacant seats were engaged by me, sat down; the man by my side, the lady opposite him.

She was a well grown, splendidly beautiful creature, hazel eyed, and chestnut haired, fresh as a rose, and seemingly about three and twenty years old. I detected in a minute that they had been quarrelling. — "Order what you like, I don't want any." — "There is nothing at home for you." — "I'm not going home." — "Where are you going?" — "To ****" — "Well, order me something." All was said in

an undertone.

The lady kept looking at me to see if I noticed, and I at her. — He looked right across the room sulkily. — A waiter came, but he wouldn't order anything. — She ordered lobster and champagne, and ate heartily. — He refused all but kept on talking. She lost her temper and in an undertone: “What we have to say, we'd bet-ter say outside hadn't we, or not talk at all?” — “Shut up then” — he replied, turning and looking at me. I went on with my supper seemingly not noticing, but furtively looking at her — she often doing the same to me, as if to see if I noticed — and vexed she looked.

A finely dressed, handsome woman, then came in, and coolly took a seat opposite to me, and next to the lady. She expected some one, she told the waiter, and I immediately entered into conversation with her. Then the other lady going on eating and drinking, looked at me more openly, and I fancied pleasurably. Just then, “There is * * *,” said he, and he rose. — “Don't go to him,” said she. “What the devil do you mean by interfering with me?” and he walked across the room to a man, and stood conversing with him.

The lady seemed annoyed and hurt, tears rose in her eyes but she checked them, and looked at me. I smiled, so did she. — Then she looked well at the other woman, and again at me, and afterwards she scarcely took her eyes off of me. I began thinking what a lovely creature she must be undressed, and my prick tingled. Then staring her in the face, I thought of her thighs and cunt, whilst my prick began to swell, and I left off talking. She returned my passionate gaze, as I expect it was, and coloured up, dropped her eyes, and looked after him, but soon looked at me again. I love when I feel lewed upon a woman, to keep my eyes on her face, meet her eyes with mine if I can — and think of, and wonder about every part of her hidden charms from armpits to ankles. — How many times have I been delighted to hear virtuous ladies say,, — “Oh what are you staring at me for?” What would they have said had I told them straight?

He came back surlier than ever. — “Haven't you finished?” — “No.” — “Well I'm going then” — an-other short wrangle in an undertone and he rose. — “Well, pay for the supper. Shall I wait here till you come back?” — “No, there is some money if you have not any, expect me when you see me,” and throwing a lot of gold on the table he left. She left immediately after him leaving the gold there, but in two or three minutes came back and resumed her seat and eating. Then I began talking to her. The dashing harlot seeing that, got up and left. I was glad, for I had begun to think that that free and easy damzel had seated her-self there hoping to hook me in for a supper, or for the night.

I ventured a remark about her being left alone so. She took it up

at once. She didn't understand being treated so in a public room, but then dropped the subject, paid the waiter and rose to go. — “I wish I could see you home,” said I. — She stared hard at me for a minute, shook her head, resumed her seat, and talked for a minute or two looking into my eyes. Then she again rose after looking at her watch — “Let me see you home” — she shook her head and went away slowly, saying “Good night.” The waiter didn't know the lady he said when I paid him, and in two or three minutes after she had gone, I left, and found her standing in the lobby near the entrance door of the cafй.

“You're not gone.” — “No I can't make up my mind what to do,” said she angrily. — “You are so exquisitely lovely I shall dream of you, come with me.” —She hesitated a moment. — “Is it far?” — “No close by.” — “Be quick then.” Thinking of my recent experience, — “Hadn't you better follow me, it's close by.” — “Yes, perhaps so, but be quick.” Then it occurred to me that I had scarcely any money, and hesitated and looked in my purse. — “I'm sorry,” said I, “but I've very little money with me.” “Pough,” said she contemptuously. I scarcely knew whether she despised me, or the money, but she placed her hand on mine. “Follow me then.” — Out I went, looking back to keep her in view, and see that she was not fooling me. In three minutes were in my favourite house.

“Every room's engaged sir,” said the woman, “Will you wait in here?” — opening the door of the parlour where I had so often sat. “I won't stop,” said my lady, but the door was closed, and we were alone, with the sofa and the bed in the alcove, on which I had years before often seen Hannah sleeping.

Again one of those ridiculous, unaccountable fits of timidity suddenly came over me. I had had a woman there on that very day, could I fuck now — will my prick be thought small? These ridiculous ideas came into my head, and to my horror I found my prick was shrinking. Alone with this splendid creature, I neither kissed her, not attempted any of those delicious familiarities, which I had been dying to take a quarter of an hour before. I neither sought to see her limbs, nor talked voluptuously, but I sat thinking my prick was small, in a sort of terror, tho to hide it, talked about the temper her husband had shewn. “Never mind him,” said she impatiently, just as the maid told us a room was disengaged. The next moment we were in it.

I kissed her and put my hand up her clothes. “Wait a minute,” said she, “I want to pee so.” — “Take off your things.” — “I can only take off my dress for I can't be here long.” Bonnet, and dress went off, and she sat down and piddled. As she sat in beautiful linen, I saw little feet in exquisite shiny brown kid boots, covering white silk stockings, and my prick began to stiffen. “I want it badly,” said she rising and

drying her cunt with a towel.

Leaning against the bed I felt her cunt, still timid, and conscious that my prick about which I did nothing but think, was not ready for work, and in fact was inclined to shirk it. — As she surrendered her charms to my hand, and put her lips to mine her hand went down to my sex and she whispered, “Let me feel it.” I trembled with nervousness, pulled it out, and in a miserable way. — “It's not very big” — feeling awfully agitated as I said it — She handled it with avidity. Al-tho bigger, it was by no means stiff, and she gave a little quiet laugh, which finished my discomfiture. — I stammered out that I had been stiff and longing for her all the time she had been supping. — “When did you do it last?” — “Today.” — She at once let go of my tool and it shrunk up. — “I'd better go,” — said she.

Tho she laughed when she said it, I was in agony at seeming so impotent — at my disgrace. — “No, my darling, no, wait a minute and I shall be all right, let me look at your charms.” At once she got on to the bed, I threw up her clothes, and saw as exquisite a sight of legs, thighs, belly, and cunt, as ever a woman disclosed. I kissed her flesh all over, raised up one thigh so as to kiss her cunt, and on its divine scent going up my nostrils. I buried my lips between its lips, and my prick having at once risen to full erection, I laid down beside her. She grasped it and laughed — “Why, you said it was small.” Then joining tier tongue to mine, we lay a minute in baudy fumblings, till she whispered, “Put it in.” — With a slow thrust it went up her, and too soon after alas, tho longer at the work than usual, I had bedewed her lovely cunt with my sperm.

Laying together cock in cunt, she asked me if I really had had a woman that day. I told her the truth. — She laughed, saying, — “Oh you vagabond and to bring me here for the second.” — “Come in a day or two again and you shall have the firsts.”

She washed, then I prayed her to undress to let me see her naked and I'd do it again. — “Not you,” said she. — But I praised her so much, and begged so earnestly, that at length she stood naked before me, and I found her one of the most perfect of women, in the very prime of womanhood. From neck to ankle, she was superb. I have rarely seen such full large breasts so firm as hers. The swell of her haunches from her thighs to her waist was exquisite.

“You strip,” said she laughing. — In a minute I was naked. — “Oh! what smooth flesh,” and she began to kiss my breasts, and feel my back, I kissing hers; and so we stood naked, kissing each other's flesh, and looking and praising each other's beauties, till she closed on me, grasped my prick gently, and it began to swell. Then my finger went on to her clitoris, and our mouths joined humidly, and silently. “I can do it again.” — “Can you?” said she giving my prick a gentle

squeeze. She got on to the bed, and then lying on the top of her naked. I put my prick up her and rested it in her sheath and so we talked, for tho stiff, my sperm was not ready. Twenty minutes had not passed, since I had spent. But she was impatient, her cunt clipped, and with a gentle movement of her lovely buttocks she moved my prick backwards and forwards in her vagina. A few thrusts of mine followed, and again we were quiet. Again her cunt clipped, and she sighed, looking at me with dilated eyes — “It isn't small, oh, go on.” — Then fucking hard, again we sank into oblivion, in thrilling embraces. — In a minute or two afterwards, she asked who, and what the woman was I had had in the morning, and I told her. She dressed rapidly, she must get home. Should we meet again, where could I write to her? Nowhere. — But where could she write to me? — I gave her a post office. She refused me her name. She would sign herself Amelia if she wrote, and it would be yes, or no, no words more.

If she came she would dine, and in a private room of course. Then she was a little more communicative. Her husband was going that week and the following, to * * * races. — Perhaps he might wish her to go I said — “I dare say he will, but I'll serve him out for to night.” Didn't I know some more quiet house than the one we were at. I said I did. Then I scarcely knowing how to act, and emptying my purse to let her see it. “I have only a sovereign, but it will pay you for your cab hire home.” Laughing she gave my hand a gentle knock, and the money fell. — “Another time.” — “Perhaps — but I must go, don't come with me, I'll go out first” — and off she went. Her beauty and the strangeness of the meeting with her excited me much, and I was in a fever of expectation. Two days afterwards I was in the Park sitting and looking at the equestrians, when I saw a woman on a fine horse. She so resembled the lady that I started, but thought I had made a mistake, and was deceived by the riding dress. Then I saw the same man riding by her side.

A stranger next me, I then asked, if he could tell me who the lady and gentleman were. — “Oh, that is Mrs. F***m**g, she was kept by Lord B***l*n, they quarrelled, and now she lives with Mr. F. They say he has married her — but women often say that, you know.” — “Was she ever gay for I don't recollect ever seeing her about town.” “I think not,” he replied — I waited but saw her no more that day.

No letter came, and I concluded that she was a hot arsed, free and easy one, who disappointed with her man and heated with supper that night, determined to get her cunt lubricated by any one who pleased her, that I being in the way the chance fell upon me, and that perhaps she often slaked her cunt thirst in similar adventures. Yet there was nothing in her manner to indicate the harlot, tho there was voluptuousness in her face. Then it was evident her name was Elisa

F***m**g — tho it was not the name I was to call her.

Chapter XX

At * * * * * Hotel. • Before dinner. • Her hidden beau-ties. • Reptitions after dinner. • Intervening amusements. • "Are you rich?" • She mounts me. • Subsequent assignations. • Her letch. • About Jemima mounting me. • Her disgust. • Her protector. • Her beautiful form. • She leaves London. • I go to Paris.

On the day before the appointed one, there however at the post office was a letter for me with "Yes," in it. — I took two rooms at the * * * * * Hotel and slept there that night. Next day to a minute she was at K*****b****e. A female arm waved out of a cab (the arranged signal. At once I got a cab which drew up some distance from hers, she got out, dismissed her cab and walked to mine, and at six o'clock on a hot afternoon, the sun shining brilliantly, we were at the hotel. She wished it had been a smaller hote, fearing she might be seen by some one when alighting. To my disappointment, she said it was utterly impossible to stay the night with me.

I had ordered dinner at half past six, to give a margin of time and a blind. — "Oh what a time to wait, let's kiss at once." — "No — wait till we have dined" — but I could not wait for a look and feel of her secret charms. — AM the effect that the male fingers produce on the woman, when they twiddle that sensitive little red protuberance at the upper end of her cunt, a part so easily reached by the finger, so impossible to get it out of its reach, and so placed that man can always incite the woman to his will, and the great plan of propagation be unchecked. — She was soon yearning for my prick, but still resisted — "Not before dinner — pull down the blinds then." — "No love, let me see all, I must, I will" — gently pushing her back on the bed, I lifted her petticoats on to her belly, and stood gloating in ecstasy on the exquisite spectacle her semi nakedness displayed.

The strong summer evening light fell on her belly, and shot its gleams thro the crisp chestnut hair of her motte on to the flesh beneath, searching out the crimson line between the soft crisp haired lips and the furrow below, where her lovely big creamy buttocks pinched together, and hid the other round orifice in a brown darkness. I fell on my knees in rapturous delight, kissing, smelling, admiring and extolling it, — pushing the thighs wide apart, opening it, puting my finger gently in, pushing one leg up — peeping at her bum hole — smoothing her fleshy thighs, and the lovely limbs below, which were clad in the loveliest silk.

Then I went to the distance and contemplated the voluptuous

picture — and freeing my throbbing prick from my trowsers, approached her again, impetuous with prick throbbing, and sperm well nigh ejaculating. — She rose up and laid hold of my tool. — “You haven't done it to a woman to-day” — and she laughed. — “No my love nor since I saw you last, all's kept for you. — But have you poked?” — “Never you mind, let's wait till after dinner, and I can get my things off.” — “I shall spend, I must now,” and I grappled with her, when knock, knock, knock. “Who't that?” — “Hot water air,” said the chambermaid. — “Damn her,” said I. She got up, I took in the hot water, which we didn't want. — She went into the sitting room, I almost pulled her into the bedroom again. — But her lust was strong on her, I threw her on to the bed, and lifting up her thighs over my arms, fucked her right off. What a spend. — “Oh you've filled me, give me a towel,” said she laying still as I withdrew my prick. I did, she wiped her cunt, then washed it, and with lust abated for the time, and soothed, and charmed with each other for the pleasure we had mutually given each, we sat down, and dined as quickly as we could, for we both had come for fucking.

Directly after dinner we went to the bedroom — stripped to shirt and chemise, and fucked again. — She was a lovely partner in amourous delights. — With what pleasure I laid by the side of the sweet creature, whilst her cunt reeked with my sperm, and we smoothed each other's genitals, and talked sensually, as well as about each other. — Curiosity about each other is inevitable between a man and woman so placed.

I love a woman who when laying by the side of me, never takes away her hand from my prick, unless for a momentary feel else where. The gentle restless movement of a soft little hand all about the prober, at one time soothing, at other times exciting, is exquisite. She was one of that sort.. After one of our pleasures, she put her head over mine, kissed me, and said in a low tone, “Are you rich?” I felt as if I had been stung, and told her frankly all about my means and condition — “Why do you ask me that?” — “I thought you were that is all,” — but the question made me thoughtful, and destroyed my pleasure.

She saw that. “I've made you dull — never mind, what harm was there in asking?” — “None, you know the truth, but if you want a little money I'll give you some.” — She replied that a little money was of not much use to her, as long as she was with her protector. — “Don't you like him?” — “I don't dislike him, but I'd like to live with a man I could love.” — I got no more out of her, we got very spooney, and my prick began again to rise as she felt it. Then she put one leg quite over mine, and soon after with a quiet laugh moved her whole body on to me. The lasciviousness delighted me. It's a long time since a woman has mounted me so, excepting at a baudy house at Paris. I

lay feeling all over her lovely buttocks so easily got at when a woman is laying arse upwards whilst she gave me billing kisses with lips and tongue, in silence. How exquisite were the sensuous thoughts which coursed through my brain at this moment.

“Shall I do it to you?” - “If you can make me rise love but you can't.” - Putting her hand down between our bellies, she gently grasped my flagging, well worked tool, and brought its tip to her cunt, against which she gently rubbed it. Gradually it swelled, larger and larger, till at last its head entered the orifice, and with a gentle movement of her buttocks the next instant was quite up her cunt. “There,” said she with a sigh of voluptuous satisfaction, and she lay quietly with my pego up her. Then her cunt squeezed gently, but in no hurry to finish, it only gripped at intervals, and kept up the lewed sensation in the sensitive tip, that sensation of increasing lust and power, which is so exquisite, and again we were quiet — her tongue gently meeting mine, then a kiss, then tongue again. What lewed thoughts were in her mind I wonder? Was she like me absorbed in the de- light of feeling my prick in her, whilst my hand smoothed excitedly over her lovely large ivory buttocks.

Nature will not have this quiet voluptuousness too much prolonged. Soon her belly began to heave gently, her bum to rise and fall, as she worked my prick up and down in her cunt, clasping my bum hard tonguing me sweetly as she did so, whilst I, deprived of my force, could only heave up my belly feebly to meet hers, till another pleasure left us tranquil in our delight.

As soon as our bodies uncoupled, her question again rose poisonously in my mind — and I spoke of it. — She evaded for a long time, and at length owned that she thought we could live together happily. But of what use without plenty of money. She didn't dislike her man, but couldn't love him, she never should. — It was a funny thing to her, how likings and dislikings arose. She liked me almost directly she saw me, and was now sure she should love me if we were together — but from what I told her that was impossible for two reasons, both equally important. If she lived with a man, he must be in the house with her, and go about with her. If he could not do that (and she saw that I could not) no good could come of it. She would not be kept and visited only. — She'd rather be free to do as she liked. — During all this talk, we lay side by side on the bed nearly naked, on the hot summer's night, prick in hand and hand on cunt, with that never ceasing gentle movement, which a couple amourous of each other give when feeling each other.

Then I told about seeing her in the park. She told me her name, and address, but with an injunction never to write her, nor go to see her, I should injure her if I did. Lingering with me to the last moment

we parted. Again I had her, and again; meeting at various quiet hotels and accommodation houses about every three days. If ever a woman met a man for fucking she did. She was intensely loving in her manners to me, sensuous, voluptuous, meretricious in a high degree, but did not seem to care about lewed words or talk. She would lay silently with eyes closed, one arm under my neck, at intervals pressing her lips to mine, and putting her tongue to them, all the while feeling my prick from tip to bum-hole. — When it got stiff, she transferred her hand to my flesh, or quietly and softly grasped my balls till the stiffness partially subsided, and then felt the stem again. She seemed in no hurry to fuck after the first two couplings, but rather to delight in delay, and thinking about sexual pleasures, whilst my hand roved all over her lovely flesh, but mainly between her thighs on that adorable notch.

If she had a special letch it was to mount me. — Few women care about doing that more than once or so. — She repeated it at each meeting. — “Oh my love I wish there was a looking glass so that I could see your lovely bum,” I said one day when she had impaled herself on the top of me. — “Ah you have been to a French baudy house, I have heard of them, you naughty man.” For three or four years it seems to me (I can-not be exact), no woman had mounted and fucked me. — Why the caprice of putting that little bit of a girl, Jemmy Smith, on the top of me to do it? I never can answer to myself such questions, but I told her the story as she was mounting me one afternoon. — “You beast, do you mean to say you put a child like that to do it to you?” — and she got off me. — I told her the truth — she sulked, and would not do it that way to me herself again — but we fucked ourselves out in more old fashioned ways.

She talked freely about herself and men, said she had never been gay, but certainly had had more than one lover. - “Don't ask any more questions, you know quite enough, too much — you can't keep me, I wish you could and I'd leave him to-morrow, tho he says he will marry me” — and that brought our acquaintance to an end. — Her man was fond of horses and racing, was a gentleman, they were going to Goodwood, and to other races before that, and would leave town soon, she with him. — “I dare say we shall meet again some where.” — “I hope so, but perhaps not” — she replied.

I had never given her any money. Our acquaintance altho apparently only made for carnal delight and assuagement, seemed to be taking an affectionate spooney tone. When she left, I could not part without giving her something — and I gave her at her wish, a handsome, big, gold bracelet made in a peculiar manner and very fashionable then. She put it on her arm when with me, and I fucked her with it on. She hugged me, and put her tongue to mine for ten

minutes in silence, before we parted, and she went away wiping tears from her eyes. I felt very dull.

Curiosity took me to her house — which I found to be a large one at K**s***t*n. — She went by his name there, and they lived in an expensive manner.

She was a lovely creature, tallish, with dark hazel eyes and dark brown hair, and exquisite teeth, had big haunches and an unusually small waist. Her form looked exquisite as I fucked her dog fashion, and whilst her bum was close to my belly, the gentle swell out of the buttocks from her waist and its outwards swell af- terwards towards her breasts and armpits, as she bent naked over the bed, made the most exquisitely voluptuous spectacle.

This month or six weeks amusement was very pleasurable and healthful to me. Directly afterwards I went abroad, intending to spend some time there and much of it in Switzerland again, — but I did not carry out my intentions. I went straight to Paris — where I had again great luck in key holes — and the spectacle of amorous games. — It never rains but it pours. — After that a long time elapsed before I had any such luck again, tho at intervals I tried my best to gratify my eyesight.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME

Volume 6

Chapter I

A Paris Hotel. • Big key hole, and spy hole. • A newly married couple. • Unsuspicious. • "Hush Charles." • Marriage rights exercised. • "Are you awake Emma." • A noble prick. • They fuck and I frig. • Da capo. • Thighs up, cunt paddled in. • She on the pot. • The key hole suspected. • My prick exhibited. • I make their acquaintance. • My voluptuous thoughts. • They change their room. • I leave Paris. • Switzerland. • At a smallish village. • A woman washing linen. Naked wet legs. • Suggestive conversation. • A Louis for a feel. • The Chalet off the track. • On the hay with her. • A hurried grope and rapturous fucking. • The Chapel. • The dancing barn. • Against a fence. • At the Chalet again. • The Brothel at Be.***

At Paris I had a great treat. Arriving there late, the Hotel was quite full, and they put me into a top floor, where the room was poorly furnished, the doors shaky, the partitions thin and floors naked, so I could hear people talking in the rooms on either side of me. Making the best of it, and sitting for a short time quietly reading, before going to bed, I suddenly heard a man and woman's voice in the adjoining room. They had just arrived, and were grumbling at the accommodation, asked for this and that, and had the beds (there were two) placed in the room in the way which pleased them. As if to help me, they had one bed pushed to the other side of the room, left as placed by the hotel keeper, against my partition, I should have seen nothing, but now my eye through a large keyhole of which I had the key, covered the whole of the lady's bed as it turned out to be.

They were quite young people, I found from their loud talk that it was their first visit to the continent, and they had only been married a few days. They were evidently ignorant of key holes and spy holes, and behaved with freedon accordingly. The lady pissed opposite to my door by the side of her bed, her husband did likewise, holding the pot in one hand, his tool in the other, and standing close to her and talking during the operation. They were a long time afterwards unpacking their trunks. It was a hot night. The man afterwards stripped naked, and approaching her, holding his tool, "My love" said he, "we shall do it on a French bed to-night." "Oh Charles, hush, if anyone should hear." Charles laughed, in a few minutes as she was in her night-gown, he laid her on the bed, kissed her cunt for a second, and fucked her naked as he was. She had her night-gown on. They were fond of each other, and it was delicious to see their fondness and lust. I envied them, and could scarcely restrain myself from frigging.

Their love-making over, he retired to his bed which I could not see, and the light was put out. I awakened at day light, on hearing the man say “Emma — are you asleep?” — “No” — “What a noise they are making in the next room, on the other side.” — After a few more words, he got out of bed, went to the door of the adjoining room opposite to mine and listened. I had put my eye to the key hole, jumping out of bed directly I heard my neighbours were awake, and anticipating a treat. “They are going away,” said he, speaking of the people in the next room. Then he opened the window blinds, and broad day-light came into their room. Apparently now aware from hearing so much, that they could be heard, they talked in a low tone. He sat on the side of her bed, and kissed her, put his hand under the bed clothes, and I could guess from his position was feeling her cunt. She lay quite still looking up at him for a minute or two both seeming in silent enjoyment of the groping.

Then still with his right hand under the clothes, he pulled open her night dress with his left, and freed a handsome pair of breasts, kissed them, and they kissed each other's mouths for a minute. Then sitting upright again, and lifting his night shirt up, out stood a rampant, red tipped prick of noble dimensions. — “Look, feel it love.” I heard him say, laughing quietly. — She put out her right hand gently, and grasped the noble stem. It was a little hand which only hid half of the prick. She moved it now up, now down the stem, restlessly, not with a frigging action, but as if she wanted to feel every part. — Whilst doing so he threw the clothes off of her, and pulled up her night-gown. — I saw her naked limbs, his body hid the spot where his fingers were moving still.

Again he leant forward kissing her, still feeling her cunt, she his prick. They spoke but I could not hear what they said. He rose up, she got out of bed and piddled, he at the same minute threw off his night shirt, and stood start naked with prick stiffer than ever. He was a fine young man with light hair. For an instant he sat on the bed, smelling with much seeming satisfaction one of his fingers which had just left her cunt. As she got up from the pot, he remarked that the beds were “So damned small” that he must get off when they had done. — “If you lay against the wall you can't fall” said she. I heard this as well as if I had been in the room. There was for a minute no noise, there were no carpets in the rooms, and the gaps round on the door were wide and many, as usual in old hotels on the upper floors.

He wanted her to take her night gown off but she re-fused, and seemed modest about it. He insisted — “you shall Emma.” — “I won't then, Charles. — What next.” — “You must love, you have to.” — Then I heard no more for he turned towards her and his backside towards me. She had got into the bed. — They then laughed. — “No.”

— “yes.” She had her way and did not —but he pulled her night-gown right up above her largish breasts, so that her limbs and body were quite naked from toe to bubby, and I saw sideways, a slightly haired motte of a dark color. She was a dark eyed, dark haired woman, certainly not more than nineteen years old, and superbly handsome. He looked about four and twenty.

Without more than a look, and a kiss on her cunt, he mounted her. Kneeling first between her distended legs, he shook his noble prick; and then rapidly, too rapidly, without dalliance plunged it up her cunt. I could see every movement of their bodies, could see his tongue put into her mouth, the clip of his hand on the right cheek of her arse, every wriggle and every muscle move, as the two happy ones fucked with the strength and energy of youth and love. It was an exquisite sight but alas too short. They hurried their pleasure. He too young to care how soon he ejaculated his spunk, knowing (as I know) that at his age more would soon be in the storehouse of his balls.

Soon, with kisses, and murmurs of pleasure, which I heard in the quiet morning, his legs stretched out. Her legs fell flat on the bed and they were motionless. — A minute before every muscle of their young bodies was in energetic movement, now both lay as dead, her head turned up, his slipped off to the side, with face towards her, their eyes closed. — I saw it all perfectly.

Gradually he slipped right off of her, and his rump lay against the wall, she still on her back. Soon he re-covered, his left hand began feeling her breasts, he said something I could not hear, and she turned on her side towards him. He slid his right arm under her neck, pulled her head to him and they kissed. They talked but I couldn't hear a word. She turned more on to her side, they were close together on that narrow bed, and her right leg then went up high over his thigh. Then higher as if he had told her (I have no doubt he did) and I saw the whole of her body, from blade bone to heels. Her buttocks separated owing to the posture, and the dark haired chink of the cunt appeared, and at the same instant his fingers feeling from her bum hole to clitoris. Now slipping in and out, now sliding here, there, and everywhere; and I heard kisses louder and louder, and not another sound.

My prick had been standing since their love-making began, and now throbbed as if it would burst. I could restrain myself no longer, and looking at his fingers paddling in her spermatized cunt, frigged myself, and spent a shower of sperm against the door, kneeling on the bed pillows with my eye to the keyhole as I did it.

I looked at my sperm with baudy pleasure as it clung in masses on the door panel. I was fancying whilst spending that I was doing it in the lady's cunt, and was still kneeling, now looking at the couple

lasciviously playing, now at my sperm, but never relinquishing my prick. I had none of the disgust at myself which I usually have after frigging, for it seemed to me as if my sperm was in the lady, and not on the door — as if all three had participated in the same pleasure; but I kept longing intensely for the lady, and envying her partner who was still dabbling in the glutinous mixture on her vulva. How shocking this would seem to some. — How exquisite the love, lust, and lewedness, seemed it me.

How long we all three were thus, I can't say, perhaps a quarter of an hour. Then gently she turned on to her back again, and he half raised himself to look at her quim. To help him she hung (no doubt from her manner at his direction) her right leg down outside. He, with his left hand fingers distended her cunt-lips, and looked long and earnestly at it. “Tell me,” I heard him say, for his face was towards me. Then her left hand sought his tool. Already it was stiff, I saw the tip, and so they fingered for a minute or two each other's genitals.

Then all at once as if at his request, — for she was modest — She stuck up her right leg as high as she could lift it, and I saw more plainly, that he was simply distending her cunt-lips with his left hand. They talked and laughed as she did this, but I couldn't hear a word, for people in the room adjoining mine were making a noise. Soon the happy couple resumed fucking. He mounted her now a little sideways, whether intentionally, or owing to the bed I know not, but the position let me see sideways the movement of her right buttock. They took their time in fucking, now stopped and kissed, and then went on again.

As they fucked, I gently frigged myself, wanting to spend when they did. They laid quite quiet so placed for a minute, and then I suppose obeying him, up high went her right leg again. He clasped it under his arm, and pulled her more sideways to him. Now I saw partially his noble prick, now pushing up her cunt, now out it came nearly to the tip, then plunged up her and was buried, and his balls lay partly on her thigh. — Quick — quicker, now furiously he thrust, and I frigged, and just as I saw him wriggling his prick up her without thrusting, out came my sperm against the door again.

Then her right thigh laid quietly over his, and I could see that his prick was still in her cunt, for it was a brilliant morning. Then down went her leg, obscuring my view of the parts which we hide from all but our be-loved. She pulled up the bed clothes over his naked body, pulled down her night gown partly over her bum, and so half naked they slept. I jumped into my bed and dozed off, thinking I had seen a sight I would have given fifty pounds to have seen.

When I awakened and peeped, she was on the bed alone and asleep. I wiped off my sperm from the door, and dressed myself,

peeping, and awaiting further movements. At length I saw them moving about but nothing of their ablutions. They still seemed unaware of the facilities for seeing and hearing, in an old fashioned French hotel, and from their talk, felt now sure they were on their marriage trip. I had the pleasure of seeing her put on most of her garments. How sweet a lovely young woman looks under any clothing. Then peeping out of my door, for I had an intense desire to get near her, to gloat upon her, I watched them go down stairs to the table d'hote room, and following seated myself as near as I could to them. I watched her whilst she eat her breakfast, scarcely able to keep my eyes off of her. I fancied I saw her with his prick moving up and down her cunt between her fair round bum cheeks, and her thigh up in the air, held there, by his arm, and who would have thought that that sweet, modest looking woman, would have cocked her leg up so like a well paced harlot, or that the fingers of that quiet man buttering his bread, had an hour before been bathing them in his wife's cunt.

I knew now by experience in all amatory matters, what a young couple placed as they were, were likely to do. That change of air and food, in travel, would stir the concupiscence of both, and was right in my conjecture. So soon as they rose from their breakfast, so did I, and got to my bedroom as fast as possible. A maid was making my bed, and I hurried her out of my room. Then peeping, I found she went to the room of the young couple, and no sooner there — than the young couple came in, and turned her out, saying that they should go out and she could make the bed then. The lady took out some clothes and for a time they chatted, tho I heard nothing. Then she loudly said. — "No, let's go out and see the town, I'm dying to see it, wait till night." — There was quiet laughter and scuffling. "Don't make such a noise Charles, hush!" and their voices dropped. — I felt sure he had begun something. Soon he was sitting on her bed-side, his hand up her petticoats, she standing by the bed-side nearly in front of him, with her bonnet on. She laid hold of his head with both hands, and kissed him, and I guessed that his titillation was awakening her lust. Then she bent slightly forwards, and I guessed was feeling him, but I heard nothing. They had now arranged it, for leaving him she took off her bonnet and returned. He had sat still and pulled his prick out. — She laid on the bed-side, he pulled up her clothes, but I could not see her split, for he stood in front of her. Then he put pillows under her head, and for the moment her legs dropped, but tho I then saw her motte, the thighs were closed and hid the split. How disappointed I felt. What would I not have given to have been or even seen between her thighs wide distended, that lovely, enticing, red lined gap of womankind.

He threw his coat on the bed, loosened his trowsers, she raised her legs, and playfully for a minute he joined her heels together, and

raised them up as high as he could, looking down, I suppose, to the slit pouting out between the closed thighs, as the cunts of women do in that posture. The next moment her legs were over his arms, his prick was up her, and ramming with energy, his trowsers fell down to his heels, his shirt covered his rump, and all I could see was the shaking of the linen as his rump wagged beneath it. She had silk stockings on, and her legs were fleshy. In two or three minutes they were in silent bliss. Then whilst I looked at them fucking, tho feeling at the same time annoyed at my waste of sperm, I frigged myself furiously.

He uncunted and just as he did so, to my astonish- ment he pushed her legs up in the air, and holding them up, dropped on his knees and looked at her quim. “Don't — now — Charles — I don't — like it — don't” —” said she spasmodically, struggling and loudly laughing, but by her tone evidently annoyed. They then left that bed. I heard china rattle out of my sight, and just then some one must have knocked, for he bawled out something. Then some one entered, and said they could change their room if they liked. There were questions asked about price, and they decided to remain. She asked who was in the room next to them, my room.

They went out after this, and I saw nothing till five o'clock, when she by herself was changing her dress for dinner. All day spite of the relief I had given my-self by fist fucking, I was as lewed as I could be, mad to see more of her, and to see his big prick; and more-over a desire to handle that prick, and frig it, took possession of me. I didn't check my desires however naughty they might seem, but let my imagination revel in baudy possibilities. (This I am more and more indulging in lately and afterwards debating mentally whether they are permissible or not.) I resolved now to frig myself again, seeing her as she stood in her petticoats looking most inviting, with half naked breasts, and naked arms and legs, showing almost to her knees.

She sat down to piddle, and in doing so seemed to fix her eye on the door. Instantly I felt sure that a suspicion had crossed her mind, and that she would come and peep. Instead of plugging the key hole with paper, a lascivious delight came over me as I thought I would show her my prick, so sat down quickly on a chair fronting the keyhole, pulled my prick and balls well out of my trowsers, and frigging my stiff prick gently, sat still. I felt sure I had seen, soon after, some one at the keyhole, that she had seen my prick, and I was delighted.

After a while I peeped again. She was dressed and moving about, glancing as I fancied at my door as she passed, and felt sure she would peep again, if she had once done so, I pushed a chair to such a spot, that lolling in it I could see light through the keyhole, took up a

newspaper, and seeming to read it, held it so that I could look over its edge at the keyhole. Soon the key-hole darkened for some minutes. All that time I kept my prick stiff so that she might see it well, and felt great delight at the idea of her having seen another prick stiff besides her husband's. Would she tell her husband? I wondered, and did she? most likely not. — Did I make her lewed? It was quite possible.

Her husband came in — they went down to dinner as did I, and was placed at the table d'hote not far from the lady, who after dinner did not seem embarrassed when I addressed her some civilities, nor to recognize me. Her observations thro the keyhole, were no doubt mainly directed to my prick. I got also into conversation with him, thinking of his prick and his vigor. Soon after dinner they went out.

I went to my room, and waited the whole evening in expectation. They came in about ten o'clock. Soon after I looked, and the key hole was covered. Mounting a chair, gimlet in hand, I bored a hole in the direction of her bed, and saw him, but in night-gown this time, fuck her — but I could not see so well as I had done through the key hole which was in the exact position to cover the bed. Then the light was put out, and I went to bed.

The desire still on me I awoke early, but they slept late. — When up, and he had opened the blind, again he fucked her. I had pushed out the paper which I found had been put in the hole, and saw the carnal movements well. After her pleasure, she turned her head round as she lay, and I am sure looked at the key hole, but not so he. — One grind sufficed them and they dressed. — I had mounted a chair to get to my gimlet hole, and had plugged up the key hole. — Breathless, I heard her moving there, tho I could not see her, being so close to the door as we both were — but she soon stood a little way off looking at the paper plug in her hand, which she had inserted in the key hole. Then again she came to the keyhole.

Now from my little spy hole, bored tho not in quite the right direction, I saw the wash-hand stand, and she wash her cunt, that pretty sight. Never does a woman look sweeter, than when squatting with clothes well off her thighs, she washes her cunt, yet on the reverse side, as well as I know, when squatting for a solid evacuation, how ugly does she look. Certainly less beautiful to me.

Then came more than usual disgust at myself for frigging, and directly after breakfast I went to a baudy house, had the women roused from their sleep, and fucked the selected one till neither fingers or cunt would make my prick stand.

I didn't see the couple till dinner time. Went after-wards to my room fucked out it is true yet lustfully waiting for my treat. I heard a gruff male voice — the beds were shifted - strangers were in the room. — The couple had moved to another room. — Did they know I was in

the adjoining room to them? — Who can say - did he ever know of the key hole? I think not, but who can tell? Did the young bride keep to herself that she had seen my prick through the key hole? Most likely.

Having spoken to them, I pushed my acquaintance, which seemed very welcome to them, for they had not travelled, whereas I had travelled much, and my experience they seemed glad of. I smoked with him, — wondering how his prick looked as he sat, and felt as if I could see clean through her petticoats as I talked to her, and never did so without a cock-stand. I hazarded one day a little smutty remark. She would not take it, but I saw that she understood it. Then every evening almost, disgusted at the recollection of my masturbation, I assuaged my lust with a gay lady — thinking of the chaste exercises I had witnessed thro the key hole of a bed-room door, for I suppose it is chaste if people are married — and abominably lustful if they are not. This lasted for ten days, when the couple left, and I left the day after.

[I have since seen scores of all sorts of couples at baudy houses, fucking there, and lascivious embraces of modest and immodest, in their maddest lust. But doubt if I ever yet have seen anything, so delicately and exquisitely voluptuous, as this newly married couple doing it. From dozens of gimlet holes in doors, I also have seen since, much variety partially, but no fucking so completely.]

Soon afterwards — tired of Paris and its heat, I left for Switzerland, and passed there many weeks. Women I had not often, but had plenty of exercise, and healthy fatigue, which made me care, or rather think, less about them. But when the want came on, it did so violently. In the mountain villages, it was difficult then to get any women at all, or if any they were of a low class. With one exception I find that I had none of them in those places. The exception was at * * * *, where wandering by myself in a meadow, smoking after dinner towards dusk, I saw a strapping woman washing linen in a brook. She had naked feet, short petticoats, and was rinsing linen by shaking it about in the stream and letting it float down, she holding one end, and squatting as she did so — with her petticoats tucked tightly between her legs, so as to prevent them getting wet.

The attitude, which was nearly that of a woman piddling, her large white calves, and the big bum which showed through slight clothing, roused my prick. In my mind's eye, I saw a red cunt gaping between two large white thighs, with two white globes in the back-ground, as I have often seen them over pot and basin, when lovely women of all colors and sizes, have squatted and pissed to gratify my eye-sight. My prick rose up with a positive jump as I fired with lust at the sight of her, and the thoughts she aroused in me.

I had approached her half from behind, and had, before she squatted, tho but for an instant only, seen her standing a little in the

stream, with petticoats still tighter beween her legs, and legs naked above the knees. Then she afterwards squatted as told. She had not noticed me approaching her.

After she saw me, she caught up the linen, wrung it, put it into a basket, and put another piece in the stream. I accosted her, impelled by lust, to say any-thing to begin a conversation. — “It's cold to your legs,” said I in French. — She laughed and answered me in German. — “Nein.” — Then I spoke in bad German, wasn't she cold when up to her knees? — “A little.” — “Don't it make you feel cold higher up in your thighs.” — She laughed louder. — “Nein, nein.” — She was accustomed to it.

I hesitated, fearful that she might be married — but her sturdy form appealed so strongly to my lust, that I hazarded it and said I was sure she was cold there — “I'd like to feel, and would give a Louis to feel if she was hot or cold.” — Now she hung her head on one side away from me, tho she laughed heartily but saying, “no—no.” — I pulled a Louis out of my purse, and held it up in front of one of my eyes, as if I was looking through it, and repeated my offer. — “Look here my love.” — She looked round and laughed more heartily than ever.

Hoisting the wet basket against one of her hips, she turned round, and went towards the village. I kept close to her — speaking in French, and broken German mixed, till we approached a poor looking chalet or cow-house, which stood a little way up a steepish bank, off from the rugged, rocky path up which she trudged with naked feet. — She turned up that way, which I didn't expect — stumbled and dropped her basket. “That's your fault,” said she. — “It's yours for not letting me feel. Is this your way home?” — “Yah, my relatives are there, and I wish you'd go, I suppose you're stop-ping at the Falcon” — all this was said in a breath. — I told her I was.

We were then close to the loghouse, and its door was wide open. — It's so difficult in Switzerland to do any-thing in the open without being seen, for from some rock, or corner, bush, or wood, or nook, you may be seen when you think you are quite secure — and the ears of the natives are so sharp at catching sounds. The chalet was in the meadow, but a, few feet from the half beaten track, and I saw my opportunity. — “Come, and let me see if you've taken cold there.” — and I laid hold of a bit of chemise sleeve, which covered her arm a little above her elbow. — “Come, here's the Louis, let me feel.”

“Nein — nein” — but she looked at me with staring eyes, hard for a second, and instinct told me that the woman wanting fucking. — Then she looked up and down — then back over our path— and all round, in a stealthy way, as if to see if any one was in sight. Her keen native eyes and ears would have told her, where mine would have

failed. I laid now hold of her arm, and uttering, — “Nein, leave me alone, sir” — she al-lowed herself to be dragged to the door of the chalet — laughing uneasily as she was tugged, and making a resistance which would not have broken a spider's web, till we were inside — after treading in cow's dung, which surrounded the door like a sea almost. Inside she put her basket down.

The next instant my hand was on a fat, well haired cunt, surrounded by thighs, and a backside which felt like marble. — I looked in dismay for a resting place to lie down, and had pushed her up against what looked like a wooden wall, intending an uprighter, when I saw it was a division with a rough gate and a wooden latch. Inside the chalet it was now darkish. Lifting the latch, the door or gate swung back, I saw coarse hay, straw, or grass, rapidly pushed her down on it, and after a rapturous excited grope, and that lewed feeling of a woman, in which every part of her, from her navel to her back bone and hips, seems to be felt over in a second, I thrust my prick up her, and spent almost ere I had begun. I had been many days without a woman, and had even had a wet dream for want of one.

Quick as I was, she was as quick, and spent with me. She didn't hide her love emotions. “I must get back, they will wonder where I am.” — “Speak in French if you can,” said I, not understanding quite. — She did. (Most peasants in that part speak both French and German.) “Lie still, I'm going to do it again.” — She slid her hand down between our bellies, and felt as if to see whether I spoke true or not. — I clasped her arse which I had scarcely done before, and went on fucking. I had filled her cunt, and in the dead silence of the chalet, only broken by the chirping of innumerable crickets outside, I could hear the flick-flack, as my prick and balls worked in the moisture, out and in of her overflowing cunt. — That noise ceased, as the friction and heat of our genitals, thickened it to a spermy paste, and then only came our murmurs as we spent to-gether. Never did a cunt seem to be more delicious than that of the sturdy Swiss woman, whom I fucked twice without uncunting, plain faced tho she was.

She rose quickly, and seemed to have forgotten my gold. — “I must go to my home, they will wonder.” — “Here is the Louis, meet me again to-morrow.” — “No, I can't and be silent about this, mein Herr'n.” — “Where do you live.” — “Over there, I am servant, but don't come, — don't see me — don't talk about it.” — “Never maiden will I tell, but I must see you to-morrow.” — “No. I wash only every other day down there at eventide — but there are usually other maid-ens. — Good night.” — and off she tripped. — “Don't come out with me.” And she shut the gate of the en- closure. — I waited some minutes in the chalet, so as not to compromise her.

I got back to the little hotel, and next day wanted a woman more

than ever. — It is often so with me now. If I have not a woman for some days, I can for a while go on without them, then when I have one, I want to have regular copulation badly. — It was Sunday, and I strolled about and entered a small chapel outside the village, and there with a dozen or so of women and a few men, I saw this woman in native costume with shoes and stockings on, at prayers. — I scarcely recognized her, so nice and clean did she look, and she seemed not twenty-five, — whereas on the previous night I had guessed her over thirty. — Had she confessed to her priest? — oh, if a cunt could speak!

She recognized me and looked uncomfortable. — She seemingly was not married. — I waited outside the chapel till mass was over, and saw her go off with a strapping Swiss-man. How I longed for her, and envied him, for I made sure that he fucked her, and followed them at a distance thinking libidinously, till I could do so no longer without being noticed. I idled about all day as I usually do on Sundays, spying for her at intervals. In the evening, I heard at the end of the village, music in a sort of barn, attached to what in England would be called a low public house. Entering it, there was she dancing with peasants, with which the place was quite full. I did not see her morning's swain. — She saw me, and it seemed to upset her and she danced no more. My entry indeed, seemed to have slightly checked them all.

Feeling this, I left without noticing her (she had not bestowed any recognition on me but a slight stare) but passing her, I muttered, “Come outside,” for my prick began again to tingle at the sight of her. In about a quarter of an hour out she came. It was quite dark. — I would have her — no she would be caught and must get home, they would be all out of the tavern soon, and all over the paths — we should be caught. — But trust a peasant woman in any country who had been fucked, for if there is any snug corner for fucking in, she knows it. — Soon I had her up against a shed, and fucked her. — What a bum and thighs she had. — The solidity of her flesh struck me, and what a lovely cunt — its smoothness, lubricity, and grip seemed perfect. She would not wait to give me a second pleasure, and was off with her cunt full, almost at a run.

Before she went, she said she would be washing at eventide next night. — But if other women were there what could she do, I must wait inside where I had had her — no one at that time would go there, and she would come if she could, but unless she could manage to stay till the last of them she couldn't come to me, and how could she know if that would be so. — I suggested a dozen lies for being late. None she said would do, but hoping, we parted with that arrangement.

I hid myself in the shed an hour before the time, after seeing three or four women at the brook washing, but not she. At quite dusk however, I heard a tread. In she came, and fucked she was twice, before she de-parted. Now I felt that she had a splendid pair of breasts.

So exquisite did copulation seem with her, that I wanted to see the article which gave me so much gratification. I had not even had a glimpse of it, not even of her thighs, for all had been done in the nearly dark chalet. We were but ten miles or thereabouts from the town of B***e, where I knew a brothel. There was no railway then, but a cheap diligence ran along the road. — Could she meet me there? I told her that I longed to see, as well as feel, her charms.

Nothing will baulk a female of her fucking if she means it. — A day or so afterwards, she met me there in midday. — I took her to the house, and the woman refused me admittance. — She had three women there, and gentlemen came to see them, but she did not let out rooms — I was staggered, insisted, offered double the value of the room, and at last got one. — Behold me in the house with my Swiss, who was a sturdy one indeed. I could scarcely get up enough flesh of her thighs or backside, to pinch between finger and thumb. She was like marble. Her cunt was a clipper inside, and a pretty one outside, but she was a very plain faced, dark-eyed woman. I stayed with her four hours, fucked till I could not get a stiff one, and went back. She took her Louis. — The price of women at the house as I knew, was but five francs.

The man I saw her with outside the chapel was going to marry her. — “Bah, my dear, he has fucked you.” — “Never he. He would not marry me if he had,” she said. Her name was ***• She lived with her father and mother, and did all their work, and that was why she said she was a servant — and she averred that she was only twenty-one. — I might enquire if I liked, but I was satisfied and left * * * * * next morning, much relieved of spunk and much pleased with the adventure. A coarse wench like her is often as good as the finest lady I have ever yet had, at fucking, and is an agreeable variety. But how do they prevent getting in the family way? — This woman when I told her not to wash after' my lubrication — acquiesced. — She was quite modest in manner, I had to coax a good deal before I saw her cunt and backside, had almost indeed a fight about it.

As the greatest heat of the summer was getting over, I crossed over the mountains with a friend, and leaving him to return to England, shaped my course towards the south of France, intending to go by sea to Southern Italy.

Chapter II

A middle-aged masturbatrix. • At a French sea-port. • Mrs. C**p**n. • Introduced. • Her voluptuous looks. • "Where do you garter?" • A kiss on the stairs. • In her bed-room. • Frank impudicity. • Not quite a gamahuche. • What's her little game? • Mutual masturbation. • Her maid. • "You won't do it now." • Both naked. • My reflections about her behaviour. • Our second amusements. • Masturbation resumed. • Her taste for it. • Her half promise not kept. • Her sudden departure. • At F**re. • A moral Valet-de-place. • An immoral one. • A female establishment. • Maria alone. • With Maria and Antonia. • With Francesca. • With the three sisters to-gether. • Frolics voluptuous, salacious, libidinous. • Empty testicles.***

Toward the end of September I was in an hotel at a great seaport in the south of France, and at the table d'hote, sat next to a fine, hazel-eyed, dark chestnut-haired woman, who looked full five and thirty. I got acquainted with her, a friend of mine introducing her to me as Mrs. C**p**n. He left the same day and I could ask him no more questions about her. She was travel-ling with a maid, and said she was the wife of an officer whose regiment she named, and who was coming home from the East. — She had come to meet him on landing, but when he might arrive was uncertain. We seemed to take a great liking for each other, and of course it occurred to me, that she would make a good temporary bedfellow. I saw her ankle and a bit higher as she sat down. The foot was beautiful, the swell of the calve enticing, and I fancied she let more of it be seen than was needful. — Point blank after dinner the next day I praised it to her. She stared me full in the face a long time in a peculiar way, and said I had no business to look, but there was something in her eyes, which made me say to myself, "That woman's dying for a man." Her husband had been away three years, according to her account.

I tried the same devices by which I have succeeded with others. They are monotonous in their sameness, but they come instinctively, and I found them fit most cases. — They are best made when the stomach is warmed by a good meal, for then little by little, a woman helps you if she be sensuous. The pleasure you give by words or hints, stirs up her latent lewedness, and she returns them by little facilities leading to the desired end; for tho cunning in these particulars, she is not able quite to stifle and conceal her desires. She lets you see by her chaff that she understands you, and instinct leads both gradually to the grand end of it all — copulation — Mrs. C**p**n's lovely ankle

was the beginning of my talk. “You have a superb form,” — (She was magnificent but very ample in bulk.) “I know” — said I that evening after dinner when sitting in the twilight, “but you make that lovely leg by gartering below knee, which pushes the calve out.” — “No, above.” — I'm sure it's below.” — “No, above, won't you take my word.” — “I won't — convince me.” — “How?” She looked hard at me. “Think of a way, I know one, let me try.” — Go along,” said she, rising up and laughing, but looking so randy.

The next day at luncheon I spoke of her long celibacy. — Didn't she wish her husband back. — Of course she did. — “Especially at night?” — “At all times,” said she, seeming not to understand me. — “At all times? Why, you'd want two husbands.” — So we joked on. The same night I kissed her. — “Let me,” said I in a whisper and not another word but that. — “Let you — Oh — Oh.” There was not further coquetry or sham of not understanding me, in order to force a plainer spoken demand, as women sometimes do. — “Impossible” — said she — “Is it quite?” — “Quite” — “Let's talk about it a bit.” — “You rude fellow, what would your wife say if I told her. ” — “I haven't one.” — “Your mistress.” — “I haven't one.” — “No?” — “No. I find a kind friend everywhere.” — “Oh, you rake,” — I kissed her again, she was then going to her room (it was now quite dusk), on an angle of a large landing of the staircase. — “The servants will see you, don't.” — We went up another flight, and again I kissed. — “Don't, my maid is waiting.” — “Kiss me then.” — “There,” said she, kissing me, “It's the first and the last.” I clutched her to me whispering. — “You don't garter above knee” — “I do.” — “I'll feel,” and suited the action to the word. “You rude man, — hush! — there is my maid, — don't,” — but I had felt the garter and flesh above it before she retreated her legs; then fearful of compromising her I ceased. She went demurely into her corridor. — “I'm longing for you,” said I as we parted. — “Hish” — and the swing doors across the corridor closed between us.

My room was on the next floor. I did not go up to it then, but as I heard her footsteps dying away in the corridor, followed her at a distance. — She went into her bed-room. I saw no servant open the door, so went to her door, listened, and heard nothing but the clatter like that of a pisspot put back on the shelf. Just then in the distance, the porter began lighting the gas in the corridor at its extreme end, and it occurred to me that her maid must be having her supper, as they do at hotels after the evening table d'hote, and I knocked at her door. She opened it and I slipped in like lightning. — “You?” said she astonished — “Go away — go.” — “Wait till the lamplighter has gone,” said I, shutting the door. It won't do for him to see me go out from here.”

The room was darkish. — “Oh that garter — let me feel it again.”

— “I won't, the lamplighter must have gone, — You go now.” — “But the people will be coming up to their rooms now it's dark — let us.” — I locked the door, and hugged her. — “How foolish of you to expect me to let you, if that's what you are here for?” — “Yes and don't mean to go till I've had you.” — “Hisheee, said she, hisheee. — don't speak so loud, there are people in the next room.” But I noticed there was no door connecting her room with those adjoining it.

My arm was next minute round her neck, I was kissing her, was beside her on the sofa, felt her garter, her thigh and with a bold push now her cunt. — “You've just piddled” said I. “Yes I have, — now go away, aren't you satisfied, yet?” — With a gentle push she dislodged my hand, rose from the sofa, and went to the door. — Did she intend me to go — to get away from her own weakness, or to give me a better chance still? — I have always thought that she really wanted me to go, that it was the last struggle against her lewedness.

— “Go now, do” — “I won't.” — “My maid will be coming.” — “Say you are in bed and don't want her.”

— “What will she think?” — “Nothing” — and then was a long pause.

Putting my arms round her, I pulled her to the bed without her resisting at all, and sat her on the edge, and myself by the side of her. — “Let's fuck you, I'm sure you've a lovely cunt.” I find that I always compliment women that way under similar circumstances. “You rude fellow.” I pushed her back on the bed, quickly fell on my knees — pushed her clothes up, and had my mouth on her motte and kissed it, before she could recover her perpendicular. Then puffing her legs open by grasping each calve, and lifting them, I kept her on her back. Lower and lower down I now bur-rowed my head between her thighs, till my mouth was on her cunt, and I was sniffling and revelling in the warmth and aroma. — She didn't struggle now, she was overcome by lewedness.

But I did not gamahuche her, tho I think her thighs opened with an invitation that way, when my mouth was there. I rarely did anything of the sort. And when I had kissed, felt, and smelt all about her haunches and navel, I pulled out my prick and rising shewed it her, but it was dark nearly. “Feel it love. — Feel it.” — “Don't now, pray” said she, rising up but laying tight hold of it. — “Let me fuck you” “I won't, I dare not,” said she resolutely. “Be content.” She resisted my pushing her back again, but still kept tight hold of my prick, so I frigged her clitoris delicately, kissing her all the while. She will let me, I thought, if I frig her well, for I know how voluptuously helpless a woman becomes at last by frigging, how as her pleasure comes on, the cunt yearns for a prick stretching, and for sperm. She breathed hard, feeling my prick convulsively. — “Get on the bed

dear," said I, lifting her left leg up easily and still frigging. — She would not get on the bed but leant against my shoulder as I held her.

It was now quite dark, I could just see the whiteness of part of her fleshy thighs, but her clothes dropped over my frigging hand and hid her cunt, her head lay on my shoulder, my left arm was round her waist. — "Oho — Oho" — she sighed, I'm — coming — kiss me." She pushed her mouth towards mine, her left leg came off the bed, her thighs opened, and quivered. — I felt my own pleasure rising, she knew it and frigged me quicker, and I spent over her whilst she sobbed out — "Kiss — me — k — k — iss — me — ah —" and spent as well. I had pushed my fingers up and all over her cunt, when I felt I was coming, and cried, "Don't, let's f — fuck." — But it was too late, we had frigged each other. Then we were quiet, I still holding her, my fin-gers outside her wet cunt, she keeping firm of my prick, from which the sperm was still gently running, and dropping on to her thighs, legs or dress.

"Why didn't you let me fuck you," said I angrily. "We have spoiled our pleasures." — "Oh, you rude man, — I told you I wouldn't" — "My spunk's over your thighs, or your dress somewhere." — "You rude man, go away and I'll see to it." — "I won't go, I mean to fuck you." — "You mustn't." — My anger over, I tried coaxing but a knock came. — "Who is that?" she cried. — "Me, ma'am." — It was the maid. A pause. — "I've gone to bed and shan't want you to-night." — Off the woman went.

Further parley was useless, and feeling the lucifer box, I struck a light. — She rushed to the window and drew down the blind. We looked at each other, and she smiled.

Said I, "Such a thing never occurred in my life before, to be with a beautiful woman, and be frigged, in-stead of fucking her, — Look at your dress, my seed is on it." — "Are you going?" said she. — "No, not till I've seen all your charms, and I've fucked you. — "You must not do that," said she composedly but pleasantly, "for I am frightened." Finding that I would stay, she took off her dress and sponged away the signs of my pleasure, quite unconcerned in manner whilst doing it. Then I began spooning, and playing with her what are stupidly called indecent familiarities, as if anything can be indecent between a man and woman, when they are alone, and like what they do.

It was about half-past eight or nine. The frigging and the preliminaries, from the time I entered her room, had scarcely taken longer than it takes to write this. We must have both been awfully randy and full of our juices for the frigging was soon over. — Now I wanted it almost as badly as ever. Her lovely naked arms, and plump legs, now showing, her dress being off, whetted my appetite. I sat

down on the sofa, she did the same unasked, and let me do what I liked without her saying a word, I felt her breasts, thighs, and quim. We kissed, our tongues met, and our mouths joined in moisture. She laid hold of my prick. “I do want it so,” I said, frigging her again. “Don't you.” “Yes, but we mustn't do that.” — Then her bum got restless, I heard a sigh, it looked very much as if we were going to repeat the double masturbation, which was very nice, but I wanted more. — “Let me see you naked, for I won't go on frigging on the sofa,” said I. — No, she was quite undressed enough, she replied.

I insisted, warmed her, and pulled up her petticoats to look. — “Do let me see you naked for you must be beautiful.” — “I won't be quite naked,” said she, but she stripped to her chemise, then standing up, she let me look at her all over, lifting her chemise from part to part. — “But your cunt, let me see it.” — Without a word she laid placidly down on the side of the bed, opened her thighs, and let me see it. — It was a full-lipped, middle-aged, hairy one, but voluptuous looking. My prick was stiff. Getting her as I thought off her guard, I pressed my body over hers, holding her round the haunches, and trusting to my rigid tool to find its entrance, I shoved vigorously, and struck the cunt somewhere: but momentarily only, for she struggled up.

“It's of no use your trying,” said she, for you shan't.” — “Well, let's talk, and lie down together.” — She laid down on the bed. I thought to myself if I can only mount you, you'll be fucked as surely as you'll shit before this day fortnight, so I stripped to my shirt, and got on to the bed to her, and as quietly as if we had been man and wife, we laid for a minute. — “Now don't be nonsensical any more,” said I. — “You want it, what's the good of humbugging so?” — I don't think she answered at all but laid still, and I thought she was only coquetting with me.

I tried to mount her. We had been laying on our sides, but belly to belly so closely, that my prick al- most touched her motte. I had drawn one of her thighs up over mine, her cunt was opened by the attitude and within a few inches of my balls. I was fingering it from behind, my hand and arm twisted over her bum, but her legs closed together when I tried to turn her on her back. Then she laid hold of my prick again. — Has she got anything the matter with her? thought I for a moment — Nonsense! it's only a female whim, a sham. So taking my hand from her bum side, I put my fin-gers on her clitoris and frigged again, hoping to get my aim by that help. — Our bodies were so close together, that I could not frig well. Gradually we separated more. I pulled up her chemise to her breasts, kissed her cunt and then resumed my work. — She turned then on to her back. — I was on my side, and then she clutched my prick and frigged me. —

“Don't,” said I, ceasing my fingering — “Go on, said she, do it to me — don't stop” and with heaves of her arse, she cried out. — “Oh — I' m— coming, — kiss me.” — She spent again, and by Jove I was near spending, for she frigged on, till by an effort of will I dragged my prick from her hand.

More angry than before. — “What is the matter with you,” I said. — “You must not do that.” — “Are you poorly?” — “Perhaps so,” she answered with a laugh.

— That had occurred to me, but I had found no signs of it on my fingers. Then followed a conversation which left me in the belief that she was, or expected to be poorly; and that she would let me fuck her in a day or two. — Without using a lewed word, she talked quite freely. She liked being frigged she said when I questioned her. After a time I frigged her again, but she would feel me when having her pleasure, and tho for a time I resolutely prevented myself, by taking away her hand when I felt pleasure increasing, yet it ended in my letting her do it to me — and this time she leant upon one elbow to operate. She had done spending her-self. — “I like doing it,” said she, “let me.” — “You'll let me fuck when your poorliness is over if I do.” — “I will see about that,” and I left her with that half promise. It was late, and watching my opportunity, I slipped warily out of her room.

When I thought over the matter, I was astonished at myself. I who never liked frigging myself or being frigged, excepting as an occasional whim, or for curiosity about the nature of my spunk, had passed an evening with a fine woman, frigging her, and being frigged. — Not with a gay woman, but with a mature lady, who never uttered a baudy word, indeed scarcely spoke, but who seemed to have but one desire, to frig and be frigged. How she led me on to it — how enticed me I know not — it seems to me now almost incredible — yet I tell exactly as it occurred.

Next day she did not appear. Her maid, a sour looking woman, said she was unwell. — The day following, the lady was fresh, smiling, and lunching by her-self — I asked her to let me go to her room after lunch-eon. — She refused, but I watched her till she went up-stairs, and followed at a distance. — In day-light it was difficult to get to her door without being noticed — but afterwards I saw her servant going down stairs, the corridor was empty and quiet, and I knocked loudly at her door. She had been in her room about a quarter of an hour. “Who's there,” said she in French. I answered in French in such a manner, that she could not understand who it was or what was wanted. The door then opened slightly and she showed her head. — I pushed myself thro violently, nearly upsetting her, and closed the door — she was half-undressed, and was having a nap when I knocked.

“I told you no,” said she angrily. — “Do you want to ruin me, it's broad daylight, now go, I won't have you stop.” — I wouldn't go, her bare arms and breasts and short petticoats delighted me. I pulled out my prick and that quieted her, and she got lewed I suppose. We sat on the bed edge feeling each other. — It's lovely to have a nice woman fondling one's cock, but still she would not let me fuck her. — She didn't want it, her poorliness was coming on, and she made various other excuses, but kept tight hold of my prick. — I went on gently rubbing her clitoris, entreating her, until her backside began to wriggle and then I left off frigging and pulled my prick out of her hand. — “I won't frig you,” said I — “Nobody asked you,” said she, puffing her clothes down. But her eyes were lewedness itself.

Then I noticed she had a bottle on the table. She is drinking on the sly, thought I. It was a liqueur, we both drank some, I went on talking baudy, she laughing and calling me a rude man. — Again after a while I began feeling her, I could not resist it. — “Come to the bed and lie down — we can enjoy it that way better, even if you won't let me fuck you.” She took all off but her chemise, I stripped and we laid down, I hoping still to get an insertion when she was excited. She had let me do all this, but her manners were neither lewed, nor bashful, nor forward; they were just as a woman would behave to a husband or lover. — Not a baudy word could I get out of her, and never recollect having a woman so peculiar in manner, when giving way to our passions as we were.

It was great pleasure to have this handsome, large thighed woman by my side, with her cunt open to my fingers, but I determined not to have a repetition of the previous amusement, so frigged her gently, keeping up the lustful irritation, but taking care not quite to satisfy her. Several times her hand sought my cock, but I would not let her hold it. I watched her, saw when she was just about to spend, and then ceased. — “Oh, what a shame to tease me so” — said she, wriggling and jerking her backside, and sighing. — “Why do you do that?” — “Because I want to fuck you.” — “Then you won't” — said she, sitting up, I told you so, I dare not, and wish you would go, — I tried to force her but it was fruitless. Then I could restrain myself no longer, I seemed to want to frig her, I wanted to give her pleasure so, and to see it, so went on. She clutched my penis with her soft hand, manipulated it voluptuously, and my spunk gushed out over her thighs, just as she spent. Then turning, she kissed me endearingly and we talked. She took no heed of the sperm on her thigh, but let it lay there till I removed it with a towel.

“Be reasonable, said she — I'm just going to be poorly, its just the dangerous time, and I should be sure to get in the family way if you did it, that would be a nice affair for me just now. Wait till next week

and I'll think about it." If I got a French letter, I asked, would she. — She professed not to know what that was and I had to explain, but she must have been trying to humbug me. No, she would not have any such thing put in her. — My resolution was now gone, I could not forgo the pleasure of a nice soft hand twiddling my prick, nor the pleasure of feeling her soft, satiny cunt. — Besides she let me look at it, it was very handsome, and it was a real, and quite a novel pleasure, to frig a handsome, voluptuous creature, who made no secret of her delight in having it done to her, who kissed me with her tongue and used every blandishment. So I frigged her two or three times more, till her cunt got very wet, but resolved she should not do it to me. Then an extraordinary letch seized me. Wetting her hand with my saliva, mixed with her own spendings, she laid hold of my tool, I laid half on her, grasping her arse as if I was fucking her, and thrust it through her hand, sucking her mouth and fancying as well as I could that it was up her cunt, till I spent.

Did she frig her husband? — Did he do it so to her, I asked. — "No" — she wouldn't tell, and generally re-plied to similar questions, "Oh you rude fellow." In fact, out of her I could squeeze no information, but she was delighted at hearing about my intrigues, and amorous tricks; and asked much about the women and the pleasures I took with them. I did not mince my words, and explained all in lascivious language, and then I frigged her. We were all but naked, but some-times she would pull her chemise down as if she had just thought of the exposure, but in minute I would have it up again, and for nearly four hours, we were at this libidinous amusement. The hour of dinner approached, she said she was so tired that she must dine in her room, and she should remain there till her poorliness was over, it was coming on.

Next day I did not expect her, but the day after, not seeing her maid about, I walked past her room. A servant was cleaning it, I peeped in and saw no trunks. "Has Mrs. *** gone to luncheon," said I. — "The lady who was here left this morning by an early train," said the man. I never saw her again. In England a year afterwards, I met my friend who had introduced her to me, and found that he only knew her by having been introduced to her. — Of course I never told him of my amusements with her. This is one of the funniest episodes of my travel, indeed of my private life. — A most singular woman that. — Was frigging her passion, what did she do at that seaport, were she and the maid waiting for her husband, and who and what was she?

After that, by the Messageries Imperiale maritime, I went to Italy, and arrived at F**r***e towards the end of September, and found that city sweltering under al-most a midsummer heat. I had not expected

this.

When I was at F**r***e I had three sisters, and it is the only time I ever had three, tho a dozen times I have had two sisters. — It was in the middle of the day, a scorching hot day, and a Valet-de-place had been with me to some of the sights of the town. When lust got hold of me very strongly, I resisted it till after lunch-eon, when my food made me more lustful, and I asked him if he could show me a house where I could get a woman.

To my astonishment, he drew himself up, said he was a gentleman, had been a soldier, and that he knew of no such place, that he showed people about the town and nothing more, and pulling out a book, loquaciously wished me to see the testimonials he had received. As I had had no difficulty with Italian valets before in such matters, — I was slightly surprized and annoyed, and told him he need not trouble himself, and that I did not wish to see testimonials. We then went to see a Church, inside of which he turned to me, and said that tho he could do nothing of the sort himself, he being a gentleman, he would find me a man who would. I told him not to bother himself, that I dare to say I could find all I wanted without him. But as we came out in-to the street he beckoned a respectable looking man, spoke with him, and then said to me that the man knew those places, should he leave me. I waited to see if any well-dressed harlot was on the plaza but saw none, so dismissed my valet, and accompanied the other to a quarter, where in a nice looking house, he rang a bell at a first floor door. It was opened by a woman who evidently knew him. I told him not to wait as I would pay my valet for him in the evening, and he left me.

In another minute I was in a handsome room, and a middle-aged woman introduced a lovely Italian woman, dressed in the thinnest summer costume, very decollete, and with arms naked to her armpits. I was in that state of concupiscence that any woman would have satisfied me, so nodding to the mistress who retired, the lady and I sat down on an ample sofa, and without ado I began preliminaries. My finger was on her cunt in a second, and she seeing how matters stood, unbuttoned my trowsers, and got hold of my red hot prick, kissing and blandishing me all the time most voluptuously.

How lovely her slightly brown flesh looked against the white chemise, and what a crisp black haired cunt she had. She was easy enough in her ways, raised no objections to my investigations, and I had immense pleasure in pulling her about for a minute or two, opening her cunt, turning her round in various directions, and looking at her on all sides and in all ways. She only spoke Italian. Then I got her to the bed “e molto caldo” said she. “Shall I strip?” It was awfully hot, and how cool, and smooth, and solid, her lovely buttocks felt, as I

clasped them on that hot day.

A few thrusts and my prick had throbbed out its sperm. She retired for ablution, returned, and I paid her, which I found was the custom of that house, and prepared to go, for I had reasons for not wishing to be known to remain there long. I had the address which was all I wanted. The mistress spoke French and I talked with her in that language, preferring it to Italian. — Just before leaving she asked if I would have another lady. — Declining that, she shewed me the way out.

But it was thro a room this time that she led me, and there on a sofa was a lovely young creature lying down nearly undressed, tho dressed, and fanning herself. Her beautiful breasts were starting over her loose bodice, the bubbies shewed. Her chemise and dress (both of the thinnest muslin), were raised carelessly so that the flesh of the smallest part of one thigh could be seen, and both legs were clad in white silk, her feet were in delicate satin slippers, and she was the picture of a voluptuous woman, idle with the heat, careless with lewedness of who saw her nudity, and enjoying her own semi-nakedness. As she fanned herself, a hairy arm pit black as coal, was alternately disclosed and hidden. I stood fascinated, she smiled. “There is a lovely Donna,” said the baud. I stood speechless, gazing at her, for she was the personification of lust, refined and elegant.

“How like she is to the other lady,” said I when I found words. “It's her younger sister,” said the mis- tress, — “her form is exquisite, look,” and she pulled the girl's clothes up over the upper most haunch, and gave me just a glimpse of the edge of the black motte. The girl laughed, and pushed them down again smiling at me — but both thighs were now a little exposed just above garters, which were narrow, thin, golden stripes.

I was on fire at once — all the blood in my body seemed rushing into my prick. — “What is your name “cara mia.” — “Maria, Signor,” — I sat myself down on the sofa, rapidly, ran my hand up between her thighs, nodded to the woman who disappeared, and the next instant was kissing Maria's motte, sniffing at her cunt, and kissing her all over in rapture. — She was the very counterpart of the woman I had just had, tho a little younger, and very slightly smaller, and when I told her so. — “Si, si, si, — e vero.” She said. — “Look here — my mouth, — my nose — my hands are my sister's.” — “And your cunt?” — “Si, si, e la mona,” and it was so. Tho my lust had only been assuaged a quarter of an hour, — I was all for a feel and a fuck in her. I saw at a glance that the two cunts even were as alike as two peas. Impatient as I was to taste her pleasures, I could not wait to gratify my eye-sight, and pushed her back on the sofa. — “There is more room on the bed,” said she.

On the bed we got both naked — and with slower pace, and with more gradual pleasure, I fucked Maria. — She spent with me, I don't think her sister did. — “Yes” — said Maria. — “I never enjoy a fuck at any-time as I do an hour after luncheon, Antonia does not, but my sister Francesca likes it after luncheon as I do. If the Signor permits may I smoke?”

“Your sister Francesca — have you another sister here?” said I, astonished. — It was true. The girl told me that she had two sisters in the house, and all gay. “Would I see her sister?” in dalliance with her I thought of her suggestion but resolved not — washed my prick (— the lady in this case washing her cunt at the same time) and thinking, thinking as I washed, “What, another sister! — I want to get back to my hotel. No, I'll have her another time” — and I dressed, but still thinking, and desiring to see the other, to compare her with the two, to know if what she said were true or not, for I doubted it, — and at last carried by desire which overruled my wise intention, and with hat on ready to go, I sat down. “Well, ask Francesca to come.”

Laughing, up Maria got, and called out at the door. The baud came in smiling. “Francesca is out, has gone for a promenade.” — “Non credo,” said I. — Maria has not two other sisters here.” — But both women protested that it was true. She would be in soon, at supper time certainly, would I call and see her then — saying perhaps I would, but not believing the history, I departed.

After dinner I sat meditating on the days amusements, on the family likeness of the two, in form, eyes and even in thighs and cunt. Then, doubting my observations, made under the impetuous, bewildering impulse of lust, for the fresh and lovely women, seen by me for the first time, I began to doubt their being sisters, and the evidence of my own eyes. Then I thought of the third, whom I had not seen. Was she like the others — had she the family likeness in face and cunt. P'shaw, a baud's lie — a bait to draw me, — but what matters if it be — they were a lovely couple and how much alike — tho different in the manner when copulating. So ran my thoughts, as in the warm evening I sat smoking a cigar, till my prick stood, at the recollection of its treat in the two dark haired cunts. Then eager with fresh desire, I hailed a vettura, and in seven minutes was at the woman's rooms.

The old woman opened the door, smiled, and I dare say expected me, accustomed to the results of her baiting. What lady did I wish. — “Francesca,” the sister of the two others — if she were a sister. — “Yes, certainly she is sister of Signorini Antonia and Maria,” — I was in a strange room with bed and sofa, and waited expectantly for about five minutes, then in walked a lady taller than the other two but with a distinct family dress affording the same facilities for sexual frolics.

She sat down on the sofa. In a minute I felt her cunt, then on my suggestion she stripped as did I — I saw she was an exquisite creature, and kissed her lovely flesh all over.

There were but two wax lights in the room, quite enough for that sweltering night, but a feeble light, and difficult by it to see the region of love in its dark hairy surroundings. Delicately I asked her if she would let me see closer “certemente,” said she. Then conveniently placing herself to aid me, pleased almost in so favoring me, with candle in hand I saw an adorable crimson slit, with its dark brown thicket. I held the lips open, and gratified my eyesight, till tumultuous throbs in my stiff penis told me that it was impatient for its turn of enjoyment.

A minute afterwards, it was sheathed in her fleshy scabbard, and left it only a poor, shrinking, but con-tented shadow of its former self, after it had been full ten minutes within the lady's cunt. I had lain on her that time, with my sweat trickling over her lovely body, for it was a hot night, and I was full of good food and wine, and was heated. She seemed as cool as a cucumber.

She washed it, and I saw again the opening to the road, in which I had had such a glorious ride. Saw, or fancied I saw, a likeness to those of her sisters. Again I stretched her thighs apart to receive mine, again my penis distended her cunt, again I spurted my spermatic liquor up her, and happy in my day's work, went back to my hotel, with my imagination inflamed to a conflagration of lust, when I thought of the three sweet creatures whose pleasures I had tasted. Thinking kept me awake nearly all night, tired as I was with heat and fucking.

Next day I went about sightseeing, thinking I was satisfied, and reposed most of the day. But my prick stood at intervals, for I had done nothing materially to fatigue my genitals the day before, and before that had been continent for days. Next day I awakened with a standing cock — how restless I felt — how my thought turned to the trio of damsels, as I passed in my mind the sensations I had had as I passed my body into each of them.

After breakfast my longing increased, I eyed every lady at the tables at the hotel, wondering what sort of form, what sort of cunt she had, if she had been fucked that night, and so on thro a variety of baudy possibilities, till able to restrain myself no longer, I went to the house of the three Paphians — it was about 11 o'clock a.m.

Signorina Antonia was within, the others had gone to mass, said the woman. I could wait if I liked. They had friends with them I hazarded. — “Not so,” she re-plied — they would breakfast at midday. — “Say I will come at one o'clock.” Back to the hotel I went, and fed in lustful agitation, for I had made up my mind to see all three together, tho their price was high, extravagantly high for Italy, and

much more than at the time I could afford. — But I had thought over them so much, had laid out such intentions of lascivious delight, that come what might, cost what it might, I determined to see them all together. Three sisters, my God, and I had fucked them all — when should I have a chance like that again. I longed to compare them together, al-most to fuck them all at once.

At the hour I had named, there was I alone in a large handsome bed-room, but on the sunny side of the house, the blinds and shutters closed, that the room was al-most dark. A quarter of an hour passed, no one appeared, so I rang a bell, and in soon after came one. — "Where is your sister?" — "You want her with me?" "Yes, cara mia — and Francesca also." — "Ah Dio. All of us, all three?" — "E certamente." — And after a little delay, all three were with me, and all smoking cigarettes.

"But I can't see here — open the shutters" — "e troppo caldo Signor." — I did not care, I insisted — I had come to see, specially to see the three graces — to examine, to compare, to see if they were sisters or not. — After much trouble, I got one of the rooms I had had before, smaller it is true, but where with blinds up, I had all the brilliant light of day and no sun, and then my pleasure began.

I can scarcely describe the voluptuous joys I had for some hours. I had some good Chianti sent in, then other wine. They had fed, so had I, the lust of all of us was coursing through our veins, and I believe that all I did gave those three beauties voluptuous pleasure. We sat smoking and drinking nearly naked. I talked in my indifferent Italian to their great amusement — and played all manner of tricks with them all. Never has my imagination prompted more lascivious tricks than I played.

It would take too much time to tell of half of the erotic tricks I played with them all. What I did with one, I did with the others, or something like it, but each had my attentions in their turn.

How strange is lust or love. In all countries the har-lot is the same. All nationalities use the same incitements. In all parts of the world I have found it so. Black or white, in hot or cold countries, all play with the male, and the male with the female in the same manner; and I believe, if we could get at the fact, that married, and what are called chaste women, do the same with their husbands. That all men, with all women, in fact do the same, for they all have pricks or cunts, and prick and cunt are mutually provocative of each other to sensual play, before they kill their lust for the time, in each other's arms by fucking. Variety and range depend on the sense of beauty, which one or both of them possesses, and on their natural salacity, for there are certainly cold-arsed, if there are hot-arsed women — and equally so — men, who seldom want a woman, nor think of them till they do;

whilst others are thinking of women always, during every unoccupied moment of thought.

I have had, many times, sisters. Both those who were not gay, and those who were — I half think that a girl fucked illicitly, as it is wrongly called, delights in stimulating her sister's lust, till she has fucked like-wise. — I have heard “She is my sister — mia sorore — ma soeur, monsieur — oui vraiment — meine schwester” — and the same in half a dozen tongues — but this is the only time as yet that I have had three sisters. And sisters they unmistakably were. — Face, form, and cunt, showed they all came out of the same womb, and I think the same prick begot them.

I waited three days after that debauch, exhausted; for I fucked all three, and in a state of furious lewedness, licked the cunts of all three. My prick went into all their mouths, and I finished the orgie by spending in Francesca's mouth, whilst I licked Maria's cunt, and felt Antonia's, as she stood by the bedside witnessing the other operations. I think I spent six or seven times. The letch came over me again, and I went there, and did the same tricks again, and then from circumstances was obliged to leave the city. Which was fortunate.

Chapter III

At R**e. • The Marchesa di R**p*l*. • A flirt. • At the Palaazzo. • Inspecting fine silk stockings. • Results, on two sofas and one bed. • The Marchesa's cunt, thin thighs, and small bum. • Marietta, the Lady's maid and Valet's wife. • Waiting for a letter. • Marchesa at my hotel. • A night in the attic with Marietta. • At a bagnio with her. • Impatient attorneys. • Back to London in haste. • On the Messageries Imperiales. • The ballet dancer. • Amusements in her cabin and in mine. • At luncheon afterwards. • Fucking for love.

I had intended remaining in Italy all the winter, but complicated legal matters in which I was pecuniarily interested, brought me to London. Spite of letters from my solicitors, on my way I stopped nearly three weeks at R**e, where I made the acquaintance through a friend of the wife of the Marchese di R**p**li. — The Marchese was away, his wife, a young woman, was left alone, and my friend who lived at R**e, said she bore the character of being a great flirt — I scarcely then knew what that meant at R**e. —

Immediately I was presented to her, she professed great interest in me, procured me tickets and invitations for this and that house, and when she knew my social circumstances, which I never disguised, said she was sure I was a sad rake to be traveling alone.

She gave me a general invitation to her house. I gave her boxes at theatres, and she went there with me and a friend one night. Returning, she sat her friend down, and we were for a few minutes in the carriage alone. I got hold of her hand, and grasped it — it was returned, and I ventured a kiss. — When I had done that without much impediment, she said she knew I was a sad rake the instant she saw me. — My friend joined us at her house that night at a little supper. We walked to my hotel together, and on the road, he said that the Marchesa did nothing but talk about me, and added, “I think you'll be one of the lucky ones.” She had said she would be at home to me, whenever I liked to call after midday. She was a tall, thinnish woman, seemingly without much breasts, and with great dark eyes, which she knew how to use — but she was not of a sort that attracted me sexually.

Next day I called in the afternoon, on an invitation from her to meet and go out with some people. On being shewn in, I found her alone, and that I had mistaken the day. Being then about to take my leave, she said, “Never mind, I'm quite alone and have no engagements, stop and tell me about England, I'm so fond of English

people." — I did. We got from one topic to another, talking mostly in French, till the conversation turned to the ballet, the dancers legs, the silk drawers they wore, then to silk stockings generally, their color, etc. The Roman silk stockings she said were the finest made, and were all of pure silk. Putting out a beautiful, almost diminutive foot, in a little half turkish slipper. "Look at the silk of that," said she.

I went to the sofa and sat by the side of her, and put my hand on the foot. "Oh, what a sweet foot, what would a dancer give to have that," and I respectfully felt the silk. I said that she thought me too timid, for putting one leg quite delicately up over the other, she shewed a little way up the calf. She was lewed, and I believe in the contagion of lust, when man and woman touch each other. — Desire ran through me. — I put my hand higher up, praising the leg and the silk together, higher till I reached her knee. "What a lovely leg" said I, (tho it wasn't). Then she made a sham of pushing my hand away gently. — "Ah signor, you English are rude, is that the way you treat ladies in your country?" But she laughed, her big eyes were staring into mine. — "Oh, let me one moment, just above there" — and up went my hand.

Then with a sudden rush of lust, which roused my prick to fever heat, the conviction came to me that she was accessible. "A flirt," — the kiss in the carriage, — all passed thro my mind, and as she gently pushed my hand away, I pushed it right up to her cunt. "Oh what a shame, to take such an advantage of me." I now thought of nothing but getting into her, hesitated at nothing. My finger titillated a wet slit, my mouth met hers, I pulled her to me, her thighs opened, she gave one long exhausting sigh of pleasure, and gently sank back on the sofa. Then in a minute my prick was up the Marchesa's cunt, and five minutes later left it, half its probing size, flabby, and wet, and whilst the Marchesa with closed eyes was still kissing me, and murmuring that I had taken a shameful advantage of her. Considering how it had all come about, it would be more correct to say, that she had taken a shameful advantage of me, for the wrong date on the invitation, and all other circumstances, make it quite clear now, that she had got me to her house that afternoon, with the fixed intention of fucking.

The door was unlocked during all this. I left her belly. She laid exposed for a minute, seemingly in a state of bliss, and then very leisurely covered up her thighs, and sat up smiling voluptuously. "Go further off and I'll ring for coffee." "Let me have a cup of tea." — She hadn't got such a thing. Coffee was brought in, and there she sat with me drinking it, with her cunt full of me.

I had only been a week at R**e when this carnal treat was given me. But through her, I had already invitations to the houses of two or

three R*m*n nobles of high degree, but not to any dinners. Hospitality there did not seem to take that form, but she had began to ask me to luncheon, and dinner, and supper as well. Indeed this great dame had, I found, got a strong letch for me, tho I did not see it so clearly then as I now do.

When the man came to remove the coffee, she asked me before him, if I would dine there that evening, and she would send and ask my friend, and the Princess of * * * * * * to come, and we would have a friendly musical evening. We all of us sang, and she sang divinely. I agreed, she ordered the servant accordingly, said she should go out in the carriage, return to dine, and would be at home to no one. Would I take the note to my friend if she wrote it? I undertook to do so. — "Then I will go into the next room and write it" — and then she told the servant to go and tell the cook, etc. etc.

Directly he had left the room, she went into the ad-joining one, a large room, in fact a second drawing room, but in which were writing materials and books. As she rose she looked at me in a languishing manner, and I followed her, for I had been thinking all the time of the condition of her cunt, and wondering when she was going to wash it. — She wrote the note and gave it to me — and then there was something about the whole affair, which set me lusting for her again. Without more ado, I closed that door but did not lock it, and led her to the sofa which was there handy, and without hesitation she let me shag her again.

That done, with much kissing and sighing on her part, — she said she must go to her room. — "It's across the lobby, there" — said she opening a door, and pointing to one at the end of a short corridor. — "Hush — I'll go and see if my maid's there." She went, and returned saying the maid was not, and we went back to the drawing room, in which she had received my first spermatic ejaculation. I was now in a state of wonderment at the whole affair, and particularly at this noble lady, walking about with her cunt unwashed, when she could have purified in her bed-room, in a couple of minutes.

"Come an hour before dinner," said she, "tho I shall be dressing, but I soon send my maid away." — I never in my life had such an open invitation from a lady, and said I would. — "Say you have made a mistake in the hour when you come, and that you will wait." I did all that. After seeing my friend I re-turned to her. "No signor, not seven — eight o'clock." — "How stupid, but I will wait. — Don't tell the Marchioness and disturb her, it will only make her hurry." — "No Signor, but I think she already is dressed, she has sent her maid away." — and he left me in the drawing room alone.

I felt now that I could take any liberty, and that I had been asked to take them. — In a few minutes I felt my prick, to make sure of its

service, for it had twice done duty in the afternoon, and but three hours had elapsed since its last performance.

Then I went into the adjoining room. The door leading out of it on to the lobby was open. I saw other doors open there, which I guessed led to servants' quarters and other rooms. — It did not occur to me that she would see to that — what if one came in — it might compromise her, so I hesitated, stood, coughed, and then coughed louder. Her bedroom door opened ajar, she peeped out, opened it wider, and I saw she was in her chemise. — With silent but rapid step I crossed the corridor. — “Oh you rake, to dare to come in here and catch me like this,” said she, shamming. But smiling, her game was as transparent as glass.

“Oh, let me see that lovely form,” said I, clutching her, kissing, and pulling up her chemise for feel and inspection. “Be quiet, — no noise, my maid's gone, but you mustn't be long.” Then on the bed I laid her and had a sight (I had had none before of her charms), saw a crisp, black-haired cunt, between a pair of thin thighs, that her arse was small, and her hip bones shewed too much, yet all looked inviting enough. — I praised it rapturously. — She smiled delightedly, and shewed me her bum and small bubbies. Then she got hold of my prick, and looked at it, long. — Then saying that we must be quick, she fell back, opened her thighs, and another fuck terminated our fun, not hurriedly but voluptuously. She was very demonstrative when spending, and in no hurry to let my prick escape from her sheath, but somehow my prick did not seem to relish its lodging much, and soon left it. I washed, went back to the drawing room, and in half an hour she joined me there.

The little dinner came off and a very pleasant evening we spent. But my emissions had left me in a languid, contemplative mood. Only a week ago I was a stranger to her, and now I have possessed her, I thought. — I scarcely took my eyes off of her, thinking of that black, crisp-haired cunt, which I had pierced, and the facility with which I had been permitted, and somewhat wondering how it had come about, for that I had not had the slightest lust for her.

But her maid whom I had seen several times, I had at once lusted for, and she had given me a cock-stand. She was a fine looking, well grown woman, fleshy, dark haired, and with that bold (not rude) independent look, which many Roman peasants have. I deter-mined to get into her if possible, but didn't see much chance. For a long time now, I have in all emergencies offered so much gold as upsets the female. If I have time for courting, well and good; for courting, in-to a cunt, is nicer than buying the right of entry straight off. But if I will have a woman not of the courtezan class, she is worth any money, so as well make short work of it, by making a high bid, if there be no

time for anything else.

The chance came. — I had already twice dropped in-to the hands of the woman gifts about ten times the value of what an Italian would have given, when she had opened the door. The Marchesa was not rich, and only kept one man-servant in the house (a flat in a very large palace it was, and most of their rooms on one floor) but she kept such a carriage, horses, coach-man, and out-door servants, that she might have been taken for a millionaire. — I was to have been at the Palazzo, the day after I had tailed the lady, and was in my room wondering whether any more copulation would come off, and thinking over the charms of my noble Venus, when a letter was brought me from the Marchesa, and a reply asked for by bearer. “Tell the servant to come up.” — I thought it was a man, when behold, up came the maid.

Quick as lightning came my resolve. “Come in whilst I write a reply.” She was inside my room, the door was closed, there was my bed, there the opportunity. — She wore big gold earrings. — “You like ear-rings. What did those cost, they are handsome,” and I went close to her to look at them. She told me. — At once I fell into raptures about her beauty — “I'll give you a brooch if you'll give me a kiss.” “No, I must get back” — but I took out from my trunk a cameo, bought at Florence, and put it into her hand, whilst at the same moment I snatched a kiss or two. — “There,” I said, “is a trifle for the kiss,” and I gave a trifle — “and I'll give you the brooch if you'll let me” — “Let you what.” — I saw by her look that she knew quite well what. — “Come to the bed.” — “Ah, Grand Dio! No Signor, I'm married.” — “Nonsense.” — “Yes.” — “The Marchese' Valet is my husband, he is away with the Marchese now.”

Surprized, I yet saw my chance at once. — Her husband away — then if some one does not do her business, in his absence, she must want fucking badly. — “Ah, not the brooch, but then take this.” I took out two gold pieces and laid them down. — She shook her head, eyeing the gold. — I bolted my door, and without further preliminary put my hand up her clothes. — “Grand Dio, Signor! What are you doing?” — But her resistance was slight. — “Take it, cara mia, who will know?” and I pulled her on to my knee, she having stood up when I approached her. — “Kiss me, then — let me feel then, — only feel it,” — I felt her cunt freely tho she said again “Giammai — certemente giammai.”

“Assurdita, cara mia,” and I put her hand on to my prick. — She let her hand rest on that article, but lifelessly. — I kept on feeling her. Her thighs closed. — “Oh, I must go,” said she, her bum wriggling: and with a convulsive, involuntary squeeze of my prick, up she got, shifting my hand from her cunt, and letting go of my pego.

I rose up also. — Instinct told me that lust was coursing through her veins. — What ideas float thro my brain in moments like this. I forget everything but cunt. The thought of cunt absorbs every other. Now they ran on a cunt not yet seen, the belly of a woman not yet entered by me. Then the desire to fuck it dominated me. — Does a woman have similar lewed thoughts and sensations? — Will his prick go up me? — His sperm moisten me — Certainly, at a time, a visible langour creeps over her, she resists no longer, tho she says, “No — never — no” — till the prick touches her cunt. — Ah! It is up her, roking and poking, and she is silent at once, with eyes half closed, luxuriating in the smooth rigidity, which is prodding, and rubbing, and wriggling, in her.

Gently I pulled the maid, still uttering “Giammai - certamente — Giammai” — to my bed, and sat her down on its edge, and with arm round her waist, kissing and begging her. But I forgot the Italian for cunt. “Cosa,” was all I could say. — “No — the Marchesa will wonder where I am.” But I fingered her cunt freely, and in another minute, silently she had dropped backwards, or been gently pulled on to the bed. — I lifted her legs. I saw a broad expanse of belly, dark hair, a red line, and in a minute my prick was up her. How delicious she seemed, yet the whole time I was fucking I kept thinking of the look and feel of the Marchesa's black quim, thin thighs, and small bum. How strange my thoughts often so wander, — for now I often think of other cunts than the one which is giving me pleasure.

The maid lay in soft, silent delight, till my prick left her, and then sprang up rapidly. — “What shall I tell the Marchesa about my long absence?” — “Say I was out and you waited for me.” — She shook her head as if that tale would not do. Perhaps she had told such a tale too often before. — I never heard what she did tell. — I put the gold into her hand, it was quite equal to two months' wages. Gold, omnipotent gold!

The letter from the Marchesa needed a reply, and purposely I sent an ambiguous one, likely to get the maid sent back to me. The ruse was successful, and back she came with another letter. She looked sly, and laughed quietly as she entered, as if she expected what followed. The instant I had read the letter, I pushed her on to the bed and we fucked again deliciously. “You've washed your cunt” — said I, recollecting the name of that article now — mona — “Certamente,” said she, bursting out laughing. — I wrote my reply, and there was the end of my business with her on that day.

My friend called soon after and we went for a walk. I asked him where he took his women to. (He was a bachelor and had said he had no mistress.) He took them to his own rooms. — No one objected there. — What could I do I asked, if I wanted a woman. — Eyeing me

curiously, he said I might bring a real lady to his rooms, if I'd give him notice, so that he might absent himself. That did not of course suit me — and he shewed me one or two very nice houses, where on the first or second floor of a public staircase, good accommodations might be had. “But you needn't go there much,” said he. “Ladies will manage it for you in their own houses. if you take their time, they are clever at it here.” — “Whores are not assumed to exist, there are so many priests, tho there really are lots of whores, and you need never fear going home with them, for on the slightest complaint to the police, you will get any one of them sent out of the city. — That keeps them careful. They know it, and are well behaved. And if a man opens the door, be not afraid. Men manage often these things here.” And indeed I had found at several Italian towns, men attending at brothels. The customs of nations are different in sexual, as in other matters.

I had to call on the Marchesa afterwards, and knowing I might see the maid, wrote on a slip of paper, a request to know where she would meet me. She opened it hurriedly, and whispered “I can't read.” — So I was balked. — The Marchesa that day asked if I had a sitting room at my hotel, and seemed surprized when she heard I had not. “I can't call on you then.” She evidently meant me to have her at my hotel. — Such audacious intrigue in a married woman, almost a stranger to me, astonished me. I had never I think met with such before, and began to take a dislike to her. Yet I got a sitting room adjoining my bedroom that very day.

Moreover, I had set my mind on the maid, and did not wish all my stiffness taken out of me, by that slim piece of nobility, tho I felt somewhat honored by the distinction she had conferred on me. Then I thought of my friend's remark about her, and began wondering, whether other travelling strangers had been similarly honored, for her husband seemed to be mostly away from her, as far as I could learn.

At the Opera that night, the Marchesa said she would call on me next morning after mass (Sunday), about something or another, I forget what — and she did. — She was shown into my sitting room and placed her self on the sofa. She looked really very inviting there, and my pego began to swell, as I thought of the sofas in her house. So getting near her, I asked if she had Roman silk stockings on. She laughed, looked voluptuously at me, and said I was too dangerous to tell anything about stockings any more, that I'd better for-get all about them, and she turned to another subject quite adroitly, as if she didn't wish to refer what had passed only two days before.

For the instant that cooled me, but seeing she had boots on (she had slippers on the day of our fornication), I remarked it, saying I couldn't help looking at her tiny feet. — “Yes, boots, don't you like boots?” — and she pushed her feet out, and slightly raised her dress to

show them, and I saw silk stockings of a different color. — I put myself on the sofa at once. “I will look at your stockings.” — “You shan't.” — “I will” and lifted her dress a little. “There then, now that will do.” — But catching her round the waist to hold her, I put my hands on to her cunt, and kept it there groping and poking with my fingers, whilst she in a sham modest way, said it was disgraceful. — “Let me.” — “I won't — oh, take care of my bonnet.” — “Take it off — now let me, — I want to see that lovely cunt of yours, and I used the coarsest Italian words to express my wants. I had been studying those words. — “Oh, said she, laughing — “for shame, a Facchino couldn't say worse words. — Leave off — I must go — Oh-o-o,” — She opened her thighs to my feel, and in a minute afterwards — “Lock the door then.”

In an instant I had locked it. She put her bonnet on the table, and came into my bed-room. — I placed her on the side of the bed, and taking her thighs over my arms — after opening her split with my fingers, for a momentary glance at the red entrance, to the red lane, fucked her as I stood, watching her face, whilst she watched mine, in our blissful throes. — When I uncunted — “Give me some water quickly,” said she. — Then I put a basin with water on the floor. She washed her cunt, and came into the sitting-room, after carefully emptying the basin, and replacing it with its ewer. — I saw now clearly, that it was not the first time she had been tailed at an hotel, so careful was she to avoid leaving evidence of her amours.

I hadn't been out of her cunt five minutes before she was off. — “My carriage is waiting. I must go” — giving me a kiss — “I shall expect you to dinner, and come at six, and wait if you like,” said she with a laugh. I saw her to her carriage. At six o'clock, I was at her house, was let into her bedroom, fucked her, and brought her poorliness on. — “Oh,” said she, “I'm three days before my time.” — “Wash and leave me as fast as you can, I must ring for my maid.”

There was a small dinner party of ladies and gentle-men — and a very pleasant evening we had. The Marchesa seemed dull. I could think of nothing but the incidents of the day, and was glad to leave with my friend, and went to his rooms where we sat smoking till an early hour in the morning. Our conversation was much about the Marchesa, and I heard that she was thought to be fond of variety in males, but that nothing had been proved against her, and no public scandal. — That her husband was much away and kept a mistress, and that the Marchesa took great fancies to bachelor strangers when visiting R**e.

I was glad her courses were on, knowing it might stop her advances for two or three days, and then perhaps I might get the maid. An irritation set up in my urethra, which for the moment I

thought was clap; but it was caused by contact with the mentrual discharge. I have experienced similar irritation, after having had women in a similar state. The effect was to make me furiously randy, and to lust for the maid with an almost maddening desire. But how was I to get her? — I only knew her Christian name — and she couldn't read or write.

I called next morning (only with the object of getting to the maid) with a bouquet for the Marchesa, and said I would give it to her maid. Alone with her a minute, I begged her to give me five minutes talk, and said I was mad, was dying to have her again, and I promised much. She told me the luncheon time of the servants, and if I would then go to the top of the house, and open a door which she indicated, she would come to me there. I did, and found it was a large bedroom in the roof. — She came and told me in a few hurried words, that she, being married to the Valet, had a bed-room there, all other servants had rooms on the Marchesa's floors (two floors over part only of a big Palace not their own). Whilst her husband was away, she some-times slept in a room near the Marchesa — but she would if she could, be that night where we at that moment were —. My best way would be to get to her room and wait till she came. — She would leave the door open. If she couldn't come to sleep there, she would go up, and tell me. How long I might have to wait she didn't know. Certainly until the Marchesa dismissed her for the night. On no account was I to have a light. If I saw anyone about, I had better go down the stairs and come up again. — The staircase, it must be mentioned, was not the great staircase of the Palace.

I didn't much like that — her husband might return — and I did not fancy a stiletto in me for the sake of poking this woman, much as I lusted for her. — I asked her to sleep out with me at a house, but she wouldn't. — I tried to fuck her then and there, and got a feel of her hot quim, but she resisted much, and implored me so to leave off, for that she must get back to the servants' luncheon, that I desisted, and got back to my hotel, where I passed the afternoon resolving in my mind the risks and pleasures of getting into her; and altho she said her husband could not possibly re-turn, I determined not to go to her bedroom.

But at about ten o'clock, when digestion had done its work, and the heat of good food had got into my prick, I thought about her so much, that dressing my-self plainly, and putting on a cloak, for the night was cold, I found myself, tho rather in fear, at her room door. — It opened, and to my joy there she was. — She had been there expecting me a full hour. Then we risked all. She had, like me I expect, been thinking of fucking all day. The sperm was seething in my ballocks — her cunt was like a hot stew-pan, with voluptuous

expectations, and randy exudations, and before we had been in bed together five minutes, my spunk was running out of her wet cunt copiously on to the towel I had placed beneath her handsome buttocks. — I never enjoyed a woman more, and she in her pleasure ecstasy bit at my neck when spending. I don't recollect any other woman having done exactly that, tho they have caught my tongue in their teeth.

"Let me wash, pray do." — But I refused, and clipped her arse tightly, pressing her belly close to mine, wriggling my prick as I love to do up a cunt which is full of sperm; for it prolongs the voluptuous sensations in the tip, and keeps delicious baudy ideas alive. My prick seems then to bathe, and float almost in a mixture of oil and ivory together. — But she begged me much, and uncunted me quickly, spite of my endeavours to prevent her. "Why, cara mia, you don't with your husband I'm sure." — "Yes I do if he does it inside, but he nearly always spends outside," — said she quite coolly, as she washed. — "Let me look at your cunt now, then." "Bene, eccola," said she, opening her thighs when she had got into bed again.

I brought her to the side of the bed, and with a miserable oil lamp which scarcely gave any light, saw her beauties; and a very sweet, fine woman of Italian type, she was. Her cunt was unspeakably handsome, with dark crisp hair in moderate quantity round it, and curling but a little way up the mons above the upper edge of the split, and with scarcely a sign of hair in the space between cunt and bumhole. — I kissed it, and the lovely thighs, and praised it much. Her bum was large, but not heavy, and she had the sweetest shaped arms. Her breasts were full, firm, and elastic. I kissed her all over in delight, and she was much gratified with my praise. Then into bed I got with her, cuddling close, kissing and talking, with my finger in or on her cunt, till we fucked again. Again she washed her cunt carefully.

But neither of us could sleep. Somehow the fear of being surprized by her husband haunted me, and she, I know spite of her assurance that he could not possibly return, felt the same. If we dozed, it was only for a few minutes at a time, and then we lay talking. Her mistress was not well — what was the matter, I asked. — Her monthlies were on. (How little she dreamed that I knew that.) She suffered severely at those times. — She didn't know what her mistress did for love, when her husband was away so much. "Perhaps she has a lover, who knows?" Her husband was also away quite as much, and she had to bear it. "But you get a sweetheart to kiss you." — "Never by the Holy Mother of God." — I was the first who had made her forget her marriage vows, and perhaps she would be punished by being with child. The Marchesa would have no servants about her who had children, and she should be dismissed if such ill luck befell

her.

Then I got curious. For, not sleeping, there was noth- ing to be done but to talk and fuck, and I am always curious about the sexual strength of a husband. With lips to hers, my fingers on her clitoris, hers round my stiffening prick, I heard that her husband's prick was certainly not as big as mine, that either she put a sponge up her cunt when they fucked — or he pulled his prick out at the critical moment and spent on her thighs. — It was hard to have to do so, but better than having children, and losing a good place.

He only fucked her about twice a week. Sometimes he had a hot fit, and then did it twice in a night, but never more than that. — No, not on their marriage night, she recollected that well. She was a virgin then, she could swear by the holy sacrament — and he got into her at the first fuck. Yes, she was quite sure his prick was not so large as mine, tho there was not much difference. So we talked on for hours. Most other married women whom I have had have seemed much annoyed at such questions, for I have asked all of them. — Some have refused to tell me anything. But this Italian seemed pleased to talk about it, and when it was a question of size, felt my prick about most care-fully before she replied. I fucked her six times. It is so upon my notes. Long before day-break, off I went.

I tried hard to get her to sleep out with me. She would ask leave to see her parents — say they were ill, and other lies I suggested. — But all her relatives were in the country, at first she said. Then either under the stimulus of the flesh, or my liberal offer, “I've got a sister married here, and she is just going to be con-fined I hear, perhaps I could get to see her, but we are not friends.” After much thinking, and hatching of lies and excuses, she said she would if she could. - “Not to-night tho.” — I didn't want that after my six emissions, — but the day following. If I would call on the Marchesa exactly as the clock struck four, she would be at the door, and standing at the back of the man-servant. — She would either nod, or shake her head. — With all the signs and arrangements care-fully made, I left her in bed, and got back to my hotel.

There I found a pressing letter from my solicitors urging my return, and saying that on account of my absence, the case would go probably against me. Altho I knew that I should lose a large sum of money if it did, I had such a letch for the woman, that I would not leave till I had a chance of having her again. But I packed up everything, ready for an immediate start.

On the day, at the appointed hour, I was at the Palazzo. The door was opened by the man, and at his back was the maid. — My heart actually beat violently with expectation as the door opened, and I felt intense delight as she nodded her head. To make sure that I

understood, she nodded two or three times to me, moving about the large stone ante-room on some pretext, and keeping well in the rear of the man. A few minutes after, I was with the Marchesa, who looked quite ill, and who seemed quite anxious, when I told her about my solicitors' letter.

I soon left her and got back to my hotel, where I rested, and feasted, and did up a bottle of wine and some sausage, bread, and cakes, which I had bought to take with me. At dark I went to the house and hired a room. At about eight o'clock, there was Marietta, at the corner of the Piazza di * * * * * *. The next minute we were in a carriage, and five minutes after in the baudy house. She eat my cakes, we drank the wine, she on my knees, my hand on her quim whilst she was eating. In less than half an hour we were in bed together, and having as delicious a fuck as I ever had in my life. Her cunt seemed exquisite. I fucked her till I lost count, but it was certainly a night of my supreme efforts, and when we left in the morning, I was utterly exhausted, and she much the same. — “Oh, what will the Marchesa think when she sees me? She will ask where I've been, what I have been doing,” said Marietta in dismay, as she looked at herself in the looking-glass.

The lie she told to get leave of absence was a most ingenious one. Trust a woman on the scent of a prick, to find an excuse for following it up. I have rarely known them fail, and what risks they will run. — Marietta had. — But she would not, could not do it an-other night. — She might be with me for a hour perhaps at a time in the attic, or elsewhere, till her husband re-turned, and she willingly would when she could, but the risk of absence she could not incur, it might be ruin. — I never had her again. Certainly she gave me one of the most voluptuous nights I ever had, and the only drawback was her persistence in jumping out of bed, and washing her cunt after each performance in it.

Another letter reached me that morning. I called on the Marchesa, who seemed I thought inclined to let me do what I liked with her, but she was still, I was glad to say, in an unfit state of body for carnal delights. I shewed her my letters, promised to come back to R**e in the spring, saw my friend, and called on a few others, and the same night took boat from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles. (That was then the quickest road to London.)

It was a smooth passage. A night's rest set me up, and by the next night, good sleep, food, and sea air, gave me the surprize of a stiff prick unsolicited. There was a spicey-mannered, little, plump, dark-eyed French woman on board, travelling alone, who in conversation told me that she was coming from Palermo, was a ballet dancer, and was going to Marseilles to fulfill a professional engagement there. —

The evening was dark and warm, we sat on deck close together till almost all the passengers had gone to bed (there were not many). Our conversation got warm — warmer — warmest. I found there was no other passenger in her cabin. I had its number, it was not far from mine, and at about midnight I crept to it, found the door unlocked, tho she had said she should lock it, and five minutes after I was between her thighs, her heels on my calves, and we were fucking in a miserable little box called a berth, not much bigger than a coffin. A couple in rut would somehow fuck in a coffin, I'm sure. She didn't wash her cunt, but sat up with me on the side of the berth feeling my prick, and talking, till I tailed her again, and then got back to my cabin, I suppose unobserved.

The next day I tailed her in my cabin, when all the passengers had just sat down to luncheon — and we both went to luncheon the instant my cock left her. She neither washed, nor pissed, nor did I. How we looked at each other when at table. — Soon after we were at Marseilles, and I parted with her in a polite way. — I never saw her cunt, nor even the hair on her motte, but she was a plump, randy little devil, and talked baudiness joyfully. It was quite an affair of love, for I gave her nothing but my prick.

Chapter IV

A piece of luck. • In a dull street. • A violent step-mother. • Rosa We. • A runaway. • My good advice. • In the Cab. • "I'm so hungry." • At J***s St. • Sullen, staring, and taciturn. • Fed, felt, and fucked. • The bloody chemise. • Her fears. • "You can't set things right." • Stern intentions. • A new night-gown. • Oysters and Champagne. • Taciturnity gone. • Making a clean breast. • Her history. • Her misfortune. • The music hall. • Liquoring after. • Drunk or drugged? • Virginity taken. • Forsaken. • Her misery, wanderings, and return home.***

The law suit terminated. Well or not, matters not here. — I had been to my stock brokers, one Tuesday towards the end of October, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, took a fancy to wander unheeding where, thro dull, old-fashioned, brick-built streets, on the confines of the City, and was in one, in which the dwellers once perhaps were well to do people, but now was inhabited largely by small traders, and by poorish people, but there were no shops. It was a cold, damp, sunless, and misty afternoon.

Sauntering along, I heard a shrill, woman's voice, evidently in anger; but took no notice till when near me I heard plainly, "You dirty little bitch, wait till your father comes home — ah — yer — nasty — dirty - hussy." — Turning round, I saw a well grown, sturdy-looking girl, walking along, and behind her a middle-aged woman, who every now and then gave the girl a half push, half punch in the back. A push which quite shook her. The girl's face was quite white, and dirty, the expression on it was stolid, dazed, almost like — that of one stupefied by a drug, or drink. She did not resist the elderly female, but walked on quickly, the woman behind her. I stood still. As they passed me, the elder said almost in the girl's ear, "Yer dirty little beast, yer always were running after men — er — er — er," and she gave punch after punch. I followed close on them, till they turned down a narrow court on the left, and went into one of several small houses in the court. Houses which looked as if inhabited by working people.

She's a fine girl, and has been caught with a chap, thought I, and walking on had passed into a street of more traffic, and forgotten the girl, when she ran past me as hard as she could, and when far off and nearly out of my sight, turned down a street and I quite lost sight of her. I was walking on, when suddenly she emerged, and again ran rapidly on. I became curious, and quickened my pace. She turned down another street, and when I got there, I saw her leaning against a

wall, panting, and breathless. Said I to myself, that girl's running away. What's her game? — Quickly I walked up to her, for some vague notion stirred my concupiscence.

"What's the matter with you, my girl," — I said kindly, and repeated it several times, without getting any reply. She stood breathing hard with her running, and staring at me. I saw she was handsome, pity came over me, and I told her she had better go to her home, where I had seen her followed by the woman a few minutes before. — Then she broke out violently. — "I won't — I won't. I'll never go home again. — I won't" — and her eyes glared on me, but suddenly they altered again to their stupid expression. — "What's the matter, tell me" I said, repeating that several times, but she made no reply.

"I'll go and fetch your mother then." She made a half start as if to run off, but stopping herself, — "What business is it of yours? Leave me alone, who are you?" — "Go home, it's best for you, you'll come to harm." — "I won't, you go and mind your own business." Again we stood looking at each other, I scarcely knowing what to say or do.

I noticed that her dress was neat, and very respect-able for a girl of her class, but was rumpled, and that her bonnet had been flattened, and put somewhat into shape again. She looked what may be called draggled, and the vague idea I had formed at first from the been caught with a man in an equivocal position, perhaps has been tailed, I thought. Then I looked again, and she seemed to me handsomer than she had at first, and a lust for her sprang up, but it was mixed with pity, and a firm intention to help her if I could, yet with a curiosity to find out all about her.

"Where are you going?" — I at length asked, and again had to repeat it two or three times before I got the reply. — "Nowhere — I don't know." — "You are going after your young man, and he's got you into trouble." — No reply. — "Come with me, if you won't go home, and let us have a talk." — She rubbed her eyes with her dirty hands, as if a tear had started, but I did not see a tear. Then, she looked at me with a stoney stare. "Now, my good girl, listen to me, — go home, go home now, or you'll get into worse trouble." — "I shan't. I'd sooner drown myself," — she said fiercely. — "Can I help you? — If you are in trouble, I will." She answered not. — Again I advised going home — again came the enraged reply. — She'll go wrong somehow I thought, and as well with me as an-other, and then, — "Come home with me then."

Again a long pause, again I repeated my offer. She eyed me closely, seemed almost to be trying to look through me, her lips moved as if she was speaking, but not a sound came from them. — Tired of this, and people noticing us as we stood together, tho but few

passed in the by-street, and thinking now that I was only wasting my time, I said, “Good bye if you won't go home, and won't come with me — I'm going” — and I turned to go. — As I turned round, — “What are you going to do, where are you going?” said she hurriedly. — “Take you to a house where we can talk comfort-ably, for we can't stand here longer.” — “I won't — “Good bye then.” — A pause. — “I don't care, — said she sullenly — and she stood upright, still looking at me curiously. — “Will you come at once?” “I will.”

Side by side we walked to the larger thorough-fare. I hailed a cab, and held the door open, when with one of her feet on the step, — “You are going to take me back home,” said she, and stepped back from the cab. —I told her I would not, and in a minute we were on our road to J***s St. It was a full twenty minutes' drive.

In the cab I asked her questions, and got nothing but yes — or no — and sometimes no reply at all. — She kept eyeing me in a strangely sullen, fixed, manner. — Now I saw she was very handsome, and my prick tingled and rose up. — I felt for the moment sure there was a man in the case, and wondered if she'd been fucked, and why the sullen mystery, and longed to put my hands up her clothes and feel her slit, yet fearing I might spoil my chance, did nothing of the sort. Then I laid my hand on her clothes outside her thigh, in a careless, friendly manner, of which she took no notice, but began staring out of the window. We passed a baker's shop. — “Oh, give me a bit of bread or a bun, I'm so hungry,” said she in a plaintive tone. — “Hungry?” — “Yes, I've never had a bit in my mouth since six o'clock last night.” — “Nonsense.” — “I haven't in-deed, sir,” — and she put her hand to her eyes again, and I saw a tear that time, but it seemed as if her tears would not flow.

“My poor girl, you shall. In five minutes I'll give you some food.” — Directly after, I got out at a shop, bought some ham, beef, and rolls, and at *** a bottle of good sherry. In five minutes we were at J***s St., and in the room in which I first had Sarah Mavis. — It was not a busy hour there. How many times have I had fresh women in that room, I almost seem to have a property in it.

The servants have been changed many times since I first went there, but I was still well known, being frequently at the house, for I liked it, and whoever the servants for the time might have been, they soon knew me. “Get me knives and forks, plates and glasses.” “And what will you drink?” — “I'd like some ale, sir,” said the girl with a little hesitation. — Soon a tray with the needful implements was in the room, together with bottled ale. I turned out the food on to the plates, poured out the ale, and the girl began to eat ravenously, almost as if famished, but she ate and drank in silence, looking at me intently the whole time, as I sat opposite to her, pleased to see her enjoying

the repast. In ten minutes she had eaten up nearly every scrap of food, of the ale she drank but moderately.

Then I brought her to the sofa, sat down besides her, and asked if she was not eighteen years old, for I had been struck whilst watching her eating, with the solid flesh about her, tho her face looked young. She said she was sixteen and a half. But still she was taciturn, and when I asked her questions, and I did many — it was always only, yes, or no, that I got in reply; and still that stolid, half sleepy, half stupid stare continued, which quite perplexed me. When she did not answer my questions at all, and several she would not answer, she stared harder than ever, and I felt quite irritated at it.

But now I began to think of getting into her, for tho I could not make her out, I felt convinced she had got in-to some scrape about a man. — Has she been stroked, or hasn't she? kept passing thro my mind, and was answered variously. — Of course it was stupid of me to think so much about those possibilities, but at the moment, I felt exactly what I write.

Then I wanted to piddle, and taking up a pot, emptied my bladder in very open fashion before her, and ex-posed my prick as much as I could — (It is a thing I always do as soon as I can before a woman, whom I want to get over.) and I asked her at the same time, — “Don't you want to piddle, my love?” — The girl turned away her head, and blushed strongly. Her whole manner was so unmistakably modest, that I was per- plexed again. It was quite clear to me, that whether she had been tailed or not, that she was not a strumpet in the least degree. With that, pity came over me, and a desire to save her from harlotry. All the weak, sentimental nonsense of my youth crowded my brain, and forgetting what I know to be the fact, that she and such as she, probably would do better, and be happier as a harlot, than as a poor work girl, if such she was; determined to get her home, and not to fuck her. — With some effort it was that I then put a bridle on my desires, and urged her going back.

All was useless — no she wouldn't — never —. “Why?” — She wouldn't — she would do anything else rather. — How could she, — now that she had run away? — What would be said? — I didn't know, I re-marked. — No, and I shouldn't know. Much in that style ran her answers and remarks, to my advice, supplication, and offer of assistance. Then I sat silent for a minute or so, wondering at the strangeness of the incident, and thinking what I should do.

Whilst sitting so, thinking and not speaking, she whined out, — “Oh, I'm so tired and sleepy.” — My lust came on strongly at once on hearing that. “Lie down then,” — and I put her upon the ample sofa, got her legs up, and into the exact position to begin amorous preliminaries. But I felt strangely nervous at my intentions. I can't

understand now how it was so. It must have been her modest manner and looks, which made me hesitate, for I did. Then I put my arms round her neck and tried to cuddle her, and after a little restiveness, she let my arm lay there, whilst I sat on the sofa's edge, half turning toward her. Then all was impulse, under the pressure of love, lust, sexual want, the need of emptying the sperm out of my balls, or whatever the mainspring may have been. She was evidently sleepy and weary, and again gave me the impression of being half stupefied. — Then all at once, Is she quite right in her head? I wondered.

"You'll give me a kiss now," and kissing her, she re-turned it, but hesitatingly. I kissed on for she was nice, my fondling began to soothe her, and I asked her to tell me why she had run away. Then she became again taciturn. "No — it is no good telling." — "I guess why your mother beat you so." — "She's not my mother — mine's dead — it's father's second wife, and I hate her." — "She caught you with your sweetheart." — "No she ain't." — "She has, and he's put it in there," and I poked her clothes between her thighs. "He's done it to you, put his prick in your cunt, and she's found it out." Whilst saying this and kissing her, I put my hand rapidly up her clothes and touched her thighs. She firmly closed them and yelled out. "Oh, now — don't sir — pray. — Oh, don't you." — "Non-sense, my darling, I'm sure you've been fucked, now haven't you?"

She struggled, but could not rise, for I had her down, leant over her kissing, and feeling, till I got my fore-finger on to her clitoris, and looking along sideways, saw that my arm had lifted her clothes above her knees, and that her stockings and under linen looked clean. — Then my cock stiffened hard. I told her of it, and rubbed on her clitoris gently tho with difficulty, so close did she keep her thighs. But lewed talk, and the slow friction was telling on her. "Now let me feel it properly, love, and I'll give you such pleasure." But she crossed her ankles, and her thighs pinched together tighter than ever, and she positively trembled, saying at each stage of my fingering progress, — "Oh — Oh — don't now — leave off," — in a perfectly modest manner.

I took my hand away, pulled out my engine and whilst doing so, saw her face was again scarlet. It had been unnaturally white. "Look here, my love, now let me have you." — She fixed her eyes on it, again made no reply, and her lips moved as if speaking, just as they had done but without utterance, when in the street with me. Then with a rush I pulled up the clothes to her belly, saw the slight hair on her motte, and before she could prevent me, my lips were upon it and kissing it, whilst my hands prevented her pushing her clothes down. — With a sharp cry of modesty and fear, she pushed the clothes over my head, and energetically with hands, backside, and legs, tried to

dislodge me. But this was for a second or two only. Then she laid perfectly tranquil, and let me do pretty well as I liked, in a sullen, resigned sort of way.

After a minute's kissing, I drew my head gently away, and pushing her petticoats up with my hands, had a momentary look at her motte and thighs, and saw much blood on her chemise. Astonished, I looked at her, and saw tears running down her cheeks, but she made no noise, and in a leisurely way pushed her petticoats down. — "There's blood on your chemise," — said I. "Hoh," — said she, sharply but sulkily. — "You are either poorly or we fucked today for the first time." Her whole history seemed to be known to me at once. — She never answered, but struggling, sat up, and I by the side of her.

Now I kissed, and kissed her, without hindrance. "Tell me all about it, my darling." — But she would not — even when my fingers were on her quim, which she now permitted there, but in a way which seemed as if she thought it hopeless to try to prevent me. — "Your face is so dirty, look," — indeed it had become like that of a dirty, blubbering child. — "Get up and see," — getting up and looking in the glass. — "So it is

— may I wash it." — "Wash yourself all over, my love." — I poured out water for her, she washed, and brushed her hair, and then was a very handsome girl.

— "Shall I wash your cunt for you." — "Hoh —if ever I heard such a thing," said she, quite startled, and she colored again. Then she sat down, and tears came into her eyes, which she let me kiss away, sitting by the side of her with my prick not now stiff, yet swollen, and dangling before her. I kept it out intentionally.

— She sat sullen, silent, staring at the fire, evidently thinking, and taking no notice of my tool.

I was getting impatient for results, though my lewed courting was pleasant enough. — "Have a glass of wine," said I, opening the bottle. — Without a word she took one, and then another quickly. Still she was unsociable, tho now looking at me, instead of at the fire, but she seemed to take no notice of my prick. — I began pulling up her clothes. — She resisted. "Come on to the bed, dear." — "No, I won't." — I tried to pull her up from the sofa, but she resisted that violently.

"What nonsense, I shall leave you if you won't. So put on your bonnet, for they won't let you stop without me, and where are you going then?" — "I don't know." — "Then don't be foolish, take off your things, and let's get into bed together, I'm sure you've been fucked. — Come, dear." — She sat without movement, and I sat down again beside her. Soon after, she let me pull her back on the sofa, and begin feeling her thighs. Then I got to her cunt and began frigging her,

half laying on the sofa beside her. “I'm so sleepy,” — said she again, and her eyes seemed closing and her face assumed the stupid expression, which I first had noticed in her. Was this all sham? — passed thro my mind.

Kissing, coaxing, rubbing gently through thighs tightly closed again, on a scarcely perceptible clitoris, asking her all the time to come to the bed with me, and getting no reply, I again rose. — “If you won't, I shall go, for if you stay with me here all night, we are going to sleep together. If you won't, let us go, and I'll leave you where you like.” — “Oh, don't — don't.” — “Well, you can go home.” — “I won't.” — “What will you do?” — “Don't know, and don't care, drown myself,” — said she in the same sullen, determined manner, yet with a sob as if choking with suppressed emotion. — “Don't be foolish then, and let me do what I want.” Then I sat down again on the sofa, and without hindrance began frigging and kissing her as before. All was now quiet. At length voluptuous feeling came over her, as I knew by her manner (for I have frigged many women now), and that she was half way to a spend. “Come to bed love, take off some of your things. — We will sleep together tonight, and I will see what's best to be done for you tomorrow.” She made no reply, nor looked at me even.

I pulled her up from the sofa, and standing, began undoing her frock. — She neither helped nor resisted, till the last petticoat was reached. — “Oh — no, nothing more,” said she with a start, and stopping me. — “No, don't — oh, don't — pray don't,” said she quite touchingly and feebly. She put her hands down, pre-venting me from pulling up her chemise. — It struck me instantly, that she wanted to hide its condition. Was she a maid, or had she been fucked? — Modest she certainly was, and even distressed at what I was doing. — Was she poorly? — all this passed thro my mind. I inclined to the belief she was virgin, but she was mysterious. My prick was standing. I was irritated by delay and impatient for a treat. — “Get on the bed, dear — stop — I'll pull off your boots,” and did. — On the bed she got slowly, and turned away from me, putting her hand to her head. Stripping myself rapidly to my shirt, I was by her side in a minute.

I cuddled her, kissed her rapturously, my fingers on her cunt, frigging it gently. She lay unresisting, silent, with eyes closed. Then my fingers sought the pas-sage for my prick, and burrowing with difficulty between tightly closed thighs, as she lay half on her side facing me, I could not reach the tube. Then, pressing her gently with my body, I got her more on to her back, and inserted my fingers roughly between her thighs. “Oh — ah — oho — don't” she murmured. — “Let me, love,” and I pushed, and titillated, till she sighed. — Is she virgin? — Conjecture was over the next second, as her thighs opened, and my finger went up her vagina. Then

impatiently pressing her body with mine, she turned on her back, I on her belly, I felt her an instant, and guided my prick, and without obstacle it glided slowly up a tight cunt. Grasping her buttocks fiercely as I felt the lodgment, I fucked her with strong impulse to empty my semen in her. My God! What delight I felt, as faint murmurs of pleasure came from the dear girl's lips, which I stifled with my kisses, as her sheath tightened, and my prick shed a torrent of sperm in her clipping little cunt, and her body and backside writhed in the pleasure of her spending.

What delicious thoughts crept through my brain, as the pleasure in my prick subsided, and the soft, enervating, voluptuous sensation pervaded me, which follow the discharge of one's sperm. She seemed to me divine, her cunt perfection, and she had spent with me. But her cunt had been pierced. — Was it her first spend? — Who's fucked before? — Thinking of such things, gradually I slipped off of her, and my prick left her cunt. I heard a snore. She was fast asleep, and the next instant I was asleep by the side of her, and slept for an hour or more.

When I awakened, there she lay in a profound sleep. She had not stirred an inch from the position in which she had been fucked, but was on her back with thighs slightly apart. — I leant over and kissed her, she did not move a muscle, and gently I pulled down the bed clothes. Her chemise was up above her motte, but it lay beneath her bum. I saw on it, and just where it naturally would have issued from her cunt, patches of blood and semen, dry. There was unmistakably se-men and blood in patches here and there as well, and instantly I felt convinced that she had been fucked the previous night, and that her mother had found her out. Or were her courses on?

I pulled her chemise about, for the traces of seminal discharge and sanguinary evidences delighted me. Baudy possibilities in wonderful variety came thro my mind. I got out of bed and stood looking at her thighs and cunt. I kissed her belly, slightly pulled apart the cunt-lips, and did all quietly and tenderly, but it was enough to have awakened any woman in ordinary sleep. At last I pulled one thigh away from the other, and slowly put my middle finger up her cunt, felt it full of sperm, and smooth, and found no redness on my finger. There she lay still as if dead, at times snoring in a most profound sleep. Two gas jets were brightly burning in the room.

My prick stood stiff again, as I felt the firm, white, round, handsome thighs, and saw the pretty cunt, with the merest sign of red separating the lips and the soft chestnut coloured hairs, curling round the top of the split, and scarcely further. Tiptoeing, I put my prick against her thigh. What voluptuous whims come across me. How delicious and how harmless to satisfy them. Then I began playing with

her clitoris, which was all but visible.

I have done that to many when asleep. — I like to arouse sexual want in a sleeping beauty as she lies by my side, but don't recollect anytime, at which I have stood by the bedside, and done it whilst the woman lay with the light of two gas burners on to her. Gently, so gently I frigged, watching the girl's face, my fingers scarcely moved, they touched the sensitive little red button so gently. I frigged long without affecting her. Suddenly, I then saw her white face flush quite redly. I never noticed that before, in any woman whom I frigged in her sleep, that I can remember. Her thighs twitched and moved, then her hand went down to her cunt, her eyes opened sleepily, and she laid hold of my hand. — “Who are you? — Oh!” — and she sat up, then fell back again with eyes closed for a second. Then she realized her position, and saying, “It's a shame,” — pushed her chemise over her cunt.

In a minute I was telling her all I had seen, and done. “It's nonsense, darling, I've seen all, I know you've been fucked before — haven't you? — let me see again, I will,” — and I pulled up her chemise, laid my head on her belly covering her navel with it, and inserted a finger in her lubricious cunt. Then I rose to her face, and kissed and kissed, and frigged all the time, and harder, till she pushed my hand away. Then I knew that lust was on her, and at once mounted her. She opened her thighs, but she had never uttered a word, and her eyes were always fixed on me.

Up the well lubricated, tight little cunt, my prick glided, and there it rested long, whilst I talked baudy, and asked lewed questions, looking in her face, and every now and then giving a hard ram of my prick, to make her cunt know its size, and vigor, and probe it to its innermost depths. Soon, at each thrust she sighed. Then with all my art, and skill, and force, I fucked and fucked, thinking of her pleasure more than of my own; till I felt her clasping me, and with the instinct of her sex, giving that involuntary clutch on my naked loins, which all the dear creatures give, as their pleasure in-creases, and soon, in a spasm of bliss, prick and cunt were shedding their juices in loving harmony.

She slept again at once. I did not, but lay thinking about what I knew. — My curiosity was now greater than ever, but still feeling pleasure, my prick lingered in her long. — Then I began to want food. It was seven o'clock, and it so happened that a biscuit had been my only lunch. I had no clothes for change, and was expected home. So I got out of bed, and said I must leave her for a couple of hours, would dine, get my things and return. She sprang up like a jack in the box. — “Oh, don't you go. — Why do you? — What shall I do? They will turn me out perhaps.” — “Nonsense, love.” — “But they did this

morning." — "Where, — when — why?" I asked. — She fell back on the bed, would make no reply, and began to sob.

I talked, comforted her, allayed her fears, told her she had only to wait my return, that I was well known there. Calling the chambermaid, I told her I was leaving for two hours, should then be back and stop the night, and that she was to lend, or to buy me a night-gown for the lady. — The girl listened with dilated eyes, looking first at me, then at the servant, and got out of bed as soon as the servant had left, walked up and down uneasily for a minute, and then asked if she might speak to the servant.

Accustomed to the ways and wants of women, it struck me at once what she wanted. She had never piddled since she had been with me. — "You want the water-closet, don't you." — "Yes sir," said she faintly. — I got the maid to show her where it was, first telling the girl to put her dress loosely over her, and neither to speak to, nor answer any questions to anyone. She came back looking quite ashamed. — I was then dressed, and telling her to wash her cunt, and get into bed, I pulled off her petticoat (spite of her) and telling her on no account to open the door, nor to answer any-one, I left, after hearing the bolt of the door shot, and paying thirty shillings for the room.

Taking a cab home, and saying I was going to stop with a friend, I brought away in a small portmanteau all the clothes needed, dined at my club, and in the two his balls, as the chemise showed. Before that day was out, Rosa and I talked it over, both looking at the chemise together, for I have a faculty of upsetting quickly any woman's modesty. Besides, a night's fucking at once alters any woman's feelings and behaviour towards the man who spermatized her cunt, and gave her sexual pleasure. Fucking is the great humanizer of the world. hours, was back at J***s Street. The night-gown was ready. I knocked at the door several times before I got a sleepy answer. — "Who is it?" — "It is I." — "Is it you?" — "Yes, it's the gentleman," said the maid who was behind me, and then shouted down-stairs. — "Wait a minute, sir, in the parlour." (How well I knew those words.) — The door opened, and there was I with her for the night. I felt joyous, there was such an air of intrigue about the affair. My curiosity about the girl was intense, and I thought now more of hearing all about her, than about fucking her.

I made her put on the night-gown. She wanted to hide her chemise, but I showed that I was master, examined it before her, and made my remarks in the plainest words about its condition; holding it to the light, and looking and laughing. "I wonder if his prick hurt you, tell me dear. How often did he do it — was his prick large? — do tell me" — and so I went on. She never smiled, nor answered, nor moved a muscle: but sat looking at me fixedly. She seemed an odd one — no

other in all my amatory acquaintances behaved a bit like her.

Then I drew her on to the sofa, pulled off her stockings, and undressing to my shirt, sat with naked bum on my naked thigh, and with fingers on her cunt twiddling it, began coaxing, and begging her to tell me all. I could get nothing out of her, and her taciturnity annoyed me. Angrily I said I should stay the night, but unless she had confidence in me should leave her next morning. That opened her mouth a little. — “What's the good of telling you my misfortune? You can't set it to rights, but my name is Rosa W***e.”

I replied that perhaps I might, and at all events might prevent worse befalling her. At length she said, “Perhaps I will, but I'm so sleepy and tired.” — “Didn't you sleep last night?” — “I never wakened all the night till I got up.” — “Tell me then, how it all happened.” — She shook her head, and lapsed into taciturnity.

A couple of hours passed in chat, looking at her, feeling her plump young body all over, which she now permitted in a shrinking, resigned sort of way, and struggling with her when I wanted to expose her belly. Then 'I asked if she liked oysters. “Oh, don't I,” said she vivaciously. It was the only spark of interest I had seen. “Champagne?” “I never tasted any.” — I made them bring Champagne from a place I named, and a bill to show they got it from there. — Oysters were brought. — Well I recollect the first time I had them in that house with Louisa Fisher. The girl eat them with pleasure, Champagne she drank, first remarking that she ought perhaps never to drink a glass of wine or spirits, as long as she lived. Then when I asked why, she only shook her head. She got livelier soon, and actually at one of my remarks laughed. Then getting from the chambermaid candles and lucifers, for I knew they turned off the gas at about three o'clock, I said we would go to bed, and, “Show me now your dear little cunt.”

She resisted, and burst out crying and sobbing, tears ran now fast enough, but not for long, tho the sobs lasted and were violent. I can't bear to see a female in distress, so desisted. “Shall we go to bed then, Rosa, and fuck again?” — I loved to say that word, it seemed to upset her so. — “If you like,” — said she, colouring up. “Another glass of Champagne then,” — and sitting her on my naked knees again, so that her flesh touched mine, we drank. I begged her to tell me all, or I shouldn't know what to do for her, for I could not stop with her long. — “It's no good telling,” — was all I could get out of her. She wouldn't feel my prick tho I put her hand to it. — So putting out one gas burner, and turning down the other, into bed we went.

There she lay close to me. I put my finger up her cunt. — She winced, and in reply said, “It hurts a little only now.” — “You've washed.” “Yes, when you went out.” “Fucking gave you pleasure,

didn't it? — Now say. What stupidity to be silent, tell me." — "Yes." — said she at last. At length cuddling to me, she admitted she'd been fucked the night before, and never before. She didn't know how it came about. She was drunk she supposed, and that was all she would say. — We fucked again and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened at times by the noise of amorous couples. She slept and snored all night profoundly, a lethargic sleep, and was fast asleep when I awakened her at about ten next morning. — I opened the blinds, let in light, and saw that she looked fresh and well, and had quite a different expression on her face, but the face had strong resolve in it. My fingers went to her cunt, I placed hers on my prick and again saw that she coloured up. — "You want to piddle." No answer, and I got angry. "What nonsense, my dear, your naked belly's been against mine, my fingers on your cunt, I've fucked you and yet you seem ashamed to piddle, now get out and do it, for it's all sham modesty." Out I got and pissed. — "There is the pot." — "I don't want." — "I'm sure you do, after the ale and Champagne you drank. I'll look through the blinds." Rosa got out and half filled the pot. Then in the bed I fucked out a healthy, copious, morning's emission. Afterwards I talked seriously about her future. — I had once or twice felt sorry I had brought her here, thinking that had she been left to herself, she might, when still more weary and hungry, have gone home again. — Now I suggested her going home, — told her how to act — what to tell — and that I would give her money. — "No" — nothing should make her go home again. — "You will go on the streets then." — She made no reply to that. I went on advising, and after saying that if she did not tell me all, I really must leave her, she burst into tears, laid her head against my chest, and told me all.

Few women tell their escapades clearly and consecutively, but she told the most important part of her misfortune, as she termed it, quite coherently. Other parts were given in answer to my questions, and I firmly believe, truly given.

Her Father, a smith by trade, and a W***e by name, had married a second wife, and Rosa and she didn't agree. Rosa had learnt stay-making, but grew tired of it, so went to service, grew tired of that also, or didn't like her place, and had been home a week doing nothing but help in their lodgings, and do needle-work. — A friend of hers and her sweetheart were going to a mu-sic hall, and Rosa with her father's consent went with them. There they met a young man of their own class in life, who paid attention to Rosa. All four had drink there. When they came out they had more drink at a public house. Her female friend suggested that the new acquaintance should see Rosa home, she going off with her sweetheart. All were seemingly a little screwed, and the couples separated in great jollity. Then the young

man, Rosa said, “Made love to me, but nothing improper.” They had some more liquor at a public house, and when she came out she staggered, and felt she was drunk. She was frightened about getting home late. He said he would see her home safely, but she scarcely knew why, or how, she found herself in a bed room with him, and felt so sleepy that she couldn't keep her eyes open, or even stand, and he laid her on the bed.

Up to that time, she was sure he had taken no liberties with her, now he pulled up her clothes. She recollected struggling with him, that she saw his prick out, and the next minute that with a pain to her, something went up her cunt. She was laying at the side of the bed, but all was so confused that she could tell no more. How she got undressed she knew not, but she did, and was in bed with him in the morning, and in the night she thought he did it to her again, but was not sure. — She neither recollected pain or pleasure; only some-thing heavy on her, and something in the cunt, and nothing more till the next morning, when with a sense of stupidity she awakened, and saw him dressing.

Then, still half asleep and stupid, she became conscious of her “misfortune.” He said he must get to his work, told her he had paid for the room and left. She immediately fell asleep again, and was awakened by the coffee-house keeper about eleven o'clock. She got up and dressed somehow, and asked for a cup of tea. He asked if she had money to pay for it. — She had not a farthing, and it ended in his saying that she couldn't stop there any longer, and she was turned out into the street at midday, dizzy and stupid, unable to think or to go home. She wandered about for a couple of hours, till she found herself at the steps of one of the bridges. She sat down on them, and then thought she would drown herself.

Then she determined to go to a friend, a woman who knew her and her family. There she told she had been out all night, walking about, and was frightened to go home, but told nothing more. The woman sent for the stepmother, who fetched, punched, and abused her all the way home. She was ashamed to look the neighbours in the face, tho still half stupid with the drink or the drug she had had the night before. Stepmother, when in their lodgings, threatened her with all sorts of vengeance, went out to fetch the father, and left her, as she thought, locked up in the kitchen, but in her anger made a mistake, did not lock the door properly, and as soon as she had gone off, Rosa bolted, ran past me, and the rest has been already written.

I questioned her closely about this affair, and her previous habits and life. Was questioning her all that day, and much of the following night, indeed scarcely talked about anything else, and feel convinced I had the truth. The girl had either been made completely drunk, or had

been drugged — drugged did not seem probable, yet was possible, and I incline to the belief that she had been drugged, and that her friends who introduced the young man, knew certainly that he would be at the music hall. It seemed to me a cruel case. However that might be, I was certain that Rosa had been fucked for the first time on that night, that the sperm and blood on her chemise marked the sacrifice of her virginity, and that my prick had gone up the same channel, unwashed since the lucky young man left his sperm in it. A good lot he must have put out of his balls, as the chemise showed. Before that day was out, Rosa and I talked it over, both looking at the chemise together, for I have a faculty of upsetting quickly any woman's modesty. Besides, a night's fucking at once alters any woman's feelings and behaviour towards the man who spermatized her cunt, and gave her sexual pleasure. Fucking is the great humanizer of the world.

Chapter V

After breakfast. • An inspection of Rosa. • Her figure, face, and pudenda. • An expensive room. • A frig stopped. • Looking-glasses not appreciated. • She feels my sperm. • Fresh lodgings. • Conversations on fucking. • Her youthful knowledge. • Stiff pricks in little boys. • Precocity in young girls. • Opportunities in the humble classes. • I make notes of the intrigue. • Her suspicions. • Clothes bought her. • My pleasure with her, and her indifference. • Her relatives written to. • She goes to them. • Her brief letter. • Full-grown Paphians • Their cunts compared with Rosa's.

We breakfasted (sent in from a restauranteur's), she in night-gown, I in my night-shirt. — Then I made her wash her cunt, setting her example by stripping naked, and washing my ballocks ostentatiously. Then I would see her cunt, about which we again had a squabble, but it was done, and with my complete inspection of the red chink, most of her feminine reserve went. When a girl has been felt, fucked, her cunt has been looked at, and she has pissed and washed before me, she belongs to me entirely. Modesty is dead henceforth, and unrestrained voluptuousness begins. There is intense de-light in destroying modesty in a virgin. It is the joy of the honeymoon. But complete voluptuousness can only be had, when all modesty in both man and woman has gone, and they give themselves up to all libidinous amusements which love suggests. She. was well grown, tho not so tall as many at her age, full in thighs and haunches, had lovely calves, and a little foot. Her breasts were very big for her age, and quite beautiful in their swell and firmness. Her cunt had the beauty of youth. There was very little hair on it of a nice brown color, short, crisp, and curly. The lips were small and firm, and set in plenty of nice flesh, there was ample room between her thighs. The clitoris was very small, the inner lips the same, the mons was full. Altogether a lovelier cunt I have rarely seen. I looked at it hourly almost till we parted, and begin to think that I like young cunts. A wide spread thatch between thighs and navel indicates too much, the full sized orifice below it. The smaller and more delicately fledged mons looks more modest, and shadows a more delicate tint, a smaller split and a tighter channel. But most sorts have their charm. At one time one sort pleases, at other times another.

Her face was handsome. Her nose had the slightest turn upwards at the tip, she had lovely teeth, and chestnut colored, long, and silky hair. Her eyes were of a peculiar grey, and did not seem to accord with the rest of her face; they had a stern, resolute look in them, and I didn't like the expression. There was courage, discontent, and sorrow

in them. As she got lewed, I noticed that they softened to an almost angelic expression. I found that out the second night, when I frigged her nearly to a spend, and it so delighted me, that I took to fucking her much at the bedside, so that I might see her face. She trembled as she spent, and breathed then with a slight catch in it, in a way which gave me much pleasure. Her cunt was unusually tight, and fetched me quickly. Altogether as a partner in love's pastimes, she was exquisite; but I think that a small quantity of fucking satisfied her.

The contemplation of her form, and lovely cunt, above all of the ragged edge left by the split of her virginity, drove me wild with lust. Again I kissed it, smelt it, fingered it, probed it, tickled the little clitoris, and at last licked it to her amazement, but did not make her spend, and then did the same things over again. I made her examine my prick and appendages, pull the prepuce off and on, frig it to a stand, and did all that nature dictated for sexual pleasure and amusement. — “Shall we fuck, Rosa?” — said I. — “If you like,” — tractable enough now. — On to the bed we got. — “My darling, I'll frig you.” — Soon it was “Don't do that.” — “What then?” — She wouldn't reply. — “Put it up your cunt.” — “Yes,” — said she quietly. Up it went and soon we were both in heaven in each other's arms. How fortunate she is at her age, to have all this pleasure, if she did but know it. Then we dressed.

Saying I was going to stop that day and the night, the mistress demanded fifty shillings, and said she should lose money at that. I knew well the money taken in that house and that two pounds for twenty-four hours ought to suffice, and it was settled at that. Rosa opened her eyes when she saw me pay, I didn't like to leave her there, thinking the mistress might try to induce her to turn gay, seeing how young and handsome the girl was; but it got monotonous being in one bedroom together so long, and tho I had all the newspapers to read, I was glad when darkness set in.

Then I went to a restaurant with her, and had a jolly dinner in a private room. Returning, I bought cards and cribbage board and sat smoking, and playing crib- bage, till we turned into bed. We fucked more than on the first night, and in the morning we were hollow-eyed. — It was a delicious night, for she gave herself up to my lust. I explained all about copulation to her, she told me her youthful sensations, and lustful wants, and what she knew of her own sex. — I learnt some-thing even. It was one long, mutual instruction in copulation. — We talked about nothing else.

I did not intend staying there, and knew that else-where I should not have them, so once arranged the glasses and sofa, so that she could see our frolics most fully in them, but she seemed not much delighted with the exhibition. When fucking she always put her face

as close to mine, or to my neck as she could, and didn't seem to be looking at anything. She was a very quiet fuckstress under action — and I thought not of lustful temperament. — Perhaps as she grows older her lust may be stronger, yet there is something in her eye which looks cold.

After my first fuck in bed with her that night, I put her hand down between our bellies to feel how my prick lay in her. — She didn't want much pressing to do that. With all women of whom I have had the firsts, I have an intense desire to know if they have enjoyed my prick. Some women new at the amorous play and quite young, spend so quietly, that unless their cunts tighten (and some cunts don't) it is difficult to know if they have spent or not. Directly I felt her hand between our bellies, I began asking her, “Did you like it? — did you spend? — tell me — do, love” — but not a word could I get from her. Wearied by her silence, at length I said — “Shall I fuck you again.” — “If you like,” — said she slowly. — “Then it gave you pleasure.” — “Yes.”

I was delighted, and kissed her rapturously. “Put your fingers well around my prick,” for she had kept her hand there, and my prick was still largish and up her cunt. As I said it, I eased my belly slightly from her to let her do so. Then when she held it, I withdrew my prick thro her fingers, covering them with the sperm which came off of it. I have odd, lewed fancies with women, they come over me involuntarily when with them. They are rarely premeditated, nor was this one, but I felt a subtle delight in knowing my sperm would be on her fingers, as well as in her cunt, and said, “Feel it love, that's my spunk mixed with yours.”

— She answered not. — Then I felt her cunt overflowing with the libation from my balls, and made her feel her cunt. “Did you ever feel your cunt full like that.”

— “No,” said she. “You've been fucked tho, I'll swear

— Haven't you?” — “Yes,” — said she, after much pressing, “but only last night,” — and she began to cry. — I overwhelmed her with questions, but only got an obstinate, — “I won't now, what's the good.” But her history has already been told.

We left next day. I hired two rooms for a week for two pounds, at a fairly respectable eating house, and paid down. — They didn't seem to like my companion when they saw her. I got decent food there, and the girl was out of harm's way. My difficulty now was to know what to do with her. She said resolutely that she would never go home again, but at last she told me she had a relative at A*i**d*n and she would go there if they would let her. If not she would go on the streets, or drown herself, and she certainly meant one or the other. I suggested writing to the female friend, with whom she went to the music hall, to

get her to induce the young man who had pierced her first, to marry her. — She refused positively, and said her friend had no business to have left her with the young man. She wondered if it was to go with her own young man some-where on the sly. — “To fuck, you mean.” — “Yes,” — she replied, not minding now my lewed words. “Be-sides, he's downright ugly, and I hate him, if I get near him, I'll stick a knife in him, kill him,” — said she savagely and with a look in her eyes, which made me think that she would if she got the chance. She seemed vindictive against the whole lot, her parents included.

About the third day, I became uneasy about the ending of this affair. I could go out more freely from this house than from the baudy house, and went to my club for letters, but did not wish to be seen much, for I was supposed to be in the country with a friend, and there-fore kept mostly at the lodgings with her. I could not walk out with her either, and did not like her to go out alone, thinking she might disappear, for she was evidently a determined creature. But she didn't seem to care at all about going out.

She would read, suddenly put down the paper, and looking at me, say, — “Was I dead drunk — or did he give me something else?” She said this ten times a day. Then she would talk over the matter if I replied. — “If I was drunk, how could I have walked to the house, and how can I recollect at all what he did to me. Father, when drunk, never recollects anything.” — “Do you recollect his prick hurting you?” — “Yes, and something heavy, but not him on top of me, — and I was stupid all next day, and when mother punched me in the streets, I didn't seem to care. If she'd punched me at any other time, I'd have punched her.” — So we talked over the incident perpetually. Whether drunk or stupefied, she seems to have had momentary flashes of lucidity during the time she was with the man, but no sensation of pleasure when he was up her, nor even knowledge of the number of times she had been fucked. “I'm trying to think, but can't recollect more, I wish I could, and he a stranger to me, to do it. If it had been any one that I'd known, it wouldn't have been so black-guard, would it?”

She told me how young she was, when she first knew, or heard, that a man's prick went up a woman's cunt. She was only about ten years old, and used then to talk about it with other girls. She, like every other young girl I have known, I think without exception, knew that a cock got stiff, had seen boys' cocks so, and had tried to make them stiff. Every girl I have fucked has told me nearly the same. A nursemaid once said that she had made a boy's cock stiffen who was not three years old. The humbler class of girls know and see all this. — Young ladies have never the chance of seeing, and only know such things when their maids (who are of the lower classes) tell them. I

think from confidences made me by ladies whom I have had, and by ladies' maids as well, that they frequently ask their maids to tell about such matters, or lead them on to tell. Prick is instinctively a subject of curiosity to the female, just as the cunt is to the male. She told me all about her conversations with other girls about copulation.

I got her a novel to read, a love story — and she devoured it. I got writing paper, and amused myself by writing down the incidents of this piece of my luck. I noted down what she said — not at the moment, but directly after, when she was reading. But my writing made her suspicious. Was I writing to her father, was her first anxiety. I told her I was only writing about my affairs. But after a while — "You're writing some-thing about me I'm sure, now do tell me." — "What makes you think that?" — "Because you keep looking at me so." I suppose I did, but was not conscious of doing so. However I set her mind at rest by some bouncing lies.

It was certainly a rare chance to be with a nice young girl under such circumstances, and I got confidences which perhaps in her life she will never give to any other man. She would drink now, tho at first frightened of liquor. She never had cared about drink, had seen too much of it at home, she said, but now it seemed to make her, "feel jolly, and forget things." — She in fact was inclined to be reckless, and I pointed out what that would lead to. She didn't care she said. "What does it matter now? When are you going to leave me, what shall I do then?" — "Go home my dear, I'll see that they behave well." — She stared hard in her usual manner. "Then I won't, whatever you may try to make me." — Tho a girl, she seemed on this point to have the will of a woman.

I took her out in a cab, and gave her a change of linen right through, for washing was needful. It was of the simplest kind, and quite suited to her condition of life. She'd not asked for it, and when I told her my intention, she named the prices of such articles, and did not seem to desire anything showy or better. I gave her a secondhand and rather used bag to put them in, in thinking it better when she left me, that she should not seem to have all things new, for I had been resolving in my mind, all sorts of ways of doing her good, all sorts of mendacity for hiding what she had been doing. I felt really sorry for the young lass, and again began to think, that had I not met her, she might have gone home. But who can say?

On the fifth day I determined to do something to enable me to leave her, and told her I must do so. That if she did not let me put her somewhere safely, I would fetch her father. It ended in her writing from my dictation to her relative at A*i**d*n.

The letter was in some respects true, but all about what had taken place since her flight was a pack of lies. I thought out the whole thing,

even to her being able to account for her having the new under-linen (I gave her nothing else much), and the story was, I'm sure, a quite probable one. As a post-office was named, at which a reply was to be sent, the clue to her whereabouts was pretty well broken. In a couple of days a kind reply came — they knew of her having run away, and had evidently been informed of it by the girl's father, who I imagined thought the girl might have gone to A*i**d*n. So I determined to send her off there at once.

I had now had all the pleasure the lass was capable of giving me, was in fact fucked out, and she as well, but such was the attraction of the young lass, that I never strove harder to copulate. At last, after a mid-day meal (we always began fucking soon after that meal), I got my cock into her, and rammed with energy, but nothing would come out from my sperm-holder and it shrunk out shamefully without spending. “I can't do it,” said I. — “Oh, I'm glad you leave off, I'm so tired,” said she. As usual with women when I am nearly fucked out, I make them spend, tho I don't myself, if I can keep my cock stiff and in action. But Rosa was not by nature libidinous I am sure. She gave none of those quiet indications of desire, which the newly fucked usually do. — Unasked, she never laid hold of my prick. — The only curiosity she showed was once in seeing my prick stiffen under her handling, but she never asked me to frig it till I spent. I don't recollect at this moment one woman fresh at copulation, who has not wished to see that.

Next day I saw her to the station, and the train, with her, move off. I gave her ten pounds, impressing on her the necessity of not telling that she had more than a few shillings. That was to fit in with the tale of her doings since her flight, which we had concocted. — She seemed glad to go, and not at all affected at leaving me. — She only remarked I'd been very kind, that she didn't know “how it would all end,” and wished she were dead. I gave her envelopes, written with an ad-dress for me at a post-office, and begged her to write to me, however short her letter was, and promised if she was in trouble still, to help her — but I did not give her my real name.

About a week after, a letter reached me with “All right — Rosa” on it, and not a word more — I never heard of her again. I applied at the office for a letter months after she had left me, but there was no letter for me.

It was a week of great pleasure, a curious one in its incidents. — Her youth, and youthful cunt, and manners, pleased me much; yet I was glad when it was finished, for there was a tie about it which worried me. In a week I had quite recovered my virile power, and at once had two or three of the biggest women I could find, being impatient to see their massive thighs, and thickly haired cunts. To one

and all, I told that I had been a week with a young lass, and described her closely to them. It gave me pleasure to point out on the mature cunts, where the hair grew to on the young one, how the slit looked, and how tight it felt, and so on. But this did not seem much to please the ladies, who seemed rather to think that my pleasure with the lass reflected upon their own personal charms.

As to Rosa, I shall always feel that in not writing more to me she was very ungrateful, but I had a most delicious week with her. A honeymoon. I doubt whether I ever shall have anything like such a piece of luck again.

Chapter VI

Big-eyed Betsy Johnson. • Early acquaintance. • Brothels closed. • Ten years later. • It's you Betsy! • Her huge nymphet. • Protuberant eyes. • Witty baudiness. • My erotic requests. • Her help. • With Betsy and a man. • Hesitations. • His offers. • I frig him. • His arsehole offered. • No erection available. • Pestles and bumholes. • Spunk and a toothpick. • I poke Betsy. • His thumb on my bum. • A little virgin wanted. • One found. • At Js St. with her. • Another Molly. • Betsy's baudy antics. • Molly modest, stripped, and liquored up. • Pitching shillings at cunts. • Molly refuses my amatory advances. • Betsy's threats.***

[Before I tell about my acquaintance with this woman, — I must recall some facts to explain how that acquaintance was first made.

Some time before the termination of my acquaintance with Sarah Mavis, with whom I was so desperately infatuated, the London public had a fit of virtue to which it is subject periodically. It commenced a crusade against gay women, and principally those frequenting Regent and Coventry Streets, and others in that neighbourhood. Many nice, quiet accommodation houses were closed, and several nice gay women whom I frequented disappeared. Indeed, for a time, the police were set on with all their brutality . Women by dozens were taken before magistrates ruthlessly, and altho mostly cautioned and set at liberty, some were imprisoned; and the effect was, that for a short time the streets named, and a few others, were all but cleared of gay women.

Among the women who disappeared was one named Betsy Johnson, a lovely little creature under twenty, and in the perfection of her youth. Just before she disappeared, she said one night to me in her jocular way — “Fucking is done for here except for love, so I shall take to washing for my living.” — She disappeared, and I was now to meet her again some nine or ten years after].

It was in the middle of November, and but about a month only after I had said good bye to Rosa W***e. — I was walking along the Strand, one very nasty, muddy, dank, dark night. The whores were lifting up their petticoats, partly to escape the mud, but more I expect to show their legs, as high as they dare. and I was gazing on them with pleasure, my mind wandering from their legs to their backsides. I passed a female nearly, then stopped — as I seemed to recognize an old carnal acquaintance.

“Why, it's you Betsy.” — I turned round, and passed into a side

street, followed by the female. “I don't recollect you, yet I know the voice,” said she. —I made myself known. Several years had passed since I had seen her. It was Betsy Johnson, whom I had fucked just after she had turned gay, and at about the time I was in love with Sarah Mavis, and had quarrelled with her.

Betsy was a middle-sized female, but her plumpness and roundness were delicious. Her form was lovely then. She had a delicious skin, as smooth as ivory, fine chestnut hair, the same color on her cunt hair, of which she hadn't much. She had two defects. Her eyes were excessively prominent, the clitoris was large, and the nymphae very large. They hung out when first I knew her, and when she was not twenty years old, full half an inch below the outer lips, and for the entire length of the split. I did not like that, yet I used to have her, for she was so beautiful in form, so smooth in skin and fucked so divinely and her cunt fitted me heavenly. She was the wittiest woman of her class I ever met — it was good neat wit — and baudy wit as well at times for she was fond of baudiness — She enjoyed it. She at that time took a fancy to me, but I did not return it — tho I saw her once or so, when I quarrelled with Sarah, as to the best of my recollection I have already narrated.

We went to a house and she stripped. She was as beautifully shaped as ever — but her genital deformity had increased. — The nymphae hung down outside the cunt lips, I am sure one inch and a half along her whole split. — We had a long conversation about it and I told her of women having them cut off, I had read of that being done. — She was immensely interested in that, and also had heard of its being done. — She must muster up courage to have them cut, she said. — Men, she was sure, didn't like those flaps — tell her, “Did they?” — Since she had been back in London, she could not secure any regular friends, and kept very poor. “These precious nymphae must be the cause, they do not please I expect.”

She was always lascivious. — “Your fucking is delicious, me dear. You still do it well.” — On my pre- paring to leave. “Why sure, and you're not going after doing it once, and all these years since I've seen you?

— I recollect you, when I had to tell you you had done enough for your money. — Ah, I'm older, but sugar me if you go yet,” — said she, clutching hold of my prick. So we fucked again and again, for I could not resist her. — “You'll go home straight me dear tonight, won't you, a fresh cunt won't make it stand again, till you've laid on your back a little, and filled yer belly with grub, me dear.” — “Won't you see me again?”

“Perhaps.” — “Ah,” said she reflectingly. “You don't like me, I'll go back to S***b**ry. I'm not getting on here — whoring is not my

game now." — She was one of those who boldly spoke of whoring for her living — I did not like that. — "Why, it's what it is, isn't it?" she had said when I checked her for her plain speaking.

I did see her again, but her large flapping nymphae rather turned my lust off. I wanted to go to her rooms.

— "You can't, it would horrify you," said the poor woman. — "You see, I've only a gown and chemise on

— it's all I've got, but I must show my legs nice." — "My legs are my fortune sir," she said. — She had a lovely leg still, and had silk stockings on, and nice boots, tho almost without under-clothing. "I sleep on the floor on a mattress, there is no bedstead, only a mattress, a table, and a ferry in the room that's all. I've not even a blind me darling." — She was not Irish, but affected the brogue.

When we were parting, "Can I do anything for you?"

— she asked — what she meant I didn't exactly know, but chaffingly I replied. — "Yes, Betsy. Get me a nice young cunt without a bit of hair on it— and a man to frig." "Och, yer baste, is it a young cunt yer wants, - not for Joseph. But I'll get you a man easy enough if you mean it." — "I do," said I — suddenly thinking I should. — "Well, there are plenty of them" — "But in your room." — "Impossible, you and the sod too, would not stop in it five minutes." When I told her those wants, I didn't mean what I said, but at a subsequent meeting she suggested them, and it ended in my arranging to meet her with a man, and we were to go to his rooms together two or three days after, for she had stimulated my curiosity.

I met them in S**o S****e. — He took off his hat respectfully. — "Go ahead, and I'll follow," said I, and on they both went. — She then fell back — I was nervous and told her so. "If I go with you and him is all square?" — "It's all safe, but mind he shan't touch me, he shan't fuck me if that's what you mean — I can't bear the beasts." — "All right, go on, I only want to see what a man of this sort is like." — On the two went, crossed O*f**d St., to a long street, out of which turning up a paved court, he opened with a latch key a door and up we all well went to a first floor over a shop, and into a well furnished sitting-room, and bed-room. As we entered she again fell back, and whispered, — "Mind he don't touch me." — "All right, but no plant Betsy, eh?" — "All square, my pet." — It was a dark night, and I was awfully nervous, but an extraordinary curiosity was on me. I wondered if it was great pleasure to bugger — Betsy had said that men had told her it was.

At last then, the erotic caprice, which I been thinking of at intervals for years, a caprice which had sub-sided, been forgotten, but from time to time been roused by the sights through key holes and peep holes, of couples fucking: a caprice which had got strength, by

each succeeding prick I had seen, and specially by the big furnished young man, whom I last saw (poking his wife at Paris) was to be gratified — I had over-come all scruples, and satisfied myself that there was no more harm in feeling another's prick, than in feeling my own. — There was the man before me, on whom I might satisfy all my curiosity — and yet I began to tremble. — Once indeed on the road I stopped Betsy, and said I should not go home with them — but on her laughing at me, I persevered.

Indeed my heart had palpitated so violently as I followed them, and I felt so afraid of what I was doing, that once I thought of running away — (I have since that time, had a similar fear) — Pride, bravado, and the curiosity of handling another man's prick, of seeing his emotions in spending, kept me going. — It was nothing but curiosity for I never liked a man even about me. — But to frig one! — Ah! So many years had elapsed since I had done that, that I seemed to have forgotten all about it.

We went into the bed-room together. She stayed in the sitting-room. — “She is better there,” said he. — “Let's see your prick,” I said as soon as I had a little overcome my tremor. — He pulled it out, it looked small. I touched it with a sort of dislike. — “Are you fond of a bit of brown?” — he asked. — I did not under-stand and he explained. — “We always say a bit of brown among ourselves, and a cunt's a bit of red.” — I had a feeling of nausea, but went on. — “Let's frig you.” — He took off all but his shirt, and seating him on my knee I began to frig him. He questioned me whilst doing so — had I been up a man? — “No.” - Then there was no pleasure like it. — I frigged violently but his prick would not stand, I talked baudy and about women. He said “A bit of brown is worth a hundred cunts.” I felt quite disconcerted, for his cock remained small and flabby. I had thought that talking about cunts would stiffen it.

The conversation, then led by him, took an arsehole turn. — He asked me to let him feel my bumhole. — I consented. — In for a penny, in for a pound, I began to think. Taking down my trowsers, he looked at my bum, and his prick stood at the sight. “Is it virgin?” said he, and felt it. — Then, standing by my side, my left arm round his waist to steady me, I frigged him and the little bugger spent but a very little. I rushed to wash my hand.

When he had composed himself, he washed his tool, and became very curious about me, and most energetically felt my prick. — “Put it up me,” — said he. — “I can't, my prick won't stand.” — “Shall I suck it?” — “You?” — “Yes.” — “Do you do so?” — “Lord yes, I have had it so thick in my mouth, that I've had to pit it out of my teeth with a toothpick.” — I turned sick, but after a time I turned his arse towards me, and got my prick stiff by hard frigging, determined to try what

buggery was like. But the moment I put it against his arsehole down it drooped — He was kneeling at the side of the bed. — “Wet it well with your spittle,” said he, wetting his own hole. — It was useless, and I desisted. — “You will presently,” he re-marked. — But tho I tried again and again, determined to know everything, and to do everything once in my life, it was useless.

Then he went to a drawer, and produced a small marble pestle such as chemists use, and asked me to let him put it up my bum, extolling the pleasure I should have. — “It must hurt,” I said. — “Oh dear no, look.” — Going to the side of the bed, he laid down, and cocking up his legs, shoved it up his own arsehole a little way. — That only made me feel more sick, I was so unsophisticated in such matters. I expect he saw that, for he took it out. But then he produced two more of different sizes, one quite a large one, and told me there was a friend he visited every week, who met him in his stables, and he put the larger one up his fundament. — That man said it was not large enough to give him pleasure. “I put it up him to there” said the sodomite marking with his thumb the spot on the pestle. But the description made me feel more modest. — “You should have the small one up first, I will do it for you, and I know such a sweet young man who would suck your prick at the same time if you would like.” — “Oh, no.” — “Do let me sod you,” — said he all at once and quite affectionately, “I should so like to do it to you and take your virginity,” and he shook his prick, and frigged it a little. — It was not stiff, and was very sharp pointed, but not at all a large one.

I was now quite flabbergasted. His coolness and his tale of picking his teeth free of semen, made me actually shudder. — Then the pestels. — Fancy two men to-gether in a stable, one shoving a pestle up the other's bum. — How curious I thought, yet how abominable — it's incredible. Yet still I felt curious. — “Does it make him spend” I asked — “His prick stands after I have worked it up and down in the brown for a while, then I go on gently, and suck his prick, till he spends,” — he replied coolly. Again I frigged him curious to see his emotions, and watched his face when with difficulty he spent slightly. — But my cock would not stand. — So I went into the room to Betsy, determined to try her cunt. — She had been, she told me afterwards, looking thro, and listening at the door all the time. “Don't come near me” said she to the sod. — After much ado she made my cock stand, I mounted her, and fucked, feeling his prick whilst I did so — that either suggested itself to me, or he suggested it — and it seemed to increase my pleasure.

Then as I rammed up Betsy's cunt I became conscious he was feeling me behind, and that his thumb or finger was intruding into my bum hole. — “Feel her brown,” said he. — I was in the height of my

pleasure. “You beast,” said Betsy. — Whether I obeyed his ad-vice or not, I can't say. I spent, and fetched her and then we quickly parted. — I gave him a sovereign, no more, and her two, before each other. — They made no remark. — I promised to see him again but had no intention of doing so, and never did.

I met her soon afterwards, and she was curious. “Did his arsehole seem large?” I was unable to tell her, disliked even to refer to it, yet my curiosity seemed unsatisfied and I had a sort of desire to learn more, yet a dislike to myself for desiring it. — When she asked me if she should get him again, I refused point blank, yet all the time longing to try, and dissatisfied at not having put my prick up him to see if it gave some unknown pleasure or not.

But I spoke to Betsy again about an unfledged virgin cunt. — She shook her head — did not know where to get one — the boys had all the girls when quite young. — Didn't she know what games boys and girls were up to when quite young. — She had lived at ***** — and there was not there a girl over fourteen who had not had it done to her — and by the boys — boys not men and in the fields, tho sometimes at home. I had heard similar accounts from women years before, and believed her. — “I'll get you half a dozen little ones without hair, but they all know as much as I do about fucking.” — That offer I declined, for I knew there were plenty like that about the streets, whom I could get without her assistance. — “A virgin, a virgin, and with no hair on her cunt, or nothing.” — Well she would if she could, but she shook her head. — Her last words were “Just a little hair on it you wouldn't mind, would you?” — “Perhaps if only just shewing, but mind, I'll have a good look at her cunt, with thighs open, before I have her. No virgin no pay. I won't be gammoned.” — “All right, me dear, but you'll have to wait pretty long.”

I met Betsy a little time afterwards by mere chance, and was going to pass her, but somehow she recognized me and touched me on the elbow, saying hastily, — “Come here, come here I've been looking for you for a week.” — We turned up a side street. — “Oh if you mean it, I think I've got such a nice girl for you, but I shall run a risk.” — We had a long conversation, I gave her money to make presents to the girl, and some for herself, but not much. — “I think she will, but if I can't get her, I can't, and then you'll think I've chiselled you.” — “No I shan't,” and we parted.

I looked for Betsy and a few days after saw her. — “She's a virgin,” — said she, “but I don't see my way to it yet.” — “Ah, the old game.” — “Thought you'd say so, you old fox.” — Betsy tried hard to make me go to a house with her but I would not, tho I made her again a little present, and agreed also the price for her services if they were of use. — “I fear I can't manage it,” said she, “tho she is a randy little

bitch, and is longing to know what fucking is like, the boys have felt her cunt and she their pricks — she's told me so — ah! she is a regular hot-arsed one and you may as well have her whilst she's got it to give, and you'll give me the money on the night you have her first?" — "Yes, if she be a virgin, not otherwise, and I'll see her cunt well before I do her." — "All right, you old fox she was a virgin last night I'll take my oath."

More than a week passed. Then I looked out for and saw Betsy. — I passed her, touched her lightly, said "hish" — and passed on, turning up the next convenient by street. — Betsy followed me and began breathless. — "Oh! It's such a chance, — I've walked up and down here for three nights, and never left the street till midnight, nor left with a man, for fear of missing you."

"She is a virgin." — Then she told me that the lass had only the signs of hair on her cunt. — Yes, she had seen her cunt, and had looked at it well. — "Yes — wide — wide — open — and you can scarcely get your little finger up the hole, me dear — it's just large enough to let her monthlies through — and she's only had her monthlies twice, — you've got a rare chance — and such a plump, fine, little divel, I'd like to do her myself. But give me a sovereign to rig her out you'd like to see her look nice. Honor bright — did I ever deceive you? Oh no, not next week, meet us tomorrow night, don't lose a night, or you may miss your chance, she has been sleeping with me three nights and I don't let her out of my sight. She is such a hot-cunted little devil, that God knows what she'll be up to. — I'll give her boots and stockings, and say you sent the money for them — and you tell her you'll give her a silk dress — and a crinoline — don't forget the crinoline, she is mad for one (they were just in fashion), you'll be pleased, she is as well shaped as I am. — I'm only frightened they won't let her in the house, but they know you well there in J***s St., and that's a good deal. — If they do object you must come to my garret, tho I fear they'd hear us there." — Thus she talked on energetically, without stopping, and saw her ten pounds almost in her pocket.

Next night was dark and cold, and they met me in L**c**t*r S****e. — The girl looked young and a little object. — Betsy told me to say the girl had been in with me before if they objected. — We entered. The door sounded the warning click. I went in first, feeling a little nervous, and had gone up a few stairs, when the door-woman said, — "She can't go in Miss, I can't let her — she is very young." — "Oh, she's not young at it — she has been half a dozen times before with me and my friend — hasn't she sir? —For she is sixteen, tho she looks so young," said Betsy in a low tone.

"She looks very young," said the woman hesitating and standing

at the door. I turned round. “It's all right, she's been in here with me before, why object now?” — “She looks very young,” the woman said again — just then another couple pushed open the street door. — “Go on, go on,” — said the woman — “first floor front,” and up Betsy and the young one came with me. — The door-keeper was anxious to get us out of sight of the couple just entering, they helped to settle the question.

The woman soon followed us into the room, and staring hard at the young one, — “If it's all right, I've nothing to say,” said she. I put a sovereign into her hand. “We shall stop all night.” “Two ladies sir.” I gave her another, shut the door in her face, and bolted it. — Betsy winked at me. “I knew she would if you spoke, and you've stumped up handsome.” I had in-deed, and had never been charged for two ladies before in that house.

Betsy had made up the girl in the oddest way with a big bonnet, and she looked almost a bundle of clothes too big for her. — It was an error in the disguise I saw at a glance. — But there we were, all three snugly in the best room in the house. Betsy pulled off her bonnet and shawl as quickly as possible. Then she pulled a great shawl off the little one, and a bonnet big enough for a grenadier, and I saw a lovely girl of about fifteen, looking up earnestly from rather deep-set eyes. — “This is the friend who sent you the boots and stockings, and he'll give you a lovely crinoline,” said Betsy. — “Won't you, sir?” — “Yes,” — said I.

I stood staring with delight whilst Betsy undressed both of them in an agitated manner. First she pulled off her own gown — then the girl's. — Then she stripped herself to her chemise, then the girl. — When the girl was in her chemise, Betsy pulled her slap down on the sofa, and put her hands under charming plump, little breasts — “Ain't they a pretty pair,” said she — “and, oh! she has such a fat bum and pretty little cunt.” — She lifted the chemise, and the girl pushed it down. — She had never taken her eyes off me, nor I off her. “Don't, Betsy.” — “Don't you be a little fool, look here,” — and Betsy throwing up her own chemise rolled back on the sofa threw up her legs, opened her thighs well, and pulled her cunt lips wide open. — “There look at that, me dear — there's a sight for a stiff prick.” — “Oh! — Oh! Betsy, don't,”

- said the girl. — “Didn't we do so last night my dear.” — “Oh, not before a man,” — said the girl, colouring up and trying to pull Betsy's chemise down.

— “Don't — for shame.' — 'Shan't — Pough — all my eye, Molly — show him yours.” — “Shan't — you're dirty.” — “Didn't we look at each other's last night, Molly?” “Not before a man — don't now, Betsy. — Oh, don't before him.” — It was said quite naturally.

But Betsy pulled right off her own chemise, turned to the girl, and in a jiffy had pulled hers off also. — There they were, both naked except their boots and stockings. Then with a laugh, she threw herself back on the sofa, and pulled her cunt lips open again — calling on Molly to do the same. The girl timidly looking at me, putting one hand modestly in front of her cunt to hide it, and trying to regain the chemise, which Betsy Johnson had put under her own backside.

I sat down, pulled the little one to me, felt her pretty breasts, her plump round little bum and thighs. She all the time kept her hand in front of her sacred split. I pulled her then on to the sofa, and got my hand between her thighs, talking baudy, and kissing her. — Betsy had got up, and stood naked with her arse to the fire looking at us letting out baudiness, and inciting the young one to comply with my wishes. — Then I pulled off my clothes to my shirt, and showed her my pego, stiff as a poker and like a burning coal. “Oh! There's a glory,” said Betsy. — “Oh, don't hide it Molly, I wish it were going up my cunt instead of yours.” — and stooping she kissed it and pulled me towards her by it. — “Kiss it, Molly,” — said she — “kiss it before it goes up you. — Oh! Wow — wow — wow” — and she put my prick in her mouth till it was nearly out of sight. The little one stared. “Oh, ain't you dirty?” — “Dirty, you little fool — a prick's nice wherever you put it, nice anyhow, and anywhere. — You'll think so before a week — you'll be ready to eat one a week after it's been up your cunt, Molly.” — “Oh — oh,” and she went on putting it in and out of her mouth, and kissing it down to my testicles.

I sat down again, got the little one on my naked thigh, and put her little fist round my prick. — Betsy keeping up her baudy patter all the time. Then I pulled the little one to me, her legs apart, mine between them, and my pego rubbed between her plump thighs. I grasped her plump little bum, and kissed her, whilst she kept struggling — mildly tho — “Oh, don't now — oh, Betsy — don't let him — it's dirty — don't” — and so on. Then I got out wine and liqueur which I had brought with me. — There was only a water tumbler in the room and we all three drank out of it. I would not ring for glasses lest the servant should come in, and see the youth of the lass. The liquor was nice to her for she drank freely, became talkative, and laughed. — Up to that time she had, tho tolerably passive under my handlings, looked scared and fixedly at me only uttering, “Oh Betsy, don't do so — Oh I'm — astonished.” — Now she was more at home. —

I delighted in talking to her — anticipating the de-light to follow. — “You've never had any man's hand between your thighs have you dear?” — “No sir.” “And never put your finger up your cunt?” — “Lord,” said Betsy, “you could not get your finger up it. I tried the

other night, didn't I Molly?" — "No." — "Oh, you little liar. — I did and I showed her the difference, and told her she couldn't have any pleasure till her hole was as large as mine, and she put her fingers up mine to feel." — "Oh — o-oh — o-oh Betsy, I didn't." — "You did, you little fool, you got your hand nearly up it." "Oh, you beast you said you hoped you might be struck dead if you told of me," — said the young one looking quite aghast. — Betsy laughed. — "I said any girl but not a man it don't matter to him. — He's a man and going to make your cunt like mine. — Oh, won't your little hot arse shake, where his balls are close up to it. — You'll bless me tomorrow, when you get your new dress and crinoline — and you'll be asking him to put his prick into you again and again."

"Let's look at your cunt Molly," said I, trying. I threw her on her back on the sofa and knelt down in front. She resisted vigorously. Betsy caught hold of her arms and pulled her back, whilst I pushed her legs wide open — the little pink gash widened, but I could not in the struggle and excitement satisfy my curiosity, so desisted for a while. We then drank and talked more, till my lust made me furious to begin.

What strange whims and caprices I have had with women, and usually quite impromptu. I wonder if other men have suddenly thought of such amusements and tricks. — I now had one. I took some shillings out of my pocket, and sitting down on the floor with my back to the fire, — "Open your legs wide Betsy," said I, "as you sit on the sofa and I'll throw shillings at your cunt. Every time I hit between its lips the shilling is yours — if I miss, I'm to have three throws more with it and then it's yours." — Betsy screamed with laughter, brought up both heels to the level of her buttocks on the sofa, and spread out her thighs, shewing a wide split, that a half crown could have gone into. I pitched the shillings at her cunt — one on two hit it and she made Molly pick them up. — The girl stood looking at me — then at Betsy, and repeating, "Well, you are dirty," astonishment in her eyes manner and voice but she picked up the shillings fast enough — and gave them either to me or Betsy as she was told. — At length she laughed and hid her face with her hand. — "Oh, ain't he one," said she.

"Let's throw at yours, my darling," said I — "Let him" said Betsy "or I shall have all the shillings." — The girl hollowed refused, resisted, till Betsy lost her temper, so we had more wine. At length, "Now I'm going to look at your cunt." The wench was now well warmed by wine, baudy conversation, and tricks, yet still there was delay, and she refused. — Betsy said she was not going to be fooled — what she had come to do, she would have to do. — She might go away if she would not. — Go and get a lodging where she could. —

“Lay on the steps all night if you like, you shan't come home with me — and you know,” she said in a significant tone to the girl which I did not then understand. — With a little more persuasion, the naked lass laid on her back on the edge of the bed, her legs hanging down. — It was at the side of the bed away from the gas, Betsy had pushed her on that side of the bed.

For half a minute I gazed at her with delight as she lay with wonderfully large thighs, and legs, and would never have believed her youth, had it not been for the hairless cunt, and youthful face. She was country born she had said, and early used to work in the fields, such work soon develops the form, and hence her beauty but I soon began my investigation into her virginity.

Chapter VII

Molly's virginity verified. • All three on the bed. • Molly refuses me. Betsy's rage. • My prick up Betsy temporarily. • Molly convinced. • I mount her. • A wriggler and screecher. • The bed pillow employed. • Stroke number one. • The bloody sequel. • Stroke number two. • Betsy screwed. • Stroke number three. • Molly spends. • A night's cock-work. • Three in a bed. • Three weeks with Molly. • My erotic whims. • Difficult postures. • Betsy's assistance. • Molly on Betsy. • I fuck Betsy. • Molly jealous. • Betsy frigging herself. • Sudden disappearance of the two. • Reasons months after. • The washerwoman in quod. • The Priest's interference. • With Betsy in a Bath. • Fucking under water. • The Brothel in Js St. closed.***

I had doubted Betsy, and thought she was going to sell me about the virginity, spite of her protestations, and spite of my telling her that if not satisfied, I would only give her the price of a fuck of herself, and a little present to the girl: and knowing the room and the way the furniture was placed, and where the gas was, this now occurred to me again. I had to prevent my being cheated, and to get a good look, brought a candle with me which I now lighted, and stood by the side of the bed, — Betsy close to me. — I took one of the girls' legs, Betsy the other. — “Open your thighs and let him look, you said you would — you promised me you would — there's a darling,” said she.

The girl's legs opened wide — I gave Betsy the candle, and with the vacant hand pulled open wide the lips of the little cunt, which was of a delicate pink, with the slightest signs of dark hair just on the mons. — excited as I was, and with a prick throbbing as if it would burst, or spend without a touch, I saw that the cunt had never had anything larger than a finger up it. With an impulse I have always had with hairless cunts, I put my mouth to it, and gave it a little lick. Such a mouthful of saliva came, and ran out of my mouth at once. — The girl struggled as she felt my tongue, and closed her thighs on my head. The spittle had covered her cunt — I threw off my shirt, pushed Molly straight on the bed, got on it by the side of her, and Betsy got on the other side.

But she would not let me mount her. In vain Betsy coaxed and bullied by turn. — “No — no,” — she had altered her mind. — She was frightened — it would hurt, — it would make her bleed. — Then she burst into tears and cried. I desisted, Betsy quieted her, for fear of the people of the house, and when she had done she spoke to her in a subdued voice as nearly as possible thus.

“You bloody little fool. I had pricks up me twice as big as that, and longer than his, before I was your age — don't I get a living by fucking? — Don't I get silk stockings and dresses by fucking? — How are you going to live? — Who's going to keep you, I want to know? — What did you come here for? — Didn't you promise me? — Didn't you say you'd let him? - Didn't you say you'd like to be fucked if it was nicer than frigging yourself”

The girl made no reply, and was confused and shaking. “All right, you may go, and you may get home as you can,” — saying that, she jumped off the bed and rolled up in a bundle the girl's chemise and petticoat, which were quite new. — “You shan't have the things I've given you, damned if you shall.” Then she came to the bed, violently pulled off from the girl both boots and stockings, and rolled up the stockings with the petticoat. — “Now you may go — put on your dress and your boots, and go, you're not wanted here, my friend and I will stop all night.”

The girl scared out of her senses. “Don't Betsy, where am I to go to?” — “Go the Hell and buggery, go and shit yourself, I don't care a bloody fart where you go to.” — The girl blubbered and sobbed out, — “I will then, I will let him.” — “Hold your sniveling, and don't make that noise. — Someone's at the door perhaps, — let him do it to you, — if you don't — go — and you know. — You know what,” — Betsy, tho slanging in the foulest way (and I have not told a quarter what she said), — did it all in a suppressed voice.

I got on to the bed again. So did Betsy, who helped the girl to her old place. Again the girl said she should be hurt and refused. — “You do it Betsy, with him — you let him do it.” — “Lord,” said Betsy, who had re-covered her temper, “he may fuck me till his spunk come up into my mouth if he likes — show her how to do it — let's have a fuck, my dear,” — and she winked at me — “show her how it's done, and then she will let you, won't you Molly” — Molly made no reply.

I knelt between Betsy's legs naked, with prick stiff, dropped on to her, and put my prick up her — “There, feel, Molly.” — She took hold of the girl's hand and guided it between our bellies — “Feel, his prick's right up — turn a little on the side,” said she to me. We did, keeping copulated. When her arse was a little turned towards Molly, she threw one thigh high up over my hips so that the girl could see the prick as it lay squeezed into Betsy's cunt — “Look under, look Molly — look there, nothing but his balls to see, is there.” — The girl put her head down, and curious, touched my balls. — “Oh fuck, fuck, isn't it lovely my darling,” said Betsy.

We turned flat again and Betsy began fucking and heaving in earnest. She thought she was going to have the treat for she wanted it. — But I slipped my prick out of her cunt, tho I kept on ramming and

driving, as if I was going to fuck her backside up to her blade bones. — “Sham,” — I whispered. — Betsy, tho disappointed, took the hint, and we heaved and pushed to-gether, my prick now outside her, and at length screaming out, “Fuck — cunt. — Oh, lovely — ah my spunk's — coming — oh, push hard — dear — fuck — hick.” — We both shammed ecstatic pleasure and sunk quietly down, whilst the lass sitting up naked on the bed by our side looked at us all the while intently.

“Let him now do it to you,” — said Betsy, again coaxing and threatening Molly. — My prick had drooped, just as the girl at last allowed me to get between her thighs — but it sprung up stiff directly I dropped on to her. I worked cunningly, rubbing the tip just outside till I had lodged it. She trembled. I pressed her, and gave a tremendous thrust, and was on the right road. — “Oho — hah — ar,” — she screamed — “You hurt — get off — I won't let you — har.” — She screeched loudly, and struggled violently. “Hish, you damned howling little bitch,” said Betsy, pushing a pillow right over the girl's head. I pressed my head on the pillow, the girl's head was hidden from me, but I could hear her cry. — I had not got up her, was funky about the noise we were making, but in the excitement thought only of my work. — “Hish, they will hear,” were the last words I heard Betsy say. — Then I felt my sperm was coming, and with a violent effort, and grasping the fat little buttocks like a vice — my prick went up her, leaving my sperm all the way up as I entered. I felt the tightening of her hymen round my prick, as it went through it with a cunt-splitting thrust.

It was all over in a minute. Then, “Oh, don't,” — I heard in muffled tones. — “Have you done her?” — said Betsy. — “Y— hes — y — hes.” — She pulled away the pillow, and there I lay with the little naked one palpitating, but quiet in my arms, my prick up to its roots in her. I kept it there, tho it was shrinking' but I kept on gently thrusting, just enough to keep it half stiff. Then I partially withdrew it, the girl winced and murmured. — “Oh, take it out, you do hurt,” that stiffened me quite. — “I am fucking again. — I shall spend again,” — I said to Betsy, who turned on her side to see better, and in a few minutes of exquisitely prolonged pleasures — I spermatized again the little virgin quim.

[It is the last time but one or two that I recollect doing so without uncunting, for I am approaching a time of life, which makes a pause between fucks usual with me.]

I rose on my knees, and looked at the girl, who lay quite quiet with her thighs wide open, and her hand over her face. — A bloodier mass of spunk I never saw on a cunt. — Her blood had run down on to the counterpane, and lay in a red rim all round my prick near to its

root. I was delighted beyond measure. She bled more than any virginity of her age which I ever yet have had, I think.

Betsy chuckled. — “Well, Moll — you've been fucked and no mistake, ain't you? — How do you like it? — It didn't hurt you, did it?” — The girl made no reply, but lay with her nice round thighs wide open, her eyes covered with the back of one hand. — Betsy got off the bed and put a towel under Molly's buttocks and thighs. “You've spent enough and you have spoiled the counterpane.” — The girl closed her legs on the towel, turned on one side, and began to cry. Betsy pulled her up and gave me the towel. I wiped my prick, and we all three got up — the girl ceased crying, and then sat on the sofa naked, in front of the fire; and we began drinking again.

Our talk was all about fucking, and we chaffed the former virgin, who sat without answering in a meditative way, seemingly wondering and upset by what had taken place. — At length, looking at Betsy. — “What will mother do if she finds it out?” she said. — “Find it out, how is she to find it out? — You won't tell her, and she does not look at your cunt, does she?” — “She might find it out.” — “You little fool, she can't — and if she asks you, tell her to ax your pooper — and come to me, I will get you on to earn your living.” — “She might find it out, tho,” said the girl, giving her head a hard shake, and looking at the fire and as if speaking to herself. — “Say it's one of the boys in the court who did it, but I'll tell you what to say tomorrow,” said Bet.

Betsy had had so much liquor that she was very jolly. The girl was on the sofa between us, when Bet put her hand across and began frigging my cock. “Is the next for her?” said she. — “Look Molly, that's what did it

— isn't it nice? — Tell us how does it feel when it's up you? — It didn't hurt you, did it?” — “It hurts me now,” said Molly sullenly. — “Wash it, Molly.” — I would not hear of that, — I wanted her as she was, I wanted her as she was, I liked to see the bloody smears on her belly and thighs, and know her cunt was full of my semen. “Don't you want to piddle” — “Yes,” said the girl in a whipser. — “Do it then.” — “I shan't”

— “Why you little fool, you must, we'll all go to bed directly, and you must before you go to sleep. I'm not going to bed with you, unless you do, you'll be pissing over us in the night.” — The girl piddled, singing out — “ooooho” in a whisper, as the piddle I suppose touched the torn edges of her virginity.

Time had passed on in this amusing and exhilarating conversation till again I wanted the lass. She would not consent, she would not be hurt again, but we persuaded her, got her on to the bed, and again I sent my pego up her. At first she gave little subdued cries, and then took the thrusts very quietly. — “Isn't it nice now?” “No.” — “Don't it

give you pleasure?" — "No — no — no," — was all I got out of her. But I raised my self upon my elbow to look at her, whilst I went on fucking. She laid so quiet and closed her eyes in such a manner, that I am sure it did give her pleasure, tho she might not have spent.

We got hungry, and did not like the woman to fetch it Betsy for her. I was fucked out. How many times I did it I don't know, but had rarely been baudier and stronger. I so enjoyed the girl, that my cock stood the moment I laid my hands on her thighs, and I parted with her longing to meet her again.

The next night but one I again had them both, and passed a delicious evening. — The baud no longer objected. The girl came naturally dressed and looked older than she did in her makeup, which was a failure. — This night was, if less exciting, more enjoyable in its lasciviousness. The lass raised no objections, and for some hours my eyes were feasted and my fingers or my prick were investigating her cunt. What a delicious satisfaction to push into the little tight tube, and compare it mentally with full grown capacious cunts, to compare the jagged, pink slit, with the open port of Betsy, who told us about the pricks she had seen and had up her, and of such baudy pranks, that the lass declared she did not believe them. I did. What pleasure I had when again the girl spent, and admitted that it was better than frigging — even if Betsy did it to her. — "You seem comfortabler after it," said she, "than when you do it yourself, don't you Betsy." — It was an evening of mental and physical enjoyment to Molly and myself, and even to Betsy, who kept frigging herself.

Night after night, almost without intermission, did I then have Molly. — One night, Betsy said it was a shame that I did not give her a turn, and Molly consenting, I fucked her whilst Molly looked on. — Molly seemed to think she had a right to all that would come out of my doodle.

I now get more whimsical in my lusts and more versatile in my enjoyments. Different poses suggest themselves to me continually. I have bent most women to obedience in these, of late years, those who would not obey I ceased to visit. But if a woman liked fucking, she takes as much pleasure in lasciviousness as a man does. — Betsy with her witty lewedness was fond of lascivious postures, but altho she did lewed things, she always seemed to do them with a certain witty gentility that was peculiar to her. The great pleasure she had in placing Molly, and shewing her how to move, and perform with me, was evident. — It was a baudy play, or a rehearsal.

I wanted to fuck Molly dog fashion. — When she leant over the bed she was too low when she knealt on the bed too high. Bet, who always watched our fuckings, was ready with a suggestion. — She threw herself on her back at the edge of the bed with her legs

dangling. — “If she lays on me, her cunt will just be at the right height,” — “Nonsense.” — But I put Molly, laughing, on the top of Betsy and they were naked belly to belly, face to face. — Bet clutched her threw her heels up on to Molly's buttocks and jogged up and down for a minute, as if fucking. “Now you can see two cunts with one eye shut, said Bet, if you look.” — Puffing open the little ones' legs, I saw two cunts nearly meeting. Have I ever seen that before? — I forget.

I did not think of flat-cocking (tho I have often thought of it since) — but easing Molly down towards me a little, I got her cunt just at the right level, and drove my prick pretty well home, then holding her legs with difficulty on each side of my hips, began fucking.

Betsy threw her legs up high, when Molly's were so placed. I placed one of my hands between their two bellies, and could just feel with my knuckles the hairy surrounding of Betsy's split, whilst with my fingers I felt Molly's clitoris. Then with my hand thus, I fucked and spent. Then I shoved Molly up higher on to Betsy, stooped, and saw her cunt dripping out its sperm onto Betsy's cunt.

Betsy, thoroughly worked up, having felt every jog and my balls almost knocking against her, as I poked Molly, as she now felt the spunk drop on to her cunt, pushed Molly off of her, and shutting her eyes began frigging herself. — “You're not going to have all the pleasure, my darlings,” she said. — Molly and I looked whilst she frigged. “Let's feel your prick,” said she suddenly, I moved close to her — she seized it. — “It's sticky. The spunk's all over it.” She gasped out, squeezing it hard, — “Oh, ahar my God.” Her imagination as she felt my cock, helped her, and she spent. It is wonderful what ungainly attitudes and what difficult uncomfortable poses men and women will put themselves in, to get variety of attitudes in fucking.

“Do you often frig yourself?” I asked her. — “Yes she do,” said Molly, “she likes it.” — “Shut up you,” said Bet, “I frig when I can't get flicked and I haven't had much chance lately I've been with you every night — the other night I gave a Peeler a treat.” — “Where did he have you?” — “Against a shop door,” said Betsy, nothing abashed. — “I don't believe you.” But Molly told me that she saw Betsy and the Policeman at it. So the girl was training up very nicely in the way she should go.

I tried to ascertain where the little one lived but never could get at it from either of the girls. I wanted Molly alone, and to save the expense as well, for I had to pay double for the room, and to pay both Betsy and Molly. That the girl went home with Bet, and that she had a mother, I learnt from scraps of conversation, especially when the flap-cunted one had had her full share of wine, yet the home was kept secret and Bet, when questioned at length said, “you'd better not bother yourself — or you'll get perhaps into more trouble than you'll

like." — So I ceased enquiring.

Nearly a month had passed away, when Bet said the girl was going back to her mother. "She must stop at home three days, and then I'll get her out again, but she must go home early." That I agreed to. At the house on a night arranged, the mistress told me that Betsy had called to say she should see me soon, but not that night, nor did she meet me afterwards, and some months rolled by, before I met Betsy again. She was then looking very poor and unwell. — We turned an accommodation house, and then she told me all that had occurred.

The girl was the daughter of a laundress, a friend of Betsy's, and she was allowed to be much with her, tho the mother knew how Betsy got her living. The girl was growing, had had her courses, and wanted fucking. — "Fucked by someone I knew she would be soon. — Some ragged-arsed coster perhaps. She'd been felt by youths, and had felt them, and as you wanted a fresh one, I thought I might as well have a few pounds for the virginity,. as let it go for nothing" — So she led the girl up to it. It was easy enough, the little one nothing loath, was longing to have a prick up her, and get a silk dress, but Betty scarcely knew how to get her away. Just then the mother got drunk, assaulted a policeman, was abusive, and was quickly sent to quod for a month. — Betsy said the girl should stay with her, till she was out of prison, and so she did, and she was then brought to taste my prick.

After the last time I had Molly, the mother came home, and soon told Bet her daughter had been ruined, and that Bet was at the bottom of the business. She denied it — and Molly denied it, but it ended in a row. The mother got again drunk and assaulted Betsy. The whole neighbourhood got to know and was up in arms. Betsy was obliged to leave her lodgings and at last to leave the neighbourhood. — She was afraid even to take to her old Strand walk, because of the mother. Since then, Molly and her mother had gone she knew not where.

Betty's belief was that it was owing to a Priest, for Molly had sworn she had never told her mother. When a doctor to whom she took the girl, had examined her cunt, he said that if a man had not been up her, she had put something up as big as a man. Molly still resolutely denied knowing anything about the matter, or that her cunt was any larger than it always had been, and said that she had put things up it. They were Roman Catholics. The mother took Molly to confess. The girl would not tell Betsy anything she had told the Priest, saying that she should go to hell if she did tell — and declared in ambiguous terms that the Priest had never asked her that — but only what he had asked her other times before — and she had taken care not to say too much. For all that, Betsy declared that from what the mother had let out that the Priest must have cautioned her, against letting her having anything more to say or do with Betsy. It seems that

whilst Molly had been living with Bet, the two had talked a great deal about Priests, and what women told those holy men when confessing — and Betsy declared that tho the Priest might not have said the actual thing, he had said enough to the mother, to put her on the scent and make her do what she did.

I fucked Betsy that night but never afterwards, and gave her what I could to compensate her for her trouble and loss, for it seemed a probable story. I soon afterwards lost sight of her, and Molly I have never seen since.

The episode lasted about four weeks, and I had plenty of amusement during the time. — I was delighted with the little one. I could gaze for half an hour at a time at the little delicate pink slit, its jagged rupture, its little hairless lips: and then look at Betsy's well-haired cunt, as she laid by the side of her. When the little one's cunt was fresh washed I would tickle the little clitoris with my tongue till she closed her thighs on me — or pushed my head away, but I never made her spend that way, nor thought of doing so, nor desired it. — It was simply instinctive, lascivious play which pleased us both — and delighted Betsy to witness.

In arranging these later portions of manuscript, I came upon a narrative of copulation in a bath, which I had with this big-eyed Betsy — I knew that I had written it, and at one time looked for it fruitlessly, then forgot it, and only thought about it again, when in arranging the loose leaves telling of my secret life at about this date, it suddenly turned up. It must there-fore be kept in place here, altho what occurred took place certainly ten years earlier. — It was the only time I ever fucked a woman under water.

I have since tried to stroke a woman in a bath in the southwest of Europe, and failed, but fucked her directly we left the bath (in which I let as much water play-fully up her cunt as I could) on a sofa in the dressing room. — It was at about 10 o'clock a.m. She was a lovely-formed, dark-eyed, dark-haired creature, a ballet girl, and an Italian about twenty years old, and for now my amusements were far wider in range, obscenity, and eccentricity) I made her piss over me from the edge of the bath, and I pissed against her cunt, before our ablution. This was to her great amusement — and during all breakfast time afterwards, she did nothing but talk about it, for it was her first essay in such class of erotic diversion. — After breakfast, we adjourned again to the bath, under pretence of taking one, and I fucked her twice in the dressing room and the I went back by myself to P***h.

One night, Betty and I talked about the bath which we took together years previously, for it was she who told me of the bathing place. It is strange to me that I have never written full narrative

before, for I made the notes at the time, as I well recollect. And now to the narrative.

One day when I had her on my first acquaintance with her, the subject turned on baths, and she asked if I had ever had a woman in a bath. “It takes a good man to fuck under water,” said she. Then she told me where I could try, and I met her there soon after.

In J***s St., not far from my favourite baudy house, was a small building on the outside window of which in largish letters was written “Baths.” There were there indeed baths for gentlemen, yet I expect the paying business was the double bath to which the initiated only had access. — Betsy told me not to go in with her, for men and women never went in together, but to wait a few minutes, as she had to see if a bath was ready, and let the keeper know who to expect. I did as told, and was soon in a comfortable little room where Betsy was awaiting me.

Against the wall was a bath like any other bath, but large enough for two. Hot and cold water could be turned on at pleasure. There were several different sized, but large flat cushions covered with soft leather, or something smooth, intended to be placed at will in the bath, for bum, back, knees, or head. We soon stripped, and filled the bath to a height just enough to cover our bodies, and then got into it together. Having heard from Betsy of the difficulty, I had kept my-self from fucking for a few days, and now had a rigid prick, and plenty of sperm in my testicles.

Laying by her side I began to feel her cunt. She told me the more I let the water up, the greater difficulty I might have in fucking her. I soon began the work, and to my annoyance could not get my prick up her comfortably. Her cunt felt sloppy, yet dry to my tip, and my prick did not seem so stiff as it had been a minute or two before. She laughed. Then I arranged the cushions differently, so that her cunt might be higher up, for me to get at it more readily. Then I had to let water out, and then in, because it either covered her too much, or me too little. Then her head was too low and so on. But at length all being carefully adjusted after much time and trouble, again I mounted her under the water, and got my prick into her cunt. Then the motion of my arse and belly, and her wriggling up to me, sent the water up in waves, slopping all over her face, and directly afterwards, one of the pillows slipped away from under us, her head sank down clean under the water, my face went under the water filling my nose, out slipped my prick, and we both got up drip-ping, she annoyed because she didn't want her hair wetted, I annoyed because I hadn't finished my fuck. Indeed I had scarcely began it, yet now found my prick quite limp.

Again we went in. We had been a longish time now in and out,

and were getting saturated, and my prick wouldn't stand. — In vain she frigged it under the water, so I rose up on my knees, and frigged it stiff, sank down, entered her orifice, but I couldn't do it. I got up angry and swearing, she rose laughing. Then I turned her arse towards me kneeling, and knelt my-self, trying it from behind, but both cunt and ballocks were above the water then, but I pierced her and shoved for a minute or so up her, and got it well stiff again.

But having come to fuck under the water and not out of it, I began readjusting the water level, so as to cover her arse and my prick. Then it was too cold, then too hot, and it took time to get it right, but at length it was. With difficulty I then got my prick up her when just under the water, when the cushion on which her hands were placed as she knelt, slipped away. A little only, but anyone floats so easily, that directly she had lost her pose, down she went on her belly, her head clean under water again, down I sank on the top of her, out slipped my prick of course, and out of the bath both got again.

“I told you it took a good man to do it in the water,” said she. — So I found, but was determined to do it, for I knew the spunk was in my balls ready for issue. Again I tried various positions. Her cunt had lost all its lubricity, the water had acted on my cock prejudi- daily, and tho wanting it, I had to frig it up each time to stiffen it, and at length I could not get it into her when under the water at all.

She began to feel chilly, so did I. We stirred the fire, and made the water hotter. I got furious. She wanted to frig me under the water, I would not let her. Had she ever frigged herself under it? — No, but she would try, and she began, the water surging all about, as her hand moved. “I can,” said she. But I pulled her hand away, and suspended the operation for I wanted her to spend with me.

At length determined to do it somehow, we put the water very shallow, I turned her arse again towards me, and we fucked kneeling, until our mutual pleasure was just increasing. Then, uncunting, I turned her on her back, and myself on to her belly, and my throbbing prick went up her as she lay with the water just touching her arsehole. Then we shagged on, till I felt that nothing could take the stiffness out of my prick, but a spermatic discharge, and she seconding me with intelligence (for she wanted to fuck under water, as well as me), she lifted her arse and me up with her slightly, I withdrew the pillow, her arse then sank under the water, which just covered her cunt and my balls, and in a few pushes my spunk filled her cunt, and restored its smoothness. — We lay with our organs in the water, her breasts and my back out of it, and so we lay till my prick slunk out of her cunt, which it soon did.

There was a bed in the room, and a warmer in it. Rapidly drying

ourselves, we jumped into the bed. The woman brought us some warm brandy and water, and we laid in bed talking over our adventure, and the difficulties of aquatic copulation, till we wanted each other. Then letcherously we flicked between the warm sheets, and fell asleep.

Before we left the bath, I had felt up her cunt. The water followed my fingers, which in retiring brought with it my sperm, which we saw laying on a cushion, when we looked in the bath afterwards.

Betsy spent with me in the bath. “I was as lewed as you. — Lord God! ... One fuck in a bed is worth fifty in a bath, me dear, but you did fuck and finish in it. — You're the fourth man who has been in the water with me, but the only one who spent under the water, the others flicked just outside it. — You've something to be proud of. I'll tell Mary S**m**rs.”

Mary S**m**s was a big woman whom I also had at the time I knew Mavis. She was about twenty-four years old, and weighed fourteen stone I think. She was big all over, but had no undue stomach, no over fat arse, but the flesh was evenly distributed about her. She had the loveliest eyes I ever saw, of the lightest hazel, and a large easy cunt. I recollect that cunt well. She was very handsome, and was always in the Quad-rant in daylight, I don't recollect seeing her of an evening. She tried to attach me, and used to say I was the loveliest poke she ever had, but there was something about her which I didn't like, and could not at first comprehend. I thought she was lazy and dirty, from an oppressive odour about her. At last I discovered that her feet had a strong smell, and avoided her. But when she saw me she would follow me. — Women spoke much more importunely in those days to men. “Come along with me dear, I haven't seen you such a time.” “I can't, I'm in a hurry and am poor today.” — “Never mind the money, I want to see you so.”

Chapter VIII

Promiscuous whorings. • Mrs. Eliza Fm**g. • Her fling. • An expensive establishment. • Mutual likings. • I am her fancy. • Lord E**t*r. • Caught by her with a woman. • My gift. • She marries. • A Rotterdam saloon. • A flaxen-haired North Hollander. • The young Englishman. • An Amsterdam bitch. • A difficult poke and queer cunt. • A Dutch sailor's whore. • Polyglot baudiness. • A pomatum pot. • At B***s**s. • Mrs. W***t*r again. • Acquaintance renewed. • A shallow cupboard. • A cough and a fart. • Four brothels and eight whores. • A larkish maid-servant. • Unsuccessful attempts.***

Then I went promiscuously with women, until one night when quite early in the year, going to the A*g**e rooms, I saw on entering Eliza F***m**g. — Ten minutes afterwards I was in her brougham, soon at her house at C***s*a, and within an hour after had fucked her twice, and we were at supper together. I found my way home at 3 o'clock next morning.

She had quarrelled with Mr. F***m**g, left him, and turned gay. He had given her a house full of handsome furniture, had paid the rent for one year of a handsome house, and had gone abroad. I don't think that he expected her to turn on to the town — but rather that some other man would take her as mistress, for she had a good class of male acquaintances thro their visiting him. Moreover, she was altogether a superior woman for her class, and had been very well educated indeed. I have met but few who have been much educated at all, altho most of them pretend a lot. I never got the facts of her birth and relations, nor very much about F***m**g, for she was reserved on all those topics.

However, there she was, going as she said “to have a fling” and was doing well. Expecting ten pounds for giving a man “a night's lodging and breakfast,” she said jocosely, and getting it, but she didn't tell me that that night, I learnt it afterwards.

She was just as exquisite in form, and in sexual pleasures. I had been unusually unhappy just before I met her again, and drowned my sorrow with women, and said I would stop with her a week. — “Oh — do — but wait until Monday. I have promised Lord E**t*r on Saturday, but on Monday next I shall be disengaged.” — On that day I took up my quarters with her, and such a week's fucking I have rarely had. I was insatiable, and she was willing to indulge in love frolics to any extent. At the end of the week I was hollow eyed and hollow cheeked, and she much the same. She was one I found who when her

passions were roused, could keep on spending twice to my once, till she was half dead with pleasure, and her eye sockets were blue with sexual exhaustion; yet still she could not keep her hand from my prick when I was near her. This prick which I once thought so small.

Then I learnt how very heavy her expenses were. — She had several servants, and a brougham to keep. It made me anxious, for I could not bear to give her less than others. Speaking delicately about it — “I don't want any money from you. — Give me another bracelet some day (She had the one already given her.) but you had better now leave me for a week, then come and stay with me again” — and I did. Eliza liked me much tho I don't say she loved me, and I began to like her too much as well as liking her cunt, and at the end of another week, I had so exhausted both her and myself, that I felt nearly in the same condition that I was in, when with Mrs. O*b***e at the hotel in Switzerland, a few years ago.

There is, I find, one way of testing a woman's liking for me. — Those who have liked me much, have been pleased to let me pose them at will, and contemplate them, just as long as I liked. Eliza F***m**g did — and she was so beautiful that I was always at it. An hour after dinner (we nearly always dined at her house where she had a good cook), we were in night-dresses, and then our fun began. It being winter, nudity was not quite so pleasurable in itself — but we made the room as hot as fires would make it, and stripped or half stripped, and began our lascivious play. — Between each fuck I scarcely took my eyes off of her, so enamoured was I of her beauty, unless lying quite close to her, with her hand round my prick — which was her favourite place and pastime. I have lain half an hour with my head resting on her thigh near to the knee, looking at her cunt, and puffing it about, as she lay with thighs wide open to indulge me. — Or looking at her whilst laying on her belly, so that I might contemplate the clink in its hairy snugness, between thighs and a backside, in themselves exquisite to look at, from their shape and whiteness, without thinking of the temple of love they enclosed. — She never that I can recollect, shewed anything but pleasure at my doing this. — Others who take such amusements as a matter of business, or a lustful preliminary, always get impatient if my curiosity lasts too long.

Then I found that she made from fifty to seventy pounds a week, by the exercise of her profession, whilst I had given her nothing in money. — Lord E**t*r just then sent her a cheque for a hundred, together with a note saying he was coming to town on a certain day, to stop a few days, and that the cheque would pay some of the expenses. I saw both note, cheque, and the money she got when she had cashed it. This was too much for me. I drew a cheque for her for thirty pounds, and insisted on her taking it. But she refused it. “You

know you can't give me so much," — said she. I told her that unless she took it I would not see her again. She took the money, and I stopped with her nearly till the day when Lord E. was to arrive. On my leaving she gave me a very nice cravat pin, which I accepted. Then I avoided seeing her for some time, tho much against my will, so as neither to get more spooney on her, nor to encourage too kindly a feeling on her part towards me. I went to the Argyle, made acquaintance with a swell woman there one night, and was just leaving with her when I met Eliza. She looked so dreadfully hurt, that I gave the woman a sovereign and returned with Eliza, who cried all the way to her house. I slept with her, and never had a more voluptuous night. She complained of my absence, and wished to know what women I had had, and I told her truth-fully. "What a pity it is you're not better off," said she, "for you'd keep me wouldn't you? But I should only get you into debt, for somehow I never can make any money I have, do." She was in debt I found then even, with all the money she had. God knows how she spent it.

Then E**t*r offered to keep her. She sought my ad-vice, which was to accept him, and ultimately she did, tho she said she hated him. She sold off her furniture, and he took a house for her in R*g***s P**k. I gave her a handsome bracelet when we parted, but she only accepted it on condition that I would call and see her; and altho disliking to poach on another man's manor I said I would, and once or twice had her there. All I now tell of did not occupy more than about seven weeks. Then I went out of town mainly to get away from her, tho I loved her embraces.

I had women for a time, but will now finish about Eliza F**m**g. A very short time afterwards, I saw her in the park driving, made an assignation, and had her at a baudy house. There she told me that F**m**g had written to her, that he was coming back, and said he would marry her, what should she do. — "Marry him, of course," said I.

Two or three months after, she married him, and disappeared from London altogether. I was told that he had an estate in one of the colonies, and had gone there. I never verified that. I felt sorry at her loss — thinking she was a woman I could have been happy with. But who can tell? She was one of those who was voluptuous in the highest degree and would do all amorous tricks. She made no pretense of modesty, yet in all she did there was a certain refinement, and delicacy in her manner. Pulling the lips of a cunt apart for male inspection, seems an act not very elegant, and as if the way of doing it must be the same with all women; yet it is not so. There was a certain lady-like manner in Eliza's doing it, which differed somehow much from that of nine women out of ten, and I have noticed that delicate

difference in other women, tho I cannot describe the difference. It is in-definable. (Now I like, I think, the baudy manner of a randy woman, to whom all modesty is a nuisance, and who is lewed both in deed and word. What a difference twenty years have made in my tastes. Eliza F***m**g never used lewed words at all.)

Then I went on the continent, whilst the weather was yet cold. I saw the dancing rooms at Rotterdam, and poor and cheap as they were, had two or three of the women at them. I had one, really a fine, tall, beautiful woman with flaxen hair, and who wore large silver ornaments like shields, or saucers, on each of her temples. Her flesh was beautifully white — I was cunt-struck and had her within a few minutes after I had entered the saloon, and felt ashamed of going out of the room with her as other couples did with women. But no one seemed to notice the couples retiring, tho all knew what they left the room for. The ladies re-turned generally alone, the men after their love-making usually going off by a side door, tho I have seen a man and woman come back into the saloon together, tho every one must have well known what they had been doing upstairs.

I didn't like her flaxen-haired motte, it was never a colour I liked, yet I hadn't left the house a quarter of an hour, when I took a fancy to return to the saloon, and there was the North Hollander, dancing with quite a handsome English youth, well dressed, and seemingly not more than eighteen years old. In another minute he had retired with her, and in about ten minutes more I should think, she returned to the dancing room. She had been fucked, and had cunt-washed in that short space of time. The idea (and what a strange idea it seemed to me) of putting my prick into her after the handsome youth, gave me a cock-stand, and just then noticing me, she came smiling and sat herself by the side of me. At once filled with lust I went upstairs with her again. There I began to wonder at myself, and thought I would leave, but a curiosity sprang up in me about his cock, and in German I asked her if she'd been fucked since I had left her half an hour before.

She said “No.” — Then I told her what I had seen, whereat she laughed, and acknowledged it was true. I asked questions about him. His prick was big, “Big, and oh! So stiff.” He would not wait till she took off her clothes, but put her on bed-side, his prick went up, and almost directly he spent. — I was specially curious then. “Ach Gott — he spent wonderful. Ach Gott, drowned was mine cunt with it, he, was ein English Man.”

Then I looked at her flaxen-haired slit, and to make sure of its being free from his sperm, made her wash it well out before me, and then I entered it again and enjoyed her, thinking of his prick having rubbed where mine was rubbing. What strange fancies come into my head now! They never used to run so much on the male, but they

seem to do so more, since Betsy John-son got me the sod I should like to feel another, and one with a big prick I begin to think. And what harm can there be in doing so?

At Amsterdam I went to the best baudy house, which faced one of the canals, and saw a consequential bitch, who began bargaining with me before I had felt her garters even. To satisfy her I gave her about five times what I had given at Rotterdam, and paid down. Then she shammed modesty till I lost my temper, for I know when a regular whore does that, she is a humbug, and has something to hide. I went in my anger to the door to leave, but calling out for the baud to tell her. That brought the bitch to her senses. Taking about ten minutes to do it, she undressed, and a poor, skinny, bony female she was, and one who could not put her thighs wide apart, or who would not, but I think could not. I have had several women who could not, whose thigh bones seemed nearer together than those of most women. — There seemed scarcely room for my hand between this one's thighs, as I graspd her cunt with my whole hand as I like to do.

The hair of her cunt was dark, and it had two, funny looking, thin, yet fully developed lips. It was an ugly cunt, but for all that I spent in it, and did it standing by the bed side. Unable to get her legs conveniently over my hips, I put them high up, and she then doubled them up till her knees were near her chin. That facilitated my entry, and I fucked her in that attitude. — She said my prick hurt her, which I don't believe, and then she asked me for a further present, which I refused, and did not go to her again.

There was something about this woman's cunt, and the closeness of her thighs, which set me thinking and comparing. I have as before said if I recollect rightly, had women whose thighs did not seem to open wide enough, to let me lie comfortably between them, but this woman's thighs, cunt, and build, seemed to remind me of some woman whom I had had in my youth. At length it occurred to me that she resembled a maid in my mother's service who was named Harriett. The re-semblance came into my mind suddenly, and I recollect that I have said a good deal about her. When how-ever I attempt to go into particulars of resemblance, my memory fails me.

A day or two after, going down an alley about five feet wide, I saw a big woman sitting with a low dress at window, showing nearly all her breasts. It was as day-time, but giving her about three shillings in English money, I had a very satisfactory poke, in a fully-haired cunt, between a big pair of white thighs, and a stunning backside, and was so well contented, that I had the lady again the next day. Certainly I have had on chance occasions, and for very small money payment, as fine women as a man need desire. — Only they were generally so coarse and vulgar in manner.

This woman spoke German, but in a dialect which I could scarcely understand. But all the baudy words explanatory of fucking, she spoke in good German, and in English, and in French as well. I expect many sea-faring men had her. As I examined her perfections whilst she was naked (and willingly) with me, I looked at her bum-hole, and touched it out of fun. Thereupon she told me, and made me understand somehow, that if I wanted to "bougarrr" her, I must pay "one Victoria," she never let it be done for less. — "It can't be done," said I. "Yah — yah — hier," said she, jumping up and taking out from a closet a pomatum pot. Then in her dialect, she explained I suppose, but I did not understand, nor did I expend "one Victoria."

At the H*g*e, I got a really splendid woman, and then I fucked my way to Belgium. At B * * * s* * s, the first person I saw at the hotel was Mrs. W***t*r. — We were both astonished, and I think she was vexed at meeting me, but that soon wore off, if it had been so. A hot-arsed widow I expect gets hotter arsed, when she meets a man who has tailed her pleasurably, and certainly we had enjoyed each other well. I also when I meet a woman some time after I have fucked her, nearly always desire her again. I seem to want to see if she is changed in form, cunt, and amourous performance. I long to talk with her, and recall former pleasures. I felt that towards the heavy-arsed, maturecunted but devilish fine fuckstress, Mrs. W*, and felt also on the instant that I was sure of having her.

She was there with the same party — which now included the young man, whom her niece had declared she would have, whether her father permitted it or not. He seemed a nice young fellow. I used to sit and look at the niece, and it pleased me much to think I had seen her naked, and knew the color of her cunt wig: whilst her intended might have to wait long before he saw as much. I told Mrs. W***t*r my thoughts, when I got a tete-a-tete with her. She laughed at the affair and said, "Yes — unless he gets a look at it on the sly." — Then she turned modest, and said it was really too bad of me, to have been looking at her niece naked through the key hole. But I saw plainer than ever that she was lewed to her very marrow — no whore after twenty years' fucking, more so.

There was great difficulty in getting Mrs. W*r be-cause of the situation of our respective rooms, and circumstances generally. — But cock and cunt won't be kept asunder, if they don't mean it. — I tried to get a room next hers but failed. At length I got one opposite, but two or three days passed without my having a chance. At length we copulated at dinner-time. She shammed being unwell, and staid in her room. I sup-pose they thought I was out. I hopped across to her, and we fucked three times in an hour and a half. A day or two after, the party went off to Waterloo. — She was to have gone also, but again

pleaded being unwell, tho she looked as strong as a horse. I passed the entire day with her, and had a hard ballocking bout. She had food sent up to her room for herself of course, but enough for two was there, and we eat it together. I hid myself in a cupboard when the waiter brought it in, but the cupboard was so small, that the door would not quite close on me, so she pulled some dresses right over me as they hung up there. I had a bad cough, and unfortunately a fit of coughing came on just as the waiter was leaving, and in trying to check the cough, I farted rather loudly. The waiter most likely thought it was she who had let it go.

I felt much annoyed at what I had done, but took no notice of it till we had dinner. Then the comicality of it made me suddenly burst out laughing. — She did the same. “Hish,” said she, “they will hear us outside.” — “What are you laughing at?” said I. — “What are you?” Both then recommenced laughing in a sup-pressed manner. “He thought it was you.” “I'm afraid he did,” — she replied, and then we adjourned to the bed, and no further remark was ever made about the flatulent noise. — It was funny, tho — I got away without being noticed I believe that day.

I had Mrs. W***t*r once again only, and am of the same opinion that I was, about her sexual skill and beauty. For a quite middle-aged one, I don't recollect any woman who gave me more pleasure. Her cunt was perfection tho I can say that of scores. The difficulty of getting her was great.

I had a run at the baudy houses in the town, where the women were both wholesome, and very cheap, both of which conditions for the time were agreeable to me. Altogether I had quite seven or eight of them, my favours being distributed among four houses. — Five francs was then the price at three of them, and at the other (a splendidly furnished house) the price was a Louis. — But not one of the eight women were really handsome, tho half of them had fineish forms, and all were baudy beyond my requirements.

I went on from that town to * * * * where I nearly got into a servant of a family who were travelling, but did not succeed. I got her out in the dark one night, and felt her cunt whilst she had her back against a wall. I afterwards got her into my bed-room, and there, tho I felt her, and made her cunt sweat with her lust, tho she felt my prick till I nearly spent, tho I am sure from the intrusion of my fingers that she was no virgin, tho she subdued her voice almost to a whisper when refusing me and defending herself, tho I threw her on the bed, and kissed her thighs, yet I never succeeded. I had to let her go, on her saying quite seriously, and sternly. — “Now we've had our fun, but if you're rough I'll cry out — that I will — for you shan't do it to me and I don't want your money neither, never you mind if I've done

it or not, you shan't." “I expect you've got the pox,” said I, leaving her. I have had others who would go to any lengths, but stop at fucking.

Chapter IX

Fornication on a prospect tower. • At a Restaurant. • Two sisters, shop-women. • The drive to the tower. • A randy quartette. • On the tower stairs. • Legs felt and prick produced. • Fucking near the sky. • The second ascent. • The half-way landing. • Adultery at night. • A woman's intentions. • At Paris. • A creole for variety. • Tobacco versus fucking. • A negress for a change. • Amusements with a comb. • A recusant prick. • A determined entry. • Black on white, and white on black. • Fucked at last. • A sudden summons. • Free! Hurrah!

This tour gave me one novel but short adventure, which I find narrated at length, and is worth pre-serving.

At the not very large town of * * * *, I called on a friend, who had resided there some years. He was married, and indeed went there for economy, and largely to bring up a family which was not a small one, among a good circle, and to learn continental languages. His means would not let him do that in England. — He was a very loose fish however, as I speedily found out, indeed knew him always to have been so, yet he was on the whole a good husband and father.

It was an exceedingly hilly, almost mountainous country. There were rides and walks to the summits of the hills, and on one of them they had erected a big tower of rough stone about ninety feet high, from the top of which was a superb view. — We were going to see this, and take an early meal in the open air at mid-day, at a restaurant, before driving there.

Whilst doing so, I noticed a tallish, dark-eyed, hand-some woman, looking about twenty-eight years old, with a shorter one looking about eighteen. They were plainly and modestly, tho well dressed, as small trades women, as I found they were. They were sisters, my friend told me, adding that he should like to have the younger, and had tried without success. The elder he said was, or had been, married he had heard, and he guessed liked the feel of a doodle, as well as most women. Looking round to see if there was any one there whom he knew, he suggested talking to them. I was nothing loathe of course, being quite a stranger there, and it ended in our going into a corner of the garden, and all feasting together, and then in driving the two women (who it turned out were going there) to the tower at ****.

The country and place must remain unnamed, for to name it would disclose too much. I spoke tho but in-differently the language. — There was something about the elder female which made my cock tingle, and I came to the opinion (how I form such opinions I know

not) that she was hot-cunted. We had at the meal, (for which we paid) wine, after beer — (beer was their usual drink) and after the wine something a little stronger. Getting up to leave, the two went off to an angle dedicated to female necessities. We did the same. There was a mere wooden division separating the male place from the females. The rattle of each sex could be heard by the other. The customs of the country wisely made no secret of such matters as pissing. The women came out smiling with empty bladders, and we all got into the vehicle. I began our fun by telling the elder, that I had heard her through the enclosure, which for the moment seemed to shock her.

Then there was a little anxiety on their part. — They were of the town, and so were known, and didn't know what might be said if with us seen. They could easily walk there. It was compromised by closing up the carriage, and setting them down at about five minutes walk from the tower.

At the base of that structure we all met. They got lively, seeing none but a few peasants there. No one knew any of us. We gave the women more to drink, for the benefit of the tower guardian, who sold liquors — and milk and cakes — and then we all went up the tower together, laughing and talking loudly, being all, and especially the women, much elevated by good food, and rather too much liquor. The elder sister I had by this time found had been married, had only quite recently come to * * * * * where her father and sister lived, had never visited the tower, and hence her visit to it now. It so happened, that we had by chance chosen a day and hour, when there were usually but very few visitors to the tower, which was fortunate for all of us.

In the carriage, I sat opposite to my fancy, pressed her knees with mine, and joked her about her thighs and legs making me hot. — “Let me take them away then.” — “No, I like them there.” — “You're making me hot,” — said she. “But Fraulein, you're making me hot everywhere.” — She looked with eyes filled with lust, and my prick stiffened as I sat. My friend was chaffing his girl, we took no notice of each other, but as the conversation got warmer, the women giggled, and spoke to each other in whispers. As we got out of the carriage, “Damned if I wouldn't give ten pounds to fuck that girl,” said he in a low tone to me.

The stone stairs of the tower were only wide enough for one to go up, and one to pass. — They were steep, and wound round, so that you could only see four or six steps ahead of you, further on they were lost in the curve. The girl went first, my friend followed, and I let them go well ahead. My woman and I came last, she in front of me. When she had gone up a few steps, I peeped up her clothes, but could only see a pair of fat calves in dingy stockings. She turned her head and saw me, for I made no secret of my action. “What are you doing?”

— “Looking at those thighs of yours.” — “Oh,” said she, “you can't see them, I know,” and stopping. “You go first.” — “No, you go on.” — “I won't.” — “You must.” — I had then got on to the same step and kissed her. She didn't resist it a bit, but remarked that her sister would hear. Then she went a few steps further up, then stopped again. “Oh, I want you so” and I pushed my belly as well as I could against hers, and again kissed her on the stairs. “What will they think of our stopping so.” — “Look what a state you've made me in,” — and I pulled out my pego. She looked at it. — “Oho — o — oo” she laughed, “for shame, I'll tell your friend, and we'll leave you,” and turning, she ran as far as she could up some stairs, I following her quite closely and pinching her legs. She stopped, and then ran up to a landing, half way up the tower stairs, where the other couple we found resting. They didn't seem to notice our having been long in coming up. My friend winked at me in a satisfied manner, as if he had taken some liberties. Just then a man and woman came down from the top of the tower, and said no one was up there when I asked him, so now, thought I, the coast is clear.

On went the other couple, and directly I lost sight of them, I kissed my woman and showed my prick again. — “Oh, take care of my sister,” — said she. That was encouraging. I tried to get my hand up her clothes, but didn't succeed. — “No, you shan't,” and turning, she ran up fast, I after her, and just as we neared the other couple, I managed to put my hand up her clothes on to her naked bum. She gave a loud cry. — “What's the matter,” I heard shouted out. — “Oh, I've stumbled up stairs,” she replied. She then turned round and shook her head at me. — She's game for a feel if nothing else thought I, and I pulled out my prick, she ran up faster then, after giving a good look at it and laughing, and in a minute we were at the top together.

It was a fine view, but I thought of nothing but fucking. It had been fine when we started, but had become cloudy, and threatening rain. — “No one will come up the tower to day” said my friend, and not a person had been, or was visible on the road, which we could see for a long distance. — After stopping a quarter of an hour, my friend said it was cold, and he and the girl went down, refusing to stay. I said I should stay longer, to enjoy the view. In a minute my woman said she should go down. “What, leave me alone? That's unkind.” She didn't need much persuasion. All sound of the other two was lost. Then I assaulted my lady. — “Let's do it, love — look” — “Oh, for heaven's sake, don't, they will see you from below.” — There was certainly some, tho but little chance of that, so I got her up against the enclosure which covered the top of the stairs, and hid us from one side. She resisted and made a noise, but the tree tops alone heard it. I got my fingers on her cunt, and frigged and felt. — “Oh, if any one

should see — now don't — leave off — pray do, if any one on the hills should have a telescope." — "Non-sense, love, but come in here," and I turned her inside the enclosure. She was yielding. At the top of the stairs was a covered landing about three feet wide only, for the enclosure was intended only to keep snow and rain from drifting down the stairs. Her back was against it in an instant — her hand was on my prick, my fingers again on her cunt. A grope up her, a tight grab of hers on my prick as our mouths joined, and then and there we fucked gloriously, for she was a good height for me. It was a short business, and what a trickling ran down my balls, whilst I still stood with my prober up her. She was a juicy cunted one, and wanted a prick badly.

"What will my sister think of our being so long up here?" — were the first words uttered. Down we went, I buttoning up as we descended. I don't think that my friend, or her sister, had noticed the time, or had the slightest suspicion of our little game, they were too much engrossed with themselves. I never enjoyed a fuck more, for all the circumstances gave a spice to it. It dwells in my remembrance now, that fuck a hundred feet above the top of the mountain, and on the top of a flight of stairs, and it stimulated me to fuck on a church tower, which I since have done.

I wanted her again, and sat scheming how to get her. There was a short thunder shower, we waited till it was over, and then out came the sun. My friend said we would go home. "No, wait, I'll not go till I have seen the landscape with the sun on it, I may never be here again." He wouldn't go up the stairs again, nor would the lass, she had seen it often. I saw that he wanted to get rid of me. I certainly wanted to get away from him. My woman said she shouldn't fatigue herself, but pressed a little, consented. On the half-way landing, I pulled out my prick which was again stiff, for I talked baudy all the way up and occasionally felt her cunt. "Oh, don't sir, you've made me in such a mess." — Wet indeed her thighs were, from her cunt half way down to her garters, but her cunt felt lovely as my prick fucked in it again. We were in no anxiety about being caught, but we nevertheless hurried up to the top to show ourselves, and as quickly went down again. She agreed before we got to the bottom to meet me that night at a place I named.

We got back to the town and separated, before entering it, putting the women down. He showed me the shop as we passed, where the young one helped her father, and then without hesitation, showed me a baudy house when I asked him. The girl had promised to meet him some day, and he meant to take her there, for have her, he felt sure he should some day. I met the other woman and took her to that very house that night, and fucked her twice. She was a fine, strong woman,

with an arse like marble, and a dark haired cunt. She had had one child which was dead. Her husband was a bad fellow and had run away from her. She suspected he had gone to America with a young friend of hers, so she had come to live with her father and sister, who had not been long in the town. Her husband had disappeared six months, and by all that was good, she had been a chaste wife, nor ever had been fucked since then until that day. This she said after gushing out her history, and crying a bit.

I had intended leaving but now stopped. My friend was surprized at that, and at my disappearance of an evening, but said nothing further. For three nights I had her and what delight it was to poke her, for she was hot-cunted, and no mistake. How she admired my prick and played with it, as if she'd never felt one before, and how she spent. What would she do I asked if her husband didn't return, nor let her know anything about him. That made her cry. She didn't know, she said, but certainly she wouldn't pass her life without love, if any man whom she liked would keep her, she would go and live with him. She had a strong clitoris, and longish nymphae. I am sure she was hot-cunted, she shewed it in her eyes, but she was not a whore. I saw her serve in the shop afterwards.

I bought her a pair of gold earrings at a shop she told me of. The day after I gave them to her I left the town, for my onward travel. My friend at parting told me he had felt the younger woman's cunt on the tower landing, and was sure she would let him fuck her some day. [I never heard whethr he did or not.]

On my way back I stopped at Paris. At a brothel I had a lovely creole, such a tall, handsome creature, but who annoyed me with her smoking. She was naked, all but stockings and slippers, when she came in. After washing her cunt, or as they call it there, making her toilet, she was smoking then. She laid down for my inspection of her cunt and backside, which took me a long time, I was so pleased with her, she smoking all the time, and contemplating me and her self, in the looking-glass which formed the top of the bed. I stripped myself naked, so that I might lay all over her, and enjoy the contact of her lovely flesh with mine, a thing I am fond of doing with women before I fuck them, and there she laid smoking, seemingly quite unconcerned, and I believe was thinking of something else than what was taking place between us. “Put out your cigarette, you don't fuck with that in your mouth, do you?” “I've done so before now,” she replied placidly, but she put it down. Then at once she laid hold of my prick, to insert it in her cunt. It was stiff against her thigh touching her cunt, and I was enjoying its stiffness without immediate intention of putting it into her, so I took it away from her cunt, as she put to that orifice “You're in a hurry, ma chere.” — “Not at all,” said she, stretching out

her hand for the cigarette, which was still alight and within her reach. But I knocked it out of her hand. “Let's think of fucking, ma chere.” “Volontiers.” Being deprived of her cigarette, she began the proper preliminaries, most voluptuously, and was soon rewarded with a gluey injection.

That over, I questioned her about her parentage, feeling desirous of knowing the breed, for the tone of her flesh was most delicate, and made me curious. Then seeing my curiosity about parentage, “Did you ever have a black woman?” she asked. I never had. She told me then that there was a fine Negress in the house. At once I sent for her, but she had just been engaged by a man, so I fucked my creole again and de-parted.

A day or two after, I had the black woman, who was, I should say, about twenty or twenty-two years old, and 11 woman. She came in dressed, or half dressed in :)w satin, and with a silk handkerchief of the bright-possible colours, wrapped round her head. She {e French well, and said she was born at Guadede. Whether that is a place inhabited by a Negro or not, I don't know. was impatient to examine her, and my hand sought cunt under her single garment without delay. I there hair, short and crisp, and close, which re-minded me of the vegetable called a loufah, with which ntals rub themselves at the baths, and one of which friend gave me recently to use, for the first time. He travelled much in the east and had brought home many things novel to me, loufahs among them. stripped her forthwith. She had on white silk stock-s, and bright coloured slippers, which made a funny contrast with her flesh, for she was very dark. She was exceedingly well made from her knees upwards, a handsome round backside, and lovely breasts, the calves of her legs were miserably thin, and she had very large ugly feet, and her hands were also large. Her face really did not strike me as ugly, and had splendid white teeth, shewing thro very thick. Her face seemed in one perpetual grin, and her shewed incessantly, perhaps purposely.

But her cunt was the most important part to me, I nd the split very much like that of any other female¬, it had smaller inner lips, with a clitoris which ck out like a very little prick, and seemed to have little connection with the inner lips, which however, commenced by a junction with it, and enlarged lower down. All this was almost a black red, the vaa looked pink. The outer lips were quite round, and of moderate fullness. The hair every where about her cunt, was quite black, and like horsehair with intense curliness, and laid flat on her motte. There was only a moderate quantity of hair about her cunt and belly al-together. The effect of the deep colored split, with the pink interior, cutting as it were thro the surrounding blackness, interested me but did not stir my lust at all, which surprized me, so I sat to look

more closely at her cunt.

The hair interested me. Not only was it crisp, but each hair curled right round, and as it was short and not in large quantity, I could easily trace the curls. I have never seen cunt hair exactly like it before.

[In one or two Negresses since had, I have seen some resemblance, but they had longer and much more hair on their cunts, than this woman.]

I asked her for a comb, and when she had fetched one, I combed, with the finely toothed part, the hair on her mons. Immediately it had passed thro the comb, it curled up and laid flat as before. The Negress laughed her funny laugh, loud and long — never had a man combed it before, she said. When she fetched the comb she thought I wanted it for my own hair.

Then I put her on the side of the bed, and stood holding her thighs. My prick was not stiff, but with some difficulty I made it so. — She wanted to suck it up, but I would not let her. At length it was up her, and I began the to and fro movement, looking at her handsome breasts as she lay now naked. — But not much fancying her, my prick began shrinking. To stimulate it I relinquished holding one of her legs, which she herself then kept well up in the air without my assistance, and with my free fingers distended her cunt lips at the top, and watched my prick moving in and out of her dark orifice. All was useless, a nervous feeling that I could not fuck her came over me and out my prick came as big only as a walnut. It is always so directly I have such a fear.

It was useless rubbing it against her curly wigged slit. Nothing stiffened it. Saying I was fatigued, I laid on the bed by the side of her. She, cleverer, and I imagine in thinking over the affair, not unaccustomed to such masculine failures, said I had over excited myself, should be all right soon, and so on, and fondling my cock, and lending herself to all my fanciful investigations with my fingers and eyes. In about ten minutes (I suppose) I was stiff again — “Now,” said she gaily, and anticipating what I would do, put herself quickly in the same position as before, on the bed side.

Up went my prick again, stiffer now. Shove, shove, shove. A slight thrill of pleasure beginning at my prick tip, running to my bum hole, and from those two centres of lust, right thro my body, passed through me — “A — her — ha — ha — ha,” — sighed she, jerking her buttocks, as if about to die with sexual delight, and sob out her life under my thrusts.

But as she sighed, her eye balls turned up, the pupils were nearly hidden by the lids, and I saw that the balls looked quite yellow, instead of white. At once all lust left me, the nascent pleasure in my prick stopped short,

' quickly as the blood could leave the veins, my prick shrunk, and shrunk, till out of her cunt it came. I had not the power, or the wish, to move or thrust, or to try to keep it up her. Her yellow eye balls had annihilated desire in me, lust had fled — “I can't kiss you,” I said, and sat down on a chair feeling my prick, and looking at her naked body with her legs dangling down.

Jumping up “Mais oui, you can, you must — lay down, I will make it stiff again,” yielding I laid on the bed, wishing to have a black woman much, and ashamed of my impotency, feeling for the minute that fucking a black was almost as unnatural as fucking a monkey, yet with a strong will to do it, tho without the sexual desire to do it — What was the cause of my prick slinking so I wondered.

Without a word, without a request from me, for I had never thought about it, she pulled off her white stockings, mounted the bed, and naked, laid herself on the top of me. Then as if thinking of it, got up and pulled off my socks (I had only my shirt and socks on) and replaced herself on the top of me — “Regardez — look up,” said she.

I did, saw in the top glass my white flesh legs between hers, my prick just showing beneath her black buttocks. “Put your legs outside mine,” obeying her as mistress in the craft of salacity, I did. Then I went back to the former position, then I mounted her. Then she laid by the side of me, pulled up my shirt to my neck almost, and placed her body and legs on mine in various ways. At each change of pose she said, “Look at the dark and white, together, oh, the white men are nice.” — “Do you like white men!” — “Yes, I love the white man,” she cried, and so we moved about. I got excited by the contrast of the colors, and my lust came on.

But my prick didn't stiffen, spite of the sight, and her fondling it. Off the bed she got, with a wet towel wiped my prick top, carefully wiped her own cunt, threw the towel on the floor, and mounting, straddled across me, and bending down, took my prick in her mouth. Her buttocks and cunt being within a few inches of my face. The play of her tongue on the gland, the feel of her smooth black bum, the sight of the cunt (tho I did not admire it, still it was a cunt), stiffened me. Impatient to consummate, and fearing limpness again, I turned her on to her back, laid on her, and fucked. I did not look at her face for fear of seeing the yellow eye balls, and after a while, fucking far longer than usual, my pleasure came on and I spent on her.

She retired and came back with purified genitals. Curiously and dispassionately, I looked her over from head to foot, from bum hole to navel, bestowing most of my attention on her cunt, its intensely curly hair, and the funny little clitoris like a nut. The inspection gave me no desire to have her again, and after a conversation about black men's cocks, which I had heard were very long and big, and which interested

me immensely, I left.

Tho I thought over her much, and was interested in what she told me about Negresses and Negroes it left me with no desire to have her again, nor did I. Since then I have had desire for another black woman, but have not gratified it. [I since have.]

Then I sped towards the centre of the continent, till a special messenger overtook me and brought me news. — I had missed letters at the poste restante. — Death had done its work. Hurrah! I was free at last. I travelled home night and day, hurriedly arranged affairs, gave carte blanche to solicitors, and agents, and with lighter heart than I had had for years, went abroad again.

Chapter X

My social conditions. • Dainty whoremongering. • Difficulties in selection of women. • Eccentric fucking attitudes. • Writing my narrative. • The uniformity of fucking. • A peep over folding doors. • Amorous Americans. • The swain's lecture. • An obstructive table. • The lady's legs. • The swain's prick. • An inquisitive look. • I hear but see not. • Sobs and tears. • Momentary nudity. • Next day's repetition. • Conjectures. • A semi-eastern harem. • Beautiful courtezans. • A beauty selected. • "I've no hair there." • Other beautifuls. • A noisy neighbour. • Male inspection of male erection. • England again. • Many expensive mercenaries.

Under changed social conditions I now travelled, I was free from care, had plenty of money (tho getting rid of it fast), and altogether it was a happy time. I raced about Europe for two or three months, and had constant change of scene. When I got to a town, I sought the best brothels, and with my physique in first rate condition, revelled in female charms. After perhaps a week abstinence, that time spent in comfortable travel, how instantaneous my selection of the woman, with what burning lust I clutched my woman when I got her, how rapid my thrusts, how maddening in its ecstasy, as my prick throbbed, and the hot thick sperm gushed up her cunt copiously as ever. Indeed, some-times I think more copiously than it ever did, but that is improbable.

Yet I gratified my sense of beauty largely. Some-times when I had fucked a woman, chosen in hot haste, I could scarcely tell why, I again had the women of the house exhibited to me, and selected another for the second libation of my prick. More frequently tho, the first one had my second emission. Then cooled, I left; and waited till the next day, before I had further sexual enjoyment.

Then I had at times woman after woman to look at, dressed, half-dressed, or naked to my eyes, so that I might judge fully of their charms before selecting one for my sexual homage. Then I began to have two at a time, and sometimes three even, in the chamber with me. There, at my leisure, and without observation but that of my Paphian divinities, I could place them in every attitude, and see every perfection, before I chose the one to fuck. I had modes of payment of my own, would give half fees to those whose cunts I had only looked at or felt, and full fee to her whom I spermatized, and so on. At some places they would not agree to this, at some they would.

This contemplation of female charms makes me think I am like

Paris, when selecting a Goddess for the golden apple, and I wonder if he made a mistake. I often do, and get so bewildered in my choice, that I do not know which to take. This one has such a lovely backside, but has hanging breasts. That one has too much hair on her cunt, and her nymphae hang out too much, but she is otherwise beautiful. That one has a lovely face, but too light a hair on her cunt, and her legs are thin. So I inspected and thought, till my prick would wait no longer, and urged me to let it taste its pleasure. Then when it left their cunts, how different some ladies looked to me, to what they had before. Surely a prick stiff and throbbing, and a prick flabby, affect the powers of imagination very differently.

But it was very charming always. At times I paid the full fees for a trio, and placed them as I have seen in engravings, and I invented myself combinations quite as beautiful and exciting. — I discover now, that I have as fertile a fancy as erotic artists, and moreover begin to delight in fucking, in different and oftentimes difficult postures. Postures which give not the voluptuous ease when the prick is in the woman, which the old fashioned way of belly to belly, or belly to backside give, but which nevertheless fire me with a sensation of intense lust, and fill my imagination with ideals of voluptuousness.

During this time I travelled alone, and had no one to interrupt me, or to make demands upon my time for companionship, and so I could arrange my erotic intentions beforehand and surely carry them out. In the intervals of my enjoyment of female society, I amused myself by making notes, or writing the narratives fully. [This I find now by rough perusal of manuscript not yet touched, has a freshness which is not in some of that revised, and which I think I have already said else-where, was written out from memoranda (memoranda very copious it is true) many years after and I had at the end of two years a very large mass of manuscript, mostly relating to my frolics with professed Paphians. This I largely abbreviated soon after, and shall do so, still more now. This following paragraph I leave exactly as I then wrote it.]

On perusal I find I think much repetition, much which must have been written elsewhere, tho where, and when, I cannot recollect. Even with my good memory, I cannot at once bring to my mind what I have written in a narrative of the amours of nearly twenty-five years. But I shorten it. The roads to copulation are like the act, very much the same every-where. Prince and beggar do it the same way. A policeman thrusts and wriggles his prick like a Duke. A milkmaid heaves her buttocks and tightens her cunt like a Duchess. It will be wearisome to tell how I tailed Mary one night, if I have told that I did it the same way to Fanny the night before. Yet when I had women I mostly wrote about my doings with them at great length, described in detail as well

as I could our voluptuous movements, and the sensuous ideas which rushed through my brain as I fucked then. That writing in-deed completed my enjoyment then. Now my pen may run through the greater part of it.

What is a little odd, is that I got few chances of seeing thro key and spyholes, much worth recording. Perhaps that may be in a degree attributable to spending so much of my time with harlots, and when at my hotel, being usually very tired, and recruiting by repose for my next orgie. Yet I saw one or two pretty sights.

At * * * * *, after a mid-day meal, I heard a male and female voice in the chamber adjoining, which was connected with mine by folding doors. I had only arrived there that morning. I looked for a peep hole but saw none. A big chest of drawers was placed across the door, obscuring the key hole. It was empty, yet with much difficulty I moved it aside, and then found that a piece of furniture was placed in a similar way on the other side. Balked, I looked for my gimlet and couldn't find it. Then I noticed that the doors, very badly made as they usually are abroad, did not shut into a recess, but folded on my side against the architrave or top framework (I expect there were also folding doors on the other side, but if so they were open), and did not at the top appear to fold close owing to their having warped. I mounted the drawers, but was then not tall enough, so putting one of my trunks on them I mounted that, and then thro a long chink at the top, saw half over the room, which was like mine, an unusually large one; for the hotel was not of modern build. [This took place quite twenty-five years ago.]

There opposite to me on a large sofa, sat a man and woman. He with his arm round her waist, and his head on her shoulder. She was sitting and quite pensively looking down, and listening attentively to all he was telling her. She looked about twenty, he about twenty-five years of age, and they were Americans. Every-thing was quite quiet, and I heard word by word nearly everything he said to her. — She scarcely uttered a word in return, and was absorbed in listening.

He was telling her the whole process of conception as he understood it, how the female got impregnated, and how an unwelcome foetus could be got rid of. What he said indeed was in some respects new even to me — al-tho it is a subject on which I don't think I am quite ignorant. Every now and then, she turned her head round towards his, and said something which I could not catch, it was said in so low a tone, and then resumed her pensive look on the floor. — When she made a remark — he said “Yes,” or “no — poor dear,” — and kissed her. — I had seen neither of them before, and did not know what relation they bore to each other. I first thought when I peeped, that they were a newly married couple. Then from some remarks, that

they had been illicitly fucking, or as I suppose it would be said, that he had seduced her

He must have talked on this subject I think some-thing like half an hour, and in a tone as monotonous as that of a lecturer on science — he never raised his voice a bit, was in no respect excited, but went on speaking with the American nasal accent. Then somehow I fancied he had got her in the family way, for his remarks, were interlarded with “you.” Then he took to kissing her, and then gently he put his hands up under her clothes, and I heard him say “cunt.”

But in front of the sofa was a table, which partly hid his middle, and hid hers entirely. So tho I knew that he put his hand up there, for the lift up of her clothes, and his position shewed that, I could not see more than to her knees, the table in front of her, tho a foot or so away from her, hid her middle. — But I saw that she put her legs apart to help, and soon after leaning more back on the sofa, pushed her bum forward, to facilitate his feeling whatever it might have been that he felt; and certainly it must either have been her bum or her cunt.

In doing this he leant forward, stooping for his feel up her, and tho he went on speaking, I then entirely lost all hearing, excepting of mere sound, for his face now was turned upwards towards hers, and the back of his head was towards me. Probably he may have dropped his voice, for we all I think do so when lust comes on us. A soft murmuring voice is the voice of love. A man doesn't bawl out that he wants a woman to let him fuck her. Then I could see that she lifted her clothes entirely up, and his head bending lower went out of sight, all being hidden by the table, but the bunch of her clothes, which shewed above the table. He unmistakably was looking at her cunt, or kissing it. Lick it, he scarcely could in that attitude, and they remained like that for a minute or two.

Then he resumed his seat, putting one arm round her, but keeping his right hand out of sight, and unmistakably (the table hid it) under her petticoats, and he went on explaining and lecturing. Then smiling, and relinquishing her waist, he opened his trowsers and pulled out his prick. That I could see as he sat. Then he said something which I could not catch, she turned to him, I saw her right hand lay hold of his prick, and she began frigging it clumsily. He pulled it then more out of his trowsers, and laughing said quite loudly, “No — so,” and gave it himself a gentle frig or two. She took it in a pretty little hand again, and soon got it by a little frigging up to a fine erection. — Then they turned half towards each other, and they kissed, but the table now hid her hand and his machine, tho I knew she had it in her hand, and that his hand was on her cunt. I could see a little more of her legs sideways, but could hear nothing for a minute or two. They were in silent enjoyment of feeling each other's privates. Then they put arms

round each other's necks, and cuddled. Oh how I envied him, and my prick stood stiff, but I resisted my desire to masturbate.

Then both got up. He stood with prick out stiff, and a fine one it was. She for a moment looking at it. Then both went out of sight alas, to a bed which I could not see, and there they fucked, for I could hear his murmurs of pleasure as he spent. But I could see nothing of their action, nor of her, or his subsequent ablution, tho I heard the splashing of water. — Both came into sight, and again sat on the sofa, and he felt her, and they talked long about consequences. — “Have no fear, my love, at a proper time I know what to do,” said he. — “Oh, I'm so frightened — so miserable that I can't sleep,” said she. — “Who's in that next room?” said he, all of a sudden. — “No one, I think, there was no one last night.” — I kept as quiet as the grave. — “I'll look,” — I heard her say, tho when she said it, I could see neither of them. I think she looked out of her bed-room door, for soon after she came into sight, and I knew she was in the room by herself from her manner. She sat down at the table, and buried her face in her hands long. Then she cried, and began writing a letter.

I was very tired and sleepy, for I had been travelling nearly all the night before, but the affair fascinated me. I could not keep my eyes off of her. I felt intense delight in knowing that the fair creature had been fucked, and that that pretty hand had before my eyes frigged a great cock up to a stiff stand. — My prick stood asking for a spend, but I resisted frigging. At last I grew so tired that I got down, and laying on my bed slept long. I got ready for the evening table d'hote. There I saw the lady sitting at table, with her swain not far off. He and her party were all travelling to-gether, there was a lot of them, and all Americans. She had two brothers I think, both mere boys, friendly with the man who had fucked their sister, and they I knew were ignorant of their sister's amorous games. Had I been her brother, I think it would have been different. But what vigilance can keep a willing cunt from an aggressive prick? All history, all experience, tells me that they will come together. — Vigilance grows weary of watching, and lulled into security, whilst lust is ever vigilant and ready to seize the slightest opportunity, is cunning in making them, and five minutes suffice for a randy prick to fill a cunt with sperm.

Expecting a nocturnal visit of the man, I kept awake — but nothing was to be seen. I saw the lady undress, and stand for a minute naked by the table, rubbing her breasts and body with her hands, before putting on her night-gown. I saw that she had not much hair on her motte, and that she was very thin, but she was very handsome faced. Next day at the same time, the man was with her. They evidently knew that I or some one was in my room, for they spoke in so low a tone that I could scarcely hear a word they said. They played

with each other's genitals, more than the day before, but the table still hid their hands and their middles from me, till he pulled her on to his knee, and then I saw his prick out, and more of her legs, tho but for a minute or two only. They went soon out of my sight, I heard them fucking, and did not see him again.

After she had washed, she undressed and came in chemise only, straight to my door, and I imagine there was a glass there for she was evidently looking at her-self in one. — Such furniture arrangements in foreign hotels are common. Then she laid down on the sofa, leaning her head on one hand, whilst with the other she felt her cunt. The confounded table let me see her thighs as she lay, but just hid the hand which was on her cunt from me — she didn't frig herself. After a little time she laid quiet on her back and began to cry hard. I could hear her sobbing. Tired of looking, I got down. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, I saw her sitting up, still in her chemise and writing a letter seemingly, and so I left her and went out to see the town.

I saw the party at the dinner table, but was not near them. I never took my eyes off the couple, for to look at a woman whom I have secretly seen naked, or fucking, gives me the intensest pleasure; and still more so if I can speak with her. I feel almost a friendship for her and would do anything to please her. — After dinner, I tried to get into conversation with some of the party, so as to get to speak with her, but they were unsociable and I failed. At night, beyond seeing her again put on her night-gown, and her rump as her chemise dropped down, I had no treat, and next morning early, the party left the hotel. I came to the conclusion that the girl was in the family way.

Then I found my way without the aid of a guide to a brothel, where in all my life, I never saw such a selection of beautiful, healthy women. They were not like so many of the flabby breasted, highly got up, yet fucked-out looking women one sees at the houses of certain of the capitals of Europe; but resembled healthy lasses who had just come from the country. — But it was in a country where the women are very beautiful, and I was at a town where the poor women of easy virtue are not used and then abused, kicked, and hooted, and almost branded, but where they often marry and marry well. — A well known traveller is said to have got his wife from one of the houses at this town, and a charming wife and woman she has ever since been, I am told. After a midday meal, walking along in a by, but quite a good street, I heard the merry laugh of women just by my ear, for I was close to the wall in the shade, it being a hot day. Stopping, I could just distinguish female forms thro the close outer blinds, and looking up saw that all the blinds of the house were shut. Fancying it was a harem, I pushed the door, which opened, and I found myself in a fine hall, and mounted a staircase to a very handsome large saloon.

The Abbess of this open-thighed nunnery spoke bad French, but enough for me. Soon trooped in a dozen of the most beautiful women I think I ever saw together in a bagnio, or in any society. I have often been bewildered in my choice at a baudy house, and more so I think when the ladies were naked than when clothed. Here they were clothed, but it was of loose or open make. All were more or less decollete, their breasts were seen nearly to their nipples, in some the nipples shewed, in some I could see the enticing darkness of the hairy armpits. The majority had the most lovely, tho not flashy or stagey boots on, and the display of calves was fine. They did not all stand up, but most sat down, as if they had taken their places on chairs for the evening. One or two addressed me in a language I did not understand. I spoke then in a language which was replied to by one or two, and I talked compliments and nothings for delay, for I was confused by their loveliness, and a desire to fuck half a dozen of them at the same time.

At length, almost at hazard, and spite of my looking round till my eye balls seemed to ache, I patted a not very tall girl on her lovely shoulders, and left the room with her. She was an exquisite creature, with cheeks like a rose, tho her skin had a darker hue than our English women. She had eyes like a gazelle, and dazzling teeth. In our bedroom, in a second she sat on my knees, and I glued my lips to hers. On a gesture which she understood, she threw off all clothing but boots and stockings, and stood naked, a sight of glorious beauty. She was but eighteen years old. Tho my prick was stiff before I had got up stairs with her, I sufficiently restrained my self to look over, and feel her exquisite form. From neck to breasts, breasts to arm-pits, armpits to cunt, my fingers ranged, and my lips followed, feeling and kissing, kissing and feeling till I longed to lick her. Then after, opening her lovely cunt-lips, I went on to looking at her bum furrow — for all parts of the pretty creature it seemed, must be pretty to me. To my astonishment she moved herself from off the bed, and turning round with her bum towards me, and pulling the ivory cheeks asunder, so that I could see her anus, “I no hairs there,” she said in broken Italian, which with German I found we could best communicate with each other in, tho she belonged to neither nation.

What her object was in informing me of the condition of that part — whether it was an invitation to it — whether its beauty caused it to be often investigated by friends, it never occurred to me to think about, until I began to write this narrative of my visit to the nunnery house, which I did next day. — But the instant she had spoken, so exquisite did her cunt with its crisp dark hair, and pouting lips, look between her buttocks furrow, and lovely thighs, that I inserted my prick, and almost instantly spent the semen in her, which had been boiling in my ballocks, since the time I saw the couple in the bed-

room at the hotel: for I did not frig myself there, restraining myself with much difficulty from doing so.

The nymph stood quite still, with my prick in her, satisfied to let it rest there and soak. It showed no signs of shrinking, whilst I stood feeling her marbly buttocks, putting my hand round to feel her clitoris, feeling her breasts and armpits — revelling in her beauty. — Then her cunt clipped it. It was an invitation to go on fucking. But I now wanted her sweet face, her lovely lips towards me. Pulling my prick out of her lubricated cunt, “Get on the bed and lie down, cara mia,” I said.

Without reply, and putting her fingers on her cunt, to prevent spilling my spunk out of it, on she got, and smiling, asked for a towel. I gave it her, and she dried her fingers with it. For an instant only, I saw between her wide apart thighs, the red slash, covered with the pearly essence of my testicles, and then plunged my wet prick up it again. She met me with ardour in a fuck worth two of the first in duration, baudy thoughts, and voluptuous enjoyment of her spunk filled genital. It ended in her spending when I did, and our mouths overflowing into each other, as the juices of both cunt and prick mingled in her.

Then all is told, excepting that I stopped hours with her, conversing in polyglot, but mainly kissing and feeling her, in delicious, thoughtful, baudy half silence, during the hot afternoon.

The next day I had her again, and thought I should never care about another woman. The day after that, I could not go to the house, but the following evening did. She was engaged I found for the night by a gentle-man. Disappointed, I yet saw some of the other ladies. Tho some were then fucking in their chambers, I got one taller, but in every other respect, as beautiful and perfect, as the one I had had. The charm was now broken. I had her again once, but my love of change, the desire to see and know what other women were like, was too much for me. I stayed a fortnight at the town, and had fucked half a dozen of the women before I left.

I kept to my bed-room, hoping to see some other sights there, but to my annoyance, two officers took possession of it, and walked about as it seemed to me both night and day, with boots and spurs on. There were military doings in the town. They smoked also incessantly, and had a party one night, on which occasion I don't think they went to bed. Being much annoyed by their noise, I asked for another room, tho for many reasons I liked the one I was in. — The manager told me the officers would leave the next day: which they did.

But the same night, two other men connected with the army, tho apparently not soldiers, were put there. They were quiet, and at night hearing them preparing to go to bed, I had the curiosity to get up and

peep. To my astonishment one was naked, and the other, in his shirt, was. looking attentively at the naked one's stiff prick, and feeling it. What he was doing it for I can't say, for he soon relinquished it, their light was put out, and both almost immediately snored. Who were they —was one a Doctor, but why a stiff prick? All was so solemn and business like, so unlike erotic amusement, that to this day I can't make the affair out. The day after, I left * ** ** and went on travelling, but returned to England soon. I had no intrigue on hand, tho I had thought when free that I should soon have one. I had not a servant even to meet. Those nice, little, randy-arsed, well-fed devils, who can only get fucked now and then on the sly, and of whom I have enjoyed dozens in my time, and hope to enjoy as many again. As it was, the mercenary frail ones, of the highest and most expensive class, absorbed my manhood, and my pocket. Cunt, silk stocking, diaphanous chemises, laced night-gown, and jewels, are costly. Then I found one I liked much, and tho I did not keep to her, for I never can to one woman alone, I frequented her for a couple years. Other adventures occurred between my visits to her, but I have collected all about her into a consecutive narrative, and also all relating to an intrigue with a French lady of a very curious kind, which began at Paris at about the same date.

Chapter XI

At Cremorne. • Amelia German. • A fair-haired beauty. • A voluptuous bed-fellow. • Tongues and lips. • Small entrance, large interior. • Her house and her captain. • Mrs. A*t*n the house-keeper. • The house-keeper alone. • Why does she sleep with Amelia. • Reasons suggested. • Mrs. A., on the sofa. • Hesitation and consummation. • Regrets after fucking. • Mrs. A's history. • On Sapphic tasts. • Mrs. A*t*n at a brothel. • A telltale belly. • Amelia with child. • A*t*n's produce. • Still-born or murdered? • House-keeper departs. • Gamahuching in a new attitude. • Repetition. • Liking and disliking. • Amelia's accouchement. • She disappears.

At Cremorne one night late in the summer, I saw a tall, fine woman, whom I mistook for a German. Her hair was of a darkish, half flaxen hue, tho not flaxen. It was a color I did not admire, but it seemed in her very handsome, and to suit her • face, which was round, with a thickish, but prettily retrousse nose, sweet, languishing, half-sleepy, blue eyes, and pouting lips, such as I love; in a small mouth full of fine teeth. She had a lovely, transparent, white complexion, tho too white and colorless perhaps. She had a quite unusual graceful, undulating motion in her haunches, indeed of her whole body as she walked. Not a vulgar swing of her rump, which some women affect, but quite an easy movement. It was as if the bum was too heavy for her legs. But the graceful undulations seemed to go over all her body. I went home with her to the extreme west of London.

I have blotted out her surname on my notes, and al-tho I visited her at intervals quite two years cannot now recollect it. Her Christian name was Amelia, and I call her Amelia German, on account of her German, or perhaps Hollandish look.

She stripped, and in doing that, her movements were graceful, and I found her as I expected, beautiful in form, with thighs which were a perfect model, and a large, tho not overpowering backside. Her cunt was not very hairy. It was small, delicate looking, and retained somewhat the pink or coral tint of youth, and this made it very pretty, coupled with the light colored fringe. The color however was much darker than that of the hair of her head. Clitoris and nymphae were small, and delicate, and barely shewed thro the full lipped slit. Altogether, it was sweetly pretty, and scarcely looked like the cunt of a full grown woman of two and twenty.

I slept with her, and found her a most charming bed-fellow. She had much of the manner of fucking that Camille has. — A slowish,

reciprocating movement of her haunches to my thrusts, and when spending, no violent action (which I hate in a woman), but a sort of squeezing, prick engulphing, wriggle of her cunt, and heave up of her backside, which was most exquisite. When found in other women I expect I have always told of it. We both slept stark naked, for her body was of exquisite plumpness, yet without fat. Her mouth and teeth had first attracted me and I fastened on it. I could scarcely keep my tongue from her mouth, nor she her tongue from mine, for she liked that sensuous junction of the mouth as much as I do, when I get the mouth I like. At my wish she did not wash after copulation, she did not care to if she liked the man, she said. I fucked her to my utmost and passed a most delicious night. We both slept profoundly till about eleven o'clock next day. Kissing her in the morning, I said to her, “You spent with me always.” — “I don't know who wouldn't spend with you, your way of doing it would make any woman spend if she liked men at all,” she replied. She was one of those who didn't use language either baudy or blasphemous. Yet she was lustful, full of juice, and as greedy of sperm, as well nigh any woman I ever yet have had. A strong, healthy woman, in the very prime of life, and quietly fond of all voluptuousness.

I had her a night or two after, and then satisfied by a more careful look, that which I had fancied by fingering and fucking her before, that the opening of her vagina, or mouth of the prick tube, was very small, and that immediately the mouth was passed, it grew if anything larger than it usually is in women. As I fucked, I found that sensation of undue capacity even round my prick. At a future day, I noticed this particularly at the second poke, if she had not washed my sperm out. It was the smallness, and the shape of this opening of the vagina, which helped to make her cunt look so pretty. She told me it had been noticed by most of her friends, and she seemed very proud of it, for when I looked at her cunt as I always did before entering it, “Isn't it small?” she used frequently to say in a gratified tone. I once before had a woman who was proud of her smallness there. I never told Amelia that her cunt inside was extra sized. I never do anything which may vex or wound a woman I like, or cause her to think I am not quite satisfied with her charms. I have known many women much offended by remarks of mine about their person, remarks made quite innocently by me. Many gay women are as proud of their cunts as they are of their faces.

She was a voluptuous creature, and enjoyed my embraces much. I had ample signs of that and am not deceiving myself. She was not a talkative person either, and had a soft voice which I like. We used to pass much time when together, in billing and cooing, as it may be termed: for once on her bed, our mouths joined and our tongues set to

work, and we did nothing else for a long while. We licked each others teeth, wetted copiously our lips with saliva, and rubbed them together till they dried, every now and then just protruding the tips of our tongues and all as silently as possible. — “You've a lovely mouth, Mealy.” — “And so have you, and the sweetest breath.” This was repeated often enough, just as if both were spooning. I don't usually take the wet mouth of women of her class, or of any woman, unless I like the look of their mouths; tho wet kissing of that sort, I love intensely now, and it is most exciting to me, and makes my cock stand without handling it.

She was skilled also in prolonging our sexual enjoyments. “Lay quiet in me, dear” — this was often said when my prick was up her, and quiet I used to lay as long as my prick let me, but it was an imperious organ. “Oh, don't move it,” she would murmur thro our wet lips and tongues, when voluptuously slabbering each other. Then when she spent, the pupils of her eyes disappeared, the white only could be seen, her mouth opened quite wide, and she breathed short, and hard, for a second or two. But before the spend had quite finished, her liquid lips were joined to mine again, giving subtle enjoyment, till the luscious enervation came on. In fact she was gifted by nature with the art of love, and loved the art, tho she never seemed baudy, nor talked it. Then I began to take to her, then resisted myself—no more affection for me if I can help it.

She had a nice ten-roomed house, well furnished. I found after a week, that she inhabited it all herself, and there was no lodger in it. Then I found that her rent was paid by Captain * * * * * of the * * * Infantry, the son of a Baronet and his heir. He was very fond of her, and came up to see her as often as he could. At the time I speak of, he was at Aldershot. This information was given me one day, when I said I was going to call on her. She begged me not as she would be engaged for a week. On other occasions that also occurred and then she told me further why. I saw, after I was better acquainted with her, his photograph, and also of that of his father's house. At a later date she shewed me photos of his sisters. All were taken by the same man in the country. (Photography then was not in its present state of perfection.) He promised he would marry her, she told me. I have a faculty in getting the confidences of gay women, and without soliciting it. — How many have asked my advice in their troubles, and in the belief that they have no true friend in their own sex.

She had at that time living with her, a woman whom she called her house-keeper and companion. A fine, well grown woman, about twenty-eight or thirty years old seemingly, and in tone and manner, quite superior to what is usually found in the house of a gay woman. In fact a gentle-woman. This very much astonished me. In bed with

Amelia one night, after a champagne supper, and we had fucked once, talking about the house-keeper, she told me that she had been a governess, but had lost her position, and had had a child. Her manners indeed were quite those of a lady. When I called she placed a chair for me, and left the room in quite a different manner from a servant.

I did not always tell Amelia when I should be with her, but took my chance, calling sometimes even in the morning, but mostly in the afternoon or evening. Some-times I waited an hour or two for her, if she happened to be out, or engaged. I don't recollect her being with a man at home when I called, more than once, and think that two or three men mainly supported her. She told me one night that a married man was very good to her.

I had known her somewhere about two months, when one evening now quite late in the autumn I called. She was out and would not be in for an hour or two, would I call again. I preferred waiting. The companion who had opened the door to me saying that both servants were out (as was at times the case), was leaving the room. It was cold and there was a fire in the parlor, and thinking of her comfort only I said, “You can stay, unless you have a fire in the drawing-room.” — No, there was no fire, but she could go to the kitchen. At my request she stayed in the parlor. We began talking, and I thought she looked very nice. She was a dark eyed, dark haired woman, tallish like her mistress, and was dressed nicely in a quiet colored silk. I began whilst conversing, to think over what had been told me about her having had a child. I wondered whether she was fucked by any one now, and arrived at the conclusion, that a fine woman like her in the prime of life, would not go without conjunction with the male, whatever might be said about her chastity to the contrary. No cunt can refuse a prick when once it has had it. Amelia had said, she was sure she was quite steady, having had enough of men, and being disgusted with him whose cock had produced her child, brought her to grief, and neglected her afterwards. How could a gay woman believe that?

I got lewed. “Sit nearer the fire, it's cold out there.” She drew near it, and so did I. Something in her movement brought the easy swing of the haunches of her mistress to my mind. I had been longing to talk about love matters, but didn't know how to begin, had one of those stupid ignorant ideas about its not being fair, that her mistress would be told and mischief made, and so on, as if I had not as much right to poke the maid, as the mistress. But I was fondish of Amelia. This movement of her companion's haunches destroyed all such thoughts, and I burst out, — “Your bum moves just like your mistress' ” (tho it was not a bit like it). “Does it?” said she, laughing. — “Yes, and I expect it's the same size.” — “There's not much difference when we

are both naked." "Really? I should like to see." — She never replied, but shook her head, laughing quietly all the while to herself.

I drew close to the tender and put my feet on it — "Put your feet up, Mrs. A*t*n (She was spoken of always as Mrs.). — She did. — "Lift your clothes and give it a warm." — "I'm warm enough." — "I'm too hot," said I, adjusting my prick in my trowsers, for it was stiffening, and could not rise up owing to my drawers, and I pulled it about outside my trowsers, in such manner that she must have known the reason, for she laughed, then stopped herself and looked demure. But I'd made her want to open her thighs I was sure, lust is so contagious, words raise ideas, ideas heat cock and cunt quickly.

"Did any man sleep with Mrs. German last night?" I asked. I had been several times in the room with the house-keeper before, but had never asked any question, knowing that I should only get a lie in reply. — "No." — "Someone did, now." — "Yes, some one did." "You told me just now no one did." — "Oh no I didn't, you said a man — I slept with Mrs. German;" — She told me that when her mistress was alone, she slept with her, and that was most frequently, for that she only let one or two men sleep all night with her.

Then I rattled on, forgetting quite that I was waiting for Mrs. German — did they sleep naked together as I did with her? Had she as little hair down there as her mistress? I knew it was dark whilst Amelia's was light. Did she cuddle her? — Mrs. A*t*n answered those, and a lot of other questions, quite discreetly and evasively, said she slept with her because she was timid. She did her hair — dried her after her bath, did all sorts of things for her to make her comfortable, for she had been very kind to her. I hesitated to say it, but at length, — "You've seen her cunt I expect." — "Of course." — "You've frigged her." — "Don't be a beast and ask me such questions," said Mrs. * * * *, all on a sudden turning half indignant. "Well, don't tell Amelia what I've been saying." — "It's not likely that I shall."

That somehow encouraged me. I got up and kissed her. "Don't tell her that," and I tried a feel. — "Don't be foolish sir," — "Let me, my prick's bursting, and I can't wait for Mrs. German — look." — Out I pulled my pego on a state of high inflammation, — "Don't you now be foolish — I won't feel it. — She'll be in directly, or the servants will, — Don't — I'll tell her — now don't you." — I was standing up now. She still sitting with feet on the fender. I stooped quickly, ran my left hand up her petticoats, and touched her cunt in a trice, holding her back in the chair with my right hand whilst I felt with the other. She did not resist much, did not even close her thighs, and my hand easily covered the whole slit from clitoris to vagina. I kissed on and fumbled about, and thrust a finger up her cunt for a minute, she half laughing. Then she closed her thighs. — "No, leave off, that's enough, you did

not come here for that."

Relinquishing her quim, "Let's do it," I said. — "No, that I won't." — "You shall." — "Mrs. German may come in at any minute." — Well she can't get in with-out ringing." — "Yes she can, she has the latch key." — "I'll bolt the street door." — She didn't say no. — I bolted it, and returned. She now was standing by the table, I pulled her on to the sofa and felt her cunt again. — "You'll never tell Amelia." — "Never, how can you think I should be such an ass." — "I don't know about that." — Not another word she spoke, but laid hold of my prick which had been out all the time, we kissed, she laid in a hurry almost her length on the sofa, I threw up her clothes, saw that it was a dark, fully haired cunt, as I guessed it must be and the next minute my prick was at work up it we were fucking energetically, and finished our pleasures at the same moment. — Said she as she arose. — "If Amelia knew about this, she'd turn me out the next minute — so don't you do me that harm, God knows I've had enough misery."

I felt immediately as if I had been treacherous to Amelia. — Of course that was very foolish, but I did. — Mrs. A*t*n went to the kitchen and washed her cunt, came up, sat down on the sofa, and said that if her mistress was not home soon, probably she wouldn't be home till late, as she had gone to dine with a friend, and might go from there to the Argyle rooms, but I had better leave. — I wouldn't go. — If she came in she could say I hadn't been there long. "We'll do it again." — Mrs. A. was of opinion evidently, that in for a penny in for a pound was a good motto, and tho she had told me to go, was awaiting another cunt basting. She wouldn't undress, but all that could be seen by lifting her petticoats above her waist I saw. All I could see and feel by loosening her dress above, I did. I investigated her cunt, held a candle to look at it, and a good, bold looking cock trap it was. She helped me quite willingly in my inspection for she had nothing to hide, till I took a candle. Then she resisted. Directly I had satisfied my eye-sight, — "You'd better make haste," she said, and laid down with thighs wide open. She was either hot cunted or fearful of her mistress returning, and I think both, but certainly hot cunted — and as I feared being interrupted by Amelia's return I shagged her again at once.

"You like fucking jolly well," — I remarked. — "Who doesn't, but it's brought me to grief, I'd vowed never to let a man again." — "Gammon, my dear." — Her re-mark might have been a pumper — and I had prom- ised Amelia never to tell her companion what she had told me about her and never did. Then Mrs. A*** begged me to go. The servants would certainly be in soon, if I went off at once she should never say I had even called, that would be best, and I was never to tell Mrs. Amelia about my having done so. Off I went, called at the Argyle, saw Amelia there, told her I had merely looked in to see

her, and went home.

Soon after, in conversation with Amelia, she told me that she felt timid, and frightened of being robbed or worse if she slept by herself, and that Mrs. A*t*n usually slept with her. “Does she gamahuche you?” — Amelia gave me a slap. — “Oh you beast, no. — I don't like women — I like poking too well.” — Certainly she did that, there was no mistake about her voluptuous delight in coition, nor in her spending freely with me, but then might she not have liked the other variety of lustful enjoyment as well?

I told Amelia that I saw no objection to women amusing each other sexually if they liked, but she affected dislike — or really felt it. Did she? These thoughts only occur to me as I think over matters, and write this narrative, and [still more as I revise them after many years], Amelia was a quietly voluptuous woman, Venus in all ways pleased her I am sure, and it is more than probable that she had Sapphic tastes as well as lechery for men, tho the double taste I believe is unusual, but there are such singular sexual idiosyncrasies. — If she liked a woman for lustful games, it did not prevent her getting in the family way by a man.

Other females, however, had my caresses. I did not keep to Amelia, nor disguise that from her. Then I went abroad (I put this part of my narrative separate- ly) and when I returned, Amelia was in the family way by her caprain. In vain I told her before it was too late that she had better get rid of the foetus. No, she was delighted. — It was his, he knew it was his — he had stopped with her an entire month — she had had no other man all that time, and he wished for a child by her, said he would keep it, and so on. It was to me al-most incredible, that a woman with such experience as she must have had, young as she was, should have believed all that. — But she did. Now he was supplying her with plenty of money and did not wish her to see any other man. His regiment was ordered to * * * * and he could not see her for many months. I guessed how all that would end, but attempted no more to destroy the happy illusion she was under. — She was fond of the captain, poor thing. But whatever the captain might have been, or whatever her promises, it did not prevent Amelia from fucking heartily with me. Her enjoyment of my prick indeed got intense. She certainly ceased going to the Argyle almost entirely.

I like to see all of a nice woman when I have once had her, and altho I did not really care about her, got Mrs. A*t*n to a baudy house, and passed about four hours with her there. Having made several calls hoping to find Amelia out, and to have Mrs. A*t*n, I failed in doing so. Difficulty in some cases increases desire, and it was so with me now. I thought that I longed exceedingly to have the woman, so wrote her, and slipped it into her hands when I called, and told her where to

write to me. She named a day, and eleven o'clock in the morning. It is funny that the woman never appeared to leave the house, I never found her out of it, or heard of her going out, and she frequently was in the house alone. She said one day that she never wanted to go out, which I believe to have been a lie. I fancied she was hiding there, and feared to go out, tho my reasons for that belief are not very strong.

Soon after eleven o'clock, there we were in a house (not my favorite one) and ten minutes after that, she in chemise, I in shirt were on the bed together. I inspected her charms which she seemed a little modest about, she inspected mine, which pleased me much. Now I looked out for the signs of childbirth. — She was absorbed intensely in handling and contemplating my prick, when I began the search. I was standing by the bed-side. Suddenly she relinquished my prick, and pushed down her chemise. By my investigations she was evidently taken unawares. “Don't. I don't like to be pulled about so, don't,” — said she very angrily. “You've had a child, my dear.” — “I haven't.” “Yes, I have just seen the marks.” — “I haven't but what if I have?” — “Nothing, my dear.” — “But I haven't, I've had a miscarriage.” — “How did that happen?” — “I shan't tell you. — I'm sorry I've met you.” — “Nonsense. It doesn't matter to me if you have, or not.” A fuck restored her temper.

I tried to get out of her when she'd been fucked first, but learnt I expect nothing true. She'd been seduced, had been ruined by a scoundrel who had promised to marry her, her career was gone. She'd since had no other man but me. — How curious I was, did I ask all the ladies I had such questions. She didn't want men for she hated them. — Well! She did frig herself, if I wanted to know — why shouldn't she, she must do something, naturally. — “Frig Amelia?” — “Certainly not — she has quite enough of it without doing that.” — “Enough of what?” — She hesitated. “Well fucking, there! — I knew you wanted me to say that word, and I've said it, and do you feel any better for it?” She was nasty, snappish, and disliked being questioned. So I desisted, having come out for pleasure, and not to annoy.

“I won't look at your belly” said I, after she had washed her cunt, for that she insisted on doing quickly after I had spent in her, and I wanted again to see her charms, for unless I am in bed for the night, I nearly always look at a woman's cunt before each fuck. I am indeed never tired of looking at a woman's hidden charms. “Now don't be nonsensical, you may pull your chemise down below your navel, but I've seen all I want there, — and I pulled it down myself. — “Now open your thighs wider — you did it on the sofa the other night.” — Open they went, for it makes some women lewed to have it looked at. I had a good look at a cunt of the usual class, a cunt of thirty, well haired and full lipped, nothing in it to call either pretty or the reverse.

But she was tawny skinned, there was a slightly billious, brown tint in her skin, just as there was in her face. She was what may be called a dark skinned woman which I don't much admire, but fleshy and well proportioned. When I had seen all this, and done my utmost in tailing her that morning, I was satisfied, and never desired her again.

In the four hours, she kept me closely up to my work. She wanted fucking more than I did, but I did it four times. She was curious about my prick, and looked at it repeatedly. When I said after my second poke, — “Let me look at you, open your thighs.” — “Let me look at you then,” she said, and laughed. — Of course I let her. I couldn't help thinking that really it was a long time since she'd had a man, or she wouldn't have handled and looked at my prick so much. She was like a young girl with it, and her hurry to let me up her was undisguised. Yet as I had made up my mind from her evasive replies to my questions that she was lying, I didn't care to think much about her, or whether she had been much or little fucked, or by one man or more.

She had come out that morning to buy a dress, she said, which I think was true. I tipped her, which I half fancied she didn't expect, and we parted as if we were acquaintances, and nothing more. — Nor did she make any signs of recognition or pleasure when I saw her again at Mrs. German. (This all took place before Mrs. German told me she was in the family way.)

Some months elapsed during which I was much abroad, and I went a long voyage across the sea, which I omit telling here for the sake of continuing about Amelia. It was on my return that she told me she was in the family way and the particulars just given. Then I resumed sleeping with her, and did so at times for one or two months, till her belly began to get large. — After a while she got fretful and tearful, for her captain tho he sent her money and kind letters, said it would be long before he could see her again, that he had been found out, and had had an awful row with his governor about her. She began asking me if I thought he would do what he had said. How could I tell I replied when I only knew what she had told me. Then she said she was sure she could trust me, and showed me a bundle of his letters which I read, and saw he was cooling down. I did not like to add to her trouble by telling her that, but said if he didn't, she might perhaps sue him for a breach of promise, tho I didn't think she could — but that even comforted her.

I did not care about poking her with her big stomach, and left off calling much. She then went to the Argyle, as she said, only to divert herself. Whether she got friends there or not I didn't know, but she so managed to dress that there were no signs of the size of her belly. At the Argyle she came up to me one night directly she saw me (I had always told her never to notice me unless I made her a sign, it was my

custom with all women). “I must speak with you,” said she. “What do you think, I went home last night, and found my house-keeper had delivered herself of a seven month child and it was dead, and was lying on the table wrapped up in a napkin, she was lying on the sofa fainting — what shall I do — the dead baby's there still.” — I suggested calling in a doctor. She said she was frightened to do that. — “Perhaps she's killed it,” I remarked. — She was sure she didn't know, she hoped not — but Mrs. A*t*n wouldn't reply, would tell nothing wouldn't open her mouth. — There she lay now in bed ill, only saying that she wouldn't have a doctor and wished she was dead.

I could not assist her, but still advised a doctor. — She asked me to go home with her and see Mrs. A*t*n. — I declined doing so as long as the dead child was there. I could do no good, but would be at the Argyle a few nights after.

A week after, Amelia told me the child was buried and that it was stillborn. That A*t*n was ill, and that she meant to send her off directly she was better. A week after that she was gone, and I slept with Amelia. She was mysterious about her companion, and said she would never have believed that she would get into such a scrape again. I asked no further questions not wishing to know anything more about the matter, but had my suspicions that the child was born alive. — I never heard of A*t*n afterwards. — But I wonder much at Amelia thinking that a woman who had once had fucking, would go the rest of her life without it. — There were fresh servants in the house soon after. If I had anything to do with begetting that child, it could not have been more than five months old, but suppose I had not.

But there is one thing I ought to have named before. I was very salacious one night, and delighted much in the beauty and whiteness of Amelia's form. She was, I think in much the same condition of lust. How exquisite is the pleasure when a man and woman are both lewed, and play erotic tricks together. Her belly had then scarcely began to swell. I postponed consummating, and indulged in many lewed preliminaries. I was fanciful in the highest degree and full of erotic inven-tions. — “Kneel over me dear, and let me see your pretty cunt” and I moved into the middle of bed. She was naked as she was born, for she had had her night-gown on ready to get into bed with me, and I made her take it off. Laughing she placed herself on her knees straddling across me, her coral split slightly opened by the position. I gazed with sensuous delight and stiff prick on the pretty light haired division, and fingered it using at times both hands at once. When doing so she put one of her hands behind her bum and felt my cock. — “Oh — hah — isn't it stiff. — Oh, do me.” — “Not yet love, feel my prick again.” — Kiss it, kiss, I'm so lewed,” — said she, wriggling her

thighs and but- tocks, as well as a kneeling position permitted. “Come nearer then.” — She moved on her knees more for-ward, they widened out as she came near my shoulders, and her cunt met my mouth. Rapturously I kissed it, then involuntarily put my hands round her smooth white buttocks and pulled her closer to me. “Get lower down dear.” — Her cunt covered my mouth I put out my tongue and tickled her clitoris with it, then licked, then closed my lips on it, then licked it again. “Oh — oh, if you do that I shall spend. Oh — ohooooo,” — she said and her cunt moved back-wards and forwards, covering my mouth and my nose. For a moment I desisted, saying “Shall I gamahuche you, Mealy?” — “Oh, do — go on, do, I'm nearly spending,” and her belly and backside shook with her lust.

I clasped her buttocks with both hands and put my tongue to her clitoris again. “Keep your cunt quiet when you spend” for in her pleasure just before she had moved her cunt about so, that I lost the clitoris, my tongue went on to her vagina and her clitoris rubbed my nose. I don't like my nose and my lips to be covered by a cunt. Then I licked and gently bit and nibbled at her clitoris, till I felt her backside vibrating with pleasure, her whole cunt, spite of her, seemed to drop all over and cover my mouth and with a sharp cry of pleasure the dear creature spent. “You never did that before to me” said she, when she laid by the side of me a minute or two afterwards. — “Do you like being gamahuched?” — “Yes very much at times, but I want it done properly to me afterwards” — and properly it was done by me then in a few minutes.

Two or three times after that, the letch seized me for gamahuching her, and I always did it in that fashion. It was only done when she was hot cunted, when we had been talking libidinously, and when I had gone home with her after a good dinner. (For I had taken to give her dinners at * * * * then not long opened.) I was not ashamed of her, for she dressed well and quietly, and tho there was an unmistakably voluptuous air about her she scarcely looked like a gay woman when away from a harlots' gathering. The gamahuching al-so was due to her incitement, more than my own suggestion. Her captain always did it to her, she told me when I questioned her. — “Yes — yes, once another has.” And so on, till talking begat the want. Then she washed her cunt, and mounted to my mouth again.

And this is what I wrote then. It is better left as it is, than put into narrative form like the rest. “Licked Amelia's cunt last night, did I want to do it or did she want me to do to her? I have done it to her several times, now don't like doing it, yet I do it. She seems to like it so. — Her frame as far as I can judge, lying under her cunt as I do, and seeing nothing, and only able to clasp her bum or her thighs, seems to thrill with a higher enjoyment than when she is fucked, and I

like giving her pleasure for she deserves it, and she is so beautiful. But I want to wash my mouth and moustache directly after; whilst she says after a moment's repose only, “Go on, dear.” But I don't like the taste, and eject my saliva both whilst doing it, and after it, till it runs down over my chin and I long to wash my mouth. Yet last night I gamahuched her long without ejecting. But I do it as it seems to me through her talking about it. It is she who always be-gins talking about it first. I wonder whether Mrs. A*t*n did it to her. I half suspect it. I'll ask again. But why shouldn't she if they both like that fun?”

Again I was away from England. When I came back, she was very big and miserable. Her time was approaching for her confinement. The captain sent her money, but I saw from his letters (she insisted against my will on making a confidant of me) that he was cooling, and just before her accouchement, wrote to say he deeply regretted it but there was no help for it, if he didn't, his Father would leave him nothing, he should be ruined, so he was going to be married. I saw her a few days after she received this letter, and in a sad state of distress she was. At one time she cried and said she loved him, the next moment cursed him. She had lost her good friends thro him, they would not visit her with her big belly, and now she should have a wretched child to keep, and much more. She raved about it, and her energy (in one habitually so placid) surprized me.

She had the child and luckily it died. But it nearly killed her in coming into the world, and I wonder if it was owing to that small opening. I shall write no more about for this is not a history of Amelia German. She quite altered in appearance afterwards. I had other women, was much away, and only had her once or twice after she recovered from her confinement. Some months afterwards going to the Argyle, I met her and went home with her. She was then in lodgings, had lost her nice quiet manners, and was a flaunting vulgar whore. I was sorry for it. Suddenly she disappeared, no women whom I asked could tell about her, they hadn't seen her anywhere for a long time, was all I got from the sisterhood.

Chapter XII

Reasons for omitting dates and places at this period. • A sea voyage. • Brother and sister. • Effects of sea air. • Nursemaid. • Mary's cabin. • A poke interrupted. • The brother's illness. • Bella on heat. • Nearly caught. • Mary's suspicions. • Arrival at * * * *. • A week at an hotel. • Brother and sister depart. • The voyage home. • The emigrant's daughter.

For the sake of continuity in the narrative about Amelia German, incidents which took place have been placed out of proper order and date, but what follows occurred during my acquaintance with her. I now go back a year or so.

[For the reason that by naming either the season of the year, or the exact spots visited, clue may be given to identity, so both are omitted. For similar reasons, the narrative of some adventures, tho carefully written, will be destroyed. Unfortunately, soon after they occurred, I made them the subject of conversation at my clubs, and told some of the incidents to friends and relatives. To repeat them here would be to declare myself, and others still alive. So to the flames they go — how many, many pages of manuscript have been so destroyed).

I took a longish sea voyage. The big ship was pretty full. — Among the passengers were a tall handsome man about forty years old, and a splendid, well grown girl, seemingly from eighteen to twenty years of age, with dark hair and nearly black eyes. She didn't look immodest, but in her eyes was a soft look, as if healthy, youthful womanhood filled her with voluptuous desires. As if she was dying for fucking, as if half dozen rubs on her clitoris would make her spend.. Such were my impressions of her, after having been on board with her a few hours.

They were entered in the ship's books in the same name, as brother and sister, were both well dressed, and seemed well to do. She had got a cabin with two berths all to herself, which had of course to be paid for as two. She was not in the part of the ship where single ladies travelling alone are frequently placed, but in one not far from his cabin. This looked to me suspicious, after I had watched them a while.

Before I had been two days on board, the sea air stirred up my prick to rebellion, and I saw no relief for it for a fortnight, unless I could get a bit of cunt on board, or frig myself, which I detest doing. This lady seemed to suggest herself to me, as the one destined to make me happy occasionally, so with the persistence which I have under such circumstances, I set to work cunt hunting. There seemed no

probability of success, for there are great difficulties in getting at a woman privately on board large ships, even if both be willing for the congress, without observation by some one of the other passengers, But it's done. Cunt and cock are crafty coggers.

There seemed less chance on account of the habits of the two. She passed much of her time in her cabin, and when out of it, always walked about the deck with him. They entered into conversation with no one scarcely, and had none of that sociability with fellow travellers, which usually takes place on board ship. Soon they were remarked for that. People joked about the two, and though there was certainly a strong family likeness between them, said that he looked like a married man who was running away with his wife's sister. Others said he was running away in debt and that she was his daughter. — There was an anxious look about him, more so than on her.

They sat at a table some distance off from mine, and once placed there, were by ship custom not allowed to change during the voyage — but I could see her well, and she me; whilst the man could do so with difficulty.

On every opportunity I looked at her, indeed when not eating, kept my eyes nearly fixed upon her. She soon saw that, and naturally began to look at me. Once or twice, I thought I saw a smile coming over her face. I then tried to make a talking acquaintance with the brother, and succeeded to a small extent, but he plainly shewed that he didn't want to make mine, or any acquaintance.

Their two cabins and mine were in the same corridor and I also had a cabin with the double berths to my-self, just as she had, so as to avoid the annoyance of a stranger being with me, and to give me more room. The brother however was in a cabin with another passenger. Why did he not get the cabin opposite to hers I wondered, perhaps to avoid suspicion, or perhaps it was already engaged.

The petticoats of women were at that time worn shortish, which disclosed a good bit of the legs when they went up staircases. With my strong liking for fe- male nudity, I used to post myself everywhere possible, so that I could see them on the staricases, and found that Bella (as I found her name was) had a full calved pair of pins, which increased my lust for her, and gave me a cock-stand whenever I saw them. Sick with desire, which it seemed impossible to satisfy, I turned my eyes elsewhere, and among others, to a sturdy maid who was travelling with a lady and two children. The youngest child, almost a baby, slept in the maid's cabin, which was not far from the mother's cabin, and opposite to mine.

The couple stayed on deck late, and so did I. Long after most passengers had turned in, I felt sure I saw him in the far distance of

the deck kiss her. Then I went to my cabin, and watching with a patience I do not possess on other occasions, kept at the angle of the little passage between the two cabins one of which was mine. She came down and went to her cabin and he did to his. What it was that still kept me on the watch, I can't imagine. It must have been instinct. Lights were all out in the cabins, but still I kept watch. Every now and then I left mine, and peeped round into the corridor, and at length saw him come quickly along and go into the passage leading to hers. In half an hour out he came. All that time did I keep on the watch, thinking of what they might be doing. I imagined all things. Now his prick is in her. Now they are spending. Is he feeling her and going to do it again? Has he looked at her cunt? Did he spend much? I felt almost haggard with lust, as I thought and thought, and resisted frigging myself, and then I went to bed.

There I lay with inflamed imagination, wild with lust, and with prick throbbing for coition. I thought of the thick legged maid asleep within a few feet of me, of her legs, cunt, backside, and all her possible charms, of Bella's face and legs, her cunt, of the man's prick who had just left her, of the pleasure they had had to-gether. — I played with my prick, and could not keep my fingers from it, but resisted frigging, tried in vain to rest, played with it again, and then irresistible lust conquered. I turned on my belly, put a handkerchief under me, wetted both hands with my spittle, and placing my prick in them, frigged through them with a fucking motion, with visions of Bella's saturated cunt, the maid's cunt, and endless baudy sights, chasing each other through my excited brain, and then I fell asleep.

With the usual disgust with myself after masturbation, when I awakened I was as lustful as ever, and cast my eyes about at breakfast, to see if any lady looked liquorish enough, and was sufficiently unprotected to give me a chance. Bella made my cock stand the instant I saw her.

There were not many at table. We had had the sea quite smooth, now it was getting rough, and many who had been quite well, fell sea sick. I, quite well, went upon deck, and saw brother and sister sitting together. Soon after he was sick, and went down stairs. His sister remained and seemed a good sailor. Seating myself beside her, I got into conversation. She had never been at sea before, and did not know the sensation of sea sickness. Soon however I saw her face change, and I helped her down to her cabin. The ship was now rolling, and to prevent her falling, I put my arm round her, clutching her tightly, helping her along, and holding on by rails and anything else convenient. At her cabin door, “Leave me, thank you,” said she. — “Let me help you.” — “Oh you mustn't, oh I shall be sick.” — I put her down on a little settee, caught her head in my hands, gave her two or

three kisses as rapidly as I could, and said, “You are so lovely I wish I was sleeping in the cabin with you,” and frightened at my own boldness left the cabin rapidly.

The storm increased, I kept below, and going soon after to my cabin, saw the maid putting the little child in the upper berth; her door was wide open. Most passengers were now in their cabins. I began talking with her and joking about sea sickness — she wasn't often ill, she had crossed before with Mrs. ****, she said. “If you're ill come into my cabin and I'll attend to you.” She laughed, said her mistress was ill in her berth and would never move out of it so long as the sea was rough, it was so with her before. The little child was already asleep but she must stay with her. “Come into my cabin and talk.” — She looked at me in such a way, as if it had just occurred to her what I was up to, and her manner at once lost its respect towards me. “No thankee, sir.” with a laugh.

She was standing and holding on by the top berth where the child lay, for the vessel was rolling so. I stepped into her cabin and held the edge of the berth in the same way. — “Go please, sir, I want to shut the door.” I caught her round the waist with my free arm and kissed her. — “Leave off, now don't, if a stewardess comes, what will she think, if you're in the cabin?” — I went on kissing, lowering my hand from her bum, pulled her belly to mine, and gave a significant jerk up against hers. She let go of the berth to get away from me. So did I, and the next moment almost in each other's arms, we both pitched against the side of the cabin, and nearly fell down. I felt reckless. I know now that her class never tells of such little liberties being taken with them, and recovering myself with her, gave her another kiss, poked my hand against the bottom of her belly, and saying, “I'll sleep with you to-night,” staggered out of the cabin she slammed the door to, but said nothing to my suggestion.

I thought I would content myself with this maid, for chance seemed to favor me with her, she being in the cabin next to mine, and alone with a child not much more than a baby. But I yearned for Bella, tho getting her seemed impossible. Neither she nor her brother appeared at table, both being I supposed too ill. The storm increased, few were at meals, and after sup-per I went to my cabin. When I got there, the door of the maid's cabin was unfastened and banging to and fro as the ship lurched, and by the feeble light, I saw the maid laying on her back in the bottom berth, moaning in all the misery of sea sickness. Her petticoats were hitched up to her knees by her moving about, one hand was hanging down outside, the other was to her head, on the floor was a basin, above her the child asleep.

The pitching of the vessel made it miserable enough—the heat was oppressive, the noise of the vessel creaking and groaning, and the

roar of the wind and waves made it difficult to be heard. I stood holding on to the door jamb looking at her, and longing to see higher. Lewedness came on strong in me, and I stepped into her cabin. — "Can I get you anything," I said twice. — She opened then shut her eyes. — "Oh! Some brandy and water would do me good. — Oh! I'm so ill, oh! I've never been so ill at sea before. — Oh — is the child ill? Oho my head." — "She's all right, I'll get you some." I staggered to my cabin, and from my flask and bottle, got her brandy and water, spilling half on the way. I got her half sitting up, she took the liquid and fell back on the pillow again without thanking me, scarcely noticing me, and didn't seem to know me. I had seated myself on the edge of the berth with difficulty keeping myself there, and as she fell back I gently pushed her clothes above her knees and felt the flesh. She was in that state of prostration and indifference to which sea sickness reduces some people, that she took no notice of my hand, and the next instant it was on her cunt, which felt as if she'd pissed herself.

That roused her. She gave a cry which excepting for the tumult of the elements, and the position of the cabin door, must have been heard, and must I think in the cabin next to hers, and she sat up. "Oh you beast what are you doing here?" said she. "I thought you were the stewardess. Go away."

"Here's brandy and water, what's the matter?" I had withdrawn my hand. — "You beast, to come here and do that" — and becoming conscious of the state of her petticoats, she began to push them down, —a thing not so easy when in a berth, and when they have been gradually hitched and worked up, by turning and kicking about in that narrow box. — "I didn't pull them up, they were nearly up to your belly and I pulled them down," said I — "Oo — ho, you story — oho give me the basin." She began reaching. — "Oho I thought you were the stewardess, oh0000." — I gave her a basin. Into it went all the brandy and water, and again she fell back seemingly almost insensible, her clothes still up to her knees. Again I put my hand on to her cunt. "Oh, you beast. — Oh — I'll tell my missus," — and she tried to get up again.

"Lay still, don't be foolish I've done nothing, you don't know what you're saying — I'm going, don't get up, I'll shut your door." Going out I did so and waited some time to see if she came out, for I feared a little that I had gone too far too soon; but in a quarter of an hour during which I watched, she did not appear. I tried her door, it opened, I fancy she'd not got out of her berth, being overcome by her illness, for there she now lay sound asleep, with her petticoats up to her knees still. I closed the door and went to my own cabin and to bed.

The next day, the sea was but a little smoother. Mary (another

Mary) was all right. She tossed her head at me in an indignant manner, when she saw me waiting at my cabin door, as she came to hers from her mistress. I laughed. “What's the matter, did the brandy and water do you no good?” — “Don't sir, I've a good mind to tell my missus.” — “Tell her what?” — “What you did.” — “She wouldn't believe you.” — “Yes she would and she'd tell the captain.” — “What did I do? I don't recollect.” — “Yes you do.” — “Tell me.” “I shan't, you blackguard,” and she opened her door. — “Where's the little girl?” — “With her ma.” — “Oh, weren't you sick?” — “Yes, and never have been like it before, tho I've made two voyages with Mrs. ****. Now don't you do that.” — I gave a punch on her belly as she was going to shut her door. “Stop. I'll show you something if you'll wait a minute.” The bait took. I went into my cabin, pulled out my prick, gave it a frig or two and it rose proudly, then opening my door and standing well in my cabin, I showed it to her. She banged her door to.

My old instructor's advice, advice I have always acted on, was “Show her your prick, my boy, as soon as you can.” Somehow I felt sure now I should have her. I caught her continually as she went backwards and forwards to her mistress. Waiting in my cabin, door open, she couldn't escape. I would talk to the children when with her, and she'd always be with one or other of them, and when talking, looked up and chaffed her. I said so often “Did you see it?” that one of the children said quite innocently, “What did Mary see?” — “The big wave yesterday,” I replied.

“We didn't, we were too ill, did you see, Mary?” said one. I looked at her. “No, I was ill too,” said she at length, both looking most uncomfortable. I did not think that such children would have noticed any remark, and afterwards was more cautious. At night when she put the child to bed, I waited her coming in, and told her I was going to sleep with her. “Not if I know it — leave me alone. Don't, some one will see you.” This was outside her cabin door, and there was the end of that day's work.

The next day was finer, the children were on deck with her. I played with them, and so did a young man, whom I suspected wanted of Mary what I did. The mistress I found suffered much at sea, and kept in her cabin when unwell. I progressed. Mary begged me not to speak to her before the children. More passengers were now on deck, and my constantly speaking with the maid I saw would not do. Another man then stayed with the children and spoke to her, and knowing my own little game, I gave him credit for intending the same, tho I may have been wrong. At all events, I began to think I might be forestalled, and determined on a bold attempt at once. I had done enough to stir up her lust if she had any.

Night came. She put the little girl to bed. As she came out of the

cabin I caught hold of her, and with one pull jerked her into my cabin. “Oh, let me go now, I'll call out if you don't.” — “Don't be foolish love, let us. I know you want it.” I pushed her down on to the uncomfortable edge of the berth, slipped my hand up her clothes, and was kissing her and feeling her cunt before she was aware of it almost. She scuffled a little. “You shan't, now I won't — leave me alone — I shall be wanted. — Oh, now don't,” and so on. But the feel of her cunt by a man upsets a woman, and boldness wins a woman soonest. In less than five minutes all was settled. She was on my berth, her petticoats up in a bunt, I on top of her, and my prick working energetically till it got relief, and she got pleasure and a cunt full.

Once done, you may always do it to a woman. That is my experience. The hint of a stiff prick after once fucking it, is “open sesame” to a cunt. I fucked Mary in her own berth that night, and twice the next day in mine, and again in hers, whenever sure that the little innocent over her head was either out of the way or asleep. That little cherub had also a cunt, and in the coming time she will get it plugged. Life to her will be a blank if she does not.

The next day and night, tho when I asked her favors she always said, “Oh, how you keep on aworrying me,” I'll swear she got in my way as much as possible, and also at the right opportunities, for it always was when no passenger or waiter was about, when she made her appearance. I kept much in my cabin, and sat with my door open, reading and waiting for her, when lust moved me. As she appeared at her cabin door, I laid hold of her arm and pulled her into mine. She made no resistance, for she expected it, but always said, “Now don't yer,” and gave an anxious glance towards the long passage way, to see if any one passed. In an instant my door was bolted, she on her back with belly and thighs naked, and in less than ten minutes she left with a slippery cunt.

She left in the following fashion. I went out first, and stood next to the long passage way to see if any one was coming along it. If no one was, I gave her the signal and she went to her cabin. Two steps did it, and it was always done securely. Then she made her ablutions quickly, and went to her mistress, I going to the saloon, or wherever I wished. After I first had her, I ceased to notice her or the children much, and no one I think could have guessed our little tricks, tho stewards and stewardesses must see a lot. But they have learnt to hold their tongues.

This fornication came temporarily to an end, by reason of her poorliness coming on, which it did, after I had had her three days and nights. Perhaps it was the lewedness which comes over some women before their monthlies, which gave me the chance with her.

For three days after the storm set in I did not see Bella, and

having full pleasures with a healthy cunted woman, tho an unusually plain one (one of the plainest I ever stroked), I did not seem to care so much about her absence. I however made some casual enquiries; heard that she was very unwell in her cabin, and that her brother was worse. Just as Mary's quim began to run red, Bella appeared by herself at table, and I heard that her brother was so ill that they had removed him to the part of the ship specially set apart for sick people. I could not get at the facts, for they hide such things as much as possible on board ship, but believe he had a fever, for they would not let his sister nurse him.

She didn't seem offended with me for the kisses, which I feared she might have done but bowed in her usual reserved manner.

Immediately I made up to her, as did two or three other men, but I soon became the one whom she talked to most. She was exceedingly reserved, close as an oyster, I could not get out of her where she was going to when she landed. She didn't know exactly herself, she said, her brother of course did, but it was to an uncle who had no children, was old, and wished them to go to him about his property and business. All was so vague and the place so far off, that I made up my mind that her story was false from beginning to end.

We had now been at sea eight days, eight days more would, weather permitting, finish our journey. — My want of female society came on, after a day rest from my labour in Mary's receptacle, and Bella, directly my cock tingled, looked more lovely than ever. Her brother was out of the way, yet she kept so much in her cabin, or in the ladies saloon, and so carefully from anything like flirtation, that there seemed but little chance of my opening her thighs.

The next day, I helped her upstairs to the deck, and hesitating whilst I said it, remarked that the staircase showed the ladies ankles a bit, and that some of their boots and stockings might be better. “Yours are per- fection.” — “Are they, then you've been looking.” — “Yes, and would wait an hour to get a glimpse of such a pretty ankle and,” — there I stopped. — “And what,” said she laughing. — “A little higher up.” — The flirt came out then. I'll put trowsers on with frills round my ankles.” — “Don't, Miss *****, your trowsers are quite long enough already.” — “What? I don't wear any,” said she quickly. I laughed, then she laughed. She felt she'd been trapped into a confession.

“I often wish I didn't wear trowsers, for petticoats must be very comfortable wear, I tried them once,” said I, when we were seated on deck together. “You in petticoats?” — “Yes, I was ill once, and walked about with a night-gown and dressing-gown only on, for a week, and that's the same as petticoats I expect, I liked the feel of the flesh of my thighs together,” and I looked her in her face.

She coloured up a little. “I must go and see the doctor, and how my brother is. — No, don't you come, I'm going to my cabin afterwards.” — “I wish I were going to your cabin with you.” — Again she colored up a bit and looked confused. — “I don't, tho.” — “Don't say that or I'll drown myself.” — “There's plenty of water for you,” said she laughing, and went off.

I was somehow sure I was getting on with her and that she knew I was lusting for her. I was sure she had been fucked, and that if so and her brother couldn't do it to her, that my words would set her thinking, and thinking would make her lewed. — Many women have confessed to me that my words have set them thinking till they were wild with randiness. — Ah, that desire for pleasure when once it has been tasted! Again to have that bit of stiff male gristle, poking and plunging up and down the cunt, knocking at the door of the womb to open to the life-giving seed — were it not for that, what woman would have her cunt deluged with the gluey essence of man's blood? And risk the troublesome consequences?

I waited in the corridor a long time. She returned in tears, and said her brother was very ill indeed, and went to her cabin, quickly. Other people also asked her. She appeared at the evening meal, I asked her to come on deck, and she did when it was dark. It was not by any means a quiet sea, but she had got over her sea sickness tho most of the passengers kept below. It got darker, I crept closer to her, my leg touched hers, but there were too many people about to take any lewed liberty. I talked her into half confidence, by expressing my regret about her brother and so on. The poor girl I found dying to unburthen herself of her grief, but for all that kept her reserve pretty well.

The doctor said the brother was very ill, he would get better, but not till he was ashore, he might have to be carried ashore, and was now slightly delirious. What was she to do? He had the money, papers, every thing, and suppose he were to die, what should she do? She spoke all that in the dusk of the evening after the supper, and sitting close to me on deck. I promised I would help her, find money, send her back to England if needful, and so on. I would do anything for a few more kisses.

I had never alluded to that before, nor had she. Now I spoke of the delight I had in the kiss, joked and said, I hope I should kiss her again. “I can't permit it,” said she. Suppose any one was to see her, suppose it got to her brother's ears, she was deeply grateful for my kind offer, but I must not forget myself again. “Oh, now take your hand away, those men walking will see you.” — I had put my hand on her knees, and was about to begin my old, old chaff about the position of her garters. Certainly one or two people were walking the deck, and

at times came rather close to us, perhaps to spy us, for I know that watching a couple supposed to be spooning, is capital fun, I have done it so often myself. So I desisted, but got closer, and kept my leg close to hers. I felt the warm contact, and so must she, but she never moved hers away. I was thinking of her thighs and cunt, and wonder if she was thinking of fucking.

It grew darker. One by one the passengers went be-low, till at length but a couple remained, a man and his wife. The man was one who had joked most freely with me about the brother and sister. I felt sure they were watching us, said so to Bella, and suggested sitting them out. She agreed. Before long, the vessel lurched, the lady was nearly thrown down, which seemed to have given her enough of spying if such she had been doing, for the couple at once went below, and Bella and I were alone. The next instant I had kissed her a dozen times. “Now don't, pray, you've no idea the trouble you'll get me into if you're seen.” — “Kiss me then.” She did and my cock rose proudly as my lips met hers. Then reckless baudiness came on full steam. I pulled her close to me with one arm, kissed again, and said, “Oh, come to my cabin and let us talk there. My darling, my love, I'm dying for you.” “Hish, how dare you make such a proposal.” So for a minute perhaps we talked. No, she would do nothing of that sort. We were sitting, but both were holding on to the seat back, fearing some jerk of the vessel might unseat us — I put my free hand on her thigh whilst imploring her. She didn't seem to notice it. Again I kissed, then I pulled out my prick (I had an overcoat on) and laying hold of her free hand placed it on it. — “I'll go to bed, you're insulting me,” said she, half attempting to rise. I held her from doing so. “Feel it, do, if you won't let me into your cabin, don't be foolish,” and I put her hand on it again. — “Oh, here are sailors coming. — I must go to bed,” and she rose. It was quite true, there were sailors. I saw her down the stairs As she said good night, boldly I said in a half whisper. — “Oh, let us be together for an hour, who would know? — I'm dying to fuck you.” — “You're insulting me,” she said, but in such a kind tone that it told me she did not feel the insult very strongly. How I should like to experience the thoughts and sensations which pass thro a young woman, when a prick has in such manner been put into her hand.

She went to the ladies' saloon, saying she should not yet go to bed. I went to my cabin, but only to think how I could induce her. My best chance would be to get her to my cabin, but how? Restless I went out and walked in the corridor. Then I peeped out, standing in my own little passage, wondering if Mary was asleep in her berth, and knowing that Bella must come that way to get to her cabin. — All the rest of the passengers seemed in their berths. — At length in the distance I saw her coming along. I drew back, and just as she came

close to my passage I stepped out. For an instant only she paused. “Come here, just for an instant only, I've something particular to say to you.” - “What?” — I drew her with force to my cabin and pulled her in. — “Oh now, my God don't,” — but it was said almost in a whisper, as I closed the door and bolted it.

Then how difficult to describe exactly what followed, for altho no doubt with a method, all now seems a sweet confusion. Our voices mingling, — “Now — let us dearest.” — “I won't, let me go.” — I had one hand now up between her thighs, she pushing it away, and alternately ceasing that, and catching at something to keep herself steady as the ship rolled, and I doing the same, till I got down and we were sitting on the edge of my berth, my fingers on a prominent clitoris, our lips joined together. Then refusing all the time, — “No, no,” — and feebly resisting, I got her down in the berth (and no man can I think get a woman down in a berth if quite against her will), and in five minutes more, we were rolling as the ship rolled, but fucking with might and main, till sweet Bella's tight cunt grew tighter and tighter, then seemed all at once to get loose, and my prick felt as if it would push up into her womb, and then was wallowing softly up her, in our joint effusions, in a flaccid cunt.

In an ordinary ship's berth, two people can't lay side by side, it's too small. A man lying on the top of a woman soon fatigues her by his weight. Whilst in the restless, never ceasing movement of the limbs and body in fucking, she feels not the weight; she very soon does when he lies heavily and motionless afterwards. I got off and left Bella lying. She modestly pulled her clothes to hide her cunt, but her beautiful limbs were exposed. I sat feeling her spermy cunt, bending over and kissing her, and making her feel my prick, till I fucked her again, and in the course of one hour fucked her three times. How quiet she now was, how expect-ant of another pleasure, how she widened her thighs, and put them up to get me a comfortable lodging between them, when rising with a stiff stander, she saw that again I wanted her.

Then to get out of the way and avoid chance of being caught, and suspicion as far as possible, I went out to the water closet, stopped there long, and when I went back she had gone. I had a good night's repose, satisfied in body, and love with my beautiful Bella.

Next day the ugly maid Mary coolly told me her poorliness was nearly over. It was as clear an invitation to fucking as ever I had from any woman. — I now wanted to reserve myself for Bella, but there seemed no help for it, and so I told her that some man had been joking me about her, and that we must be careful, for fear we were suspected. That scared her awfully, and if it did not stop her desire for rutting, it gave me an excuse for neither going to her cabin, nor letting

her into mine.

How Bella looked at me at breakfast time, and I at her, far off as we were from each other. I meant to have her again and she to let me. She did not sham. It was not “I never will again,” which I've so often heard from the modest woman, who has given way to her lust for the first time with me, and always does a second. On the contrary, she at once began to scheme with me, how we could fuck again without compromising her.

We arranged that she was never to lock her cabin door. I would give her a hint when I would go there, step in, and wait. She would come in a short, or a long time afterwards, as appeared best to avoid all suspicion. We did this for three days in day-time. Bella never made objection, and I think would have stopped with me fucking all day, and talking at intervals about her brother. She seemed in no anxiety about getting in the family way, but lay revelling in her saturated cunt till I left. Each night at about midnight, I got to her cabin, and left it unobserved, and thoroughly fucked out. During the day-time I now scrupulously avoided saying much to -her, and left her to the attentions of other men. That was to disarm suspicion. But as we passed each other promenading on the deck, her eyes met mine, and in hers I could read as plainly as possible, “We've fucked and shall fuck again presently.”

But two days before we reached port and just as I slipped out of Bella's cabin in day-time, ugly Mary turned the corner and saw me. I nearly stepped back, but presence of mind did not leave me, and I went up to Mary saying, “Have you seen Miss * * * * *, she's not in her cabin.” — “No, but you were.” — “What do you mean, I took her a book of mine and put it in there, not seeing her anywhere about.”

Mary tossed her head, laughed in a sneering way, and said, “Oh, I dessay yer knows her whereabouts,” and passed on to her mistress's cabin. — I was obliged to tell Bella of this, which threw her into a great state of consternation, but the brother was still ill, and we should all be separated before he could hear anything about it, so on reflection she was comforted. But I did not go into her cabin in daytime again, tho that night I was with her till daybreak, and left without a drop of sperm in my balls.

Next night I knocked at Mary's cabin door, for I thought it well to get suspicion out of her head, if any was there. Moreover with one of those sudden letches I cannot account for, letches which seem to spring up in me in a moment, I got a stiff one by thinking of her. She opened it. Was anything the matter she asked, not knowing for the moment that it was I. — I pushed into her cabin which was in absolute darkness. — “You go away, oh don't, the child will hear,” she said in a whisper. — She was in her night-dress. I never spoke, but

laying hold of her hand put it to my prick, knowing the quiet persuasive eloquence of a stiff one, and almost at the same time, put my hand up her night-gown on to her cunt. — In a half minute she was on her back, and my stiffstander up her. Really, her cunt felt as nice as Bella's, I thought. — My spend over, prick still in her, — "What were you doing in that lady's bed-room," she whispered. — "What I told you, what could I have been doing? She wasn't there." — "I thought she was, and I know you've been sweet upon her, I heard some of the people saying so."

Suddenly the child in the berth above cried out. — "Oho — Mary — where are you, I want to pee so."

Staggered for an instant, I got off of her, she got out of bed and stood up. — "Here am I dear — I was asleep." — Then she lifted the child out, and put her on the pot, then back into her berth, standing in front of me all the time, tho it was too dark for me to have been seen, or scarcely seen — and not at all by a sleepy infant. There she stood talking to the girl for a minute for she seemed timid, whilst in lewed delight I put my hand up, and felt the lubricious quim which my prick had not left three minutes, feeling scared, yet pleased with the risk and excitement of the incident. Then leav- ing her standing and talking, I stole back to my cabin quietly.

The oldest incidents I am convinced are taking place daily everywhere, between men and women, who are, or who are going to, or have been fucking on the sly, but of which the world can know nothing. I suppose suck risks really add to our enjoyment. Such are my conclusions, after the experience of nearly a quarter of a century of intriguing and fucking women, including all classes, from a marchioness to well nigh a beggar.

Next day we were in port. Her brother was recovering, tho he had to be carried on shore. I took rooms for them at an hotel, and a room for myself. The plan of the rooms did not favor intrigue, few of them communicating, but I got one which communicated with hers, whilst her brother's tho next to hers did not. He was well enough to know what he was about, and what he would have to pay, tho he couldn't walk. I saw him in his room and he thanked me. She attended to him in the day, sat with him till late, and then in my bed she passed the night, turning into her own always in the morning for an hour or two, to rumple it. At the hotel I disclaimed all intimacy with them, went out and about all day, and acted the part only of a friendly stranger, but with what success in avoiding suspicion, I can never know. I spent an enchanting week with the lovely creature.

In the cabins, small in size, with light but thro a little hole in the side of the ship, nine inches in diameter, and closed generally with thick glass on account of the weather, and lighted by a small swinging

oil lamp at night which gave a feeble ray (this was twenty-five years ago), in a berth where a woman could not open her thighs wide, and where a good look at a cunt could only be got by her sitting at the edge of her berth, and leaning back towards the partition with thighs well apart, I had not had a good look at Bella's organ (nor indeed at ugly Mary's), for she wouldn't for some reason of her own put herself in a favorable position for inspection. — In the hotel, I got all I wanted to see and to feel. Bella's reticence went, and she permitted all.

She was a lovely creature, eighteen years old she said, nor did her form or her cunt look more. Her limbs were most symmetrical, her bum large and full for her age, but she had none of the plentiousness of flesh, which comes on a well fucked, well fed woman, when she approaches twenty-five or thirty. Her cunt with but slight hair on it, was a pretty, little, full lipped slit, with a rather full sized clitoris, with small flap-pers. No hair was near her bum hole nor did it even come quite down to the lower end of the lips of her cunt.

The mons puffed out of her belly fatly, before the division of the cunt began, and altogether, it was one of the prettiest, most modest, yet voluptuous looking cunts I have ever seen, and its fuck was absolutely divine, and she spent copiously. I begin to think after all, that a cunt of that age is the loveliest to look at, as well as to fuck; there is nothing about it to offend, it has neither too much, or too little hair, nor is too fat or full. Yes, the cunt of the well formed, well fed woman is in perfection from eighteen to five and twenty, and I some-times think that its lubricity is more perfect than at any other period. — That certainly is less perfect in a woman of forty, or after. She enjoyed me as I enjoyed her, and as usual at the end of a week I was exhausted with fucking her. She was not. Her brother was better, and for some reason, the first thing he did was to move himself and sister to bed-rooms in another part of the hotel. He asked to see me, thanked me, and then said he could now do very well by himself; and then added “good bye” — as much as to say we don't want to speak again. His sister had told me what he was going to do.

The last night I slept with her, I tried to draw her out about herself. I told her all the passengers had said about them, and my belief that he was not her brother. I asserted indeed lots of things which I did not believe, with the object of getting some truth about her. I made her cry at one time, and say she hoped she hadn't made a false step, and immediately corrected it to mean her brother and self. Finding all useless, I ceased, and gave myself up to voluptuous pleasure, fucking as if I never should have another woman. After waiting a day, I went off to ****. Coming back three days after, I found they had left. I am quite sure she was not his sister, they hadn't

a feature really in common, tho alike somewhat. To get over that difficulty, she had told me they were by different fathers.

Then I returned to England and had no adventure on the voyage worth speaking about. I felt a nice girl, who was a second-class passenger, and one of a family, once or twice in the darkness of the deck, and she felt my prick. We talked baudy, but tho bursting, I would not frig myself nor propose to her to do it. She said she would let me have her if she could, but I never got the opportunity on board tho we both tried hard. — We landed at L*v**p**l, where for one day only they went to a miserable hotel. I kept my eye on her, and in the evening got her to a baudy house. I'd no sooner put my prick into her, than I spent without her doing it. Said she, laughing, but in a vexed way, “There — it's all over.” — But I fucked her twice more before I left. Her family, disappointed with the country, were coming back to England poorer than they went. She was going to service, and had been a servant before.

I find that I said to Bella one night, “I wonder who had you first.” Crying, she replied that she had been seduced about a year before, but that was no business of mine. — “Don't cry dear, forgive me, but I dare say your brother knows.” — She reflected for a minute and then, “He cannot know, but he may suspect, and that is one of the reasons why he has taken me away from England.” — I fancy that was a lie.

Chapter XIII

London again. • Reckless whoring. • Cheap but wholesome. • At the back of the turnpike. • Against area railings. • Near the docks. • A sailor's taproom. • A sailor's woman. • A Ratcliffe high-way whore. • The landlady's little child. • What gin and ten shillings will do. • An infants pudenda. • At H**b**g. • Love by the hour. • The sailor's doxies. • An unlooked for exhibition of penis. • A rapid poke.

On my return as already said I saw Amelia German at times, but towards the winter got quite reckless in gratifying my lusts. I took letches for quite poor and common women, on the spur of the moment, and had often tremendous stiffstanders when in the public streets. If I saw a handsome pair of legs, or a good waggle of the bum in a woman in a low neighbourhood, I went with her however poor she seemed, either to her home or to a brothel. It amused me that I could have a woman for five shillings or less. Half a dozen times at least, I also had women in the streets, up against the walls of houses, or railings, or fences, quite as in the days of my youth and the novelty seemed to increase my lust and my pleasure.

Going one night about eleven o'clock, along the road (tho I no longer lived in that neighbourhood) by the turnpike, where I first felt Victoria's quim on a foggy night some years before, I wanted to piddle, and did so thro the open palings or fence, of a bit of grass land which was close to, and in the rear of the turnpike house. It was a quite dark, and rather misty night, there was scarcely any one on the road, and on the foot path on the side where I was, no one was passing at all. — Whilst piddling, I thought I saw the form of a man and woman standing at the back of the turnpike house, and always on the lookout for anything amorous, moved gradually nearer to watch, piddling all the time as I moved along, and saw a man and woman close to-gether. I then stood still, thinking he was having an uprighter, and the idea set me in a flame immediately.

All at once off he went quickly. I approached the woman. — “You've just been fucked.” — “No I have not.” — “I saw you.” — “Yes, and I saw you looking, but I was frigging him, he was frightened to fuck, feel my cunt, it's dry.” I did feel it and then she felt me, whilst I asked if he had spent much, and what manner of man he was and so on. Quite a young man she told me he was, and didn't want much frigging. She sup-posed he was pretty full, but she couldn't see, and his cock was a good big one.

By that time I was very stiff. “Frig me,” not that I meant her to

finish, but I love the gentle titillation of a woman's hand on my prick when it's stiff. She began the work. “Why don't you put it up me?” “I'm, like the young man, frightened.” — “Lor, you needn't be.” — Then I agreed the price. “Pay me first.” I paid her and she pulled up her petticoats. — I felt her thighs and backside, but again refused. — “No, keep the money, I'm frightened, give me a toss off.” “You'd as well have me, I'm quite clean, and I want a bit tonight, don't fear.” — In a minute or two I was fucking her. — “Did you spend?” — “Aye and you may do me again.” “The turnpike man may come around and see us.” — “He won't take no notice if he do, he knows me, he and his brothers have many a time had me, they know I'm respectable, I don't live far off.” — “Had you here?” — “Yes, just where we are standing.” — I didn't poke her again, not fancying to poke after turnpike men, which seems very stupid now I come to write about it, for a turnpike man's prick is as good as anther's, and what thousands of pricks I must have fucked after.

Perhaps it was a month after this, that I came down P***I**d P***e one night at about half past eleven. It had been raining hard, tho not at that moment, and it was a pitch dark black night, tho there was no fog. There were a good many women about, and I had one of my finger-stinking fits come on, and walked up and down, saying a kind word to women whose appearance I liked under the street lamps, and then felt their quims. This excited me, and at length one woman's cunt felt so nice, and clean, and smooth to me, tho perhaps it was my excited state which made me think hers better than the others. — But she was well dressed, that I said, “I've a good mind to fuck you but there is no quiet place about here.” — “They won't see us in one of the door ways.” (All the doors in that street lay back about eight feet between area railings.) She told me she often had gents there who were in a hurry, and at length I consented, gave her a small fee, saying that I hoped she wouldn't let me poke her if she was not quite well, nor if she had the least stain of poorliness in her. — No she was quite right. — “Walk with me till we've passed the Bobby and we'll go to a house on the right. The hall lamp is always out there about eleven, they are all going to bed.” — Yes, she had had gentle-men there before. — I did as she advised, let the policeman pass well down the street, then close to the dark coloured street door, and of a house midway between gas lamps, and up against the railings, she held her petticoats up, until my prick was well up in her, and we fucked quite as pleasantly as an upstanding poke can be.

The impudence of this pleased me, for it was within three doors of a house at which I frequently visited. — “I've not been long about it,” said I. — She replied laughing, — “No. Gentlemen are pretty quick when they won't come to my lodgings, — now I must go home and

put a clean chemise on for you've spent such a lot, give me another half crown." — I did and off she went. — I had given her five shillings, she asked me a sovereign, but accepted my offer, saying, "I'm not in luck tonight and it's late, come along."

Just then I went one afternoon with a friend to one of the London docks. As we walked about outside, I saw a number of stout, vulgar looking, flamingly dressed women without bonnets, some in twos — some alone — some with sailors — talking baudily and openly in the public streets. It was to me quite a new phase of London life, for I had never seen it before — nor had I been at the docks for many many years.

My friend knew sailors' necessities, and their habits, and those of their female acquaintances ashore, for he was a large ship owner. He had been to the dancing places and taprooms, which sailors frequented, and knew the quarters where the women were to be found. To amuse me and satisfy my curiosity, we dined to-gether a few days afterwards, and after our dinner, visited several of the public houses. To avoid remark and possibly offensive behaviour towards us, we dressed in the shabbiest possible manner, and with caps bought just opposite the docks, and such as were worn largely by the working people in the neighbourhood, we flattered ourselves that we looked as common a couple of men, as ever rolled barrows along the street.

Thus costumed, we spent the evening at public houses, among sailors, whores, and working men — in an atmosphere thick and foul with tobacco smoke, sweat, and gas. We ordered liquors which we threw under the table or spilt when not observed, we treated some gay women, but in very modest way, and al-together had a very entertaining evening. It was difficult to act up to our disguise. At one time I had a whore on my knee, and my friend another. We asked the woman to bet which of us had the biggest prick, and the girls felt us outside quite openly. There was however nothing likely to shock people there. Of lewed talk there was plenty, tho no gross indecency was practised. — The barman, or potboys, or the master, were always there and checked it. — "Now you Sally, none of that; or out you go." — "Now hook it smart you bitch," were phrases we heard with others, used by the master or servants, when things got too hot. — At one house, they turned a woman and sailor out by force, who were too noisy and rather drunk. — "Let's go and fuck, Tom," — said the woman, who was readier to leave than the man.

Coarse as they were, there was something about one or two of the women which gave me a letch. They re- minded me of some years back, when I had common women, and oftentimes only paid five shillings for their pleasures. — The next day I determined to have one, and to have a look at the quarters in which sailors' women lived. They

are pretty numerous, and are distributed along the line of the docks from Tower Hill eastwards. I took a ramble in the day-time. I put on the same shabby things I had used when out with my friend, and took a cab to the locality, feeling much ashamed at my costume, and sorry that my servant should see me, but there was no help for that.

I walked thro several streets of small houses for some time, without finding the class I wanted, and up one or two courts with too many of the class. At length, in a quiet place I saw one or two stout women (they mostly seem to me to run stout) sitting at open windows, or standing at doors. Knowing their style, and that plain speaking was what they are accustomed to, I stopped at one, and asked her how she was. — “Why don't you come in?” — “I'll give you half a crown for a fuck.” — “All right, come in.” — In I went. — Then at once she began to ask me to double it, and if I'd been long ashore. — I refused but sprung to three and six-pence. — “Give us a glass then.” That I was quite ready to do, and produced the money.

At the door was a woman seemingly about thirty years old, with a little girl about three years old. — She was the landlady, decently clothed as was the child. She fetched the gin, and the woman asked her to have a glass which she had. Then I began to want fucking, and being alone, had the woman stripped to her chemise, paid her more than the agreed fee, and then felt her cunt. She was about twenty years old, tallish and quite stout. I had thought she was bloated, but found her flesh was quite firm. A spanking large, and handsome backside enclosed her cunt, which had darkish brown hair in moderate quantity. — She was in fact as good in all particulars of thigh, belly, bum, and cunt, as any woman of a better class. Her linen was clean tho coarse, so was her bed seemingly, and the room was full of feathers, and objects which seamen bring home. She said they were all given her by her man, who came to her whenever he was in England. She had a coarse voice and was as vulgar as may be imagined, and I should think drank hard.

“I'm frightened to fuck you,” I said — tho my prick was standing, and I had rubbed it up and down against her buttocks, as she knelt on the bed rump outwards for my gratification. — “What are you feared on,” and she turned round, and laying on the side of the bed opened her cunt lips. “Look for yourself, I'm all right” — but I resisted. “Sailors bring such diseases.” — “No more than other men,” — she replied sitting up. — “Give us another glass, I'm a bit low to-ay.

I complied, gave more gin, and the landlady and child came in, and drank with her. — I of course did not. — She asked if I was a teetotaller. No, but I wasn't well. — I'd been trying in conversation to assume a knowledge of ships, and shipping, but had failed, for bluntly she said. — “You don't come often to the docks. Were you ever in this

street before?" — I was clearly found out, for then she called me a gent. — "This gent's frightened to fuck me," said she to the landlady and laughing. — "Lord you needn't, there's not a cleaner woman about here," the landlady re-marked.

Then the conversation took the subject of fucking generally, the landlady joined in congenially and got familiar. I encouraged it. "Perhaps he ain't got one to do it with, Polly." — "Oh yes he has, and a good un and a hard un." — After a little more talk, the landlady left, and again I looked at Polly's charms and still timid said, "That will do, I'm going." — She was again kneeling on the bed with bum outwards as I spoke. Turning her head round without moving her backside. "What are you feared on? — Don't be a bloody fool! Fuck me, I'm as clean as a new pin." — Then able to resist no longer, I put Polly on her back, mounted, and fucked her. — "Don't you be afeared," said she as she got up and washed her cunt. — "Did you spend?" — "No. You've left it hot."

I was still more amused now, for she laid hold of the tail of my shirt and examined the quality of the linen, whilst I washed my doodle. She had now I suppose thought I was not of the class she usually had. — "Give us another glass, I was drunk last night, and I'm low today." — More gin was sent for. Whilst it was fetching, she told me the landlady had once been gay, but was now married, and that the girl was her child. — Suddenly the letch coming into my head, — "I'd like to see her little cunt, I never saw one so young, I'd give half a sovereign to see it." — "Why, Mrs. Black will shew it you I dare say, if you mean it." Just then the landlady entering with the gin. — "The gent says he'd like to look at Lizzie's cunt, and will give yer ten shillings." — "Lord God! What next?" — said the landlady laughing. — Then — "Do yer mean it?" — "Yes." — "Then I shan't."

I was rebuffed, but the woman stayed and played with the little girl, looking hard at me. Said I after a time again, "Is a young girl's cunt much different from one who's older?" — "Lord! It's the same sort of article, aren't yer seen em? — There's lots of em younger and older playing about — it arnt very difficult to see what they are like," — said Mrs. Black. (It was true enough. In those days, children quite young, both boys and girls played about the streets, and squatted on the pavements, showing cocks and cunts plainly enough, but I wanted one close, to examine at my leisure). "Show us your young one's." — "Not I." — "Here's half a sovereign, let me just feel and have a good look at it." — Mrs. Black shook her head.

The gay woman began. "Lord! Mrs. Black, don't be a fool, ten shillings arnt got often as easily as that in five minutes. — She'll be showing her cunt soon enough, and a squint at it won't hurt her, nor no one else." — Mrs. Black again shook her head. The child began just

then to cry, so she took it up, shook it, and as that made it worse, laid it across her lap, and slapped its naked little bum hard.

“A little more and I should have seen it for nothing,” — I remarked. — The woman laughed, and set the child on her lap, shewing its legs. — “Here,” said I, shewing the money. — “Honor bright,” — said she. — “Of course.” — “Shut the door, Polly.” — The gay woman did so — the mother reversed the child on her lap, and pulled up its clothes, the gay woman pulled one leg a little apart, I the other, and then I opened the little split with my fingers, and had a good long gaze. “To think that that will take a big prick up it some day,” I remarked. — “Aye, and before she's much hair on it too,” said the gay woman.

The mother took my half sovereign remarking that it was a bit of luck. — By that time Polly was no longer low, but rather in high spirits, not that she was at all screwed. I expect it would have taken a lot of gin to have screwed her, but she was talkative and communicative. Often a friend of hers when he came back from sea, gave her ten pounds, and lived with her as long as it lasted, she said. — After a while, the spirit moved me, and the spirit moving her, I turned her fat backside towards me, fucked her again, gave her a double fee, and departed. — I had been there two hours, and was much amused with the variety.

A friend then asked me to go to H**b**g with him, and we went — I had never seen that great shipping town before. There for the first time in my life, I paid for a gay lady by the hour, a thing which I had only heard of being done. In T**r strasse, I found it to be the custom, and there a splendid big woman I had. She was one of the biggest, was perhaps five feet eleven inches high, but certainly was not more than twenty-three or-five years old. She was beautifully shaped, plump all over, and must have weighed fifteen stone. Her hair was a dark auburn, that on her cunt the same color, and small in quantity. — She had a small clitoris and it was a lovely cunt to look at. She had a tight prick-hole and I enjoyed her immensely, so much so, that I stripped to my skin, and laying upon her, delighted in seeing the reflexion of our bodies when fucking, in ample looking glasses, for it was a house which had those luxurious fittings. I stopped two hours with her, and until I had her three times. — Then to my amusement she computed the time I had been with her, and I paid accordingly. — I had her the next night, and got as much fucking as I could in less time than the day before.

Then I walked with my friend down a long narrow lane, which at one end abutted on the quay, and was al-most entirely filled with houses for gay women of an inferior class, and frequented by sailors. — There were a few grog shops, and others only in the street, which I

should say had quite thirty, filled with gay women. There they sat, some in the full costumes of different parts of the country, or in evening dress, shewing al-most their entire breasts, and naked arms. In some cases their petticoats only reached to their knees, and they wore showy boots. I walked up and down with my friend several times, resisting their solicitations, tho my prick stood stiff, till one very big, handsome woman so attracted us, that we both went in together to see her naked.

She stripped, and posed herself as directed before our admiring eyes, and tho we had said we only wished to see her naked, evidently was under the impression that we were both going to have her. For when she thought she had exhibited herself enough, she laid her-self on the edge of the bed, and to our astonishment in broken English said, “Come on one, Goddam.” — We shook our heads. — “I've a deuced good mind to have her,” — I said. — “You'd better not.” — Just then the naked beauty sat herself on my friend's knees, and in the twinkling of an eye undid his trowsers, and out came his prick like a red hot poker. He rose, buttoning up himself in a rage, threw down a thaler, and saying you give her the rest, left the room.

I put down a thaler, but being alone lust now over-came me. Without a word I pushed her to the side of the bed, inserted my prick, and in half a dozen thrusts spent in her. I was going, when she exclaimed. “Ein thaler vor der yuck.” — I gave it her rapidly, joined my friend, and to his question, told him I had only looked at her quim more closely, and that she had to get me change. Five minutes had not elapsed, between the time he left the room and my joining him. I had fucked and paid her in that short time.

He said when I joined him, that he wouldn't touch any woman in that street with a pitchfork, but I have had dozens of women not so fine, at ten times the price. He suggested going to T**r strasse which we did, and both of us had women there. I had two; so if I get the clap, it will be difficult to fix it on any one of the three women I had last night [I got no ailment from any of my loose female acquaintances that time]. I have heard more than one foreign harlot call me a Goddam.

Chapter XIV

At B**I*n. • A meet in a street. • A mysterious lady. • A long walk. • The carpet hung out. • "You are Englishman." • My reward. • To Scotland. • The Gc*w dye-works. • The bare legged fore-woman. • In search of a brothel. • My noble spout. • White flesh and red hair. • Private instructions in dyeing. • A horse collar cunt. • Unusual continence. • At D**d*e. • A mill-hand with naked feet. • "By the sodjers' barracks." • The old mon's hut. • Janet in bed, simple and indecent. • "The sodgers' Whures." • Sister Ruth in the fog. • A convenient wall. • An uprighter.***

My friend went back the way he came, and I went on to B**I*n, intending to stop a few days only there — and met with a funny little adventure, on the next day but one after my arrival.

The weather was still hot. I rose early, and was walking at about 8 a.m. and before breakfast, on one of the principal streets with shops, when I noticed a lady looking in at the shop windows. — She was well grown, had bright dark eyes, a small nose, pretty feet, and she was very handsome, and widely different from the run of women in that town, who are mostly bony, hard featured, and light haired. She attracted my attention at once, and I attracted hers, for when I loitered at the shop windows at which she was looking, I managed to catch her eye, and did so at several shops. Then I fell behind and she looked back. After-wards at a shop, I fixed my glance in a loving way on hers, and unmistakably she returned the look. Then my prick gave me a hint that it would like to incorporate itself with her. My lust was stirred.

But there was not a trace of a courtezan about her, neither in dress, look, or manner, and I hesitated to accost her, fearing a rebuff, and not wishing to annoy, pondering on who and what she was, wondering one minute at my impudent intention, the neat at my want of courage. Whilst doing that, she entered a shop. At once I was at the window. She bought a trifle, and whilst doing so I saw her looking at me, and fancied that she smiled. — Then putting her purchase into a small reticule she came out, looked me full in the face, with a look of invitation as I construed it, and walked on quickly, stopping nowhere any more.

I have been before lured on by smiles, to follow ladies long distances; ladies who knew I was following them, and that they were fooling me, and who at their own doors or gates, turned round with a stoney for-bidding stare, as if wondering who I was. — I have no

doubt they were pleased at the admiration they had excited, and the trick they had played. — When at some distance from me, the lady stopped for an instant and looked around, and I thought then she was one of those coquettes. Yet on I went after her. — I have followed pretty women, a couple of miles, with a cock stiff more or less, all the time — and my cock was half stiff now, and with a voluptuous sensation pervading it.

On she went walking quickly, stopping nowhere crossing the road at times, and then looking I felt sure, to see if I was after her still. I got closer and closer behind her, till I could see, when I got the chance, her face. — Who and what was she, virtuous, loose, gay, kept woman, widow, wife, or what? I could not make up my mind, but followed her full two miles. — When we were almost in the country, I grew sick of it — I'm a fool, and being fooled, I thought, and stopped — just then, near a turning on to a one foot pathed road facing a small branch of a river, and before we turned on to that front, she stopped and with a smile, but in an agitated, anxious manner said, “You are an Englishman.” I told her I was [in German all this].

“If (said she in a whisper as if any one could hear, or even see us at that spot), on the first floor window I hang out a carpet, come up stairs; if I don't do so in a quarter of an hour go away. But come up quickly, and don't make a noise.” She repeated this twice and walked off rapidly, being lost to sight round the corner in a minute. Where we spoke, there were no houses, nor had been on the road for five minutes.

As she turned the corner I went to the corner, watched, and saw a row of largish and seemingly newly built houses. She disappeared in the fifth or sixth. — Agitated by the affair, I waited, sat down on the grass, looking anxiously for a bit of carpet, and had scarcely done so, when a piece was hung out of a window. — Quickly I was at the door, mounted the stairs softly, saw a door partially open and some one peeping, and in a second it closed behind me and I was in a handsome sitting room with the lady, who seemed greatly agitated, and immediately asked me again if I was an Englishman. — Then I found she spoke broken English as well as her (I suppose) native tongue, German.

“We must be quick, and don't make a noise,” said she, leading the way to a handsome bedroom, in which were two unmade beds. “My servants are out.” Then I kissed her, and she me, and we talked about our meeting, but she was much agitated and said I must go soon, so I began by putting my hands up her clothes after I had sat her on the sofa, and shewed her my pego, which had been ready for action a full half hour. She felt it with soft murmurs of delight, and for an instant with tongues joined, we played with each other's genitals. Then she

arose and quickly pulling off her gown (nothing more) moved towards an unmade bed. I divested of coat and waistcoat followed, threw up her clothes, saw one of the loveliest fields of Venus, kissed it, took my trowsers off, and threw myself by her side on the narrowish bed, and in a few minutes more, my prick was tranquil in a deluged cunt, whilst our tongues were still toying with each other, in the dreamy voluptuousness of after fucking enervation.

Then hastily she washed, and we both sat on the sofa. I began questioning her, but she would not have that. — “Never mind me, and don't you come here again, will you?” — I promised what she wished. — “You are Englishman,” she kept repeating, as if that gave her some special satisfaction. Unasked then she sought my prick, whilst I felt her cunt. — “Let me see your charms.” Without hesitation she went to the bed. — “We must be quick,” said she. On the bed, from bum-hole to navel I saw all, handled her handsome bubbies, kissed her thighs, and in a quarter of an hour fucked her again.

“Go now — go pray,” said she uncunting me. I obeyed, and in five minutes was out of the house. If she could see me again, she would be in the street where I first met her, at the same hour, two or three mornings after — if not, I must be there each morning till I did see her. Kissing me voluptuously we parted. — I offered her no money, nor was any apparently needed. Two or three mornings after, I was at the appointed street, but she was not there, nor for two days after that, and I then left the city — I had told her my name, and hotel.

One evening, impatient and longing for her, I went to the street, and looked up at the house. All was dark. — For fear of compromising her I made no enquiries, and know nothing more of her than I have told. I fancy I was her letch, but who and what was she, virtuous, single, married, a widow, kept, gay, a whore or what? I am lost in conjecture upon all points excepting that she was not a whore, and that I feel sure she was not.

I came back by way of Paris, mainly to see if a lady whom I had loved had gone away, and then straight to London. Then with my gun I went to Scotland for some shooting. There my lust for the common, coarse, vulgar females revived, and was first shewn at G***g*w, where I visited a friend, who was one of the largest dyers and stainers in the town. I refused his hospitality, preferring an hotel. It gave me more of the freedom I like.

I have not told of three or four women, whom I had at five shillings a tail, on my return to London, nor of having fucked two of those in the open street. I can't account for this revival of taste for common women, and don't think their cheapness had anything to do with it, tho it was part of the affair. — It must have been their total

difference in manner and talk, from what I have been so long accustomed to. It took me back to those days, when for want of money, I had nothing but cheap gay women, but all worth telling about them has been told. I went over my friend's works, and was surprized to find nearly the whole of the women barefooted, whether it was rainy or dry. A sturdy, spanking lot of lasses and women they looked. Whilst standing in one of the yards, I saw a big woman who looked thirty, go up a step ladder. She had shortish petticoats, and showed nearly to her knees, her calves looked large, and her flesh as white as snow. She went up and down two or three times, whilst I stood talking, and saw I was looking at her legs, but she was in no way abashed. I noticed her to him as a fine woman. — Yes, she had been the wife of a foreman, and she was now a fore-woman in a department. — "She wouldn't be a bad bed-fellow," I remarked jokingly. — "No, and more than one's found it out — the first who had her, was * * * * *." (It was one of his partners since dead.) She married a foreman who soon died, she was "a strong boddie, careful, reliable, and very useful," — said my friend. — "It would take a good man to give her all she'd take." At that my cock stood.

I dined with my friend. — After dinner we sat smoking and drinking whiskey and water with lemon in it, which left me with a bad headache next morning, but kept up our jollity during a very long evening. My friend, among similar subjects, told me that his dead partner after having had the firsts of the forewoman, got her her husband since dead, and afterwards, he suspected, she helped him to get young lasses at the works, whom he set his wishes on. He guessed that three dozen or thereabouts, could say that they first had it from him. I suggested to my friend that she was similarly useful to him. — That made him severe at once. — Did I think that he with seven children, and one just coming in as a partner, would do such tricks as that? I said I was joking.

I determined to have that woman, for a letch for the big, broad shouldered, handsome looking bitch came on strong, I thought she was one of those, who having no desire to lapse into whoredom as a calling, worked well at her business, and was a valuable servant, but who when not working, thought more about fucking than anything else. There are plenty of such, both men and women in all working classes, whom I feel sure from my experience, know how to get the fullest sexual pleasure out of life, without lapsing into mere animals of lust, idleness, and debauchery.

It seems to me, that both men and women may be straight, and fair in all they do, be as good and useful members of society as others, yet take their chief de-light in carnal pleasures. I am sure that it is so with hundreds of thousands of men, in the middle and upper classes,

who are good husbands and fathers, yet who don't put a half of their sperm into their wives' cunts, and indulge in all the varieties, refinements, and eccentricities of lust habitually. But women can't act similarly without deteriorating.

I passed under excuse of being interested in the works, much of the next day there. When I wished to see one particular department, my friend who had to attend to his office work handed me over to a manager, who when I had to go over a special department said — "Send Mrs. * * * *." — Up came the big, naked legged forewoman, under whose charge the branch was. "Wull ye gang oup first sir?" said she at the foot of the step ladder. — "No, you go first, and I'll see those lovely white legs of yours." She gave me a look as if she knew what was in my mind, but never smiled, and went up first showing no more leg than usual.

In that department all the workers were females. She explained the works, but in such broad Scotch, that I could scarcely understand her, and had to make her repeat much. I was glad to do it, feeling a sensuous de-light at looking at her big, half naked arms; thinking of what she might be under her petticoats, and looking her in her eyes, when she was making an explanation. At length my cock stood stiff, and unmanageable in my trowsers. I grasped it outside, and set it up easy, looking her full in the face while I did so. — It could not have escaped her notice, and I fancied I saw color come into her face. Then whilst she was leaning over a vat by the side of a work-woman, shewing me some-thing, I pressed up against her big haunches, and my hard prick was against her hard bum, and I touched her arm with mine, as if unconscious of what I was doing, and that gave me intense pleasure. Did I stir her lust and set her thinking of fucking? I believe in lust between man and woman being communicated by touch, if the lewed one desires to influence the other. I knew her previous history, and felt sure that she dearly loved a man.

The noise of the workshop was great. Coming out at the top of the stairs when leaving, I said — "Mrs., I don't half understand. You shall give me more explanation tonight after working hours. — Where do you live? let me call on you, and I'll give you three, bright, golden sovereigns for your trouble." — I made the bold offer, thro knowing from my friend what her career had been. "Hoot awa" or something like that she said with a quiet chuckle. "Dye meane to set oop in the business, sir?" — I felt sure that she guessed it was not about dyeing and staining, that I wanted to see her; but that she didn't mean to let me think she understood what I really did want. — "Perhaps so. I may want a lot you can tell and show me, but I don't wish your people to know that. Let me go to your rooms, and I'll give you the three gold bits." — She looked down modestly. — "Ye'er vera gude, sir, but ar

am a puir body, and I leeve in twa sma rooms, and the like of ye never was in em yet." — (I can't reproduce her Scotch dialect.) "Well, will you have the three bits of gold or not, come and meet me then, and come to my rooms, don't be stupid." — She then said after a brief conversation that she would after she'd — "gaad hame and a we bit cleaned hersel," but not at "her hame, whar her niece leeved wi her." But she couldn't tell me more she thought, than she had told me already. She must go to look after the work lasses, and off she went. I lingered about a while, went again into her department, got opportunity of repeating the time and place so as to avoid error, and bidding my friend good bye in his office, left.

But where was I to take her to? — I had luncheon, and in the afternoon walked about the principal streets, looking out for some one to give me an address of a good baudy house, saw several professional fuck-stresses and accosted one, who said she had her own rooms. — "No, I'd sooner go to a house if you know one near." — She did, and took me there. I didn't mean to have her, wanting to reserve all my force for the fore-woman, but never had to put such restraint on my self in my life. — As I had to pay the lady, I thought I might as well see what she was like, and a most invit- ing creature she was, with lovely limbs and an entrancing cunt. Her astonishment was great, when I said I was satisfied with the inspection of her charms. What! Not have her, had I got a disease, well if I hadn't was I a man, had I a prick? "Not much of one, here is the money." — "I will see it," said she laughing, and almost rushing at me. — I couldn't resist letting her. It was rigid and florid. "Why it's a noble spouter, a regular rammer," said she with some other strange northern compliments. — "Put it into me, you shan't go without doing it, eh mon (she was Scotch), you're the queerest chap I ever coomd near. Look at me all over, and then yell fook me." Without ado, she pulled off the rest of her clothes as rapidly as she could, and stood naked. — Then laying hold of my spouter she gently let me to the bed by it. — I could resist no longer, my spout went up her, and spouted. Tho I delighted her, and was also delighted, I was vexed with myself. — She chatted on, asked if I'd do it again, wondered at my coming to a baudy house when she had nice rooms of her own, gave me her card, and we separated. — I didn't tell her why I wanted a baudy house. Then I fed myself up at my hotel, and rested till the evening, to keep up my strength and recover as far as I could, the loss my spouter had given me.

She was at the spot to a minute, but at first I did not recognize her, for she had a bonnet, and veil, and boots on, tho only still looking like a poor woman. She was agitated in manner, her voice trembled, and she spoke so quickly, and with such strong Scotch accent, that again I could not at first understand a word she said. — She didn't

know exactly why she came, or what I wanted, or what made me ask her, she said. — I'm sure she must have supposed that I meant fucking, but had some fear of my disclosure about it afterwards, and curiosity, to learn if any one had suggested to me that her person was obtainable. She pumped me, and we talked in the streets, till I said, — “We can't stop here and talk, if you want your three bits of yellow gold, come with me.” — I put her arm into mine and we entered the house. The vision of the gold did it. — I had bid high with reason, tho a forewoman, eighteen shillings a week, was all she earned.

She sat down with her veil on, till I produced a small bottle of whisky, asking if she'd have a glass. — “An it's Scotch whusky and yell be having a taste yersel ar wull.” — She toppled off two glasses, smacked at her lips, said it was gude, took off her veil, and asked what I wanted to know about the dyeing. — “Nothing my dear, I saw your lovely legs, white flesh, and handsome face, and asked you here to see if you'd let me see more of it.” — “See mair, mair o ma flesh? Hoot mon, nae.” — “Just up to your belly my dear and no higher do.” — She got up shamming the indignant. I was pretty rude to her she thought. — “Not at all my darling, fucking won't hurt either of us, I know you like it from the look of your eyes, and I'm longing for you.” — I determined to come to the point at once, thinking that with her career she would at once succumb.

I made a mistake in that. To my surprize she colored up scarlet, her voice trembled, she seemed as agitated as when she met me, saying “nae,” she hadn't come to be treated “like a whure.” Why did I treat her like a common “whure of the streets.” She rose up to go, repeating the word “whure,” over and over again. She evidently was affronted and wanted to be courted, to submit to me. I set to work to correct my error, said I was sorry I had spoken, that I knew she was a widow, and thought from the look of her beautiful eyes (which she had) that she was amative, and didn't mind a little straightforwardness. That the look of the whiteness of the flesh of her beautiful leg, had so upset me, that I had never slept since for thinking of it, and I guessed the exquisiteness of the charms she must have underneath her dress.

Tho I never have much flattered women, and have got on with them very well without it, now I buttered her with flattery till she seemed quite proud. She swallowed all I said like oil, sat down and had a third glass of whiskey, which however she wouldn't let me fill quite full. She was sure, “Ye've sin, mony a bit o whiteness afore ye'ed sin ma legs I ken” — and she laughed, and looked slily at me. “Kiss and forgive me” and I suited the action to the word. Again she asked about my having seen white flesh elsewhere. I told her I had never seen any so white as hers, and with red hair, it must make a beautiful

contrast there. — Did I like red hair? — I loved it I replied. Which is about as great a lie as I ever told. The lie however completed her satisfaction with me and herself.

Then she began about the dyeing business. I talked with her for a minute or so about it, but thought that if I couldn't have her, the sooner I knew it the better. I had got her to sit on the sofa by me, a table with the whiskey in front of us, — I turned the subject to her legs. Didn't she catch cold with bare feet and legs? — if her petticoat were still shorter wouldn't she? — “Nae it was all coostom nae, and she'd niver had a pair of drawers on in her life,” what was the good of them. “To keep all warm higher up.” — Nae she was warm enough there and every where. “Let me feel.” — “Nae nae.” — “Well, let me only to where I saw your legs naked on the ladder.” “Weel a dinna mind that, but nae mair.” — “But you've got stockings on, I can't feel the flesh, or see how white it is, pull the stockings down.” — “Nae.” — “Well! If I call at the workshop tomorrow, when they are naked, will you let me feel them there?” — “Nae, nae.” — But the idea convulsed her with laughter. “Let me feel to just under the knee.” — “Ye may then, but nae mair, ye'ar a funny mon.”

All this was interlarded with kisses and pinches. — I still thought she might be coquetting with me, but directly I got permission, I put my hands upon her calves, and fell into rapturous praises of them. — “Now just, above your knees, just where you garters” (she'd placed her hands so as to bar me there, women always do that). — “A weel then, there.” My fingers touched her flesh, and I pushed them between her thighs, which closed, tightly. — Up sprang my cock, and out I pulled it. — “Look, feel it — let me.” — “Nae, nae.” — With a sudden effort, I pushed my hand further, and she further back on the sofa, and my fingers touched her cunt. “Nae, nae, ye promised,” said she. But I was stifling her with kisses, her scuffling was slight, her legs opened to let me, and I got her whole cunt, well in grip. — “Let's fuck you, you knew I wanted it, you know you came for it, now don't be foolish, feel my prick.” A minute or two's sham coyness, and she did. Then we were silently kissing and feeling each other, I frigged away at her clitoris like a steam engine, till she wriggled. Dinna now, dinna, yell mak me be ar doin it mysel.” The courting was at an end. “Don't be foolish now, let's get on the bed properly, undress a little, my dear.” — Soon she was in chemise, and I in shirt. — I saw a spanking white arse, a red haired cunt, ponderous thighs, too big yet handsome, and all so dazzlingly white. What a lovely grind her cunt gave my prick, as I entered it. Soon I spent, and soon she spent. How I wished the thicker sperm had been up her instead of up the lady's cunt of the afternoon. But the forewoman knew nothing about the quality of her lubrication. Playfully she murmured as my prick dwindled in her.

“Sure and ye've gat me a bonny bairn,” and we joked about that, my prick still up her, I laying between her ample thighs as we talked.

Then we sat by the fire awhile for it was cold, and talked, waiting for the resurrection of my cunt stopper. I wanted her to strip quite but she would not. She was certainly not a bit like a gay woman in her facility, but by dint of much flattery of her various parts, as I saw and felt them one by one for it was only the stripping quite (“Like a whure!”) that she objected to, at length she did. She was big and full, much bigger than she looked in her clothes. She had almost the frame of a man, and could have knocked one down. Her flesh was as firm as ivory, her shoulders were big and square, her waist large, her breasts big solid globes, not flabby, tho they hung down, but big, solid lumps, and the whiteness of her flesh was dazzling. — Indeed her flesh where it was habitually exposed was white, and all the rest was snow almost, rather than cream.

“Now open your thighs, you shall, I will look at it.” — She opened them, and her cunt looked a horse collar. Its long stretch from arsehole to motte, with its big thick lips, with a full clitoris, and the full haired mount, looked vast. The hair was a bright Scotch red, and there was quantities of it. — I've seen red and reddish sandy haired cunts before, a few of them, and indeed don't know the color I haven't seen on cunts, but I never saw one of such a genuine Scotch red as hers. — The bush was long and thick, and twisting, and curling in masses, half way up to her navel, thick down to her bumhole and round it, and thence it spread about five inches up her arse cheeks, gradually getting shorter there. It filled the buttocks furrow, till slightly past her bum bone. I set her down as thirty-six years of age at least at the sight. — I don't like this hirsuteness now, but in the midst of such white flesh, it looked to me for the moment beautiful, such is the result of novelty (“fresh cunt, fresh courage always”), and my libidinosity increased. Feeling that the sheets were dry (I had ordered clean ones in the afternoon), “Get into bed my dear,” I cried. — On she got. I stopped her progress to see the horse collar from behind. A great, heavy, pouting lipped article it looked from that side, yet I swore it was lovely. She stretched her thighs apart, and it took my whole hand to cover the gap. — That finished starching me, I mounted her directly we were under the sheets, played with the hirsute gap for a while, dallying with my lust, frigging her now and then till we could both bear delay no longer, and then gave her another injection. — That completed my evening's exercise, for she said she must get back, her niece would be wondering where she was, and she was up at five o'clock each morning.

Curious about the work girls mostly with naked feet, some of them sandy or red haired, tho mostly dark haired, didn't they do a bit

of fucking on the sly I asked. — “A weel — maybe they do.” She didn't know. They often had a wee bairn before they were married; some were married, others had a young man, but they were not “whures” even if they had a bit on the sly. — The young masters (my friend had two young sons in the office) looked sharp when a fresh lass came, if she were good looking, but sure she didn't know if they coupled or not, it wasn't her business, it was a lone-some life for a lass without a man. She was very de-cent in her language, excepting in the use of the word “whure,” as she pronounced it.

I gave her the three sovereigns for instructing me. She smiled and said I'd taught her more than she had taught me — “that I had spilt my seed aboot” pretty freely she expected. She'd put the gold in the savings bank, where she'd already a bit, and would meet me the day but one after without gold, and only for friend-ship. — She'd come for a chat and a glass of whiskey, and she hoped I'd never tell any one how she'd for-gotten herself.

I was expected further north, but my letch was not quite satisfied. I am not so young as I was, and four fucks are not to be repeated daily, so I gave myself a day's rest, calling however the next day on my friend at the manufactory, with the real object of looking at the forewoman. I had told her I should call, and asked her jokingly to lift up her clothes as high as she dare, when going up the step ladder. I have those letches. But she didn't; I barely saw to her knees. Next night I took a bottle of the finest whiskey, and we sat drinking and fucking the whole evening. She got a wee bit tight — I had half an hour's look at her red haired horse col- lar. There was an inch and a half of fat on the lips. I put three fingers up her vagina, and fancied she was very large, yet inside it felt tight enough. — What sized prick could she have taken I wondered as I fucked her. I didn't so much care about her as I did on the first night tho I did her three times. Most of the lasses did a bit on the sly, she admitted that night. — Long live King cock and Queen cunt. The next day I left G***c*w.

Before I fucked this woman the second time tonight, I had a prolonged look at this red haired vulva, and to-wards the end of my inspection said jokingly, “Your bum's a hairy one.” She was kneeling at the time with her backside towards me, and swung round saying, “You needn't look at it,” and seemingly was much of-fended, I told her it was exquisite, which pleased her much. (One must always admire a lady's privates. There is one whom I have fucked at intervals for fifteen years, and have known her cunt and backside since the time there was not more hair on her motte than would cover a five shilling piece, and not a sign of it near her anus; I have seen it grow, and spread in all directions till her bum valley is hairy and the cheeks furry. But if I notice this she is evidently annoyed.)

My invitation north, was only for a fortnight, during which time I had no woman, a thing so remarkable that I note it. I attribute it in a degree to great fatigue, and also perhaps to coming middle age having tempered my lust. But I had little chance or temptation. Men servants were all I saw, I was fifteen miles from a town, cottages were few and miles apart, and the lasses I saw there were young, dirty, and unkempt, and were well looked after by their families I expect. — It was almost early winter, when returning I stopped at the town of D**d*e and the sight of a woman there, made my cock stand unmanageably, within an hour after I arrived.

It was a mild afternoon, and after washing at the hotel I walked out, and saw a well grown, dark eyed woman, looking about one or two and twenty, with bare feet, and a bundle, walking along quickly. She had large hips, and her bum moved in a manner pleasing to me. She had short petticoats, I saw her calves and thought she was a work woman of some sort, and not a bit like a gay woman. I walked after her half a mile, lusting for her, speculating upon her charms, and wondering if she'd let me have her. — Once or twice she looked round but it was after no one, nor had she looked at me, yet her doing so opened a suspicion that she was gay. But had she been gay, she would have had shoes and stockings on, or if too poor for them, would have been in the slums and dirty, whereas she was very neat, clean, and tidily dressed.

As she turned down a side street, I urged by a swollen prick, stepped up to her side, and asked if I might go home with her. — She stopped short, and scrutinized me for a minute without a word, and then said — “It's a long way off.” — “Let me, and I will give you five shillings.” — “Very well, but it's a long way off.” “Where?” — “Up the * * * * road, and close to the sod-gers.” I knew that there were barracks outside the town, tho I'd never seen them. — “How far?” “Twenty minutes good.” — “Are you a mill-hand?” — “Yes at Mesrs. * * * mill.” — “Don't you know any house near here?” She didn't, and further questioned, said it was her father's cottage, and she and her sister both lived there. — “Your Father?” “The old mon won't mind,” said she, as her remark about her father, she saw made me hesitate — “Will you come?” — I shook my head. “Vera weel,” and turning round she walked off at a stiff pace, without ever looking back, or seeming to care. All was spoken by her in broad Scotch.

Her indifference surprized me — was she gay or a mill woman? — Thinking so I stood still. “Up by the sodgers.” I saw a long road half in the country before me, it was getting dusk, and I thought I might if I followed her, get into some low brothel frequented by soldiers. I turned back, but she looked so healthy and nice, that my prick almost pointed after her, and turning, I ran partly, then walked very quickly

till I over-took her, and said I'd go with her. “Vera weel,” she said, scarcely noticing me and tramped steadily on, without looking at me, or addressing a word to me. Nor did I to her, and we didn't meet a person on the road.

In a quarter of an hour's tramp along a country road, with hedges, and stone fences at intervals I saw dimly buildings half in the fields. — It was the barracks, and a few cottages scattered about in its vicinity. — “It's up there, there,” said she. Determined now to have her at any risks, I went on by her side, and turning a corner of a hedge into a cross road, I came on two cottages one story high, with little forecourts to them, and gardens about them. — Against the wall of one sat a white haired old man smoking a pipe. — “Wait a bit there,” said she. “It's father — I will tell the old man to get out of the way, and see if my sister's in.” — The next minute the old man disappeared in the garden, which had a bit of a shed in it, and she bawled out — “Coom in Sir.”

Inside it was dark — “I'll get a light,” said she, striking one and lighting a candle. Then I saw I was in a mere hovel with a tile floor, the walls were nicely white washed, and with many showy colored prints in frames hung against them. There was a good large kitchen stove with a peat fire smoldering in it, and a large sheepskin in front of it — and pots and pans on a shelf, big wooden arm chairs, and a truckle bed in the corner. It was a mere peasant's hut without signs of poverty, and with some of comfort in it. — “Father sleeps there, sister and I sleep here,” said she and opened the door of a bedroom, of much the same character as the kitchen. There was a large bed in it, sheets which looked whitish, and a dark thick blanket on it, a chest of drawers, and wash stand. She at once drew the pot from under the bed and pissed, remarking as it rattled, that her sister hadn't come home yet. “D'ye want?” said she pointing to the pot. All seemed so rough and peasantlike that it amused me. I lost all fear of a baudy-house row with “sodgers.”

Was she whore, or wasn't she? — Certainly she was, for she had made no difficulty about accepting the money for her person, yet had said that she worked regularly at a mill, as did her sister. — Then I thought she was a soldier's woman, that I was running risk of disease, and asked, “Do you bring soldiers home here? Here is the money, don't let me have you, if you have the slightest poorliness on you.” — “What! A sodger ha me? — I'm not a sodger's woman — I wouldn't let one of the bouggers touch me with a pair o tangs, d'ye think I'm a sodger's whure?” She was most indig- nant. Poor Scotch women it seems to me use the word “whure” very freely, and as if it were no more indecent than any other word in the dictionary.

I told her I didn't, but had been misled by her words, and she was

soon pacified. Going up to her, I put my hand on to her cunt. “Stop, I'll wash it first and make it nice for you.” — With the same coolness she washed it in a basin, looking up at me and saying, “So you took me for a sodger's whure. — There's no sodgers' girls about here, they go to the town for their girls, and where there's liquor.” Drying her cunt with her chemise, she got on the bed, quickly got off, put the money into the drawers, and got on to the bed again, saying “I'll wash my feet first an ye like, I do when I come home always.” — Impatient to have her, I at once pulled out my prick which was rubicund, stiff, and ready. — “Ohoo,” — said she, chuckling as she saw it, seizing and shaking it, and with her other hand pulling up her own clothes. — “Let me look,” and I lifted them up to her navel, she had no stays on, all was natural form with her. The sight of her cunt made me jump on to her belly at once, the red split in a dark hairy frame looked lovely, and in a second we were fucking hard. “I've not fucked for a fortnight, my love.” “And I haven't done it for a month” — she gasped. “Oh — o,” she sighed and her cunt clipped me like a vice. — “Oh — what — ah — ah — oh,” — was all I recollect her saying. — The next second her cunt was like a paste pot, and she was hugging and kissing me quietly. “I've spent your cunt full my dear.” “Ye war just too fu,” said she as she kept on kissing me.

My prick kept stiff in her long. Then I dropped off on to her side, my prick trailing across her thigh, leav- ing a moist line on it. She turned on her side towards me, took my adhesive tool in her hand, and meeting my lips with hers, we talked in the quiet, voluptuous, satisfied way, which man and woman do, when their lust has been mutually assuaged by fucking. — Yes it was quite true that she hadn't had a man for a month. They were born there, she and her sister and brother, who was a sailor. It was their father's and grand-father's before that, and longer back still, and the old man wouldn't move, and why should they? They'd a bit o' land, and a cow, and all their potatoes and greens they got from it. — He was too old to work excepting at breaking stones, but he kept the house clean and the garden, whilst she and her sister worked at mills. “Yes — both regular.” She warn't gay, but if a gude man noticed her, and she liked his looks, she did it, and if he'd come out there at dusk she let him, and she got a bit o' siller mair. But men wouldn't come out so far, and she would not let them till it was dark. (There were no lamps for some distance from her cabin.) — “It's stiff again,” — said she, and turned on her back. We fucked again, and my balls stuck to her buttocks as I got away from her afterwards, so much had our spendings spread over bum and ball bag. I had felt it streaming out round my prick as I was stroking her the second time. Then she washed her cunt.

Tho I'd done her twice, I'd not seen her form. I had been wild for

fucking, and she the same. — Now but with a little hesitation, she stripped and let me see her charms, and she was well worth looking at, was as fine a strapping woman as you might desire, large bummed and thighed, and with big hard breasts with scarcely a fall in them, a smallish quantity of crisp dark hair on a handsome slit, with small clitoris and nymphae. — I was delighted with it, but she did not seem to heed my compliments. She remarked when I felt her fleshy handsome arm, that she was strong enough to get a living if it was to be got, and she'd never had an ache or pain in her life, except a tooth ache. Then, “Oh! It's cold here, why dint ye get into bed wi me, it clan, Ruth and I wash every night there” (pointing to a small tub), — saying that she jumped into the poor bed, putting on her chemise, and I almost spite of myself undressed and got in after her. Where-upon she cuddled up to me and laid hold of my prick, saying, “Yell be mon enuff agin soon.”

Just then we heard a door bang and she cried out, “Is it you Ruth? It's my sister — d'ye mind her coomin in? — Coom in,” for I had said I didn't mind. — In Ruth came, and looked at her sister and me lying in bed, as if it were an every-day occurrence. Then she told her about getting the “wee bit supper ready,” and as the sister left the room, she turned to me and grasped my prick again, and told me her own name was Janet.

I was much amused with the affair, for I've never met any thing like it. Here were peasant girls, fucking for money and a little for love, in their own home, their father knowing it, and temporarily put out of the way, and yet the two women were regular mill hands. Of that I hadn't the slightest doubt. Her sister she said in answer to my questions, had had a “mon or two,” there, but she did not approve it, and now she had her own “young mon” to whom she soon would be married, so had no mon but him. Then with much pleasure to both of us we fucked again, and afterwards dressed, and I came to the conclusion that the woman had brought me home, quite as much to satisfy her carnal wants, as for the money.

All this had only occupied an hour, and with an easy prick and with my lust most pleasantly, and piquantly assuaged, and with our clothes on, we passed into the kitchen. Ruth had just turned out a dish of something which looked nice, and smelt savory. — “Will ye sup a bit?” — said Janet. I couldn't manage that tho I was hungry, for altho all looked fairly clean, I think Scotch peasants are for the most part a dirty lot. But I said I'd sit a while if they didn't mind — not they — they didn't repeat their offer, and they took no more notice of me when eating than if I had been a dummy, nor seemed at all abashed. — “Where is the old man?” said Ruth. — “Gone to * * * * * till he's fetched,” — Janet replied.

They drank water. — “You want a drop of whiskey but suppose you can't get it about here.” — “The old mon knows where to get a drop if he'd got the money, there's plenty and good about here hidden away.” — “Send him for a bottle, here's a half a crown.” — Ruth without a word put a plaid over her head and went out. — “It's smuggled,” said I. — Janet nodded. Soon Ruth came back with a funny shaped bottle full of good whiskey, and we all drank. They produced some oat meal cakes — nasty stuff — but I was empty and eat a lot, washing it down with whiskey and water. I was hungry and wanted dinner, but wouldn't leave, so amused was I with the company.

Ruth at once washed up the things. Janet sat in one arm chair, I in the other, as if we had been quite old acquaintances. — The oddity of the thing very much amused me. — I've been in the society of women of all sorts, and fucked in all sorts of places — but to be sitting with two mill hands, who took money for their pleasures, yet fucked for pleasure, and in their father's hut, and with his knowledge was new to me. Besides, they weren't a bit like whores in their manners. So on I went talking and questioning them, and they me. They couldn't leave their dad — he wouldn't move, he had been born and meant to be buried from there, and what could they do better? It was their aim — if they got wet thro going and coming they changed, and a little rain didn't hurt a body. They evidently were as strong as cart horses. Then without remark, Ruth set an earthenware pan before the fire and washed her feet, a mere rinse it was, an- in drying them shewed to her knees. A sturdy pair of legs she had and my cock tingled. — “You will make my cock stiff,” I cried. — Both women laughed. — “Ye'd best coom to bed with me again,” said Janet. — “I will and stay all night,” said I.

At that both shouted out at once “nae nae” that couldn't be. — The old man would be in the kitchen “asleepin” — and they two slept together. “I'll sleep between you.” — They thought I was in earnest, and most energetically refused and said I'd better go, for the old man went to bed early. — And as it was now nearly nine o'clock, I put on hat and coat, after making Janet promise to meet me again next night, at a place named in the town.

The room, I noticed, had for some time got misty, and on opening the door there was a dense fog. What was to be done? — There was no light in the lane near the cabin. — Scarcely one along the mile of country road. To find my way back was impossible being a perfect stranger. I must stay all night. — “Nae nae, it manna be.” — Ultimately Ruth was to go with me till well in the town, where I could ask some one to go with me to my hotel. With a big plaid shawl over her head and shoulders, and still with naked feet, off she went with

me in to darkness. — A bugle in the barracks sounded as we set out. “If the sodgers ain't in in five minutes, they'll catch it and praps yell hear em arunnin,” said she. Sure enough, just then we heard male feet rushing along, and male voices laughing and blaspheming. Then all was quiet as we trudged along.

“Stop, here's a turning I think, there's a stane tither side.” — “Yes, we were right.” “A stane fence is all alang noo.” — Stone fences, alternating with scrubby hedges, I had noticed as I had come along. — On we went slowly, for there were ditches. I began to talk about her sister. A lust for this girl had arisen in me when I saw her washing her feet, now it was between two and three hours since I fucked her sister, and I felt as if I could fuck again.

We went along very slowly. I laid hold of her arm. “I can't see you scarcely, let's walk together, why didn't you let me sleep between you?” — “Are ye mad, and the old man asleepin in the kitchen, nae nae!” — “Ah! And then I'd have fucked you as well as Janet. — I'm dying for you now.” I sunk my voice, for the road was solemnly quiet, no one passed, not a sound was heard but the tramp of my own feet, her naked feet made no noise. — “Hush mon, you'll be dying for what ye won't have.” — I put my arm round her and kissed her without any difficulty, stopped, pulled her closer to me, and putting my hand to her belly, — “Let me, my love, let me.” — She broke away laughing, “If you go on like that, I'll leave you to get to the town as ye may.”

To be left in a dense fog in that road, rather shut me up for a minute, but I was soon at my game again. The girl was fresh and handsome, my cock stiffened, I couldn't see her face or she mine, for the foggy darkness, but I talked all the libidinous talk I could, told how I had enjoyed her sister, she my prick, how quickly I had spent, the lot I had spent in her sister's cunt, to all of which she made no reply, only I heard the quietest chuckle now and then. Then I slackened my pace, she hers, whether intentionally, or unconsciously I don't know. Again I kissed, and “let me feel you” and then — “Nae, nae.” — “Do, who'll know, feel my prick, do let me have you?” — “Ye can't want it.”

— “Yes, feel it, its bursting.” — “Nae, yell tell Janet.”

— “So help me God I won't,” saying that I stopped her, enfolded her in my arms and kissed her for a minute, then put my hand up her clothes on to her cunt, without any resistance, and at the same time placed her hand to my prick. She handled it, twiddled it in that excited, restless way, which I find all women, gentle or simple and whatever their condition, handle my tool when nature is stirring up their lust.

In the dense fog we stood without speaking, feeling each other. — “It's a fence,” — said I, edging her on one side, and it was so. “The

wall of the rope factory's just by," said she. — She seemed to know every inch of the road. Dropping her petticoats, we walked a few yards, came to a feeble oil lamp, and just where its light was lost in the fog was a wall. Planting her back against it, again I felt her cunt, again she felt me from tip to testicle, and I fucked Ruth in a long, hard fuck. She felt pleasure quickly. — "You've spent," I said. — "Yes," she sighed. — Not being too ready, I withdrew my prick from her, and felt that her cunt was well wetted with her own spending. Then up went my prick again, better for the rest, and with a longish ramming, and occasional pause, I fucked her till we both spent. Directly after I pulled out my prick, and stood erect with back and knees aching, for she was a shortish girl, and I stretched out both legs, and twisted my body, to get to fuck her as she stood with her back against the wall.

"I'm tired," said I. — "Weel ye may be an ye-er dun Janet thrice, an it be true." — I swore it was. — "Ye'er a braw man but let's be ganging." — We walked on, as fast as we could. — Then in a minute, — "Wait a while till I peedle." — I did, and pissed by the side of her. — At the next lamp which became more numerous now, I gave her a half sovereign as a present. She was delighted. — We got near the town. — "Ye can't gae wrang noo." Then I felt her cunt, for the sisters had put me into rut, and made her feel my prick, kissed her, promised I'd not tell Janet (and kept my word), she went back to her hut, I with aid got to my hotel.

[Both sisters spent with me, I'm sure I make no mistake. — So many gay women have done the same and have offered me a second poke unasked by me, that I sometimes doubt whether they spent, or whether they shammed, as an inducement to get me to visit them again. Do they spend so with chance friends, don't they reserve their pleasure, and their spending, for men they specially like? I slept with Lillie M***d*n on my return. She is a whore to the backbone. "I spend when I want fucking," said she, "and I like the man tho he be a stranger I ask him to fuck again if he pleases me, why shouldn't we?"]

[Later experience teaches me that whores generally follow their instincts and their lusts with men, and spend whenever they feel the want of it.]

Chapter XV

With Janet next day. • On the Quays at night. • Very cheap amusements. • Chaffing the "Whures." • A feel for sixpence. • A fuck for a shilling. • I give luck. • Reckless whoring. • Two sisters again. • Bonnetless and barefooted. • Uprighters. • Sukey holds the stick. • Adjacent copulators. • "Our claes air nae clan." • Sukey on the bed. • More finger-stinking. • Bilked at Eb***h. • Introduction and explanation. • An episode of war. • A Paris acquaintance. • The lady of the captain. • Lushing and blabbing. • His disclosures. • My lust for her. • The lady's suspicions and anger. • Her interrogatories. • My admissions. • Her revenge. • On the sofa. • A clandestine visit. • The captain's country visit. • A locum tenens. • Sixty hours of love. • Difficulties with the servant. • The lady's beauties.***

I had nothing to do at D**d*e, and no acquaintance. My sole object in going there having been to see the place. So I eat, drank, and reposed well, and in the same way as I had done at G***c*w, found out a baudy house. But here I paid the "whure" for her in-formation, without taking her into the house. I hired a good room, and at dark (for she wouldn't come before) met Janet. — She, like the red haired forewoman, had put on boots, stockings, and a bonnet, and was surprized when I said I preferred her with naked legs. — But it was the nakedness I think, which had first stir-red my lust for her and the Scotch forewoman. For all that, I think I preferred her with her stockings on, when I began to maul her about, and rather against her will but to please me, she knelt on the bed with her arse towards me. Then with her petticoats and shift well up over her hips, the dark haired slit with full lips, pouting out between her handsome buttocks, the creamy flesh of her thighs and backside, and her white stockings below, made a pretty contrast; and my rod erected itself at once, and throbbed and knocked, whilst I took to kissing the pouters, which I saw like the flesh of her arse, were as clean as cunt could be. — Then I opened the moist soft lips, and saw their carmine lining, and laid her down, gave her my prick to kiss (and didn't she kiss it.) Then the hot spunk filled her cunt and mixed with hers, and in a few minutes was trickling down towards her arsehole.

But the novelty was over with her. There was none of the amusement I had in the hut, and when I fucked her once I had had enough of her. But we sat and talked, for she was a nice healthy bitch, and pleasant and communicative, and had evidently come in the expectation of a good shagging again. She was surprized that I didn't

admire her stockings, for she told me two or three times, that she only put them on on Sundays and holidays, and kept looking at her legs. “Oh deedn't a lass' legs look nice in seelk.” She'd seen a “dancin' gal with 'em,” didn't all the “whures” in London wear silk? She'd heard they did. “When was Ruth fucked?” I asked point blank. — She laughed, didn't know, her young man came to see her on Sundays only, and they talked in the bed-room, and she supposed he did it then. — Pressed further, — “Yes, he did of course, or why were they in the bed-room together?” She had heard them at it. — “Nae, they wouldn't have a bairn till they were married,” her sister had had trouble enough that way once, and wouldn't have any mair. “Then he pulls his prick out, and spends his spunk outside her cunt,” said I, revelling in the baudiest language which I de-lighted to use, because funnily enough, she seemed to be ashamed at hearing it. — “Aye sure, and it's just that.”

Then I gleaned all I could about the habits of mill-hands, and found that they were just like work girls elsewhere. — Nearly every one was fucked before they were sixteen — but there was not much disgrace in having a child without marriage, said she (there is with us). All on a sudden, “Shall I undress and get into bed?” — I agreed tho I'd not intended it, and into bed we got. She was as clean as any lady, but I wasn't some how in good force, and felt I'd had enough fucking, and so to amuse us both began frigging her. “Let me give you a spend with my finger, for I can't fuck again yet.” — “Nae, I can do that by myself.” But I would, and did frig her, and then to her astonishment said I must leave.

We parted after having been together about two hours or so. I had dinner, and strolled out afterwards. Ever on the watch for Paphian adventures, it pleases me even to see a man speaking to a gay woman, for it sets me thinking of her cunt, and his prick. Gradually loitering, I found myself close to the long line of docks, the quay and broad road on one side, dimly lighted, and leading out of the road, others in absolute darkness, with high brick walls enclosing rope yards and business places. I saw many gay women walking and standing about, most of them without bonnets on, tho most seemed to have boots and stockings. It pleased me to

watch them retire with men up the dark roads, and to know that in all cases they were going to feel, or frig, or fuck, up against the walls, for no baudy houses were there, I guessed.

As I loitered about, some women accosted me, and I chaffed them. — “Come up here and feel me cunt.” — “Have you been fucked to-night?” — “No, wuss luck.” — After a time I said joking, “I've nothing but sixpence.” — “Come along.” — Struck with the novelty of feeling a woman for sixpence, I turned up a dark road with her. It was

a slightly foggy night again. She lifted her petticoats well up for me, nor did she hurry me, as I felt from her garters up to her waist, and she turned her buttocks round, and stood with her face to a wall, and all for sixpence. I've felt hundreds of women in the street, but never recollect one turning her backside round to me unasked, or at all.

I hadn't sixpence so gave her a shilling. Common as she was, she felt solid and smooth fleshed, and my cock stood as I fingered her notch, and noticed that she had a large clitoris. When I gave her the shilling, “Let's have another feel,” I said. — “Aye mon,” and up went her clothes again. Then I rubbed her clitoris with my thumb. “Leave off that and fook me, I'm ready for a bit.” — “I've no more money.” — “Put it in, mon.” — The invitation staggered me. A seaside woman in a dark road for a shilling? — “I'm frightened, I'm married,” which was half true, half a lie. “Put it in mon, I'm right as a trivet, you may find me here every night.” I wouldn't, yet I lingered fumbling and feeling her, and frigging her. “Frig me.” — “Gie it me then? Oh, its a fine un and stiff,” said she, giving it a frig, which made me so randy that I forced it from her hand, for I didn't want to spend. I went on frigging her with my thumb. — She shook her buttocks randily. — “Fook me or leave off, I'm not going to play at that,” and she pushed down her clothes. “Do you want it, are you quite right, I've no more money.” — “Fook a way,” said she, lifting her petticoats, “I want a bit o stiff.” Next minute we were fucking.

Whilst copulating I heard footsteps approaching. — “Someone's coming,” and I paused and half withdrew my prick. — “Never mind — they'll only be fooking like us,” — said the woman and grasping me tightly she shoved her cunt forward, and quite engulphed my prick again, and tightened her cunt saying, “Fook mon, fook,” and in a minute the doxy and I spent together. “Ye'er a domd fine fooker,” said she, as my prick was still up her. “Don't fear, I'm all right, good night, I'm always at yon corner.” — I was buttoning up, she was pissing, I'd had a fuck for a shilling and never have I had one so cheap since my youth. So I gave her half a crown which was handy. It was unexpected. “If ye'er aboot, and wush me again, I'll be aboot and ye may ha me,” — said she, as I departed. I give her dialect as well as I can.

I had a perfect mania for the Quay women, walked about the neighbourhood, and felt cunts at a shilling a piece, till I'd spent all my silver. Then I sought a low public house and demanded drink, in order to get change for a sovereign all in silver. I was clad in a well worn shooting suit, and had a roughish cap on, and imitated the manners of a poor man, yet didn't escape notice. Two good-looking girls seemingly about eighteen years old eyed me. — “Gie us a glass,” said one. — I gave both glasses of whiskey. “I'd give a shilling to have a

good feel of your two cunts," I whispered. — She tossed off the whisky, spoke to her companion, both went out, and in five minutes I was feeling both their cunts at the same time. One held my stick whilst I did so, and then both pissed over my hand. — "Gie us a bit siller mair, ye can an ye will," said one, and I did.

I suppose it's as difficult to behave like a costermonger, as it is for a costermonger to act the gentleman — for more than one woman or so said, — "Yer not a chap o' these parts," and imagined I could give them more than they usually got for their favors. But with them I amused myself, till all that silver was spent. I must have felt a dozen and a half women that night. Then I sought the woman I'd fucked. She was nearly at the same place, and I spoke with her. — Aye I'd brought her luck, she'd been fouking ever since I left her, would I have her again— I declined but had a feel and gave a shilling for it. Well at seven o'clock tomorrow night she'd be there sure, and no one should have her before I had, if I was particular. Clean was what she meant. Then I went home to my hotel.

A letch for these Quay harlots was still on me strong. I had intended leaving, but resolved to have another night's frolic with them. — Thinking about it made me lewed all day. I was glad when darkness set in, and I had had my dinner. — Then I sought the Quays, and with plenty of silver began my games. It was not foggy, yet was a pitch dark night without moon and star. — I had felt two or three whores, and found that two of them would let me fuck them for a shilling a piece. Curiosity was mixed with my letch, and I always asked them if they'd let me for a shilling. When near a lamp, I saw two well grown girls without bonnets standing, and they had bare feet. They didn't seem like the others, but held back. I stared and stood still. — "Coom and talc a wak we me Jock," said one. — "Come here," said I, and moved to a gas lamp. Both came, they struck me as good looking. "A shilling," I said. "Coom on," — and she moved quickly down a dark road.

Groping and feeling her moist, slippery slit, I asked if she were often about there. — No, they were mill hands, and both worked regularly at *ms mill, but they had shortened hands a fortnight ago, and fifty women or more were without employment. — She could not hold out longer, for she had rent to pay, and had pawned many of her clothes. — "I don't want the other girl," said I noticing the other approaching. — "Never mind her, it's my sister, she'll wait for me. — You're not a man of these parts, are you?"

I talked on, feeling her split all the time, believing from the few questions and answers I had got, that she was not a regular strumpet. — "What's a poor lass to do, she can't stave?" — Yes, she'd got a young man, and he did all he could, gave her all his spare money, but

he'd his father and mother both to keep and now was in hospital with a broken arm. — She'd be sorry for him to know what she and Sukey were doing down there. — I was some minutes feeling her and talking, then I desisted. — Arn't you going to do me?" said she, quite surprized. — "Is your cunt all right?" — She assured me it was. "Let me feel your sister." — "Sukey — Sukey," she bawled out, tho her sister was in sight. Sukey came and soon I was feeling her cunt also. — "Let's feel ye as weel," said one of them. I pulled out, tho her sister was in sight. Sukey came, and soon I was feeling Sukey who held my umbrella which I gave to her. I had an umbrella this night, not a stick. — The manners and speech of the two were different from that of most of the women, whose cunts I had been feeling that evening.

Whilst perfuming my fingers, a man and woman approached. Dropping the sisters' clothes by taking away my hands from their cunts, I stood upright, and talked. — "They won't notice us," said one girl, "they are going at it themselves." — Sure enough, the couple so close that I could see them well, set to work fucking energetically. I fingered both the girls' cunts, whilst we all three watched the copulation. — In a minute or two they had finished and walked quietly past us again. — "They've been quick," said I. — Both girls laughed. "Aye, ye see soomthing, an ye coom here o' nights," said one of them.

That randied me to the full! "Do you want to fuck?" — I don't mind." — "I'll fuck you, shall I?" — "I don't mind." — I lifted the first one's clothes. "Hold up your petticoats, my dear." — Soon my prick was lodged, and the biggest of the two mill hands was wagging her buttocks with enjoyment. — "Let me feel your cunt." — Sukey came close, lifted her clothes, and I felt her cunt, till I had finished fucking her sister— then all desire for cunt left me.

"How do you wash your cunt?" said I, as the need of that being done suddenly crossed my mind. — "I go to the drinking fountain doon there" (fountains were a novelty then), "get some water in my hand and wash it." I gave her half a crown, saying I'd like to fuck your sister. — "Do, I'll be back soon." — Off she went leaving me with her sister, and in a few minutes she returned. — Meanwhile I had put my own back against the wall, and felt Sukey's cunt as she stood in front of me. — I was on full heat, and on her return resumed feeling both their cunts again. Another couple, and then another couple passed up the dark road, and didn't I talk baudy to Sukey tho I had just fucked, and baudiness flags after a fuck I find, when I am standing up.

I asked if they got much fucking. — No, they hadn't much luck, they'd only done it a week. They'd get more at the end nearer the dockhouse, for many more people passed there, but the women, "the whures" there had a row with them. — Why did they come and get

their men, and take their food out of their mouths. Let them keep to the mill, and so on. — It was perhaps true what they told me. — So giving Sukey a half crown (I'd paid the other) I walked with them to the Quay. — “Let's go home, Sukey.” — “No, wait a bit longer, then maybe we won't want to coom out tomorrow night,” said the younger sister.

I walked towards the town after leaving the two, and felt one or two other women's cunts. It was soon done, and in about twenty minutes I went back to the same spot, and there stood the two girls together. — They'd had no one else. — “I'd like to fuck you Sukey, but is there no house about here?” — They had heard that at the public house by * * * * St. they let people have rooms, but they'd never been there. — I asked them to go with me. “Our claes air nae sae clan,” tho they'd washed their smocks the night before, for their linen was mostly pawned. — They evidently didn't want their clothes seen, or to go with me to a brothel.

But the letch was on me. I didn't seem to care about dirty and discolored linen a bit. — I, whom a speck on a chemise disgusted in a swell woman. So I bid money for both, and we found our way to a low pot house, gave a shilling for a dirty bed-room, and there by the light of a candle had both the lasses naked. I saw their white backsides, pretty brown haired cunts, and fucked Sukey backside to me, standing and also feeling her sister's cunt. Sukey spent. They were both fairly good looking, I gave them (being pleased) to their astonishment half a sovereign between them, and they hurried off home. — I went to the Quay, felt half a dozen women, made two piss standing upright near a gas lamp, for it was getting late for that town, and few people were about, went back to my hotel, and next day left for E***b***h, but with a certain fear that I'd might have either the clap or pox.

At E***b***h I was bilked. I got a fairly well dressed woman, who half undressed, and then before I felt her, asked for her money— (It is a wonder that I did not offer it to her first as is my custom). And when I gave a sovereign, only let me feel her bum and thighs, and asked for more. — I wouldn't give more, and she said she was poorly. — I said she'd the pox. She retorted that I had insulted her, and that she would now neither let me see, or feel, or fuck. — I had had a little too much wine and was quarrelsome. — The woman of the house or rooms, to which the female had led me, opened the door, saying she could have no row there. — I told her she was helping a thief, and left heated, and lewed. — I walked up P* * * *s St., and wandered about aimlessly, found a common sort of woman, and for half a crown, shagged her up against some railings. — The next night I was in London.

At London I at first took fancy again for women in the suburbs,

punks who would let me have them for half a crown, and several jolly fucks I had. — Then suddenly I took to those clad in silks and satins, and wondered at my recent low tastes, and at my immunity from ailment, for no harm came from my reckless fucking. — But when I come to think of it, nearly all my claps have come from swell women. My intercourse with these poor women gave me a curious insight into life, and makes me think what a Godsend having a cunt is to many women, who would starve without it. And what a comfort that is to men who cannot marry, and who if they couldn't get a cheap fuck, must either frig them-selves, or bugger each other, both of which habits are most objectionable, and to be avoided if possible. — But surely the seed in a man's testicles, will, and must come out by some process natural or unnatural.

What now follows needs a few remarks. — It is of an intrigue which began, when I had Amelia German, and went on during and after the time I knew her. — It has not been mentioned before, because it only terminated at about this time. — Nor could it have been narrated properly in fragments, which it must have been, if dates had been closely followed. — Moreover it is a history of events which only in a small degree happened to my-self, and all the facts were not got at once. — The narrative, together with that of my connection with the lady, was all but completed in its present form shortly after I saw her for the last time, and the fragmentary papers on which it was bit by bit, and time by time first written, were then destroyed.

(The ladies and others who may know something about the event may be alive. — I hope neither of them will see this. — The date is unfortunately fixed by that of a celebrated battle, and by the names of places which it is impossible to omit without throwing doubts on the story, which many will now even disbelieve, perhaps most. The nationalities of all the actors are those given, for without that some incidents could not be accounted for. The names of both women and the man, are not the true ones, but names have been as-signed them, in use in the countries in which they were born and lived.

(Unfortunately the narrative supplies a date, which gives a clue to all parts of this history of my private life, for that reason it has nearly been consigned to the flames.)

I have carefully avoided in these memoirs, introducing accounts of things which have not strictly occurred to myself. — When I have deviated, it was because the side stories were told me, by those with whom I was in the closest sexual intimacy, and they have formed in-directly almost part of my own history. — I have no doubt of the truth myself of these stories, for I have in all cases got at the facts from the women, by repeated siftings and questioning, sometimes when we

have been lying side by side feeling each other's privates, and exchanging the voluptuous confidences, which are given when a man's mouth is close to a woman's, and his fingers are on her cunt. At other times when chatting after dinner and supper, in the satisfaction of full stomach and half satisfied lust. — Lust to be provoked and satisfied again at our leisure. — I must not omit this tale, for it was learnt that way from a woman who was fond of me, and who would have fled with me to the world's end.

It was two years after the battle of Solferino and I was then entering into middle age, was without any ailment, was strong, and with ample means. I became acquainted with a gentleman holding a semi-public, official appointment at Paris. He had been captain in the army, and been severely wounded and lamed at the battle of Solferino. His lameness compelled him to retire from the army, and his family being of great influence, got him what was unusual at his age, a good commercial berth. — He was a little, plain man, and limped sadly, but was an agreeable fellow, and had the habit, very unusual with his countrymen, of getting drunk. It was said that the habit was thro disappointment, at being obliged to leave the army; which is probable.

After a time he became unusually friendly to me, it was most marked. — He took me to his rooms or flat, and introduced me to his wife, and I became very intimate with them. — They had but little society, and that almost entirely of men. — She was a very well behaved woman, and good wife in every way he said. — But a variety of little circumstances, made me at last think he was not married to her. — She was an Alsacien, and he first had met her in Lombardy, after the great battle he had said. We talked as men always do, and all Frenchmen certainly do, often enough about women — and on baudy subjects generally when we were alone. — Several times he was quite tight, and when so, was loquacious and let out freely. — But if he became too loose in tongue, she in a modest way rose and left the room, or else plainly asked me to leave, saying he was excited, and would be so much better if he went to bed. — Of course I always did leave, and afterwards knew the real reason why she wished me out of the way. She was a splendid big woman, of about twenty-two or -three years of age, tho she looked somewhat older, on account of her height and fleshiness. She had dark, beautiful eyes, and blackish hair — good teeth and complexion, lovely lips and teeth — and was altogether a very handsome creature. — I used to wonder how she came to marry him, who was so short a man, and jokingly told him so one night. — He laughed, said she had no money, and was glad enough to have him, that women in France did not easily get married unless they had a dot, and he winked at me in a knowing way which I did not

understand then. She spoke, as all Alsaciens do, both French and German perfectly, and I found also that she spoke Italian. — This must be recollected to explain what follows.

One night he was much screwed as we sat smoking our cigars together. — She was out. — What led to the conversation, now I don't recollect, tho of course it was about women. With a chuckle, he said he knew a woman who had been fucked twelve times within an hour.

— I said, I did not believe it and thought he was going to tell some smutty story. But he nodded, and winked

— yes he did — I questioned him — well, he did not mind telling me, would I swear never to tell any one else? — I did. — "It was my wife," said he. — Now I felt convinced he was romancing, but for half an hour in a rambling drunken way, he said that a lot of soldiers had done it to her just before the battle of Solferino. The more I refused to believe it, the more de-tails he gave me, the more emphatically he swore it was true. — My cock stood awfully, when I thought that that fine young creature had fucked twelve times in an hour? — Ah my God I thought, did she like it, and spend, and a crowd similar of ideas rushed thro my mind.

As we were talking in came the lady. — There was a fierce look in her eyes. — "Pray go on talking," said she to her husband in an impatient, and unpleasant tone of voice (we had ceased talking suddenly as she entered). "What was it about?" she asked. — Her fuddled husband blundered out something, and I seconded him. — "Was that it? What did you stop talking for? It's something I'm not to hear, I'll leave," — and she looked like a devil. — "We were talking of nothing you can't hear of course," I said. — "Of course not" she replied, with a strange laugh. Looking me full in my eyes, she then sat down, and soon I left.

Things went on as usual, I visited frequently, but became now wild to have her, and to see them, or rather her, as often as possible. — When I did see her, my cock stood directly, for I pictured to myself her dark cunt, with prick after prick going into it, on the occasion the husband had told me of. — So I often not only dined there, but invited them to dine at restaurants, or at my hotel, and took them to the theatre; all of which gave me the opportunity of taking her arm, and getting my legs close to hers. I gave her gloves with permission of her husband, and other trifles, and altogether got on very familiar terms with her.

At every opportunity when we were alone, I got him to tell me about the affair. But after once or twice he seamed frightened to recur to it, till one evening, when I had dined at his rooms, and his wife went to see a neighbour on a floor in the same house. Then I confess that I tried to fuddle him, and did so. Then he told me more about

how he met and married her. — “Mar- ried,” said he laughing. — “I say so but we are not married.” — “She wants me to marry but I shan't.” — Again as the devil would have it, she came in suddenly in the midst of our conversation. — There was a wild laughing look in her eye, and she gave particular attention to me. My cock was stiffening. When I left I squeezed her hand, and thought she returned it.

The next time when we were alone, on opening the subject again he avoided it, and laughing, said it was all a joke of his, that he was screwed, that it wasn't his wife who had been so fucked, it was really a story which a friend, a brother officer had told him. Then he turned the subject off nor did I refer to it seeing how the cat jumped. I yet brooded over the story till I was mad to have her.

One day a little time afterwards, just when she had had her luncheon, I called. I knew she would be alone, and that he would be at his bureau, tho I asked if he was in, when she opened the door herself. — She stood hesitating, not answering me for a such a time, that I thought she never would. Then she smiled, looking strangely into my eyes again, and said he was out, would I walk in. — I did so in an instant. — She sat down on a sofa, I on a chair close by her, and we talked on trifles for a short time. — “You knew he was not at home at this time,” said she suddenly, “didn't you?” — “No.” — “Yes, you did.” — “Well I did, but I wanted a chat with you, have I offended you?” — “Oh no.” — I moved on to the sofa, then I got nearer and nearer till quite close to her, talking and thinking, my cock swelling and rising. — I felt nervous. — She kept looking at me, biting her lips, and turned away her head every second. What was going thro her mind? — I could not imagine. There was a pause. — “What was my husband telling you about me the other night?” said she quite abruptly. — “When?” — “The night I was out and came in to you.” — “Nothing, we were not talking about you.”

— “You were, I know you were.” — “No.” — “Yes, tell me now, do,” and she looked coaxingly. — “No.” I persisted. — My cock was stiff, and inconvenienced me in my trowsers, so that I had to put my hand down to ease it up. She saw what I did. — “Now he did?” — “No, no.” — “He did, for I was listening and heard.”

— “I thought you were listening,” said I, taken unawares. — “Tell me then, now do. Was it anything about soldiers?” and she laid her hand on my shoulder, and looked me in the face. — I hesitated, but said at length, — “Yes, it was.” — She jumped upright. — “A brute, a beast, a pig,” said she. “I knew it — I was sure of it,” — and she walked up and down the room in a rage. Then she came and sat down. — “Tell me all he said.” — I would not. “He's a pig, and you're not the first he has told, I wish I'd never seen him.” — Tears rolled down her

cheeks, but she soon dried them, saying aloud but to herself, — “Why could not the fool keep it to ourselves.”

There was a long silence. Then she pressed me to tell her all. — I was getting reckless. — The lovely woman was close to me, I could feel the warmth of her body, and its perfume came up my nostrils. — “Do tell me.” — “No.” — The smell made me rutting mad. — “Give me a kiss, and I will.” — Instantly she put her mouth to mine, and I pulled her close to me, and kissed her rapturously. — “Oh, I've been dying for you ever since I saw you. — Mad since I knew — I've scarcely slept since, and have been thinking of you night and day. Let me.” — She made no reply, but stared at me full in the face. I pressed her with my hand close up to her stomach, she kept staring at me all the time and seemed to encourage me, then timidly I put my hand under her petticoats and felt her ankle, waited, then the calf, then thighs, and then unresisted, my fingers pushed through the crisp fringe and touched her clitoris. Then only did she put her hand down and stop me, looking at me earnestly all the time and still with-out speaking.

“Let me, for God sake let me. I love you so, am dying for you.” I pulled my prick out of my trowsers. — It was a sight of rigidity. I had taken away my hand from her cunt and put her hand to my prick. Then unresisted, again my fingers went up her petticoats on to her clitoris. For a second or two I rubbed and twiddled, pushed her gradually backwards, kissing her. She fell on her back and put her legs up conveniently. — I pulled up her clothes, kissed her motte, threw my-self between the thighs which she opened to receive me, and the next instant, our bodies were one and we were heaving in unison. — She had not spoken a word all the time, during all the preliminaries, not till the gush from my prick made her spend and voluptuous murmurs came with it from her.

We lay joined together by cunt and prick — and tongue with tongue, a very long time on that sofa. — Then when my prick had left her cunt, I got off her, and she resumed her sitting posture. — “It serves him right, a brute, a fool, a pig,” said she, — “to tell people of all my troubles. — I've served him right. — I'm sure you're not the only one he's told — tho I can't prove it. — I told him I'd leave him if he ever told any- one,” — and tears again rolled for a moment down her cheeks, but for a moment only. — Then she looked at me. “Is he not a donkey, a pig?” said she fiercely. — I said he was an ass and a pig, to have done so (but to myself I thanked my lucky stars that he was an ass), that he should never have told of his wife's misfortunes before marriage. — “We are not married, I'm his mistress, and I wonder he has not told you, the animal.” —I let out no more, but pressed her to tell me the history. — “Not now, but another day

perhaps," she said. — "Let us do it again." — "If you like," said she sullenly.

Then we kissed and fondled. How charming tho commonplace it is, as a man and woman sit with arms round each other, mouth to mouth, licking, tonguing, and slobbering, one's hand nursing and fondling the prick, the other's hand, gliding over the smooth surface of a cunt, and warming it up to randiness. — "Let's go to the bed, dear." — Without a word she rose and led the way to it, then on the top of her now, but first with a look at the lovely thighs and belly. — "Open your thighs, my darling." — "No, no, wait till I have washed." — Wait indeed! the next instant my prick was up that sperm filled cunt, was gliding into felicity, and giving it. — How we enjoyed it. — And some fools call this lovely act of copulation beastly. Beastly forsooth! — Well let it be, I like as much of the beastly work as I can manage.

"My servant will be in directly," said she. — "I will send her out again on some errand, and then you must go." — "What nonsense, my dear, wash before me, what can it matter now." — "Ah what indeed," said she, plumping her lovely buttocks over a basin and washing. — She had hesitated. — The servant was longer gone than she expected, and my prick had just gone up her again when she returned. — Out went my cock, she sent the slavey out again, and then directly we returned to our grinding.

I was now in a frenzy of voluptuous delight, with her spanking buttocks, and black, crisp haired cunt, in which I buried my mouth and kissed and smelt with rapture, directly she had washed it — My prick stood again. I was astonished at the rapidity with which I had got her. It seemed a dream. My balls seemed full of seething sperm and never had I been in finer condition nor sent more spunk out of me than I did in that hour and a half. It was no longer. — She met me too with ardor, and enjoyed my body as much as I did hers, but between each fuck she was dreamy and taciturn, and whenever I tried to make her tell me about the soldiers, she said, "Not now, another time perhaps."

Again I was at her cunt. On my knees, kissing between her thighs, as she sat in the bed-room, but she got up. "You must go before the servant comes in. If she should know, she will think it strange, and she won't be long. Call in tonight." — Off I went and in the evening called upon them. — I did not like shaking hands with him, I recollect. It seemed treachery — but there was no help for it. — There we two sat and smoked, all three of us together. — She knew more than either of us. I wonder what passed thro her mind, as she sat with the two men who had been up her? — She asked him when he was going to visit some relation of his, and I found he was to do so on the following Friday, and remain away until the Monday. Was it sure, certain? "Yes,

quite," he replied. It was all arranged, he was expected there. — She looked at me, and I at her furtively, we were both of the same mind. — "I must go tomorrow to call on so and so," said she, naming the time she should leave. — He left the room for a minute or two. "I'll be outside tomorrow," I said. She nodded and at the usual hour of the night I quitted them.

I waited in a fiacre for her the next day, and soon after we were in an accommodation house, where I had engaged a room, and had had clean sheets put on, but she would not get into bed and we fucked outside. — What a treat she was — I recollect now, burying my mouth in the hair of her cunt, and kissing and smelling it with rapture. — Still she would not tell me the story of the soldiers. — "No, another time, but was he not a brute to tell you, when every one thinks we are married? — and I serve him rightly don't I?" was her constant refrain. — It struck me that all she was letting me do and doing herself, was not out of liking for me, or out of lust, but out of revenge, and I felt a little mortified. — In my first impetuosity I had when waiting in the fiacre, and thinking about her, so heated my-self, that I gushed out my sperm into her, almost directly I was up her. — "You had no pleasure with me, and you don't love me," I said. — "Yes I think I do, but it serves him right don't it, a fool, a pig," but by the end of an hour or so, I had roused her lust, and she glued herself to me with rapture.

Then we arranged that I should stop with her in his absence from Friday to Monday. — Her one servant (as is customary at Paris) slept up in the attic with other servants, and went out in the morning to do marketing, if madame did not. — Gertrude would send her out on an errand in the evening, and during that time I was to be let in. — She would get a store of food in herself. — I was to take some. — On the Sunday she would give the servant a whole holiday, we then should be alone. — All this was jolly for me but what if he came home unexpectedly? — She did not care she said. — He was a pig, a fool, a brute. If he found her out she would go home to her parents, besides she had some money of her own. — I saw only a possible row, a fight, perhaps a duel, or even a murder, but deter-mined to risk it. — "No no, I'll tell you all about the soldiers then." — A note was to be sent me on the day, naming the hour. — I was to be there if all went right.

This was early in the week. — I kept away from women, waiting eagerly for the Friday. — All that day I had a stiff stander every hour. Evening was approaching and no letter had come. Curse him, he's not gone on his visit I thought, when by hand came a note with, "Come at eight." — No date, no signature was on it (I kept it for years) . I was at the house to a moment, it was dark, and she let me in. — The servant was out as arranged. — I took only as much linen as I could carry in a small parcel.

I rushed at her so soon as we were in the room to-gether, kissing her, and groping her cunt. She let me kiss and grope, but that, and the smell of my fingers was all I got for two hours. She would not let me have her at once. — “No, wait till the servant's gone for the night.” — She had seen her husband off by train and all was well. — She put me into her bedroom, in which was a very large clothes closet — I could sit down in it. The servant came home, Gertrude was with her some time. She had put me into the closet mentioned, I had taken off my boots, and it was then that she called the servant into the room, and had a chat with her on domestic matters, and told her she might go to bed earlier if she liked, for she should go to bed early. — The servant gladly enough did. The house door was locked and we were alone. — We had both dined, but we had a nice little supper of sausage, with bread and butter and Champagne, and then to bed, to bed. — What a hurry I was in to get there.

Never in my life have I had greater delight than I had in seeing that woman undress. — It is always charming to see a lovely woman disclose gradually her charms. — I could not keep away from her, I pulled her about so that she could scarcely take off her things. I had stripped in a minute, and as she proceeded I kissed her, and I smelt her breasts and arm pits, and threw up her petticoats, and kissed her cunt as she stood. I knelt and pulled off her boots and stockings, felt her cunt by snatches as I did so, kissed her thighs, and played all the pranks that the randiest devil could think of. — Then just as she put her night-gown over her head, and her chemise dropt to her heels, I pulled the gown out of her hands, and she stood naked. — No, she wouldn't sleep without the night-gown and I was obliged to give it to her. — Then into bed we went, and in five minutes her cunt was quite full of me, she had poured out her juices, my balls were wet, and we were in quiet, dreamy voluptuousness. — Nor is it of any use telling further how we spent the night. — We were both fairly fucked out in the morning. — In the night she told me very briefly the story of her fucking by nine soldiers, if not more, she told it again and again next day, and afterwards again. She told me all parts of it, on future days till I knew the story by heart. The tale is perhaps the most exciting I ever heard from a woman's lips, altho every story about a woman's fucking is exciting and cock stiffening. — I talked to her about it incessantly, till the reminiscences even made her lewed. — I questioned her as to what sort of men they were, what sort of pricks they had, did they spend much, what they said, what they did — I thought of everything. — “I won't tell you any more, I've told you all.” But at a proper opportunity, and with my finger on her quim, or laying with my naked limbs entwined, with hers, — “Do tell me love, do.” — Then again she told this and that — supplied this link —

answered this or that question — till I knew it all. — It is never to be forgotten. It is so vividly in my mind, that I feel even now almost as if I had been present at the sight.

Our difficulty began in the morning when the servant came in. — "I'm not well," said she, "bring the break-fast in here." — Then I came out of my closet and fed.

— There was plenty of bread and chacuterie, and we made a nice breakfast. — Directly afterwards, alas I wanted to evacuate. I knew so little of her that I did not like to tell. Shitting is always unpleasant till well acquainted with a woman, but I could not help telling.

— "Oh, how can I get her out of the way," said she. — "Send her to the chemist for something." — She sent directly, my fundament was made easy, and all was well again. — I kept in the closet whilst she with the servant made the bed, and set things to rights. We had put towels under our backsides to catch any stray spunk. Then out went the woman to market and we fucked, I ate my luncheon in the bedroom. — Fuck again. — At one time I was sitting in the dark more than an hour, and the servant was purposely allowed to come in and out, and so we played the game till night came again, and didn't we sleep. — On the Sun-day when the servant was out all day, we spent it in eating, drinking, sleeping, and copulating — and the story was told over again. — "Now I'll never say an-other word about it." But when I questioned she answered me. — She could not help it. By Monday morning, her cunt and my prick were sore, our eyes were sunken, and my last fuck must have taken an hour. — I was got out of the house early without the servant knowing, and then to bed I went directly. — I got to my hotel, and slept all day. I did not want a woman I think till I saw her again.

I have said but little about her person. Now I must say that she was solid, fleshy, big breasted, and large thighed, had a small, tight, small clitorised and full fledged, black haired cunt. She'd ample black hair in her armpits. — I am fond of that ornament in a woman. She was altogether a choice morsel for those who like a woman full sized, but she was not in the least over-grown, although her form was quite that of a woman of seven or eight and twenty, and who had enjoyed a man. She was a most voluptuous fuckee. No amorous pranks, or baudy tricks were too much for her, and never did I enjoy two days and nights with a woman, more than I did with her. The only drawback was that I was dishonest with my friend, which cut me every now and then — but it was as she said his own fault. — Had he not exposed her, and in that made him unworthy of her? She wouldn't have come to my arms she said but for that, and that comforted me, as well as her.

Chapter XVI

Gertrude's history. • Birthplace and parentage. • Her seduction. • Sister Margaretta. • Antonio's farm near Solferino. • Soldiers quartered on the farm. • The women hear and fear. • Before the battle. • Officers leave. • The soldiers lust. • The sisters ravished. • Twelve fucks in an hour. • The spend outside. • Gertrude's pleasure. • The gift of the watch. • The flight. • The battle. • Farm burnt. • The refugees in town.

Now I will tell the story, the incidents of which I talked over and over with her for a few months, in fact until our liason came to an end. — All the details were not got at once. — She was incapable of telling it as I shall tell it — but tho there may be omissions I swear that nothing shall be invented by me, nor my imagination be allowed to supply any hiatus. — That I have kept to faithfully in writing all my secret life. — This which I shall now tell it is a narrative of wholesale violation.

She was one of a family living not far from Strasbourg, her father a very small farmer of his own land. Her sister had married an Italian who had a farm in Lombardy, not far from Solferino, and had two children. — Her husband's father (an old man) lived with them. — Gertrude (her name) had a lover at Strasbourg and she let him have her — but about her third or fourth poke, her father who had suspected some-thing, caught him on the top of her in a barn. — He pulled him off her, and he never finished his poke. — She was watched as a cat does a mouse, and care-fully kept from him after the event, till the young man was conscripted for a soldier, and she after a time never heard of, or from him, and believed he died. Her father to get her away, sent her to live with her married sister in Lombardy. He was not sure about the death of the lover.

The Italian and her sister, seem to have been comfortably off for peasants. The man, his father, and another man farmed — the two women, Gertrude and her sister, did dairy work. They had a house far larger than was of any use to them, but it had been bought with the land, and there it was. — They couldn't help that, but that big farm house, brought perhaps the things to pass I tell of. — Gertrude soon spoke Italian, and had just heard that her lover had been killed in Algeria, when the Franco-Austrian war broke out.

The Austrians retired gradually, being driven back by the French and Piedmontese, but made a stand at Solferino — most of the peasants on the line had left their cottages, taking their goods with

them to the nearest large towns, fearing naturally that in war their cottages would be burnt, and they perhaps killed in the battles. This family had delayed moving, but were about to do so, when all at once about fifty Austrian soldiers were quartered on them, with two or three officers. They would let nothing go, not even the husband (Gertrude's brother in law), but they promised they should not be harmed, and be paid for everything by Government notes. They made them wait upon them, used up all they found in the way of food, made the husband (whom I will call Antonio) take his cart backwards and forwards to the nearest towns for things all day long, and soldiers went with him to ensure his not running away, tho they were but seven miles from the town. — The officers took their beds from them for their own use, and the family were compelled to sleep all in one room, on mattresses, or straw laid on the floor, as well as they could. — Soldiers occupied the rest of the premises, including barns. Most soldiers went off in the day leaving sentries, but came back in the evening or the night. — They said they would let Antonio's family go in time to take refuge in the town, before they would be in any danger, and that a battle must take place in a few days. — The women they said might go at once if they pleased, but they would not go without Antonio. Indeed they did not seem to know when to go, where, or what to do.

The officers and a few soldiers spoke Italian, which was the language together with French that Antonio, Gertrude, and the others, used to speak to them in, but they had very little to say to them. The soldiers' language was German, and they didn't guess that the two women spoke German. — So the women heard every-thing that was said by them, and from morning to night it was talk in the baudiest language about the two women. They joked about which of the two had the most hair on her cunt, wondered if Gertrude had been fucked. — One said he was sure she had — another thought not, a third believed that Antonio fucked them both, another that the old father licked Gertrude's cunt, to keep her from wanting men. — One officer said to another (the officers were not so coarse) he'd give the price of his horse to have her for a week, the other thought she would be a splendid bedfellow. It seemed to have struck one officer that they might possibly understand German, and he asked them if they did. — They said no. — So for four days, all the baudy talk, all the lubricious suggestions and desires, that a lot of strong men, hot with lust at being near two fine women, gave utterances to, these two women heard. — Lewed the soldiers were I guess, for it transpired that they had been in tents for a month, and not near a woman to speak to. — This lustful talk amused the women, it was so complimentary to their charms, that they couldn't help it. — Margaretta (the married one) said it made her

want fucking, and Gertrude admitted to me, that it made her frig herself. — They however resolved not to tell Antonio, for he was a jealous man. Sometimes he asked them what the soldiers talked about. They told him much, but never told him if it was about their desires for the two women.

On the fourth morning, a mounted soldier galloped in. — There was instantly a great bustle, a general muster, and the officers and most of the soldiers went off, telling the women they had best get to the nearest town (Brescia) without a minute's delay. But Antonio had then gone with the cart accompanied by two soldiers, to get things for the soldiery, so they resolved they would wait his return.

The manners of the soldiers who remained changed at once, when the detachment was well away with the officers. They looked at the women in a rude lewed way. Gertrude heard one man say he'd have a fuck if he were shot for it. — A presentiment of harm came over the two women and they felt in very great dread. — Gertrude was in the kitchen, her sister with her children in the little room above, where all the family had been sleeping, when some men whispered together, and looked at Gertrude. — Something told her she was going to be attacked, and she walked to the door to go up stairs. — A soldier stopped her, kissed her, and asked her to go to the bed with him. She resisted. Four men laid hold of her, and pushed her into a room in which the officers had slept, — she kicking and screaming, begging and praying to be left alone. They had hitherto spoken to her in broken Italian. They kissed her as they pulled her along, two kissed her at once. “Let's fuck her, no one can hear,” said one. She then begged and entreated them not, and in German. — “Hell, she speaks German,” said one. — “Margaretta — Margaretta help me,” she screamed. — “It's no use screaming — none can hear — no one help you,” they said. — “We won't hurt you, but we will fuck you. — Come now, let's do it, mein lieben,” and they tried kindness when they had her in the bedroom. — She struggled violently. “Look, you,” said one, putting a sword to her, — “if you make a row no one can hear you, but if you're not quiet, we'll fuck you and your sister too, then kill you both, and set fire to the house — they'll think the French did it.” — They then got her to the bed. One of them, and she thought two, had their pricks out even before they were in the bedroom. — They placed her on the bed side, two men held her arms, two pulled up her clothes and held her legs wide apart, and another soldier who pushed one away to get at her first, then fucked her. — In terror and confusion she struggled, and screamed till she became feeble or faint. “Never mind, mein lieben, said one, you need not tell. No one will know and you'll never see us again.” — “A cunt cannot speak,” said another, at which they laughed. — A few more things were said like it, and

exhaustion now made her resist less. Besides, they kept saying they would not hurt her on any account, but fuck her they would, and they evidently meant to do their baudy work kindly. — Except at intervals, the soldiers were very quiet, they were absorbed in the sight, silent with expectation of their turn up her.

As they first pulled up her clothes, they broke out into wild exclamations of delight, directly they saw her thighs and cunt, and one of those holding her arms undid her dress in front and pulled out her breasts. Then he kissed them whilst one was fucking her, and all spoke endearingly. From faintness and fear, she now became quiet, ceased resistance, and she closed her eyes. — A third man fucked her, and she seemed then to recover herself in a degree, for now she was surprized at the quickness with which they finished up her. Then she thought it was the fourth, perhaps the fifth man was in her, when she heard a scream and knew it was her sister's.

“You're murdering my sister,” she cried, and with a sudden violent effort of fear, she got half disengaged, and uncunted the soldier, who threw himself brutally upon her and hurt her thighs and bum. The bruises afterwards showed. One or two soldiers said, “Don't fear, its nothing, they are only doing to her what we are doing to you — they won't hurt her — and you know you like it.” — Then was a squabble. One of the men holding her arm, his prick was out, and near her head, said it was his turn, and went round and fucked her. Then she got into a half stupid state. She felt it was hopeless to struggle more even if she could, and it passed through her mind that they would do nothing else to her. — They hurt her arms. She said so, and they let them go. —A man was then up her, and when she got her hands free, she tried to push her petticoats down. Then they pulled her arms back again, and hurt her worse. On her crying, they let them go again, but she made no more efforts.

Now she felt that she could do nothing more, and must let them do anything, submit to anything. She only moaned, and begged them to let her go directly each finished his fuck. “No more. — Oh, don't any more do it. — Oh, you'll kill me,” said she. Meanwhile a voluptuous sensation crept thro her cunt, and thro her whole body, the continued friction of the pricks was stimulating her senses. Then lewed wants came which she tried to stop, but couldn't, just then another man was about to fuck her, when as he laid hold of his prick to put it in, his sperm spurted out. She told me that some fell on her breasts. The soldiers laughed. — “Come away,” said one, “you've done without cunt.” But he put his prick still stiff up her, and had her tho he was a long time fucking. Then spite of herself she spent with him. “She's ill, she's fainting,” said one. — “Hell to you, leave her alone, it's brutally bad, — curse it you shan't, it's a thundering shame,” said an-

other. — “You go to Hell,” said others to those two. — “We don't frig as you do.” — “Make haste,” said one, “the captain said half an hour.” — “I'll have her before I go if I'm shot,” said another. - She now looked on at the operators, she was less alarmed, and could not help looking. At first she had often closed her eyes she felt so horrified. — At one time two men had their pricks out ready. — Other soldiers came in, one said it was a shame and he would have nothing to do with it, and he left the room. — It did not stop the others. On they went fucking till all had had her, and two or three she thought had her twice. — “I'll have it again,” said one.

Now she shut her eyes, feeling again faint. — “Look at Fritz' prick,” said a man. “Frig it, Fritz.” — She opened her eyes and saw what looked a larger prick than the others. She cried out. “Oh don't, for God sake, let me get up.” But the larger prick did not hurt her, and again she spent. She now had long lost count of the men and the fucks. — “Lock the door,” said some one, “or, **** (naming some man) will come in.” — Her legs now felt painfully weary. — “Oh my legs,” said she. “Get on to the bed my love.” That she resisted, but they lifted her on it, and the next man laid on the top of her. He took off some of his accoutrements, to enable him to do so. As she moved she felt the wet spunk under her — it was in all directions about her thighs, belly, and chemise, eight or nine men she thought had now fucked in each other's sperm, but about numbers she was getting confused.

A bugle sounded, and some soldiers pulled at the door furiously. — “It's locked,” said one. — Then all left her quickly, one putting his prick in his trowsers in great haste. She sat up by the bedside. One soldier came hurriedly back. — “Let me, mein lieben.” — “No, no.” — But he pushed her back, it was no use resisting, she was well nigh strengthless, and he fucked her. — Two others came back. — Said one, “If you say a word, mind, we'll shoot you, and all of you on the first chance.” — “She won't tell, will you lieben?” said the other, — “she likes it. She's been fucked before — haven't you?” — The first speaker pulled out his prick. — “Have me again — here maiden,” saying so he put a handful of money in her hand. — She threw it on the floor, — “You shan't, I don't want your money.” — He pushed her back and put his prick in her. — “Oh, you're killing me,” she cried, “I wish I was dead.” — “You'll have a lot more of it before you die love,” and he finished fucking — he had done her before, she now recollected. — He was fucking her when a bugle sounded again. — “Bugger the hell of a bugle,” said the other, and he buttoned up his cock which he was preparing to use directly the other had done and the two left in a hurry.

Alone. She sat up terrified with the threats, so feeble she could

scarcely stand. — She went to both doors, they were locked. She was frightened to call out, went to the window, and saw the remainder of the soldiers as she thought marching off quickly. But the lock turned and a soldier came in by himself. — “Let me have you — pray do,” — said he. “I'm a gentleman born, tho I'm a common soldier — take my watch and let me.” — “I won't touch it,” she said. “I'm not a prostitute.” — “Do, for God sake, I don't want to force you like the other brutes, but I must, I will, I will have a woman before I die.” She tried to get away. He pulled her gently on to the bed, unbuttoned, and knelt between her thighs, feeling her cunt, covered as it and her thighs were with sperm. — “See you let me, — do.” She did not attempt to interrupt him, or reply, and he fucked her. He spent directly he had put it into her. Then with endearing terms he went on shoving, saying he'd not had a woman for weeks, and finally so stirred up her senses that she spent with him, for he fucked her twice without uncunting. Then he stood by her side for a minute, and said in kind voice, “How lovely you are. — I wish you had let me do you of your own free will, instead of my forcing you.” She laid still, exhausted, not having even strength to pull her clothes down, but he did over her cunt. “Here,” said he hurriedly, taking out a gold watch and chain and a purse. — “I shall never have a woman again. There will be a battle tomorrow, we are in the front, and I shall be shot. I meant these for my mother, and ought to have sent them to her a week ago, now it's too late. When I'm dead they will rob my pockets, and if I give them to a comrade the chances are he'll keep them — it's too late — it's too late — you may as well have them. I give them to you, good bye,” — and he left. She rose and went to the window, and saw him with three other soldiers march quickly off. He seemed in command of them, but he was not an ofFicer.

She waited a time. “Yes, I did feel my cunt, and there was blood on my fingers.” At length she went up stairs, found her sister speechless with fear, and the door locked. — But she was not hurt. Four men had fucked her with similar threats, but kindly. The women looked at the clock. It was something over an hour since the detachment with the officers had gone off. All the fucking had been done in about an hour. Gertrude never could tell exactly how many men had her, sometimes she thought eight, sometimes ten, — or how many fucks she had. Certainly she had been fucked twelve times, but she thought it might have been fifteen counting each uncunting as two.

The women told all to each other then and there, listening and dreading lest soldiers should come back, but all was silent. In the sitting room lay the watch, chain, and a good deal of money in the purse. — Gertrude took it up, it was hers, and they agreed to say

nothing about the whole affair to Antonio. — He was jealous and might not believe the story quite, especially on account of the purse and watch. — No, keep it to ourselves, never tell any one. They found the old man bolted in a stable, he did not know who bolted him in, or why. — He was there when they took out the officers' horses, and supposed they shut the bolt by accident. He had hollowed but in vain, and evidently suspected nothing. Two of four men had done Margaretta twice, and she had not spent she told Gertrude, who doubted that.

Then was the sound of cannon in the distance — what were they to do? — The soldiers had told Margaretta to leave within an hour, or they would regret it, for certainly the French would shell all the cottages to drive out the Austrians, if there. — For days they had packed up the little valuables they could not bear leaving, and would have moved to the town, only the soldiers had used their cart and horse and Antonio. — One soldier who had tailed Margaretta had said, “If the French catch you, they will bugger, as well as fuck you, and certainly cut your throats afterwards.” — The women and old man sat cowering for fear about their husband and selves. At length off they all trudged, and met Antonio and cart returning. They loaded it (re-turning for a little time) with what few goods they could, and got to the town of Brescia, where with hundreds of peasants and farmers driven out like them-selves from their homes by fear, they got a miserable shelter.

END OF VOLUME SIXTH

Volume 7

Chapter I

Gertrude's history continued. • Lusts roused. • The sister's confidences. • The wounded Captain. • Gertrude's nursing. • Antonio's greed. • Margaretta's moral views. • The Captain's lust. • The price of the watch. • Gertrude reckless. • The Captain's exhibition. • Success by the bedside. • Margaretta with child. • Gertrude and Captain at Paris. • Her disappointment. • Her love for me. • Our secret meetings. • The Captain's sodomitic wishes. • They separate. • She marries. • His death. • Her fine qualities. • Of my treachery.

Next day the battle of Solferino was fought. Every hotel and house in the town was filled with the wounded French, most of the Austrians were taken elsewhere. Every body was compelled to help the wounded. — Gertrude, a strong, big woman, was glad to get an employment at the largest hotel, in which most of the French officers wounded were placed. — Her future pseudo husband with a wounded leg was among them; and it fell to her lot to attend to him in some degree when his soldier servant was not there.

So as to make room for worse cases (the hospital headquarters were in the hotel), the Captain, like others, was moved to a private house. He had money, he liked her attention to him, and for money she went to attend him there. One day, when better, he threw his arms round her, kissed her, and said he wished she was his wife. Soon after he let his clothes be so disarranged that she saw his cock standing stiff as he lay, and either was, or shammed being, asleep. — She looked at his cock attentively and felt a liking for him. The cock evoked her lust, and she went to her room and frigged herself.

Both sisters never mentioned to any person the shagging the soldiers had given them, but it had a very stimulating effect on both. — Margaretta, it seems, had never referred to Gertrude's escapade with her lover at Strasbourg, nor talked about marriage pleasures, nor seemingly, as I made out in my many conversations with Gertrude, done or said anything to make Gertrude long for a cock to be put up her. She wanted evidently to stop sexual aspirations, to keep her steady, and get her married as soon as possible. — Gertrude told me that she herself was late in her monthlies coming on, and had no great longings for a male, and had not frigged herself till seventeen or eighteen years old. — She had spent with her lover at Strasbourg, and she pined after him, but it was for him rather than for fucking.

An Italian was at this time paying attentions to Gertrude, of what are called an honorable sort. But she never thought of his fucking her, and no man had laid hands on her ankles even, still less touched her quim, since her Strasbourg lover, till the soldiers did. — That shock to her nervous system set her and her sister eternally talking about fucking. The very night of the affair, tho half dead with fright and fatigue, the excitement and irritation of her cunt and brain was such that she frigged herself. There was such difficulty in getting accommodations in the overcrowded town, which they could pay for, that the whole family slept on the floor in one room. Her brain would not let her sleep, fucking was on her brain. The old man and children alone slept soundly, she laid as if asleep, in hopes Antonio would stroke her sister. — Margaretta had told her that she also felt need to be fucked again. — Antonio had been out all next day to see about his affairs, the two women talked about fucking all day, and about the soldiers' pricks and spunk. They compared their experiences, and at last frigged themselves before each other. — Margaretta told Gertrude what sort of prick Antonio had, and how often he fucked, and Gertrude told Margaretta, how her lover first got into her. There was at last complete confidences about sexual matters between them. — Lewedness had taken possession of them, and it's not to be wondered at.

The next night all huddled together, Margaretta let Antonio shag her. — She knew Gertrude close by was feigning to sleep, for the two women had so arranged it between themselves. — Antonio had hesitated for fear Gertrude should awake. — “Hush — no” — he said. But his wife, his cock in her hand, mused it up till he eased it in her. — Gertrude frigged herself — Margaretta imagined to herself a soldier doing it to her whilst Antonio operated. Gertrude's masturbations were accompanied by similar thoughts, about the many cocks which had plugged her cunt. — Working and at-tending to the wounded, then separated the two much after that night, but they talked of the soldiers when-ever they met. Some time after, Margaretta was ashamed of having let Gertrude know about her hus- band's fuckings. — Gertrude ceased to frig herself much, but now looked on men with different eyes, and desired to have one at her cunt, instead of her fingers. She wished she was married, for Margaretta had disclosed everything, even to the size and look of her husband's cock — the reserve which Margaretta formerly had maintained on such topics, for fear of encouraging lewedness in her sister, was gone for ever.

The sight of the Captain's doodle stimulated Gertrude's want of a male. — Soon he kissed her again, she kissed him, and a circumstance brought things to a crisis about two months after the battle. The Captain could then move about with crutches in his room, but could

not get his trowsers on.

Antonio's house, barns, and stores were burnt, and he was nearly ruined, like hundreds of other peasant farmers. He had some money, but was not spending it. The Austrian officers had promised to pay for the things they had taken, and there was compensation to come — but they could not be realizable till the end of the war. — He and his wife worked in all sorts of ways to get money. His object was to get back to his farm, and make the place habitable again. A good opportunity then offered, but money was needed, and then her sister reminded Gertrude of her watch, chain, and money. — She agreed to sell it and lend the proceeds privately to Margaretta, but how to sell it was the difficulty. They went to a Jew, who offered something ridiculously small, and told them he knew that they had stolen it, and would tell the police. — “Ask the Captain to sell it — or buy it of you” — said Margaretta. “He is fond of you.”

Another difficulty arose. What would Anotonio think about Gertrude having the. money? — “Say the Captain gave it you for nursing him,” said Margaretta. — “No,” said Gertrude, — “Antonio will think I've been letting him do it to me.” — “What if he does?” — said the other. — Now she had never told her husband that her sister Gertrude had been poked by her lover at Strasbourg, and sent quietly to them on account of that; having a fear perhaps that, if he knew it, he might fancy a poke in the same hole himself. — Gertrude refused, but the sister became so pressing, said how kind they had been to her, what a help it would be to them all if Antonio could only get back and pay for roofing their cottage (the walls were standing) and they could start again, that she prevailed on Gertrude to try to sell it to him.

Gertrude asked the Captain if he would sell the things for her. — “Mon dieu,” said he, “they are worth 1500 francs.” — She was staggered — thinking them not worth a quarter of the money. — The Jew had offered her 100 francs. — Who gave it her? — Her lover before he joined his regiment. — The Captain at once said she was lying. — “He must have been a gentleman, and well off then, for there are armorial bearings on it — and the watch is of German make — why the watch alone would have bought your lover off the conscription.” — She stuck to it that it was all true.

— “La, la, la, I see it. Your lover kept you and gave you it — now wasn't you his mistress?” — in vain she denied it. — “You come and live with me,” said he.

— “We'll go to Paris, and be so happy” and then he began to talk baudy — which he had never done before.

She in tears and agitation went to her sister and told her all. — Said the sister, who did not seem now to care about anything so long as they got the money to enable them to go back to the farm, — “Why

not? you can't do better." — "Then I shan't marry Pietro." — "Well, he's only a little farmer — and you'll have as much money in a week with the Captain as Pietro will give you in a year." — Gertrude revolted at this advice, the sisters had a row, and parted, Margaretta finishing by saying that Pietro could not marry till his father died, which might be years hence, and that if Gertrude liked to wait years for her fucking, she might — and more fool she.

But it was such a fortune to them just then, those 1500 francs or even half that sum, that her sister was at her about it soon again nearly every day. — Once she said she would tell her husband if she did not get the money. — Then Gertrude said she would tell him all about the soldiers having tailed his wife. But it never was told him, they were both too wise for that.

She determined not to accept the Captain's offer, and for a week resisted. The leg of the Captain got better, and he was incessantly worrying her to be his mistress. He would take her thro Italy and give her no end of pleasures. At last he said, if she would sleep with him one night only he would give her half his estimate of the value, and the other half for a second night. — She resented it with affectation of modesty, but the offer upset her very much. — The offer of sleeping with her made her long for the male, she told me frankly.

There had been another wounded officer in the house. The mistress with an old servant attended to him, and in fact all three helped both of the two wounded men. — There was only opportunity of a brief kind for the Captain to tail Gertrude in the day, for the House Lady was, or affected to be, prudish, and said that Gertrude might not to be assisting the Captain alone, and was constantly in the room with her. The other officer then left, sufficiently cured. — The mistress' husband was out all day, and their one servant was also out one day — the Captain was moving about the room with crutches, but had no trowsers on, and a great dressing gown covered him.

Gertrude was with him, and he renewed his offer of money. — She had a lewedness on her that day, she supposed, her cunt was yearning for copulation, and his talk put the soldiers into her head. He caught hold of her as she passed him, — he was sitting at the edge of the bed — and kissed her, held her tight, and talked downright baudiness. She boxed his ears, and then he talked worse. His crutches slipped down on to the floor as he tried to get his hand up her clothes. — She struggled, but was frightened to make a noise, as he touched her cunt. (Ah, those male fingers, how few women can say nay when they have rubbed the clitoris for a minute.) He opened his dressing gown and pulled up her clothes, his cock was stiff, but he could not achieve his end, for he could not move excepting on the bed without assistance. — She was dying for a fuck, but got away from him. —

Then he sat at the edge of the bed, holding his cock, began to cry, asked her to pity him, and said he would buy the watch and chain at once if she would. — She refused still, but helped him on to the bed. When there, he got his arms tightly round her, and pulled her up on to it. (She did not need pulling for she wanted it badly) then freely she opened her thighs and let him fuck her. — I'll bet there was lots of spunk on her thighs when she got off that bed. Thus she tasted cock again, was twenty-one years of age, big, healthy, and needed fucking, and she laughed when she told me that as soon as he had finished she went down stairs, saw the landlady as a blind, and then quickly went back to him, and when he begged her to go to him, she went without demur. He fucked her that and the following day as much as he could, and less than she wanted. She helped him with his wounded leg on to her. “I didn't care,” — she said — “I was longing for him to begin again as soon as he'd finished, tho I didn't tell him so, but made him beg and pray me a little.” — Then the old servant with whom Gertrude worked was away one night, and Gertrude went to the Captain's room and slept with him, risking the landlady catching her. It was her first, full, naked, flesh pleasure. — He kept his promise and gave her 1000 francs, and afterwards 500 francs more, which sum he actually sold the things for. She didn't tell her sister what had taken place till the Captain was well enough to move off. Then she lent her brother-in-law the money, saying that her intended husband had given it to her.

Margaretta then, in excess of gratitude, told her in confidence that she was in family way by one of the soldiers. That she felt sure of it at the time, from some sensations she experienced when she spent with him.

—She had denied before that she had had pleasure. It was not fancy, and that night she was anxious to get Antonio to do it to her, so that when the child came there might be no doubt about parentage. (An old dodge this, I have had women who played that game.)

— “If ever you tell your husband anything about me and the soldiers, I'll tell him the child is not his,” said Gertrude — Margaretta said she should not be such a fool. Soon after Gertrude and the Captain left.

She was happy enough with him, tho disappointed that he had not married her, till he took to drinking. He always insisted that she had had a rich lover who gave her the watch, or that she had stolen it. — That he said once or twice when they had words. — One night, in bed, they had had friends and were jolly and randy, she was fool enough, under a pledge of secrecy, to tell him the facts about the soldiers. It astonished him, and he always was for a time talking about it to her. — Then, when drunk, she was sure he had told one at least

of their friends. They had had frequent rows about it, and she had threatened him that if ever he told it to a man and she knew it, that she would let that man have her. — That occurred a few months before I knew them. — She had asked him if he had told me. He denied it, but confessed he had told that he had heard of a woman having been ravished by soldiers. — That was nothing, he said, in war. — The French soldiers often did it. He had heard of cases where they had both fucked, and buggered as well, a mother, and a whole family of girls before their mother's eyes. — It was fair in war, some thought.

This history, not a word of which I disbelieve, was not of course told me in the consecutive way I have narrated it — I never knew a woman who would or could tell straight off, intelligibly, all about her first fucking, or any fucking affair. First the broad facts were told me, then the little incidents as I questioned her from time to time. It was first told me on the Sunday, when I stayed the two days and nights in his absence, and we lay naked in each other's arms, kiss- ing and feeling and fucking, and talking over this story, till I knew it by heart. Many a time after, when we met, I questioned her and stirred up our lust by talking over the incidents.

Afterwards, she told me about her first poking by her lover (an ordinary commonplace affair) and all her feelings and thoughts about copulation. — She would tell me what passed thro her mind when I was poking her, for she was frank and open, and I soon reasoned her out of the idea of there being any shame or disgrace in our voluptuous pleasures, or in talking about them, or disclosing frankly what we thought, how-ever lascivious it might be. — I came to the conclusion that she had not been a woman of ardent temperament until she was about twenty — I think I have known that to be the case with some women of high susceptibility, who only became voluptuous when full grown, and their passions were fully evoked by the male. — But women are so cunning, so taught early to hide all their thoughts and feelings about sexual affairs, that I may have been wrong in the opinion I formed. They are so damned cunning about their cunts, and their prick hunger — are women.

My liaison lasted with her many months, during which time I was tolerably faithful to her when at Paris. — Not when away, for I had Amelia German and others. The difficulty of getting at her gave a zest to my pleasures. I could not often call when he was out, for it might have got to his ears through the concierge. The difficulty with her servant was more easily got over, for I arranged to go to her when the servant was out, but the concierge, who watched every one who went in the house, might at any time have told the Captain that I was a frequent visitor. To have attemped to tip him might have put him on

the scent. — I was living at a hotel, and she used to come to my room in the day time, — stop an hour, get her cunt basted, and go. — When I thought it would be remarked — I moved to another floor and part of the hotel, on pretext of not liking the room — and so had a different set of servants.

Then I changed my hotel to avoid suspicion, and at length took lodgings where they were not particular. There we used to go to bed and enjoy ourselves fully, two or three times a week. — I liked her embraces very much and used to love looking at her cunt, which was remarkably small and pretty and had the crisp close, curly hair on it I so much admire — her breasts were large but wonderfully firm, and sucking her nipples would make her randy in no time. — She could make herself lewed by pressing or playing with her own nipples — she once told me. — We are many of us strange in our ways of rousing our lusts, and I used to lay kissing and sucking them, and rubbing my hand open flat over the whole of her cunt with my finger just up it — pressing and rubbing hard the clitoris with the palm. Then she would tell me anything, everything, answer every question of detail of her military fucking I could suggest, and bring to her mind incidents she had not mentioned.

She grew fond of me and begged me to keep her. She had never much liked her man. — The money, her sister's advice, and her own lust, she admitted, had made her let him have her. — Tho he was very kind, she didn't like his habits, and his drunkenness made him at times a beast. When he was drunk, he used to fart all night to an extent that disgusted her, and she used to leave the bed and lay on the sofa. — He would not marry her, which he had solemnly promised to do — and he now wanted to sodomize her — which she resisted. — Of course I had only her word for this — I wanted to go back to England and could not keep her. — We had a scene. — She did not upbraid me, nor say anything offensive — she only wept bitterly at her loving me without return. — Then she said she would keep with him, if I would only go and see her once a month. — That was impossible. — Then she declared she would go home to her parents.

I went to England, and soon longed for her so that in a month I went back, and for a fortnight or so we had a jolly time. She wrote to me on my return to England as she had promised. — From her, and from him after-wards, I learned the result. She left him. He behaved very handsomely to her for a Frenchman, and she went home to her father. — Two or three years after that she married, or so he told me. — His drunkenness ended in his losing his appointment, but he was a man of some property, went to live near his relatives at Chalons, and I lost sight of him.

To omit nothing. — She told me that her sister's child had blue

eyes and light hair — As Antonio, his family, and Margaretta and her family, were all dark eyed and haired, this caused astonishment. — Only the two sisters knew that it was German sperm which had caused that. — Antonio prospered, but Gertrude could not get the money back she had lent him. — She wrote by my advice to her sister, saying she would, unless she were paid, tell how the child came to have blue eyes. That brought a return threat, — but it also brought some of the money and promise of the remainder. — Gertrude whose monthlies were, I think, regular, and who never had an ailment of any sort, did not get in the family way by any of the pricks she had up her, including mine.

So ended my acquaintance with one of the most charming women I ever had. — One beautiful when dressed and beautiful in bed, with a lovely cunt, and who was a lovely fuckster. — She was a careful manager, a good cook, fond of her home, and had every quality a woman needs to make a home happy. — I doubt most women's words on fucking subjects, for when a woman has had two or three men — a fresh bit of meat up her cunt, put in on the sly, and with or with-out the chance of a present, is a treat few can refuse themselves. — A knowledge that another prick has rubbed up her lends an additional charm to and fills a woman's impressible mind with voluptuous images and sensuous delight and adds to the pleasure when the regular legitimate prick is working its way. I firmly believed that I knew of every male Gertrude had had up to that time.

There was one drawback, — I never could bear to be shaking hands with him, when I knew I was tailing his woman behind his back, it was treachery. I felt it then, and do so still. I have not always felt so in similar cases (why in some and not in others I know not. This is a plain narrative of facts, not a psychological analysis.)

Chapter II

At Aldershot. • The postage stamp. • The Major's mistress. • The Railway carriage. • Carnal hints. • Carnal practice. • A pretty foot. • At the garters. • Head near tail. • A seductive priapus. • Upon the floor. • Upon the seat. • After dinner. • The Major's tool. The lady's vulva. • A screaming gamahuche. • Good bye. • Madeline the milliner. • My amatory career. • The sexual law. • The Crystal Palace. • After the dinner. • A brooch and garters. • A thigh recipient. • Overflowing testicles.

In the month of * * * * I had been at Aldershot to visit a friend. He came back with me to the railway station and left me there, the train to London had not arrived. — When it did, and just as I was about to enter a carriage, a tall, dark-eyed, handsome, and elegantly dressed young woman came up in haste and asked for a postage stamp of the guard. He said he could not get one, there was no time to go to the station master. The train was a quarter of an hour behind time. “Oh! do, pray, it's most important,” said she. — “I'll put it in the box Ma'am without a stamp.” — “Oh-no.” — At the instant I pulled out my pocket book and took out a stamp. “Here's one, give me the letter.” She handed it to me, and I put on the stamp. “Wait, guard, a second only,” — and I rushed to the station master who just then appeared, and gave it him, turned back, saw the lady looking anxiously out of a first class carriage, jumped in to it with her, winking at the guard, who locked the door, and almost before I was seated, the train went off. It was an express to Waterloo.

The lady said she was deeply indebted to me and explained, as if in apology, why it was so important the letter should go off that night. Of course we got into conversation, and confidence begat confidence. — She had been to see Major ** * * of the ** * * * regiment by arrangement, and on arriving there found he had gone away. A telegram had sent him off to his mother who was dangerously ill — “Here is his letter,” said she, and I read it. It was in very affectionate terms, and signed — “John.”

Then I found out, tho she did not admit it in those words, that the Major kept her — I am too old a bird to believe all a woman tells me, but her tale seemed probable. Not that she volunteered much, but in talking it all came out; and I in return let her know some-thing about myself, and the reason of my being at the camp.

Gradually I ascertained that she had not seen the Major for a fortnight. His regiment had moved from ***** to Aldershot recently,

and whilst arranging for moving, it was useless for her to have visited him. He liked all to be quiet when she went there, he objected to his brother officers knowing too much about her, and he did not know where his quarters for a night would be, and so it was impossible for him to get to town to her. — All was I knew quite in the order of things, when a regiment was changing quarters. It taught me at the same time that this fine young creature, who didn't look more than three and twenty, must have been without a prick for a fortnight, unless she had had one that did not belong to the Major; and therefore must want that article badly, unless she had frigged herself vigorously or been licked by her maid, if she had a faithful fanatic at such amusements. — But I did not reason with myself much on the detail. — A fort-night without a lover, was enough to make me know she then must want a poke. I came to that conclusion before I had been in the carriage ten minutes.

The sensual fire which always seems smoldering in my balls then began to bum brightly. I had sat opposite to her, looking at her; now I moved to her side, saying that I didn't like the wind in my face. Leaning on the arm which divided the seats, our faces were now closer together, and our breaths mingled. She had turned towards me, as I had towards her. But there was no desire in her eyes. — They were a dark pair, bright, but quiet looking. — I noticed that she was thin, had but slight signs of breasts and not much of back-side. — Those two exquisite parts of a woman that I love to see full and round, and feel solid and smooth. She didn't seem my sort at all in form, but her face was lovely. Then I noticed that her foot looked thin and narrow, tho not very small, and was in a natty boot, and she had a little hand. Altogether she seemed a sweet and pleasing variety of the sex, and as I thought of her part by part, my cock swelled slightly.

“You miss the Major — you expected a husband and must remain a widow,” — said I, delicately feeling my way — “I wanted to see him of course.” — “Of course, and it's hard to be disappointed as you meant to stop all night.” — “Yes, and had brought my things, but only to stop two days,” — and she pointed to a small valise, which had been put on the netting above us. — “It's only a change, for he expected to come back to London with me.” — “To where?” said I. — Smiling, she replied, “To our house.” — “Let me go to the house with you, he won't be there.” — “Oh, I dare not, what a proposal.” — But I saw a voluptuous smile in her face. “Let's make this a house” — I was getting warmer. — “What a house,” said she, turning her eyes away, and I saw she understood me. — “A railway carriage isn't much like a house.” — “Or a bed, but I've used one as both before now.” She laughed heartily. — (Neither sleeping cars, nor any convenience for night travelling then existed on any railway in England.)

She turned the conversation to theatres, but soon I got it to the amatory tone again — asked what she'd do sleeping alone, and got the usual evasive replies which a woman knows how to give when she doesn't want you to see that she understands you. But all my questions and suggestions were to the bed and male society, for I know the subject heats a cunt that has been once fucked. — I played with her hand and buttoned her glove. — She let me do all that. — Then risking it, as lewed intentions made me bolder, “You must give me a kiss for my postage stamp.” — “No thank you, not for a penny.” — “You'd have given me fifty sooner than have lost the post.” — “That I would,” and she laughed. — “Then I'll have them now,” and putting my hand round her, I pulled her to me and kissed her half a dozen times; there was but little difficulty in doing it. — “Now you kiss one of the fifty.” — “No thank you.” — Then I asked her to dine with me. As she wasn't expected home, there would be no dinner there. — No, but she should get some tea and make it do.

I got as close to her as the arm between the seats (a fixture) allowed. — My leg met hers, and she didn't move it away. Carelessly I laid my hand on her knee, and, pinching up a bit of the silk dress, admired it. — A minute after. — “You garter below knee,” I said, determined to see how far I could go, for three quarters of an hour would take us to London, and there was no time to lose. — “That I don't, I garter above knee, how rude you are.” — “My God! I feel rude, and can scarcely sit still,” — and, again taking the seat opposite to her, praised her foot and boot, and asked who her bootmaker was. — “I shan't tell you.” — “Well, let me look at your foot, it's a slim and pretty one.” — Up she put it on the seat by the side of me. — I felt it, pinched the ankle, and as she didn't flinch, rapidly ran my hand up to her knee, felt the garter, and just the flesh beyond, before she put her foot down.

She was angry, I was taking a mean advantage — I apologized, I could not help it. — “Your beauty has put me in such a state of desire that I'm in actual pain for want of you — how smooth your flesh is — and you do, I find, garter above knee” — and much more. To all she made no reply, but kept first looking out of the window, then at me, and so on.

Again I asked her to dine with me — would she give me her address. — “I won't, I dare not. — It would do you no good, and it might do me harm.”

There was something in her manner which for the moment kept me at a distance from her. — But soon I went on quietly again, talking of the officers in camp who had their mistresses there, and told of one who made such a noise when with his lady, — “Embracing her in bed, you know,” — (I perceived that she knew well what I meant) that

several heard him outside the hut, and chaffed him about it at mess. — Something of that sort had been told me, and I exaggerated it, and at intervals I felt my ballocks outside my trowsers, looking her in the face, till she turned her head to the window and smiled at my remarks. I knew that she guessed the condition of my pego, that some of her smile was at that, and felt sure that lust was stirred in her. Now every second she looked at me, and then out of the window, then at me again, and I saw in her eyes voluptuous wants.

Then I seated myself again by her side. I soon clutched her to me and kissed her and said I was madly in love with her. — “It's your fault — my God, what a state you've put me in! — Show me your lovely foot again.” — Coquettishly she put one foot on the opposite seat, I stooped, and had my hands on her thighs in a second. She crossed them catching my hand between them, but it was embedded in the hair. — I had not only broken ice but gone clean thro it, and went on trying to force my hand further. “My darling, let me feel your cunt, only for a minute, let me feel it, just feel it, and I'll take away my hand.”

“You shan't, I'll get out at the next station — Oho — ho — you — shan't” — she cried as I threw myself on my knees, lifted her petticoats, and got my face on her thighs. Tho she resisted, my lust now unbridled made me strong. — Violently I got her thighs apart, my head between them, my nose on her motte, my lips near her clitoris. I could not get my mouth lower, but smelt the stimulating smell of a nice cunt that was yearning for a fuck — I am sure that the cuntal aroma in the sweetest women, intensifies, gets ranker even, when want of the male is on her. I cried, “I can smell your cunt, it's delicious, open your thighs, let me kiss it, do, love.” I tried to pull her forward, but did not succeed, but I kept my head on her thighs and motte for some minutes, feeling round her buttocks, talking lewedness under her petticoats, till she ceased striving against me.

My head still where it was, I pulled out my prick, and rubbed it hard against her calf. “What am I rubbing against your leg? — Oh, let me have you.” — “Get up, get up now — don't be foolish — Oh! if the guard should come. — I'll call out for the guard.”

Up I got recklessly lewed, and sat down; my prick standing up stiff in front of her. Her eyes were humid and she stared hard at me. — “Oh, take care, here we are at the station.” The train just then slackened pace, and seemed as if going to stop. “Oh! how you frightened me, suppose it had stopped. — What should I have done? — how foolish you are.” — “I'll put it bye if you'll feel it, — feel it,” said I. — Taking her gloved hand, I put it round it. How smooth the kid felt to my sensitive rammer.

Soon her glove was off and she was feeling it with her naked

hand; whilst my fingers were rubbing between the lips of her cunt, and how moist it was — I pulled her to me and kissed her. “Let me have you, let us fuck, love.” — “I won't, how can you talk so, we can't here. — Now leave me alone. — Oho — don't — do leave off. — We shall be seen.” — We whisked past a station. “Oh, if my husband knew, I should be ruined for life. — Oh — I will dine with you then, and you shall after dinner. — I can't take you home, I daren't tell you where I live. — Oh! — I will after dinner — oh — now,” — and her backside and thighs moved with that uneasy yet voluptuous movement, that restless, wriggling of belly, buttocks, and cunt that a woman can't help giving when a man is frigging her and the luscious sensation of complete lewedness, and the want of fucking, are coursing through her body.

I thought she might give me the slip at the station, and my chance would be lost. — I saw victory before me now and frigged on. — “We'll fuck now, love, all's safe here.” I rose up standing before her, my prick al-most touching her face, as she sat with her eyes fixed on it, whilst I begged her. — “I won't, — I can't lie down on the floor.” — “Take off your bonnet then and sit where you are.” She did. — I put cushion after cushion on the floor, to bring myself to a convenient height, then, kneeling down, I opened her thighs, threw up her petticoats, and, gently pulling her forward till her cunt was well away from the edge of the seat, and she was leaning back, I inserted my prick. Altho the angle at which it stood, and that of her cunt was not quite favorable, it glided up deliciously and plugged her to my balls. — Then, putting my arms under her thighs, I fucked her. — We looked in each other's faces till our eyes closed in the swooning pleasure of the crisis my prick gushed out its sperm, her cunt tightened, gripped, and liquefied, in the blissful spasms of spending, and mingling our sexual juices.

Recovering ourselves, she gave no signs of desire to uncouple. Looking speechless in each other's face (How I longed to know what she was thinking of), we held together. She was thin, but neither skinny nor bony; her backside not being great nor her cunt fat lipped; it was well on to me and kept my prick wonder-fully up her, spite of the movement of the train. (Some thin women, I have since noticed, can.) In the lovely warmth and embrocating moisture of her cunt, I lingered long; but at last withdrew my softened priapus from the Paphian temple. Putting my hand under it as I did so to receive it, a little flood of spendings rolled out after my prick left her. Telling her to be quiet, I got out my pocket handkerchief and put it to her cunt, which she wiped with it. Then I wiped my hand. “Ah, it's nasty,” — said she. — “Nonsense, my love, neither prick nor cunt nor spunk are nasty at any time.” — Then we sat and talked. — “It was awfully

quickly over." — "It was — where is my bonnet?"

"That's the consequences of asking for a postage stamp," said she. — "Lucky for me," I replied — We then talked about the Major ****. "Oh don't mention him, poor fellow, he'd shoot me and himself too, if he knew what we have done. — I've never before been unfaithful." — "But he won't, my dear. — Let me feel it." — "No, don't, it's so wet still," — but I did, and was feeling it, and she my prick, and just then the train went slower and then stopped. — We thought we were at a station, but something had gone wrong with one of the carriages. Then a carriage was detached, the passengers distributed in other carriages, and the train moved off again. The guard had locked our door.

Whilst waiting, she stood looking out of the window, I sitting felt her bum, and by the time the train moved off, was game for another fuck. — She refused. — I insisted, pulled her up from her seat, and getting her to kneel upon the seat diagonally, with her backside towards me, I fucked her standing, and never enjoyed a cunt more. — "Oh! if Major **** knew," said she again. — "But he never will, my love, for you've no tongue in your cunt, and it can't speak." — "Well, I never did hear such a beast." — "You compliment me," — I went on talking baudy, and she burst out laughing.

When we arrived at Waterloo, she wanted to leave me. There was no dinner for her, for she was not expected home, so I drove to K***s, got a private room, and ordered dinner. — We washed hands and face, and prick and cunt got their share of soap and water. — Then: "Now I will, it's of no use your struggling, you shan't leave this room till I've seen it" — and I did.

I saw her slim but well shaped thighs, and a small looking, rather pouting, but thin lipped cunt between them. It had not much hair of a nut brown dolor. — Clitoris and nymphae were scarcely visible. — It was not a lovely cunt, tho no fault could be found with it, but it was a novelty, and again I stiffened, put my prick up, gave a dozen or two shoves, but not feeling impetuous desire, withdrew it. — The bed room was only given us to wash in, and we could not have it afterwards, so we got thro dinner as quickly as we could and drove off to a house. When we got there she was a little groggy.

At dinner she refused wine, saying that a little got in-to her head. — I thought it sham, pressed her, and filled her glass. — The champagne was good, and this was the result. — "Oh I've drank too much, how shall I get home?" — "No you mustn't — I won't tell you where, — I dare not." She scarcely semed to lose her wits, tho staggering, and I couldn't get out of her either where she lived or her name. She laid on the bed at once, let me undress her, and said she was sleepy. "I'll fuck you first." — "Yes, fuck me." — It was the first

lewed word she'd uttered. — But a whim seized me. “No, I'll gamahuche you.” — “What's that.” — “Lick your cunt, may I.” “The Major does it more than anything” (laughing.) “Doesn't he fuck you?” — “Sometimes” — I pushed my enquiries about his sexual tastes.

I am always curious about other men now — “Has he a big prick?” — “I don't know, I think it's little,” and she laughed. “Where do you live?” — “Shan't tell you, ain't you going to do it?” — “I'll gamahuche you.” — “No, don't, it makes me scream.” — “Scream?” — “Yes,” she said thickly — “It hurts me as well.” — Nonsense I thought. — Bringing her to the side of the bed, I wiped her cunt with a towel and began the libidinous exercise. It must have been because there was scarcely a vestige of clitoris or nymphae which made me, for never have I yet seen a vulva so devoid of those appendages. When the lips were opened, nothing was to be seen but the red lining and the vagina.

I found the excitable spot just above the little bone, and licked away gently. She soon felt my tongue, tho I thought she was nearly asleep. “Oh don't! — oh put it in me.” — I went on furiously, — “Oh! — I'm coming — leave off — he — ha — hi” she yelled. “It hurts hi — I'm spending” — and she clutched my hair till I thought she'd scalp me. Ceasing, all was quiet for a minute. I recommenced. She was a shorter time in spending, and I never heard such screeches given by a woman in her pleasure. — “Oh — hi — her — hi — hi - ha — oh, I can't bear it!” — She half raised herself, and then fell back, spending and exhausted. — “If you do it any more, I shall have a fit. I'm obliged to stop him sometimes, I've had fits through his doing it.”

I was still between her legs, squatting on my heels, when she said she should have a fit. But that, and her screeching, tho it irritated me, seemed at the same time to stimulate me to continue. — I felt as if I must have been giving her intense pleasure, and that de-lighted me. I threw her legs over my shoulders again, grasping them tightly, buried my mouth in her cunt and recommenced gamahuching. — “Oh don't — I'll have a fit” — grasping my head, she tried to raise her-self up, but fell back again as I tilted her thighs with my shoulders, spluttering out, my mouth half buried in her cunt. — “Spend, spend, love, — spend.” — On my tongue went, as rapidly as tongue could move. — Her bum shook, her belly heaved and jerked. — “Oh — leave — off — oh — my God — I am coming. — Oh

Ahrr — oho” — she screamed till the room rang, and just as her pleasure spasm ceased and her backside lay tranquil — a servant knocked at the door and wanted to know what was the matter.

The sexual excitement then seemed to have sobered her, and a strong cup of tea I had brought revived her. I laid her on the bed again by my side, and heard all about the strangely exciting effect of

gamahuching on her. I came to the conclusion that tickling her clitoris with his tongue, was the Major's principal amusement and that he preferred it to fucking. — No doubt also from her description, his cock was a very small one. But as she sobered, she got less free in her revelations. — She had, however, declared that the Major two or three times had gamahuched her, till she had had some sort of fit — I never heard anything of the sort before, in any woman.

I stroked her twice more before leaving and really enjoyed her very much. Her cunt was deep and elastic, and such is the effect of novelty on me that I thought its thin externals gave it a great charm and added to my pleasure. — Certainly I laid unusually long up her after spending. Her cunt seemed to fit round my prick afterwards like a glove, and I put it in her and the sperm as well, till I withdrew. But her thighs and belly made it not such a luxurious bed to lie on after fucking as a stout, large thighed woman with a soft belly does.

(Tho I never heard a woman screech so loudly and painfully when being gamahuched, I have known more than one scream in a subdued but half maddened tone, but a tone of delight, when she spent, and several ejaculate the baudiest words and thoughts as erotic images rose up in their brain. — I myself cry out now in similar manner, when a charming creature draws the sperm out of me into her mouth. It is pleasure, to utter lewed words as my sperm issues.)

After the second fuck she was anxious to go, she had no latch key and began to wonder if they would be out, and up to tricks in her absence, as they didn't expect her home; but I couldn't learn who they were. — “No.” She became as close as wax. “Give me some silver, I'm unnerved — now don't you follow me.” — I gave it her and nothing more, and off she went. She made me no promise of seeing me again. — No. If even she might like it, she wouldn't, it would ruin her prospects. — If ever I saw her in camp. “If you're a gentleman you won't notice me. — I'm sure you wouldn't like to ruin a poor woman.” — I was in camp several times afterwards, but forgot both the name of the Major, his regiment, and branch of service, so made no enquiries. — She named a place for me to write to, and gave me a name. I did write but never had a reply. She gave me a day's delicious amusement. — I have had many such, but without such curious incidents.

Some weeks before this affair with the postage stamp lady. I began a flirtation with a pretty creature named Madeleine S***h, without meaning anything but to have the pleasure of talking to and being with her. — It ended in a liaison, very short and very sweet, and there was a voluptuous incident in it occurring to my-self, and not of an every day kind — I have in the after talk of dinners, and in the salacious disclosures of men in club smoking rooms, heard of similar physical crises occurring to men, and once, if not twice, recollect

similar things having occurred to me. — Perhaps under sexual excitement they have occurred to many men in strong health. But I approach middle age, so the incident rather surprised me, tho it was gratifying as evidence of my sexual vigor and strength.

Sometimes I wonder at the amatory course I have run — and whether these temporary connections with women, these liaisons of lust, are forced upon me by circumstances, or whether I am instinctively seeking them? Whether it is the women who bring them about — or my self? — Which is it? — I cannot answer. — I know certainly when I seek them, when I am cunt hunting, as I term it. — But so many women (not courtesans) have fallen to my embraces (and in this narrative I have only told of my amours of a special character), as it seems to me by pure force of opportunity and circumstances, pure chance as it were; unless those seeking to form them were the women. Does a thirsty cunt and a hard scrotum set men and women together, without either of them intending or thinking about coition, until lust steals on, and strengthens, and modesty gradually vanishes, till the barriers of conventionality are broken by one or both, and they bend under the spell of concupiscence till they fuck? — Is it not the law of animal life that the male and female shall blindly and instinctively seek each other for copulation? Is it not in the great scheme of creation that they should? If so, why should they be blamed for satisfying this imperious want, this universal law, this blind necessity of fucking? Why should man frame laws, legal and social, for hindering man and woman from coupling, blending, and satisfying their love or lust' whenever they like? — Love and lust are terms identical in meaning, synonymous; tho often the former is called pure, the latter foul. It is the priest who determines that. But again I ask myself, was it mine, or the women's fault, or rather by whose virtue, that we fell into each other's arms and copulated? — and whose fault or virtue was it, that Madeleine and I came sexually together for a brief while?

A few days after I had had the postage stamp lady, I went to the Crystal Palace (then a fashionable lounge on certain days, it not having been opened many years, expecting to meet a nice creature, a dress maker, who was about twenty years old. — She had worked at my house for years previously when quite a girl, but was now well grown and womanly for her years. — I had often noticed her years before, and one day gave her a sly kiss, and half a crown on some pretext. — I lost sight of her when I gave up that home as a freed man, and then met her by chance one evening a year or so after. I found she was still a milliner, and seemed as modest as one might desire, took her, spite of her reluctance, to have a glass of wine, and, giving her my arm, walked some part to her way home with her. It was in the

suburbs, and in the dark I gave her a kiss, which she liked, then tried to feel her unsuccessfully; tho I got a touch on her thigh and made her cry, gave her a sovereign, and a kiss which I made her re-turn, and never saw her again till recently, two years after my unsuccessful attempt at groping her. Now she seemed to me quite gay and frolicsome, she was an under forewoman at Mrs. * * * * * a dressmaker, and had she said, a sweetheart. She was a very handsome creature, with soft grey eyes and lovely auburn hair. — I got it into my head that she, like most milliners, fucked on the sly, a little for love and a little for silk dresses. She told me when I met her, which I did three days after my visit to Aldershot, she was going on Saturday to the Crystal Palace. I said I should do the same. She remarked that she knew that I could do as I liked now. — Her name as already said was Madeleine S* * *h.

To my annoyance, I found she was with a friend, a milliner, who looked to me as frisky, as if two pricks would suit her better than one. Getting hold of Miss S***h, I told her I was so vexed, for I wanted her to dine with. She was sorry, but her friend's young man would meet them at four o'clock. — Then said I, “Well miss them, and you come out and dine with me.” That she agreed to, I went off, found a quiet sort of half restaurant, half tavern (houses of that class were just then springing up there), ordered dinner in a private room, paid half down at once, and went back to the Palace.

It all came off as arranged, and at about five o'clock, when some music was over, which she wanted to stay for — we left quietly and had dinner. She eat and drank well, and seemed as frisky as a grass-hopper. — I'd not hinted at anything. Beyond the convenience of the sofa in the room, and my hoping it would bear the weight of two restless people, I had said nothing concupiscent in its tone, tho I was longing for her during dinner. For since the unknown postage stamp lady, I had kept myself from women. — The cloth removed, the waiter gone, I brought her to the window to look out, put my arm round her waist, kissed her, and said I thought she ought to kiss me for the dinner. — After a very little sham she did, and we kissed each other quite amorously. Then I sat down on the sofa where I meant now to experiment on her virtue, and pulling the table a little nearer, and pouring out wine, began.

As I usually do, I first told suggestive stories, then smutty ones, but without baudy words. She laughed at them all. — “Oh, my! — He was up to his tricks.” — “Oh what a shameful story!” and so on. — She didn't blush, but got excited, and I thought all was right. Ever and anon I kissed her. She wouldn't tell her sweetheart, she said, for she had one who was going to marry her. Then I began about her garters, asked if her lover had ever put them on for her. What next should I

imagine. “Of course not.” — Why should she refuse him? I asked. — “It wouldn't be proper.” - “That's not the reason.” “What is it then?” — “You fear he'd put his hand higher up between your thighs?” — “Oh, you blackguard, to talk like that.” — She tossed her head. — “And feel your cunt, Madeline?” I continued — she gave me a smack on my head. — “If you talk like that I'll go.” What a lot of women have said they would smack my head, and some have, but not very hard.

“What's the harm, my darling, even if your lover did, and what's the harm of calling it that if I say your thing, you know it means the same.” — “Oh, you black-guard!” —I went on in the same strain and pinched and tickled her till she screeched. “Oh, you black-guard, leave off.” — “The waiter will be coming in if you make such a noise,” said I, getting up and bolting the door. — “Well don't you do that to me.” “I can't help it, I'm madly in love with you.” — For a time we were quieter, then I pulled her back on the sofa and began spooning. “You know your lovers' been in bed with you.” — That he hadn't, she shouldn't be such a fool. — “Let me.” — “What?” — My arm was round her waist, my lips close to hers, my hand on her lap. I grabbed at her clothes just above her notch. She must have felt the clutch on her motte, and I said, “Fuck you,” and kissed her with mad lust on me.

She slapped my head hard now and threatened to go, but didn't rise. — “Did I hurt you?” — “Don't do it again, or talk like that, or I'll never speak to you again.” — Again we kissed, I gave her more wine, and spilt some over her dress. — “You've ruined my dress,” said she anxiously. — “Never mind love, tell me what it cost, I'll pay for another,” — and I took out my purse. — “You were always kind, but perhaps I'll get it out.” — “Well here's a sovereign to clean it” — she wouldn't take the money.

Some years before I had bought a lot of pretty, small priced brooches. — Most had been given away to servants and other women, and even to favorite doxies. I had one in my pocket now, and also had brought two pairs of beautiful garters with me.

Ah, what a repetition — how many times has nearly the same occurred — I seem to have been rehearsing it half my life, but thus it occurred now. “Now isn't that a pretty brooch?” — “Oh, it is.” — “I'm going to give that to a lady friend.” — “Oh!” said she in such a tone that I saw at once it had crossed her mind that I was going to give it to her. — “And a pair of these garters as well, on one condition.” — I produced them. — “What's that.” — “That she'll let me put them on.” — “Will she?” — “I think so, I did so once before, and she's a nice little lady.” — “Not much of a lady.” — “She is tho, and married.” — “She ought to be ashamed of her self then.” — “Pough! my dear, who'll know but she and I? The last pair I put on her legs as she laid on the bed, and then I got on to the bed with her, and then.” — There

I stopped. — “You — are — a — regular scamp, I've been told so,” said Madeline, blushing. — “Why my dear?” — “For tempting a poor woman so.” — “Nonsense, my love, she tempted me, but which pair would you like?” — “This pair.” — Then I said I'd give them her if she'd let me put them on. — She refused.

I chaffed her. “You tie yours up with string don't you?” — “Wouldn't you like to know.” — “Yes, and to feel.” Saying which, I made the attempt, didn't succeed, and got another slap on my head. — She rose up, saying she wouldn't stop any longer, but after a little consideration sat down again.

On I talked in the same strain — all she replied from time to time was, “Oh, you scamp.” But I thought she looked as if the talk was affecting her sensually, and she let me kiss her easily, after every time that she called me that name. — At length, by constantly asking her, the bait took. She selected a pair, and, with just the same precautions that other women have taken, one after another the garters were put on. — As I fastened the last, I put my mouth down, and kissed the little bit of thigh which was just clear above the stocking. — The sniff of the warm flesh exalted my randiness, lust then overpowered me, and pulling her back on the sofa, kissing her rapturously all the time, I got one hand up her clothes, and just felt the thighs and the hair of her mount. — She repulsed me instantly with a loud cry. — “Let me fuck you, my love. I'm dying for you.” — “Oh, you blackguard, get away.” — “Look what a state you've put me in,” and out I pulled my glowing rod, which pulsated as if going at once to discharge the semen which lay in my balls.

Up she got, leaving me sitting on the sofa, with my pulsating crimson tipped, cunt-rammer out. “You mistake me altogether if you asked me here to behave like that. — I'll go at once.” — She meant it. — No. She'd go back to the Palace by herself. It had been arranged that we were to find her friend there, and all go to town together. She said a lot more, all the time standing close by me, and looking every instant at my nodding engine — looking spite of herself I expect. I got her round the waist, and swearing I would go no further, got her sitting again on the sofa, and hid my prick in my trowsers. — She was upset. The sight of a good sized, stiff prick always upsets a young woman whether she has been fucked or not, and stirs up lewed sensations in her.

She didn't know exactly where to go to find her friend, or I believe she would have gone off without me — I now saw I shouldn't succeed in having her, and that she was wide awake. She had a sweetheart who was going to marry her, and wouldn't run the risk of getting with kid, I thought. I also felt sure she'd been poked. I've had a dozen young milliners, and only one was a virgin, and altho this

woman lived with her parents and seemed respectable, I know that the more women living as she was are fucked out of doors, the more careful for a time they are to hide their games from their parents and employers. — Disappointed for the minute, I ceased.

It was getting dusk, she was anxious to go, I more and more anxious to have her. My prick would not subside, but threatened to spend in my trowsers. — It was on the Monday that I had had the postage stamp lady, and since then had been keeping myself chaste, with the pleasurable hope of deluging Madeline's cunt with rich spermatic juices. — Again I grasped and kissed her. “There is the brooch, I'll give it you, but am awfully disappointed, for I do so long for you, and no one would know but you and I.” — “Don't be foolish, don't be a beast.” — “Oh, let me then just feel your flesh, by the eternal God, if you'll let me feel your thigh, only half way above your knee — I'll be content, I'll go no further.” — “You beast, let me get up,” and she made a half attempt to rise. — Was lewedness subduing her? — It was a miserable small sofa, with scarcely room for one person to lie down, she was re- dining sideways, I holding her so that one of her feet was on the ground, the other nearly so, and she contemplating the brooch most of the time, was seemingly de-lighted with it.

I have often wondered since if it was the brooch which absorbed her thoughts and made her careless, or gratitude for it, which made her half indulge me for the moment. Or did she feel a sensuous pleasure in my attempt, secure in the knowledge that she could repel my hand when she listed? Was she lewed at that moment and therefore yielding? — What a pity that some visible sign of lewedness is not in a woman; that she hasn't something which will rise up and stiffen as a prick does. — A man has always that sign of his lustful state, and a woman need be in no doubt about it.

She went on looking at the brooch, pinning it on her breast, then taking it out to look at it, whilst I went on kissing, coaxing, pinching her thighs outside, and at-tempting slight liberties. “No, I won't.” — “Only one thigh — a little bit of the flesh only this side. Now do.”

—Holding her round the waist, I hitched up that side of her clothes, and got my hand on to her thigh just above the garter. With both hands she stopped me.

— “There now you've done it, now leave me alone.

—I'm foolish to let you. Now don't. — Oh, what are you about?” and she dropped the brooch.

Rapidly I pulled away the only button which kept my prick within my trowsers, and out it stood rampant; raised her clothes on that side, put one hand under the thigh, with force hoisted it a little up, and turned more towards her, with the intention of letting my prick touch

her flesh. I had neither hope nor idea of getting into her. — The thought alone of my prick touching her flesh filled me with voluptuous delight. — I pushed my prick wildly, now holding the thigh still more ex-posed with both hands, and pressing my body to it. — My prick spite of her struggles touched her. — She cried out loudly. “Leave off — oh you scamp, don't.” — I heeded not, heated by the contact, I went on. — A spasm of delight shot through my prick, and an ungovernable movement of my buttocks shoved it to and fro. — Its tip rubbed against the tiny bit of thigh, pulsated violently, and before I knew if I could control it, or she free herself from me, shot out a torrent of hot, thick sperm on to her thigh. It ran down to one of my hands, whilst I sighed out. — “My God — I'm spending — it's on your — thigh.” — Then I sank half fainting with pleasure, upon her shoulder.

“Don't — what are you doing — let me get up” — was all I heard, and by that time she had pulled down her clothes, covering up sperm and all, and I had fallen back on the sofa holding my prick. — The whole affair, from the time I got hold of her thigh, had not occupied the time it takes me to write a dozen of these lines.

Chapter III

Madeline's lover Richard. • Mrs. B**t*n's mischief. • Complaisance in cab and house. • Bertha the fruitress. • Male chaffing. • An erotic vision in the shop. • Is she virtuous? • Madeline again. • A ruptured membrane. • Mutual fucking sensations. • Inheritance of a marbly rump. • A woman's virgin spend. • Absent at Paris. • Madeline's lover is reconciled. • Onanistic emissions. • French letters and cunt sponges. • The influences leading women to copulate. • Madeline's intentions and admissions.

She rose, picked up the brooch, put it on the table, and put on her bonnet silently and hastily. I arose feeling ashamed, enclosed my still swollen machine, and said I was so sorry for what I had done, I couldn't help it, that it was her fault. — She made no reply beyond, "I'll never dine or speak with you again, you're a blackguard." "If you'd only let me." — "You're a scamp." I chattered on, she begged me to be quick, "I'd go without you but I can't find the place, what will Mrs. B**t*n (her milliner friend) think about my being late?" — I didn't want to injure her, so rapidly paid my bill, and we got to the rendezvous late, but not too late. — There was Mrs. B**t*n alone, her male friend had gone. — She approached Madeline and said, "Richard's been here and has gone off nearly mad. — I couldn't say you were not here, so told him you'd gone with a lady friend, etc., etc." — Madeline began to cry, saying to me, — "You've made plenty of mischief for me," — and turned sulky. The two held a long conversation apart, Mrs. B**t*n seemed excited. — Madeline cried, till, with a rush for the train, we got seats.

It was then a long way across London, from the station to the neighbourhood where Madeline lived — I got into the cab with them — Madeline sulked all the way — I knew where she lived, and she insisted on being set down at the end of the street. Only her companion alighted with her — I bid them good bye, hoping her young man wouldn't be angry long. — Madeline said it was a misfortune for her my meeting her at the Palace — and we parted.

I had heard from Madeline that her friend the milliner lived in the heart of London, not far from another workshop, and knowing she would have to get there, put my cab away from the end of the street, and on foot waited myself in sight of Madeline's house — I had noticed in the cab Mrs. B**t*n's glances, which were curious, and as much as to say, "I know what you've been up to together." She seemed also I think a little lewed — I had heard she was a widow. She was

about thirty, and a smallish, thinnish, matured, well shaped looking little woman. — Really feeling anxious about Madeline, and hoping not to have done her any injury, I waited to catch Mrs. B**t*n to make enquiries.

It had taken a long time to get from the Palace to * * * (done in exactly half the time now, owing to railways.) It was about half past nine when Mrs. B**t*n appeared, and was astonished to see me. Would she take a seat in my cab, and I would drive her home. — She accepted at once. — In a minute afterwards. “What have you two been up to together?” said she inquisitively, and laughing suggestively.

“Nothing.” I had known Madeline a girl and liked her looks, met her by accident at the Palace, and, going myself to have some food, offered her some. Nothing more. — “Was that all?” We had been a long time. — “I wish it hadn't been all, for I'd give twenty pounds to have her.”

“Hush,” said Mrs. B**t*n putting her hand right over my mouth. — “I don't believe you” — but I repeated it, said she was a lovely creature, but I wouldn't on any account harm her, and directly I got to

St. and sat Mrs. B**t*n down, I'd go to the Argyle and get a woman for the night.

“You're a nice boy. — I've heard of you before, you'd better go home now.” “No,” said I, “I'll have a woman first.” In five minutes after I was kissing Mrs. B**t*n, in another five minutes was feeling her cunt, ten minutes afterwards was in a baudy house, and five minutes after that, a dose of sperm had been administered to the red lipped, hair encircled, moist, warm, aromatic organ, which she, like other women, had lying between her thighs, bum hole, and navel. — As quickly as possible afterwards, she had another dose. — Neither of us undressed, for Mrs. B**t*n, tho evidently liking prick exercise in her, and altho a widow, also lived with a friend and got home at early hours.

In the interval between the fucks she told me all about Madeline. — She believed her virtuous, and didn't believe she'd been fucked. I made her say those words. It is a great pleasure to me to make a woman who is not gay speak baudily. — A young man, of her own condition in life, meant to marry her. He had come to the Crystal Palace to meet her, having heard by chance that she was going there. — Mrs. B**t*n's male friend incautiously said she had gone to dine with a gentle-man, and the sweetheart in a rage went off, swearing he'd have nothing to do with her any more, and would blow his own brains out. Mrs. B. had told Madeline that she had told Richard it was with a lady she had left. That was to calm her — I have since fancied Mrs. B. was not a true friend.

I met Mrs. B. two days afterwards and fucked her. She took a

little present this time. Madeline had heard nothing of her sweetheart, and thought she had lost him, so did Mrs. B. — I fancy from her silence that Madeline had said nothing about garters and brooch, or my spending over her thigh, she had said that I behaved as a perfect gentleman. “Well, I shan't meet her again at the Crystal Palace or elsewhere,” I observed, but I tried to catch Madeline on her road to and from her work, and failed. I expected that she and her swain had made it up, and that she avoided me. I did not go near Mrs. B**t*n, and almost forgot all about the affair, for I was, and had for a month or two previously, been on the cunt-hunt, and now was on the trail rather smartly, which put Madeline out of my mind, and I had given up all hopes of getting her. — Dinner, wine, baudy talk, and trying to grope her, the sight of my prick, my spending on her thigh had all failed. — No, most likely she's been fucked, but sees the chance of marriage, and will run no further risks; so ran my thoughts, and in my heart I did not blame her.

[The narrative now goes back a little. — The liaison with Madeline has been told hitherto consecutively - (a custom usually observed in this history of my secret life). But one with a girl named Bertha, commenced whilst I was courting Madeline, — the amusement with the postage stamp lady already told of — and a Paphian ball yet to be told of, also took place whilst my amours with Bertha and Madeline were going on, and I find it difficult to arrange the narrative in my usual manner, so much were all these amours intermixed and also mixed in the manuscript.]

A few months before I met Madeline, I had been a good deal into the city speculating. — Buying some-thing one day at a very little fruiterer's shop — I noticed a pretty girl who served there. — She was a shortish, sturdy, dark haired, and dark eyed, and had a look and manner superior to shop women generally. I thought her twenty but she was not eighteen. I shall call her Bertha.

The mistress had two shops and was usually at the other and Bertha alone at this one. The customers seemed almost exclusively well to do city men, and usually bought their goods after midday. They chaffed her at times broadly, which she didn't seem to mind, and at times returned. — A look in her eye made me think she was amorous, women can't help feeling lewed, and how they manage to look perfectly modest with clipping, perspiring cunts, puzzles me. — At length I found myself going often to the shop, and then chaffing her like the others. — Then I noticed some of the men say “Keep the change, I can't bear coppers” — so to ingratiate myself I did the same. One day I snatched a kiss which she didn't seem to mind at all, and giving her a sovereign for some goods, and a half sovereign being among the change, I pushed it to her and told her to keep it. — She

eyed me fixedly and curiously for a few seconds, and then refused it. “Oh, dear no, that's too much,” said she, pushing it away. — On saying that I should take it out in kisses, — “That you won't.” She would not take it, and a few days after being in the shop, which happened to have a quick succession of customers, the following occurred to me. — One of the strangest, and most complete, yet almost unconscious efforts of erotic fancy I'd ever had. It more resembled an erotic dream.

Without any sexual desires as far as I know, and certainly without any sexual intentions, I sat looking at her pretty face, and particularly at her mouth, which was unusually small, and with little handsome fat lips; lips which make me want to kiss them whenever I see them. — After awhile looking — I wondered if her cunt had thick lips. — I know the idea of their being fat on account of those of her mouth being so was absurd; and that a small mouth does not imply a small cunt, nor thick lips above, mean thick lips below; but there is no accounting for the association of ideas, however absurd they may be. Then I felt suddenly a desire to see her cunt and to fuck it, and sat thinking about its size, its hair, and its looks, whilst I talked to her and looked in her eyes, and her mouth. Then my cock tingled with lust, then swelled, then stood erect and hard for an instant, and just then she turned to some one who came in, to serve him.

Whilst she did so I shut my eyes, violent lewedness seized me, and I fancied my sperm was spurting into her — I had all the pleasure of imagination, without the physical reality. — I saw a lovely little fat lipped cunt, with a little bush around it, and fancied I saw the voluptuous pleasure in her eyes as my prick gradually entered. — Ah! what exquisite joint sensation of mind and body, experienced as the glans is first pressed by the cunt and feels its road. — No doubt the female experiences similar thoughts as her cunt feels the distention by the smooth prick tip, and she knows it will search it to its innermost depths.

Said I to her, “I've been dreaming awake about you, whilst you were serving those people.” — “What was your dream?” — “It would make you blush if I told you.” — “Then don't tell it.” — Then I began wondering if she were virgin or not, and half thought not, for I saw a young man attempting to kiss her as I entered the shop soon after, and thought it improbable that a mere shop girl, serving well dressed men and gentle-men both young and old, could have so long kept her cunt to herself, under the temptations which I fancied she must be subject to there. I began to long for her, tho I was fucking * * * * * * about that time, and varying her pleasures with Paphians both English and French, and a big German woman as well, tho I soon had done with her.

I came to the conclusion at last that she was no more virtuous than she should be, and that I might as well be one of the happy ones. Yet I didn't approach the subject till one day, seeing another fellow kiss her, I said, “Hulloh, Miss Bertha, I'll tell Mrs. C*h*n.” — The same young man I had talked with one or two days before was eating strawberries and laughed with me. “We all kiss you, don't we Bertha?” said he. — “No, don't you tell stories about me to that gentleman, I let some of you, and Mrs. C*h*n knows it, I shouldn't be here long if I made a fuss about every thing that's said to me. Miss *** was turned off because she did, and you lost her her place.” Then she turned to a customer who entered. — I remarked to the man that I supposed she was pretty intimate with some fellow. “I expect so, and plenty have tried.” Then, nodding to me, he left.

Directly afterwards she told me not to believe what that man said, he was a nuisance and was always annoying her, but was such a good customer that she didn't like to offend him. — “He wants to get to bed with you, Bertha.” — “He's like a good many more then, but they'll be disappointed,” said she, looking me in the face and not all abashed. — “Don't disappoint me or I'll hang myself.” — “The sooner you do it the better.” — This coolness astonished me. I didn't think about what a hardening moral process incessant amatory chaff is; how soon a young maiden learns to return it, and how pleasant veiled allusions to marriage, to the pleasure in having company in bed, and other indirect allusions to fucking, are, — how they keep the mind and body in a slight state of voluptuousness, particularly pleasing to a woman, who feels, among other things, complimented by the allusions being made to her; for a woman always feels pleased at a man's desiring to possess her.

Then I was sitting on a little stool in the shop one day, and she told me a lot about the business and her-self. — She lived with an aunt, and nightly went home by herself. Their business was generally over by eight o'clock, sometimes they kept open till ten, if the weather was bad for keeping fruit. — “Come and sup with me, and say you've been late at shop.” — “No thank you, I know what you mean by that.”

Another day I took her the last of my Neapolitan brooches. — She was delighted. Soon after she had to stand upon a stool to reach something down, and I risked putting my hand up her petticoats. “That's not fair,” said she angrily, getting down. — “I didn't expect that of you.” — “I'm mad for you, dying for you, I'll not leave you alone till I've had you.” — “I've heard that said many times.” — “Good bye, I shan't come again.” — “Why.” — “Because you won't let me.” — “Good bye, don't be foolish, I should be sorry if you don't come, you talk nicer than most of those who come here, but I know all your little games. — There's a middle aged man comes here, who's had the

impudence to offer to keep me, and give me five hundred a year; and I've seen his wife and his children here with him — a blackguard."

Thought I, she's a little out of the common, but if she's not been already fucked, she will be soon. I went there less often, then was away from town. — When I returned she wondered why I hadn't been. — "Because you won't come and dine with me." — "It will be no good to you if I do" — again I put my hands on to her ankles, and she seemed less angry — I did it another day, but couldn't get to her garters, she was too quick for me.

"If any one comes in and catches you trying that on, you'll lose me my place; kissing doesn't matter, but improper things do." — "Come to dinner with me then." — "Oh! you do so plague me. I will some day, but it will be no use to you, mind." — There the matter rested, for, having lost money, I ceased speculating, and did not go to my stock brokers, and amused myself by tailing my doxies.

Again I went, and, chatting with a man in the shop whom I knew a little of, he said that he thought Bertha up to snuff, and that Mr. * * * * * had had her. She seemed very pleased to see me, and I, being very bold and hot that day, got my hand up her clothes on to her thighs, at which she was excessively angry and declared that if I ever made such an attempt again, she would neither speak to me, nor serve me, and would tell the shop owner — "and I will never dine with you." — Off I went and didn't see her for some time.

A few days afterwards, I met in the street Madeline (I cannot make up my mind whether she threw herself in my way or not). We talked, and she began to cry. She had never seen her young man since. — He had written to say he had done with her, and it was all my fault, she said. I couldn't admit that. It was an unfortunate accident, nothing more. — She never would meet me or any one else again, but it ended that day in her agreeing to dine with me the day following, to talk over what was to be done.

At the * * * * * hotel, I took a bed room and sitting room, leading out of each other, and took a small trunk there; feeling sure that she had been poked, and was coming to poke, and that the hotel would be more comfortable than a baudy house.

She was punctual, had a good appetite, and, tho crying at intervals when I mentioned her Richard, was in good spirits. — She was still dressmaking at Mrs. ****'s, but being out of sorts through the loss of her young man, had been fit for nothing; and her mistress had told her she must improve or go. Madeline seemed to me in a reckless frame of mind about that, said she must do what she could. If she must leave, she must; she couldn't help what her parents said, and so on. Hers was the sort of Devil-may-care manner which I have seen in women of her class who are tired of their work and position, and who

want pleasure. — In fact as a main cause of that, and perhaps unconscious of it, want fucking; and are half disposed to get a prick up them at any risk. — Her coming to meet me again after what had taken place between us led me to think she might be in that state, and from her answers to, and sometimes evasions of, my questions, I came to the conclusion that Richard had been up the red inlet to her body, which she had between her thighs like other women.

Dinner over, we sat on the sofa and I began kissing her. — She was so far complaisant. Talking about Richard, she had heard he was now, “Sweet upon an-other young woman, and, altho she then whimpered, said she didn't care much. I found that it was the loss of a husband, and one who was so respectable, that she fretted about, more than the individual. I began to doubt then if she'd had Richard up her, and joked her about her not getting a bedfellow so soon as she'd expected, offered myself instead, talked about matrimony, on the absurdity of a man and woman who liked each other not doing before marriage all that nature prompted them to do, and how they lost pleasure, which they couldn't take too young. She sipped wine and got amative in manner, I held her to me, and our kisses were many. — “That's enough,” said she, as if it had just occurred to her that she was giving way too much.

My prick now got on the ramp, and I resolved either to get her or let her go. Tho I'd promised her never to refer to what had taken place at the previous dinner, I asked her if she'd washed her thigh since, and if she looked at her chemise after it. — She coloured up and rose to go, I pulled her down, said I'd forgotten my promise and couldn't help it. — I'd like to do it again to her, or if she'd let me, do something better. — Women are so cunning, you never can make them, until they have long had a man, confess their lust; but I've no doubt that, with this talk, Madeline's cunt was beginning to sweat inside. The half bashful way she looked at me, and the ridiculous resistance to my kissing which she now offered for a second or two, made me feel sure that she wanted fucking at that minute, and was struggling against it. — Women can control their passions to a certain point, and then they droop, and yield helplessly all at once, I have found.

She really was angry once, yet returned each of my kisses. “Have you the garters on?” — “Yes.” — “Let me see them” — and I made the attempt. — “No, no, you shan't,” and she struggled, but I got my hand on her thigh.

She got it away, but in another minute her head was over my shoulder, I was kissing now her ear, now her cheek, and whispering baudiness. — I had reduced her to silence, whilst speaking of my sperm on her thigh when it ought to have been in her cunt, and she have had pleasure as well as me, whilst my prick discharged it. — “Let

me feel your thighs. — Do — if you don't I'll do that again." — "Oh don't," said she in a half whisper. — "Well, let me see your garters, I will," and, letting go her waist, I pulled up her clothes, saw garters and thigh, and, stooping, kissed the flesh before she could prevent me. She gave a slight cry, but next moment I was clasping her round her waist, again her head was on my shoulder, my fingers on her cunt, and I was whispering about carnal love into her ear, and titillating her clitoris.

[How commonplace it all seems as I write this afresh now. — To how many women have I done as nearly as possible the same, and how many under similar circumstances have behaved like Madeline? It can't be varied. — A woman's a woman, a cunt's a cunt, everywhere. Voluptuous sensations are common to all, lewedness makes the man attack, and the woman yield. All the world over it's the same, and ever will be. — Yet each woman who is fresh to me in copulating preliminaries gives as much pleasure to me as if she was the first I had. I feel as if I never had such sensual felicity before as at that moment, and was still to have with her.

Does the woman mean to let the man have her when she meets him, or from the moment he touches her cunt, or when, or at all, or does she unconsciously acquiesce, and gradually yield, as sensations overcome all sense but that of carnal voluptuousness? — Do visions of his prick entering the hitherto sacred precincts of her cunt pass through her brain as he gently masturbates her? Few women can answer this them-selves, I find.]

Absorbed in feeling her cunt, and the delight of giving the sweet creature pleasure, wondering if I dare put my finger lower down and try the passage, I titillated her in silence. All was silent now, excepting the gentle smacking of my kisses on her upturned cheek and lips. — I frigged gently between tightly closed thighs, till in that charming way a woman has, when she feels the premonitory thrills of the coming spend, and doesn't like to show her pleasure; she moved her face up from my shoulder with a start. — "Oho! aha! leave off now. — You shan't;" and, with a jut back of her haunches, she removed my finger for a second. I instantly re-commenced, frigged quicker, still quicker, harder. Now I ceased kissing her. "Spend darling, spend, love," I said, looking into her face, which was again on my shoulder. — Her eyes were closed, her mouth slightly open, rapid breathing and quick sighs of pleasure came from her. — Ah, that quiver of the thighs and belly, that tremulous shiver in her bosom, I knew it well, and the squeeze of the thighs on my hand, — tight for a second — then the convulsive opening of them, again the tight closing, and then the languid opening of the fleshy columns. — I knew it well, for I have frigged scores of the angels, and knew that Madeline had spent.

Whilst her thighs in voluptuous langour lay loosely, I slipped my hand between them and grasped her whole cunt, and my fingers lay between the lips. She started up and pushed my hand away. On it as I withdrew it, were the copious evidences of her pleasure. — “You've spent, love. — I've frigged you. — Ah! if my prick had been in you, how much more pleasure you'd have had. Come to the other room, let us — come.” She sat looking at me full. What was she thinking of? Again I cuddled, kissed and fondled her, again my hand touched her clitoris. She was passive, my fingers moved over all the moistened surface, and then her thighs closed again. — “Come with me, come.” — Gently and uninterrupedly I frigged on, murmuring “Come, love,” till with a sudden rousing, she pushed away my hand, gasping out slowly and hesitatingly, “No — I can't.”

“Feel my prick then,” and I put her hand round it. She was now sighing, her head again fell on my shoulder with eyes closed, my prick in her hand, when I re-commenced frigging. — “Oh leave off. I can't.” — “Come to the bed, or my spunk will go all over you again. — Oh, how wet your cunt is. — My love, let's go, or I shall spend.” — She was almost insensible to every thing but lust and didn't reply. I rose, seized her hands, and gently pulled her up. — “Come.” “No.” — But gradually and easily I led her into the bed chamber — She wouldn't get on the bed. — “I won't let you now.” — “What nonsense, then I'll leave you — get on love, and I'll only frig you.” — On she got.

I got on the bed unbuttoning as I did so. There was no light excepting what came through the sitting room door. For a moment I frigged her, gradually pressing her on to her back, then slowly mounted her. — “I'll do it so. — I'll spend over your thigh so, and frig you after, be quiet dear.” — She knew what I was going to do, tho she feared it. — My legs pressed her thighs apart, I lodged my prick and gave a gentle push, to my astonishment, it did not enter. With a little wriggle she murmured “Oh, don't!” — Then she is virgin! — Oh, the delight as I grasped her buttocks for a forcible thrust, had her firmly in hand, guided my prick low down (I know the point of entry well and lunged, — “Oho — oha” — lunge — “oho” — lunge. “Oh, don't” — I felt that never-to-be-forgotten sensation which a hymen when splitting up gives a prick, the tightening round it, then the loosening, and the next instant the shaft was up to its roots in her cunt.

That was a short business, but not a quick fuck, for I had fucked the night before. — I enjoyed both the sensation and the idea of the virgin cunt which I had nip- tured, but fucked slowly till nature urged me on faster, and spent as her cunt tightened and her murmurs of pleasure reached my ear, as I lay with my head over her shoulder. Coming to myself I felt the stem of my prick yet up her, and sanguinary proof I found. “You have never been fucked before,” said I.

— “What?” — said she astonished.

(Some men, and some women say that females don't spend at the fuck which destroys their virginity; generally they do not, but I have had several who did, and can swear to it.)

I locked the bedroom door, which I had not done before, lighted candles, wiped her cunt myself with a towel, and inspected her jagged slit. — She objected, and I almost used force. — “What nonsense, to the man who's just fucked you.” — Then she seemed faint. — We came into the sitting room, I gave her wine, and she sat with my handkerchief against her quim, for she bled unusually. — In an hour we fucked again, and soon after she went away still bleeding. She wanted to get home early; I stopped all night at the hotel.

Next night she could not meet me, the next she did. I could not get to the same hotel again, but knew of three where they shut their eyes. — At one I hired a sitting and bedroom. The dinner was not so good, but was wholesome, the wine excellent. — A charming tкte-a-tкte meal we had, and a comfortable bed there was to go to afterwards. “We are going to get into bed presently Madeline.” — “Oh, no.” — “Oh, yes you are,” — and so it was. What a fuss she made, but at length, in chemise only and I in shirt, I forced her up on the bed, and, throwing up her chemise as fast as she pushed it down, and insisting on my right, I had her thighs wide apart, and gloated on her private charms, and kissed and smelt them (for I liked the smell of her cunt till my impatient prick would let me look no longer. Then into bed I got, and pushing up chemise and shirt to our necks, covered her sweet fair body with mine.

I recollect nothing in my life more exquisite, than the minute when my prick glided up Madeline's cunt the second time that night, with a slow movement which it pleased me to make. Going up it inch by inch, resting between each stroke, watching her face, hearing the slight cry of pain which her lacerated and still sore cunt forced from her, whilst voluptuous sensations higher up in her cunt coming at the same time, issued in a lovely murmur. A murmur expressing mainly the pleasure that fucking was giving her. Her irritated, heated, spunk-filled vagina was longing to relieve itself by a discharge of its lubricating mucous to meet my spermatic injection, and thrilled her with burning lust. I lay a minute, letting her enjoy the complete distention of her cunt, that pretty little cunt, tight, stretched and gorged with my prick, which never was larger or stiffer. Then I thrust hard, banging its red tip against the portals of her womb, which made her jerk her bum back but stimulated her to a crisis of pleasure. — All this time I was wondering at my luck at having her a virgin, and my stupidity at having thought she was not. Thus I lay in her arms, clasping and kissing, and thinking with that rapid evolution of

lascivious thoughts which go thro my brain as my prick is in a cunt.

After our second fuck, as recovering from our elysium of lasciviousness I lay tranquilly between her smooth legs, and restlessly began feeling her satiny flesh from hips to thighs, and lower, I became conscious of much hardness of the lower part of haunch and backside; and still later on when we had exhausted our-selves in each other's arms, and she had washed and was preparing to put on her clothes, I felt her all about those fleshy parts, and looked at and kissed the fair globes, and found that her bum had an unusual hardness, a hardness far beyond what would be called solid, but was even marbly in its solidity; such as I have felt perhaps in half a dozen women, but not more.

She was conscious of it. It was solid when a girl, and in rising womanhood, sleeping with other young women, her hard bum had been noticed. — I suppose they felt each other, and why not? — I have always hither-to found that substantial flesh, in the arses of stronger, coarser-built women. In this slighter and more delicate town-built woman it was an agreeable novelty. She had told that in a moment of jocosity, her mother had once told her that she also had one of the hardest bums, and that if she put a walnut on a wooden chair and sat with a naked bum upon it, she could crack it. — This I suppose was figurative, but possibly may be true. So Madeline inherited her mother's solid buttocks. I am not sure that such hard flesh there is beautiful. A slighter solidity, and more elasticity, is prefer-able to the feel, I think. It is pleasanter to clutch an elastic rather than an inelastic arse, when fucking.

She was a beautifully made creature; slim, with fine bones delicately covered, and had a most exquisite foot in size and shape. Her cunt was small both in look and feel and had but little hair on it. — In her armpits there was scarcely a hair visible. I don't recollect before seeing a woman of her age without hair there, tho I have seen some with very little. I never saw a more ragged jagged edged split than my prick had made in her hymen. She told me that, before fucking, she couldn't quite insert the tip of her little finger, in the orifice thro which her courses drained off. She had a fair sized clitoris and trifling inner lips, and that is all about her cunt.

She could not get out next night, but on that following she met me again. — We dined as before and took our pleasures directly afterwards. — What a difference in her manner! In the cab I felt her cunt and did what I liked, there was no fuss about the groping, and by the time I reached the hotel, we had felt each other till I was stiff, and she was moist and lewed. — How charming at dinner to set opposite to the pretty creature, knowing what was to follow, that there was no part of her body which I had not seen, that she knew the size of my

prick, from its normal state of quiescence to its utmost and active rigidity. Such thoughts passed through my mind, and similar ones no doubt passed through hers, tho, with the hypocrisy so common among women, she denied it when I asked her.

She could not stop out till eleven o'clock anymore, for her parents became inquisitive. But a woman who wants fucking will risk anything to get it. So she after-wards left her business early on some excuse, and we went to a brothel, and I had her almost nightly for week or two. Often it was only one fuck she could wait for. I waited impatiently for her every night, so fresh and nice was she, so intensely did she enjoy me, and I her, in teaching her postures and the art of love in all its ways and shapes. Then I again got her to din- ner at a hotel, and in bed began talking about her future, and Richard's name came up.

Said she: “It's of no use now if Richard came after me again, for he'd find out that I've done it, and I couldn't marry him.” I told her that half the men had never had a virgin, or had had only one in a state of tremendous excitement, and with a little skill that she could deceive him. — He'd gone off and had left his place, and she had quarrelled with her milliner friend, Mrs. B**t*n whom she heard had told Richard that she (Madeline) had gone to dine with a regular swell (my-self) who had met her by appointment at the Palace. Richard had written her that. — Mrs. B**t*n was jealous of her, for Richard was a fine man. Then Madeline got spooney on me and hinted at my keeping her. I was going over to Paris (which I did, to see for the last time the French lady whose ravishment I have told of. She burst into tears and hoped she wasn't in the family way. — I told her that in such an event, and she couldn't get her courses on, that I would provide for her (and would have done). But she now had taken to fucking, so that I feared in my heart that, when away, she would get another prick in lieu of mine. Cautioning her against that, I went to Paris.

I was gone nearly three weeks, on my return wrote her to meet me, and she did. — At first she would not go to a house with me. — When in one, I sat down on a chair, and, clasping her naked backside with both hands, pulling her towards me, and asking her if she wasn't longing for a fuck, and how many times she'd frigged herself in my absence, she, standing up, still with bonnet on, said she couldn't let me do it any more. — No, it was not her poorliness and she was not, thank God! in the family way, and didn't want to be, for Richard had come back to her, and would marry her in a year.

I was pleased, but it made me want to fuck her more than ever. — “Well, take your bonnet off.” — “For a little time, but I won't let you.” — A kiss and cuddle on the ample sofa, followed. — “Let's feel each other a bit, and stop, I will look at it first. — Oh! what a lovely little

cunt!" — and I kissed it again and again. — Then I felt her, and she felt me, our tongues met, distilling their liquids, and we were both sighing with the languid pleasure our hands gave us. "I shall spend in your hand." — "No, don't." — "In your cunt then." — "Oh, no. — I'm coming Walter," — for she knew my name — I left off, not meaning her to come. The gentle wriggling of her backside and belly ceased, her thighs were quiet, we relinquished each other's genitals and looked lewedly at each other, she with petticoats half up her thighs, I with prick vertical. — "Let's do it, and I'll pull it out when my spunk's coming." — "Be sure you do, if I get in the family way you know I'm done for." — She got on the bed as nimbly as she could, for her cunt was craving for a stretch, was hot and moist with desire for the male.

The pause let our juices subside, but soon the pleasurable friction of prick and cunt roused them again. — "I'm coming love, are you?" "Aha — yes — aha — don't do it in me. — Aha." — "No — aha." — "I'm spend — ing!" — At the crisis we both forgot. She clasped me to her, her cunt constricted and held my prick with that peculiar, grinding grip which a cunt gives when spending, whilst my prick, with short wriggling thrusts, shot out my spunk into its proper place.

"Get out and wash quickly," said I, ere pleasure was well over or my prick done spending. Getting off her, I put down the basin, poured out the water, and soon saw the pearly lumpy, stringy sperm, which ought to have been still comforting her cunt, at the bottom of the basin. She looking as I did, rubbing her cunt with a towel, and hoping it was all out. — "That's the stuff which comes out of a man's thing?" — "You've seen it before?" — "Never." — "More was on your thigh five weeks ago." — "But it was all on my chemise when I looked." She took up the basin, and looked curiously at my semen. — "I hope it's all out, you didn't keep your promise." — "I couldn't, your cunt gripped my prick into you so. — You should have jerked my prick out when you found I was spending." — Madeline had certainly not had then enough experience to know to a second when a man is going to spend; I dare say she does by this time.

We talked, with passions appeased. "No, not again" — but frigging recommenced and altered her mind. — I called out for the servant and told her to bring a French letter, a bit of sponge, and a piece of thread. — All were brought, and the maid laughed. I gave Made-line the experience of a prick covered with sheep's gut, but neither of us liked it. So I pulled it off, and we fucked till consummation approached, and then put it on. We did the same with the sponge. I tied it by the thread, and pushed it up her cunt a little way, she further, and my prick pushed it right up — and so we fucked on to the pleasurable discharge. When I drew out the sponge holding my sperm, and she had washed her cunt out again, we agreed that our

pleasure was much destroyed, both by the gut and the absorbent zoophyte — Madeline learnt something that night. I won-der if she has applied that knowledge since.

Fucking creates such a tie between man and woman, that, altho she said she wouldn't ever meet me again, added, “I'd better not, had I?” and altho I agreed not to ask her, yet I did a few days after by letter. — She came and was on heat — I knew it by her looks and manner, and told her she was lewed. She laughed and, colouring up, said she did not feel as if she'd like me. — This time, not wishing to injure her, I took a nice little round sponge, and my sperm spat into that absorbent, but we half fucked before I put it up. I got her to dine that night, and we were both in fine condition. Her parents were told there was late work (the usual mil-liner's excuse) and I gave her a sound ballocking. Her poorliness she expected on every hour, and such was the state of lewedness which our heated genitals got in-to that, at the last fuck, we did without sponge, for I couldn't that time spend with the sponge in her. — When my pleasure was coming on, and my glans touched the sponge, so intensely sensitive was I that it stopped me spending. — When I did, I pulled my prick out nearly to the tip and spent thus, she washed directly and took no harm.

That night we parted for good, and I made her take ten pounds — I was to see her again some time after-wards as it happened.

I incline to think, now that a few years have passed since this intrigue, that Madeline came to the second dinner with me, intending to let me have her. — Her little struggles and resistance may either have been shams or timidity at the last moment, when I was getting to victory. Was it annoyance at the loss of her lover, a desire for a change of life, a speculation of be-coming my mistress, or even my wife — or lust? — Lust does not influence women usually so much before they lose their virginity as it does men (unless so hot cunted as but few are). It influences women more afterwards, when they know the delights of a cunt plugged by a prick. Curiosity is powerful with them, and numbers fall under a mistaken notion of their own powers of resistance. “I did not mean to let him do it, tho I didn't mind his larking or feeling me,” said Maria ***** once to me. Many have said the same when I have closely questioned them. — That's it. — The idea of feeling and being felt by the man, the sensuous de-light increased because forbidden, — of having a little baudy chat about sleeping together, and so on, is permissible. — Even the hurried feel, the glance askant at the stiff prick, is charming, and all very well. But they don't reckon the consequence of the chance of his getting his fingers on to their clitorises and their not being able to get them away. — A five minutes' good frig, whilst a woman is kissed, and lewed suggestions whispered by the man, settle most women. That is my

experience. Half ready to spend, lewed images in their mind, curiosity at work, they almost helplessly let the man do his will. — “Open thighs — enter prick — exit hymen. — All is over, my love. Swab up the blood stained sperm from your cunt, and prepare for the next ramming. You are a woman now, in for a penny in for a pound. The gates of pleasure are opened, let the promenaders walk in.”

Indeed that was the sum of Madeline's confession to me when we talked about the affair. She didn't think I'd dare to try to do what I did. “Why did you come again?” — “I don't know really, I wanted to come and didn't want, I like dining with you. I wondered what you'd do.” — “You didn't think I'd be quiet and respectful.” — “No — I don't know really, but thought you might put your hands up my clothes, that I really did.” — “And show you my prick?” “Well, I did.” — “Now you were lewed and came to be fucked.” “That I declare before Heaven I didn't, for I'd made up my mind if you did what you did before that I'd run out of the house.” She didn't know her own strength of resistance, and they are nearly all alike. Nature has made them so. — Prick is potential. — Altho a woman cares less about seeing or feeling a prick than a man does a cunt, (for females have seen pricks all their lives, it's incidental to their sex as nurse, and they see them from their infancy), yet a stiff stander shown at the moment when the fingers have raised lust thro the clitoris, is an invincible persuader. “Open sesame,” and the female opens. — It is her destiny.

Chapter IV

Notable courtesans. • My amorous sexual habits and care. • A Paphian's ball. • Mixed female aromas. • Liz Md*n at B****t*n S****e. • Nelly ****, and Captain Blank. • The Captain's caprice. • Four in the dark. • In the Captain's leavings. • Three in a bed. • The next day and night. • Amorous tricks. • The Paphian bedfellows described. • Bertha visited. • The Glover's shop at Paris. • Dinner with Bertha. • At the Argyle. • In the cab. • An unfortunate maid of all work. • Bertha dines with me again. • Vanquished. • A story broken off.***

In the intervals of poking Madeline, I of course had many gay women. I changed my women often and had settled to no one of them as a regular, since Amelia German disappeared. I longed for one woman whom I could like better than the others, and go to when tired of strangers, but had no intention of keeping to one alone. — Fidelity to one woman, I am convinced now, is impossible from me.

Having had my game with cheap women, I went to the opposite extreme and had the dearest. Those who said, “I never take less than a fiver,” and were not satisfied with that, caught me. I had half a dozen well known courtesans. Baby J***s*n was one. — A dark, fine built woman of about thirty, called Kate H*m**t*n, tho not the ancient baudy house keeper, was another. — Sk*t**s took a fancy to me, but her foul tongue shocked me. I had a thin and lovely lady with exquisite eyes, since married to one of the rich ones of the land (and still alive and living in a square, and who shall be therefore nameless.)

I slept out more than at home for a couple of months, and then found my man also slept out, reckoning upon my absence. — This change of women was lovely, the variety in cunt, and style of fucking, an endless pleasure both to mind and body. — I rested from my amours at intervals, never took cock stimulants, but revived myself by repose alone, when my doodle and body gave signs of fatigue; but, excepting at intervals of fierce rutting, I did not overtax my body. — Two spends a night were usually my exercise, unless the lady longed for more (and they often times did with me), and then I fucked till my sperm ran thin and short, and I rested longer afterwards.

These swell Paphians gave dances among their set, hiring rooms for the purpose, making the balls strictly private to avoid interference of the police, and not fly in the face of the Law. A dance of that sort was given by a woman whom I knew. She hired well known rooms in G***t P***l**d St. for the purpose. There were men and women

together, about eighty of us. The men paid for the suppers, and each paid also for a lady, and the pay was such that it left a margin, which enabled the hostess to pay for the rooms and band. — The men were all in evening clothes, the women beautifully dressed, and dйcolletй, and were such an exquisite set of young creatures as I have never yet seen elsewhere. —No introductions were needed, any man asked any woman to dance, altho, to avoid jealousy, that needed some discretion; and the women did not hesitate to ask men to dance with them. Every thing in fact was free and easy, but not immodest, until after supper, when it got more than free and easy.

Then the dancing became romping, and concupiscence asserted itself. I expect there was not a prick in the room which was not swollen and whitening with lust, nor a cunt which was not moist with randiness. — As I danced with one woman, the aroma from her naked bosom and armpits quite enervated me. — I swear that, struggling up through her clothes and mixing with her other exhalations, was a smell of cunt in lust. I felt almost a voluptuous faintness come over me as I inhaled it, and told her of it. “Don't you like it?” said she, holding me tightly as we twirled round in a waltz. Suggestive talk was now the order of the night, baudy words escaped, the men kissed the women's shoulders as they waltzed, one or two couples danced polkas with their bellies jogging against each other, suggestive of fucking. —Then a fair lady quarrelled with a man, and broke out, — “I'm buggered if I let you fuck me tonight.” — Whereupon the lights were lowered and the party broke up, for fear the ball would degenerate into a riot. The patroness was wise.

About half past three in the morning, I went home with Lizzie M***d*n to her house in B****t*n Square. A house she had to herself, for she was a swell, and partially kept by * * * * *, who thought, I believe, that he kept her entirely. — A lady of easy virtue, a friend of hers, who lived some long distance off and who was going home with a Captain * * * * she offered a bedroom to for the night, for the Captain was compelled to be at parade at * * * * Barracks early in the morning. We went home in separate conveyances, I in Lizzie's brougham. I had of course seen the other woman in the room, and the Captain also, but neither knew him or the woman, or who had come there for the night. — It was only on the road home that Lizzie told me what she had done.

Lizzie was a sweet, dark haired creature of about three and twenty. She had a short neck which rose out of most exquisite shoulders and breasts, had a pretty fat cunt, small waist, and big backside. A peculiar feature in her was the thickness of her head hair, as well as her eye brows, which were dark, and the broadest and thickest I ever saw in a woman. The same may be said of her armpits

and cunt, tho in both places the hair was not long. Her cunt felt like a brush. She was a lewed devil, and on one or two occasions when I had slept with her before, fucked me well out before the morning. She undressed quickly, as did I, and kept saying, “My God how I want a fuck,” and — “I wonder if Nellie * * * * and the Captain have fucked yet. — He's got a stunning prick, she says.” — Talking and laughing thus baudily, she got on the bed, and I standing by the side was kissing her cunt, with her thighs wide open, and with my prick as stiff as need be, when knock knock. — “Lizzie, I want to speak to you.”

Out got Lizzie, went for a minute outside the door, and came in laughing loudly as was the other woman. “Captain Blank wants to fuck me. — Come in, Nellie,” and in came a pretty little creature about nineteen years old, with her chemise dropping off her shoulders and showing lovely breasts, and laughing like mad. We were all three indeed elevated enough. — “He be damned, that he shan't,” said I. — “Oh — do let me go, he says he'll give me five quid.” — I said that I would leave the house at once if she did, but getting softened, and desiring to please her, and the idea making me still more lewed, said I would fuck her first and then she might go, and I showed my stiff prick to the women.

—Nellie laughed. — “No, no, he wants her directly, and before she's had you or not at all.” — “Then he won't.” — Lizzie was vexed. “You have Nellie while I'm with him, you'll let him Nellie” — Nellie would, and for a second I felt as if I would comply — but, “No, he'll keep you all night, and I'll see him damned first. — Let him fuck you in here and I'll see him.” — Both women roared with laughter at the suggestion, which was a mere chance one, and which I didn't for a minute think would be agreed to.

“Go and tell him, Nellie,” said Lizzie hastily. She did — I heard her and the man thro the open door, laughing, till she returned. — He would if the room was quite dark. — Then sprang up in me a lewed desire which had lain dormant some time, to see and feel a man fucking, to feel his standard. —But I didn't wish to be seen nor known, so the idea of his fucking in the dark pleased me. “The room shall be quite dark, so that we can't see each other, but I'll feel his prick first.” — Out went the girl with the message. He must have been standing at the open door of his room, for as he had the message delivered, he shouted with laughter, like a bull. — “Yes — yes” — I heard him say, and Nellie came back to tell us, and then went to fetch the Captain.

“Fuck Nellie whilst he fucks me,” said Lizzie, as if she enjoyed the idea. — “There's no room.” — “Yes if you get on the top of her.” — I refused, being en- grossed with the idea of feeling his big prick. My blood was boiling with that desire, and impatiently I got into bed — Lizzie seemed thoughtful on a sudden, went to the door and shouted

to Nellie to come back, and then, “Tell him I want my five quid first.” —Nellie went and in a few minutes brought the gold. During her absence I felt Lizzie's cunt. — “Tell him to come in, and you put out the light, Nell.” “You must be quite naked, and he will be so as well,” he said. — Up sat Liz, and drew off her chemise — I threw off my shirt and cuddled her. — She felt my prick. — “Don't now, wait for him.” Nellie then put out the gas, we were in total darkness, and she went off to fetch Captain Blank.

In a second, led in in the dark by Nellie, he was at the bed side. He was screwed, but knew what he was about, for he scarcely spoke, and then in a feigned, whispering voice. — He instantly put his hand to Liz' cunt, and met mine there. I removed it quickly, and stretching across her naked belly, felt for his prick and grasped it. It seemed big, and was as stiff as a horn. How I longed to see it. In a second he was between Lizzie's thighs, kneeling, then dropped down on her, and at once I felt the jog of her thighs and the oscillation of his rump, as he rammed up her like a steam engine.

Nellie just then in tilt dark came round to my side and said, “Let us do it” — and laid hold of my prick. — But I said, “No,” — for the couple fucking engrossed me. I felt him all over, then knelt up, and putting my hand between his thighs and under his balls, felt his prick as it moved up and down, I squeezed his balls gently and felt delighted. I don't believe that he even knew that in his pleasure, which seemed to absorb him directly, his prick was in her.

Both indeed were too wrought up in lewedness for their pleasure to last long, or let me long enjoy libidinous amusement and curiosity. He soon sobbed out, “Cunt — fuck,” — and she, — “Oh — fuck me — spunk in me — oh — you beast — aha,” — all came jerking out of her mouth, mixing with his lewed ejaculations and murmurs. Then the gentle wriggles of his arse, as I felt them in the dark, told me all was over, whilst I still held his balls, and her naked thigh laid motionless against my knees.

Then I cried, with lustful desire which seized me suddenly. — “Come Nellie, get on the bed, let's fuck.”

— “Shan't then — come along Jack.” — Without a word, Jack got off and left the room with her, leaving me and Liz together. — Disappointed of Nellie. — “Liz

— wash dear, and let me fuck you.” — “Oh — I'm so sleepy I can't get out. — Fuck me, it's all right.” Saying that, she laid hold of me with one hand, pulled me to her and with the other laid hold of my rigid prick. — “Oh! it's as big as his, fuck me.” — “Did you spend with him.” — “Yes, and want it again. Do it.”

— “I shan't — wash.” — “I won't, it's cold, and I'll frig you if you don't.” — Nearly wild with lewedness, the next instant I was fucking

in Jack's sperm, and few seconds afterwards we were both asleep. She had spent with delight, her pleasure, from her ejaculations, I believe were increased by thinking about the state of her cunt. I thought of my prick being where Jack's had just been, and not about his sperm being in her.

I awakened soon I think, she was snoring. Awakening her, we fucked again. Then I fell into the deep slumber which follows late hours, dancing, a good sup-per, plenty of wine, and fucking, that healthiest of exercises and sleep givers.

It was quite dark when we were awakened by heavy footsteps and loud voices; no servant was up. — “Who is that?” — shouted Lizzie. — “The Captain's obliged to get to parade, I'm letting him out.” — The footsteps went down stairs, the street door banged, and then into our bedroom came Nellie in the dark. — Lizzie asked what the Captain had given her, and “Did he do you much?” — “No, he was screwed, and went to sleep directly he got into bed, after he'd had you. He only did me once, just before he left.” — “Come into bed,” said Lizzie. I joined in the request, and all three were soon in bed together, I in the middle.

I put out my hands and felt both cunts at once. — What a charming sensation to feel the palms of my hands full of crisp hair, and my middle fingers rubbing over two soft clitorises. — Nellie was fresh to me. — “I'll fuck Nellie.” — Said Liz, — “Fuck away.” — Nellie declined, resenting my previous refusal. “Don't be a fool Nell, let him, and let us go to sleep.” — Nellie opened her thighs, and the next minute we were fucking. — Her cunt felt moist as I pushed up her. — “Did you wash?” — “I hadn't time, he only did me the minute before he went down stairs.” Twice I'd fucked after the Captain, and this time in innocence. The Captain's sperm and mine had mixed in both their cunts. Then Lizzie turned her rump to me, my belly was to her rump, and Nellie's belly to mine, and in a minute we were all in oblivion. It was a cold night, and the warmth of the two beauties was deliciously soothing.

It was some hours afterwards and day light before I awakened. The women were asleep. Turning on to my back I felt Nellie's quim which roused her, and that awakened Liz. — “Get out and wash, both of you,” said I. — “Why?” — “I've been beast enough to fuck you both after Captain Blank.” — “What of that, it's not the first time you've fucked after a man, tho perhaps without knowing it,” said Liz — We discoursed on the subject. Little Nellie, who had not been long out, listened whilst Liz, who with her six years' experience, told a tale of three men once having had her one after the other, and each time she had only given her cunt a dry rub with the towel, and neither man discovered that sperm was still in her cunt when they fucked her. “It

makes me lewed when I think of it," said Liz grabbing my prick. — Nellie felt it as well, and for a minute we were silent. — Both women wanted fucking, Liz got out and pissed, Nelly followed suit, and I pissed after them.

We lighted gas, and both washed their cunts. We got into bed again, and I looked at both their carnal man traps. Then I fucked Nellie, feeling Liz's cunt at the same time. She frigged herself. Then we got up and had breakfast.

The night's fun pleased me. Liz wanted her little friend to go away, but I offered a dinner and to stop the next night. Nellie went to her home and came back. I took them both to dine, and we afterwards passed the evening at Liz's playing cards and drinking champagne. They were both swell women. I made lascivious suggestions to them, which they were very indignant about seemingly. — It's the sham way with some of the upper class courtesans. — But a woman's a woman, most of them like lasciviousness and delight in a baudy novelty. Before the evening was over, they'd both pissed over my hand, I'd frigged Liz, and she had frigged Nellie. We went to bed together, and I fucked Liz. When I awakened again, Nell I found had gone to the other room. I went to her there. She said she couldn't sleep three in the bed, for every movement awakened her. I fucked her, fell asleep, and was awakened in the morning by Liz, who had sought me. She was very ill tempered about my behaviour, and jealous, but got over it when I fucked her again. It was a very pleasant two nights and a very expensive one.

I several times had Liz afterwards, and we always talked about Captain Blank's letch, his big prick, and my poking twice in his sperm. — Liz said she liked the second fuck with her cunt full of it, but begged me not to tell any of the harlots whom we both knew. — I told her about Gertrude, who had been fucked by the soldiers twelve times. It was then quite fresh in my mind, for I had not long parted with Gertrude for ever. — Liz professed to believe it, after saying for a long time that she did not, but I doubt whether she really to the last did believe me quite. Gay women tell such lies themselves that they distrust others largely. She used to say that I made up the story to excite her, and it had that effect certainly. "Put it into me," — was soon said, whenever we talked about Gertrude.

Tho Captain Blank was at the ball, and of course I must have seen him, yet I did not know him from others, and tho he had been in the same room with me, and I'd felt his prick, I could not the next minute have picked him out from other men. Liz M***d*n was as said a fine, fattish made woman, with a handsome fat and full lipped cunt. I think she'd had a child, and her nymphae were perhaps too large. She was up to every lascivious trick when she got lewed, and until then

assumed dignity and modesty. — When she'd had a drop, she talked baudiness like a book. I don't think she liked women, tho I'd been told she did by other women.

Nellie **** [in her interest I don't give her initials, for I hear she is alive and a respectable married woman] was shortish, plump, and with small but beautiful breasts. She was rather knock-kneed — her cunt was pretty and had but little hair on it.

On the second night, I amused myself with putting my stiff prick first into one and then into the other woman, to see which cunt was the tightest. — I didn't thrust, but inserted it and let it feel its way about when up them. Nellie was certainly the tightest, and I told Liz so whilst my prick was in her. I was beginning to feel much pleasure just at that moment, and going to withdraw, so as to give my libation to Nellie's cunt, when Liz grasped me tightly to her, twisted her legs round mine, and squeezing her cunt up to me, gripped my prick tightly with it and fetched me. “Now you may fuck Nellie,” said she, and turned her bum towards me. — Women who give themselves up to sexual pleasure have infinitely more enjoyment of life for a time than virtuous women have.

Again I went to my stock brokers, and called on Bertha, who was at first much pleased to see me, then of a sudden was cool. Had I been out of town. “Yes, to Paris.” — “Nice games you have been up to there, I expect.” (All women think Paris a sink of debauchery.) — “Not many, but I've had my hand up a shop woman's petticoats.” — “I don't believe you — where?” said Bertha anxiously. “At a glovers, in a little room at the back of the shop. She fitted on my gloves, I was sitting down, she standing up, and I put my hands up them, both back and front.” — “I don't believe you.” — “It's true.” — “She's a beast,” — said Bertha angrily, and turned her back to me.

Now this happened to be a fact, and I gave the young woman three francs, and the next day bought another pair to get the same amusement. — If she got as much from each man whose goves she fitted on in the course of the day, she made a good income. — Taken with a letch for her, at night I fucked the damsel at an accommodations house, but finding her a common place, so-so in shape, large, and ugly cunted and a somewhat faded and fucked out sort of bitch, tho she had a pleasing face, I never had her again. But I couldn't make Bertha believe what I told her. She thought that my tale about the feeling (I didn't tell her about my entry up the woman) was a narrative in-vented to induce her to let me do the same with her. I heard that afterwards.

As I was going, “When are you coming to dine with me?” — I said

jokingly, not meaning it as an invitation, for I had given up all idea of getting her. — “Whenever you ask me if I can get away,” she replied. Amazed, I named day after day till one suited. Off I went rejoicing, and wondering who she'd dined with before; feeling now sure that she'd had the male persuader in her vitals, and that she had some sweetheart whom she met at times. The day came. I went to the city to see if there was any obstacle. She would be there. — “And mind, — I've told you what you ask me for, and it's no use” — were her last words as I went off. I took a bed and sitting rooms for the night, at * * * * * hotel, where I've had many a dinner with women before, and at seven o'clock we were at table.

I had kept myself chaste since the dinner had been arranged, and my prick was in very stalwart state, yet I felt uncertain about Bertha's compliance. Her manner was so unusual, her freedom of talk, the way she let men kiss and chaff her, had told me she knew quite well what I wanted, but mightn't let me have it. — Indeed she did and said all with an air of freedom, and yet modesty, unlike any other woman I have met in such condition. She eat well, but with an air as if thinking of something else all the while. When I began talking suggestively she remarked, — “Ah! I expected you to go on like that” — for a time this quite disconcerted me.

Dinner over, we sat on the sofa. I began warm talk, she told me to be quiet, and wouldn't hear it, and got up to go whenever I attempted a liberty. She listened to and questioned me on my stories about women when not told in free language, but got angry at plain words. Then all at once she asked me to take her to the Argyle rooms, she'd never been there, wanted much to see what it was like, and how the gay women behaved. — I told her she might meet there men who knew her, and what would they think of her. She produced a thick veil, and said she had both bonnet and mantle that no one had seen. I refused. — “You say you love me, and won't do that simple thing.” — “Let me feel your legs just to your knees then.” — She wouldn't. — At length I took her to the Argyle. She had evidently come to dine with me with no other object.

She sat for nearly an hour closely veiled, and scarcely uttering a word — Women looked at her as did men, but I think no one recognized her. A couple of lovely harlots whom I knew talked to me. — When was I going to sleep with her again? one asked. — The other wondered where I'd been. — “I'm engaged to night.”

— “Oh I didn't see,” — said she, moving off, and looking at my companion, who then said she must go home

— I would see her home. — Well she didn't object, she wasn't ashamed of her home, and in a four wheeled cab we went off.

In the cab, she got talkative about gay women. What money did

they get? was it agreed, before men went home with them? and so on. “You know two, it seems, and how many more.” — “Twenty perhaps.” — “Story.” — “I do, and have slept with every one of them.” — In the dark, and as she couldn't escape me, I let go the bridle of my tongue, said I'd fucked them, described their cunts and other charms. To which she remarked. “You don't get me in a cab with you again.

— No, I don't dine with you again,” but said not a word more. Then my lust roused me fiercely, I tried to feel her, and got my hand half way up her thigh, but no further. — There, stout resistance and tears stopped me. We dismissed the cab at the end of the street. I saw her nearly to her house, but at her request, as her brother might come out or be going home, I left her there. I took the number of her house and watched her enter it.

That district of London was but little known to me, but I knew that five or ten shillings there, would go as far with women as a sovereign or two further west: and that all the fine handsome women of London are not within a mile of Charing Cross, and also knew that the West End whores mostly come from the east, when London born. Lewed to my marrow, and disappointed, I found my way to the main road, saw plenty of convenient creatures in simple attire, and offered a shilling to one to feel her cunt in a bye street, which she amazed me by refusing. “No, not for two shillings.” She wouldn't be felt in the streets at all, give her five shillings and I might have her. Yet hundreds of women's cunts I have felt for a shilling and in the best parts of London. Further on I found one or two who were more complacent. A third woman I took into a public house to look at her, giving her a glass of liquor. It was to see her face. She was ugly and worn out, and I left her there. All was done in twenty minutes from the time I left Bertha at her house.

Then, perhaps because the woman had refused my fingerings in the street, I took a fancy to have her, went back, and there she was, standing at exactly the same spot. — “Yes” — she'd her own room, there was a house close by with a good room for two shillings if I preferred it, it was best to go there. I went to her room, and found it neat, clean, and comfortable. She undressed when I asked her without speaking, whilst I sat looking at her. Her linen was clean and neat and she was a well formed young woman of three or four and twenty, dark haired, and with but slight hair on her cunt. — In five minutes her cunt was a pond of sperm, which I had hoped to put into Bertha. She washed it, and I began talking. She didn't like being felt in the streets she said, she hadn't cheek, she should have it in time, the women said. — “Then you haven't been gay long.” — “A month ago I was in service.” — She didn't like gay life, she didn't seem to get on at all, and should try to get into service again.

She had half dressed when I said I should like to do it again. “I hope you'll give me a little more, then.” — I doubled the fee. — “There it is, my dear — now let me look at your cunt.” In my impatience for her pleasure, I had before scarcely seen it. After inspection, I laid down by her side, fingering it and talking. She was in a service at * * * *, about two miles off. She gave name and place with seeming exactitude. The son of her mistress did it to her first, and only two months ago, she didn't know how she came to let him, he was always after her, trying to feel her and showing his thing.

One day, his mother being out, she let him have her. She supposed she liked him and perhaps she wanted it, or something, for somehow it was all over before she knew what she was about. She was astonished at her-self. She was the only servant, and he the only child. This all seems very natural to me now, for some of the women I have had the first of yielded, I believe, with-out intention. — Liking, kindness, and lewedness at the moment, made them yield to me.

Then she couldn't keep him away from her. When at home, (he had some occupation out), he was always at her, and she was frightened when he and his mother were both at home. She was foolish enough to let him go to her bed at night, and the mother caught them there together and fast asleep. — Out she was turned next morning without a character. The son came to see her now, and gave her all he could, she believed, but he was only nineteen, and his mother half kept him. “Don't make a noise please, I'm the only woman in the house. I knew them before I came, and they let me the room as a servant out of place, I didn't go on the streets till I'd spent all my money. — They know now what I do, but won't turn me out as long as no one comes to me in the day, and I don't bring men home if I can help.” It was a little tradesman's shop with three or four rooms over. This accounted for the room looking so different from the ordinary harlot's chamber, with its ragged, disorderly furniture, and trumpery ornaments.

The story interested me, it seemed quite likely, and was like a page out my own history in my youth. How I then managed to get into our servants has sometimes astonished me. “The fact is you wanted fucking and let him.” — Then, as I had twiddled her cunt about, I began to want to enter it, and had made her also want it as well, for she handled my prick and in a whisper, “Do it to me.” — “Do you want it?” — “Yes.” — Next minute our backsides were in motion, and we spent together. — “I've a good mind to sleep with you” — “I wish you could, but they won't have it here.” — Then I departed.

There was something about this woman that so pleased me that I wrote to her, naming the time, and went to her place two days afterwards. She met me outside the house. She had told me her name,

which I found also was written in big letters inside the lid of her box. She'd had one man if lucky each night, she told me, not more, “But I scarcely get enough to live.” Yes, she spent with them — “Thinking about it makes you want to do it, but I wish I were dead.” — “Let's get into bed together.” — “If you like, but the sheets are not very clean, tho nobody's been in them but my-self, and I wash myself all over every day.” We stripped, and I fucked her three times. She was getting thin, she thought, thro fretting, but she was in very nice condition. She enjoyed my prick, which added to my pleasure, and I heard a lot more of her history, of her misery the first night she was turned out, and so on. I told her I should know by a careful look at her cunt if she'd been fucked longer than two months. “Two months and a fortnight ago I was a virgin, you may look as long as you like.”

I did, and am quite sure she hadn't been fucked long. I've had I can't say exactly how many virgins, tho I've written an account of all of them, but think a dozen and more, and have seen all their cunts after their defloration and some of them before. Certainly this woman's cunt looked as if it had been not long split, for the jagged edges were quite visible. I wished her to go home to her relatives, and gave her three pounds to go with. She said she would, and I think she did. I advised her to write from her home for a situation, and say she had never been in London.

I didn't go near Bertha for some days, feeling annoyed, and then took a fancy to watch her home from the shop, expecting she would go elsewhere; but for two nights she went straight and quickly home. Then I called at the shop again. “Oh,” said she, “I thought you were lost.” — Determined to tell her I had been with women, I began. — “I don't want to hear about your doings, tell them to some one else.” — I had a long conversation, in which I reminded her (people coming and interrupting frequently) of what I'd said, and done in the cab; to all of which she objected. — “You only came to dinner to get me to take you to the Argyle.” — “What of that? I knew what you wanted me to dine for.”

I left irritated with the young woman, yet with a stronger desire to have her than before, and a half be-lief that I was wrong in my estimate of her virtue. — That belief became much strengthened by going to the other shop, seeing the mistress there, speaking slightingly of Bertha's virtue, and getting a smart reply, that there wasn't a more virtuous, respectable girl in London, and that all her family were. “Aye — ye may talk, and chaff, but that's all the fun you'll get out of Bertha.”

I lived my usual life for a week, then went to Bertha's shop, and two nights after she again dined with me. Now I made all sorts of extravagant promises to induce her to sleep with me. I no longer

minced the matter. — After what I had done and said previously in the cab, no modesty was needed. She took scarcely any notice of what I said — seemed not to hear it, sat reflecting, and then all at once, stroking my face with her hand, begged me to take her to the Argyle again, she would go away if I did not. — Immensely against my will, I took her there. She sat as before with veil down, completely hiding her features for a full hour, quite taciturn. Then suddenly she turned to me and with a shudder. “Let us go away — I've a horrible presentiment that one day I shall become one of these women,” and she almost dragged me out of the building.

“Come and have another glass of wine, you need not get back for an hour or more.” “Very well,” said she in a voice almost inaudible. — At a tavern she gulped down a glass quickly. — Outside I said, “Come with me, have pity on me, I love you so,” and with her arm in mine I led her in the direction of a baudy house. “That's not the way home,” said she, stopping. — I hailed a cab, determined to risk everything. I saw the girl liked me, and began, as I thought, to like her more than I cared to own to myself — or was it mere lust? Telling where to drive to, I put my arms round her the instant the cab moved and got my fingers on her slit; for an instant she struggled, and then was silent whilst I titillated her clitoris and besought her to let me have her, in the salacious words which come naturally to me when so placed, and I suppose to most men, when lust is powerful in them.

[She was a girl of great self possession, none ever knew better what she was about. In after years she shewed this under difficult circumstances, and that she was a true honest woman. — Lustful she was not, and the only reason I can assign for what followed is that she had an affection for me, and believed the promises I made her under the influence of lust, of a stong desire to have her, and no great belief in her virtue: promises I did not, could not, keep, and was punished for it.]

I stopped the cab at the end of the street, and, taking my arm, she walked quietly with me to the house. From the time I commenced frigging her to the time when the room door closed, she never uttered a word. — Now she looked round the room, then despairingly at me and said, “It's a Brothel, I shall come to be one of those women.” — It was said in a quiet tone, as if she had made up her mind to courses which would ensure her being one. [She never was.]

Without a word she gave herself up to me. She only winced when I put my hands up her clothes, and when I put one down her bosom, but she never spoke. De-lighted, excited yet staggered with her submission, I uttered words of love and desire. “Let me take off your frock.” — She did, but never spoke. She hesitated when I said, “Get on the bed now, love,” but she got on tranquilly, like one doing penance

and absorbed in thought. I had but loosened my trowsers, and thrown off my coat, fearing some sudden interruption, and as she got on the bed I did. Kissing her, I put my hand upon her cunt and tried to have a look at it. Then she sighed. “Ohoo — no — no, don't.” Then instantly I threw my body on to hers, her thighs opened easily to me, and the next minute I was shed-ding my testicular emulsion into her. She lay quiet, with eyes closed and head turned on one side on the pillow. — My prick seemed to be stopped for a second by a barrier as I thrust at first, and then went up her rapidly, and as I came to my senses after my sexual paroxysm, my first idea was that she'd been fucked before.

As my prick came out, and I moved away, she lay with eyes closed and motionless, but with one hand pushed her clothes down over her cunt, and to all my endearments and questions and talk made no reply. I felt her cunt and looked at my hand, but no signs of bleeding was mixed with my semen. Almost directly I mounted her and fucked again, watching her now, waiting for her signs of pleasure. She shewed none till, just as my prick stiffened to the full and a premoni- tary throb of pleasure shot through it, I felt her cunt tightening round it. A few sharp, almost inaudible sighs escaped her, and she spent just as my spermatic emission wetted her cunt again.

I felt round my prick stem when its stiffness was subsiding, and dragging out the sperm with it, I covered her cunt with my hand, and withdrew it coated with our mixed mucous, but there were no sanguinary evidences of virginity.

She rose as quickly as I did, and began putting on her bonnet in haste. — “Wash, dear.” — “I must get home as fast as I can.” — “But wash first.” She never looked me in the face, as I placed a basin by the side of the bed and turned away, respecting her modesty. In five minutes we were in a cab on the way home. She would scarcely speak, but she let me feel her cunt now, that cunt of which I had never seen but the mount, and for an instant only, as I moved from off her belly. She wouldn't say if she would meet me again or not, and was determinedly taciturn, even when we parted.

Next day I went to the shop. She had written to say she was ill, the shopkeeper told me so, and she was away for a week. I went every day to see if she had returned, tho I did not go into the shop to ascertain that. At length I saw her. She was as collected as ever; indeed, I never saw any sign of agitation in her at any time, or afterwards at critical periods. She at once agreed to dine with me, and when she did, I saw afterwards all her charms. Curiously I looked at her cunt, there was no hesitation in her letting me see it, and I couldn't make out from its look whether she was virgin a week before or not, and it was two or three months before I ventured to suggest

that a prick had entered her before mine. — I never was quite quite sure whether one had or not, but think not.

[Here I break off purposely. I have given her a name not even phonetically resembling her own, and have avoided giving such description of her as would lead to identification. For the same reason I burn the rest of my narrative relating to her. The liaison so began, was fruitful in events which both regret, and the consequences of which affect me still. She is still living.]

Chapter V

A hairless cunted Moslem. • A shaven cunted Greek. • Three apprentice girls in a cab. • Alone with Winifred. • A sovereign bribe. • Cab riding. • The stationer's shop. • Sister Lydia. • The Gentleman lodger. • Piety against a wall. • Winifred on the watch. • The couple detected. • Sisterly arrangements. • The help of a book. • Winifred at a baudy house. • Verification of her sex. • Hands crossing, fingers active. • Lydia's advice. • Winifred consents. • A commonplace termination. • Utility of a medical title.

I was again in the East of Europe, and, going down the Danube, reached Constantinople. — Outside my hotel there were two or three hangers-on loafers, in semi-oriental dress, who, when I and other visitors appeared, accosted us, offering their services to find men or women for us, or to show us about the city. The city was in fact their first offer. It was only when a little away from the hotel and from other travellers that the suggestions about copulation came out. I had been talking with a gentleman at my hotel, who had been staying in the city for many months and had heard from him that all Turkish women re-moved the hair from their cunts, so when one of these soi-disant guides asked me if I would like “a lady with-out hair on it” — for the fellow spoke not bad English, — I consented to go with him. He led me down hill into a torturous narrow lane, about going into which, had it been in a Western city of Europe, I should have hesitated to accompany a stranger. — But here all the ways were crooked, and it was broad daylight. Knocking with a stick at a door in a wall of a house without a window in it, and giving a slight but peculiar howl, the door opened, a female appeared, and, accosting him whilst looking at me, closed the door which she had opened and beckoned me to follow her. My guide squatted on a mat, and without a word or taking any further notice of me, began to smoke a cigar which looked as if he had manufactured it himself. Useful as I have found pimps, often as I have used them, I never could bear the animals to await me at a female's house, but dismissed them, either paying them then or letting them know (and they knew well enough) where they could find me for their pay. But in this strange city of a Moslem race where I did not understand a word of the language and where people disappear mysteriously, I felt rather glad than otherwise that he was waiting for me. — What does a man of that class think about when he knows he has led a man to a house where he may get a woman, I wonder?

The woman led me across a small dusty yard, in which stood one tree growing seemingly out of sand, up a flight of stairs to a room with two doors in it, one at which we entered, the other opposite to it. There she stopped, smiled, nodded, and held out her hand. — I understood Backsheesh and dropped a small coin into it. She looked discontented and I added another. Then, smilingly, she opened the opposite door, looked in, went in, and, turning round, beckoned to me. I went in, the door closed behind me, and I found myself in the presence of a dark eyed lady smoking a chibouque, with something like lemonade in a glass beside her on a small stool, whilst she lay on a long sort of divan about a foot above the floor.

Then began dumb play. Knowing she was a courtesan (though the guide had most volubly whilst going along with him said she was nothing of the kind), I didn't shilly-shally long. Thrusting my hands up between baggy trowsers as I sat down by her feet, I tried to feel her cunt, but felt nothing but linen. She laughed and held out her hand. I pointed to the door at which I had entered. She clapped her hands and in came the female who had of course been expecting it. They talked, I didn't understand a word of it, but saw it was about money, and it ended, after much gesticulation on all sides, in my paying about four times as much as I was told by my guide was the gay-woman's fee, and which I had already paid to the door woman. I knew I was being done, but had expected that, and it didn't even annoy me.

Then the lady, the financial part of the business being arranged, gradually divested herself of all but her chemise, and I saw a plump, indeed a fattish female, whom I should have guessed thirty in London or Paris, with a face painted in all ways, but who really was handsome, and who, without more ado, opened a pair of fat white thighs, and disclosed her split or slit.

Cunt it was, but a slit in white flesh it really looked, for not a vestige of hair was visible. She had but a small clitoris (perhaps she'd had it cut off, I have since heard that such things are done in the East) and very small nymphae. — The cunt lips puffed out and I thought, on carefully looking, that I saw signs of stubbly hair, but could feel none. The cunt looked in fact like a long cut in a lump of dough, with a little red line indicating the parting. Pulling the lips wide apart, the red lining showed handsomely, and for a minute or two I amused myself with looking at it and feeling it. She was complaisant.

Then she investigated me, and said “Take off” — she evidently had had Englishmen, and suggested my taking off my trowsers, which I readily did. She felt and squeezed my prick, in the knowing manner of a harlot who looks out for ailments there. I knealt between her legs and shook my stiff stander in her face, and the next moment it was up her. There was something stimulating in the idea of having that

hairless cunt. I put my fingers down and felt the smooth puffy lips which enclosed my prick, and soon left my mucilage in her vagina, to delight and soothe it.

She retired, and returned with a fresh washed cunt, pointed to an iron basin on a stool for my purification, and there I washed before her. Then in dumb play, and by a few words of English and much gesticulation, and the greater part of the time looking at and feeling her cunt, I passed away sufficient time to get another rise in my prick. The hairless slit received it, emptied it, rejected it in a slobbered state of exhaustion and unfitness for further sexual work, and after washing I left, escorted by my pimp — who wanted to know how I liked the lady.

I told my hotel acquaintance frankly all about it. — I've an impression he had had the woman himself, tho he didn't say so. She was an Armenian, he had heard, and not a Moslem woman, that Moslem women were not to be had. — That didn't matter to me, it was a hairless cunt, and I expect a Moslem woman, if this were not one, would have looked and fucked the same.

Afterwards, one night near the Bosphorus, I had an Italian woman, and a Greek also in the same room, both with cunts nearly as black as coal. Talking with the Italian and telling her what I had done with the hairless cunted woman, she said she would fetch one also. I fucked both her and the Greek, and a day or two after went to the same house in the day time, and in about an hour the Italian brought me quite a young woman without any hair on her cunt. I looked her carefully over from arsehole to navel, but not a hair could I see on her privates, tho I could feel a roughness.

I fucked her whilst the Italian, laying on the bed, showed me baudily her horsehaired sperm sucker, and I came to the conclusion that a hairy cunt in woman is much handsomer and more voluptuously enticing than a hairless one. It is different in a young girl, tho even in a tender lass I think I like to see a slight hair on her motte. — But the tender pink of the split-lining, be-comes the hairless pad in which it lies, in the youngsters up to fourteen years of age.

[This adventure with the smooth hairless cunted ones, preceded my liaison with Madeline and Bertha. The narrative, by error in arranging the papers, has been placed after them.]

[Then chance threw in my way a young lass, it was my last piece of such luck before a great change took place in my social life.]

About five o'clock one evening in September I was walking along one of the main roads of the suburbs when heavy rain suddenly set in. Tho I had an umbrella, I turned under an archway at the entrance to a builder's yard. Standing there were three girls neither apparently older

than sixteen, they were all neatly tho poorly dressed and looked like the daughters of small tradesmen. They all turned out to be apprentices to a dressmaker (not work women yet) and received a mere trifle (nine pence a day) as an encouragement, which was to be gradually increased as they grew older and could be more useful. This was told me by one of them later on.

They had no umbrellas. Standing there, I talked with them and asked how they expected to get home. — They seemed pleased with the notice of a gentleman, and answered cheerfully. The rain continued, and as I talked I began to think of the lasses' cunts, especially of one of them who was very pretty. They told me the way they were going home, and just then an empty four wheeled cab passed. Luckily I hailed it in time, and offered the girls if they liked to get in to drive them part of their way, as I happened to be going in their direction. Seemingly with much pleasure they accepted, and we all four get into the cab together.

Directly the cab moved off I began joking. Had they sweethearts? I was sure they had. — Impossible for such nice girls not to have them; they got kissed of a night in the dark, I was sure, didn't their sweethearts tickle them and try to feel their garters, and so on? The girls were delighted with the chaff and talked at once. — “No — no — Bessie has” — “And so has she.” — “He's felt your garters, you told me so.” — “No — no” — “Mother won't let me out of a night.” “Mine does sometimes, to go to aunt.” — “I get out if father's out,” — So their tongues gabbed on. — “Now you've all been kissed haven't you? — tell the truth and I'll give you each six pence.” — With shuffling and hesitation they did. — “Winifred has” — “So have you.” — “Oh, you story.” — “I saw Bob do it.” — Each got six pence, (tho I hadn't enough of that small coin). “Now, give me a kiss for the ride, and I'll give each a shilling.” They demurred till the prettiest, who looked the boldest, let me take one, gave me a return, and then the rest did. I made each stand up before me to give the kiss, and pulled her to me between my legs, my hand round her bum which I pressed hard whilst I held her, tho not so as to scare her; longing when I did it to have my hands on the naked flesh.

I went on joking, approaching smuttiness, and had just offered them a shilling each to feel their garters, when one cried out. — “Oh, it's past our street, stop the cab please, sir.” — I offered to drive down the street. “Oh, no, father might see us” — the little sluts were cunning already. The rain had come to a drizzle, and there was no help for it but to let them out. The two stood up together facing the cab door as the cab-man opened it, and as they prepared to step out I put my hand in front and gave a gentle push up against one of their notches, and pinched the other's bum. — One looked up silly at me

but without a word.

Winifred, who looked the oldest, was also about to alight, but she had said she lived further off to the right, so I stopped her. — “No, you can get out further on.” — “I'd rather get out with them, it doesn't rain much.” — I closed the door, the two girls walked away, the cabman drove off. — “I much want to go to ****,” said I, “and then I'm coming back, drive with me there, and I'll set you down on my return.” She refused, but the cab went on, the rain recommenced, she acquiesced, and sat quietly by my side, a little anxious seemingly. — For a moment I reflected, but my cock, erecting itself unasked, urged me on. I let the cabman drive on much further than I wanted to go, then, coming back, called where I had intended, Winifred sitting in the cab all the time. I did not stop at the house five minutes and then told the cabman to drive a long way round.

I kissed her, praised her beauty (she was the prettiest of the lot), and as she liked the praise and the kisses, offered a shilling to see her garters. That alarmed her and she wanted to get out. — “Oh, what a long way you're taking me.” — I pacified her; on went the cab, I asked her to meet me another day, and at last. — “Now don't be alarmed, you have only to say no and you shan't. I'll give you a sovereign to let me feel your thighs.” — I'd expected her to be scared, and even to desire to get out of the cab. To my delight all she said was, “You dirty man, I shan't.” — I pitched the sovereign down on the seat in front of us, and begged and coaxed her. “Just to feel your thighs.” A little time after, “Just to feel if there's any hair there, and you shall feel me, don't be alarmed, I won't do it if you so dislike it, but feel me.” She began really to cry, it was no sham, but it soon ceased. “There, take up the sovereign, whether you let me or not it's yours.” This was interlarded with her refusals, angry at first, but getting less and less vehement. At length, when it was getting dusk, she felt my prick, and soon after my fingers just felt her little notch. Soon it was quite dark. What would her mother think of her being so late. “Oh, where are you taking me?” — Soon I set her down near her house, with a promise from her to meet me next day if she could.

“You won't tell those two will you?” — were the last words Winifred said. “Is it likely I should be so foolish? be sure you don't tell the girls or any one else, what we've done, and be sure you never tell any one.” I gave her the sovereign, and she gave me her home address and that of her place of work. I wrote them down somehow in the cab, which I made move on to a gas lamp. Her mother kept a stationer's shop she said, and she had a sister named Lydia. — “What shall I tell mother about being so late?” she kept asking. — “Say the rain, my dear.” I never knew what she did say, but girl, or woman, or crone, they always have an excuse ready, especially if it be to hide or help

fucking. That, it seems to me stimulates the female brain to craftiness in lying, in a marvelous degree.

Five minutes after she left me, I drove to her house. It was easily found, and was in a poorish street, but seemed quite respectable. Stationery and many trumpery things were sold there. — The mother was in the shop, and also her sister whom she told me of the following day, and I came away, wondering if the girl would keep her word and meet me for another drive, at what she thought of my stiff prick, whether she'd ever seen a prick in that state before, and what the other two girls thought of my talk about their garters. I wondered more than anything at my success in getting a young girl, after an hour and a half's acquaintance, to feel me and let her belly be felt. — In truth my fingers barely touched the top of the notch where it splits up from the belly. She didn't seem of the same class as the little boxmakers whom I had a few years ago.

Next day, and half an hour earlier than the day before, as arranged, I waited near to the workshop of Miss Winifred (her companions called her “Winny”). She is the only female with that Christian cognomen I ever yet have known in amatory affairs. — I had doubts whether she would show up, for it was only a minute or two before she left the cab that I felt her belly and forced her hand on to my prick. She was scared, and there was so much hesitation and anxiety in her manner, when she promised to meet me again. — I had suggested her leaving earlier, so as to get away from her fellow apprentices, who usually walked part of the way homewards with her. She was a little late, but appeared just as I had given her up and got into the cab as quickly as she could, evidently to avoid being seen. She was cunning enough for that. — What was really Winifred's object in thus meeting me a stranger? It must have been the desire again to finger, and be fingered on the organs of concupiscence, again to feel my fingers on her motte, again to feel, and perhaps now to see, that rigid male engine, about which no doubt she had heard and talked with her young friends, but may have never seen a full sized one. — It was dark when I had my persuader out in the cab, and if she saw it, it was only when a street lamp flashed on it. “I must really get home by seven,” said she, and telling me why. — “Oh, I don't want to go towards the bridge, I shan't get home in time, I won't go that way.” — I was driving in the direction of a convenient house, but fearful of spoiling my chance, stopped the cab, and on her naming a road, told the cabman to drive that way. I was longing for it to get dark, but unfortunately it was a bright evening. On we went, till, passing a pastrycook's, I asked her if she'd have something. — Yes, she'd like a jelly so, she'd only once or twice tasted it in her life.

I made her sit in the cab, thinking her youth and dress, contrasted

with mine, might cause remark, and crammed her with jelly, then took her cherry brandy, thinking that might warm her up. Then on we drove, I talking amorously and kissing her every minute. The cherry brandy opened her mouth, and she volunteered much about herself, I had only to ask a question and she spoke for five minutes, not that she was in the least degree tight. — I encouraged the loquacity, feeling sure I should get no liberties till dusk, I never had such a garrulous lass, and all about herself and family. — This is some of what she told me.

Her father had been a clerk, her mother kept the stationer's shop since his death, which took place about four years previously. Since then they had mainly depended upon the shop for their living. — They let the two rooms above to a single gentleman, who had lodged there for two years. Her sister Lydia had been to service, but now minded the shop with her mother. They two kept the house, and did most of the work themselves, but a strong char-woman came daily to do rough jobs. — Lydia waited on the gentleman, who was not much at home in the day. He was middle-aged, very religious, and anxious for Lydia to go to prayer meetings with him, but the mother objected. She however went with him sometimes on the sly. Lydia and her mother had had words about that. Mother says Lydia's had trouble enough, and doesn't want her to get into any more. — She (Winifred) used to take him his breakfast things sometimes before she was apprenticed, now she went away to work too early.

She was allowed now nine pence a day, soon they would give her a shilling because she was getting useful. — “But it's hard work, and I can't bear sitting all day long. — I'd like something else but don't know what.” — She had a bag with her in which I found she took her dinner, and the dressmaker gave her her tea, and she had her supper when she got home. Hungry and tired she was when she did get home. She hated sitting in the shop parlour or the kitchen, she liked serving in the shop, but was glad when her mother let her go to her aunt's, or to chapel. — They were very pious chapel people, seemingly.

With that fine perception in all sexual matters which I know I have, I caught at her remarks about her sister having got into trouble, — Something whispered to me — “Cunt” — Trouble to her mother? — “Cunt.” — “What was your sister's trouble?” I asked.

Winifred saw with the cunning of a female that she had said too much, her loquacity ceased, and she began to evade and equivocate. She didn't know what, but had heard her mother say so — but it was all right now — and so on. — “You're fibbing, my little darling, you do know. — Perhaps she's had a foolish lover, who foolishly got her a baby, when he needn't, they might have had all their pleasure without that.” — “Oh — oh — what a thing to say. — I don't know what you

mean."

It was just the time for telling her what I meant, for it was getting dark, the lamps were lighted, and I could clearly see her pretty face for the moment as we passed them. — So I told her what I thought of Lydia, and in voluptuous words, and for the first time said "cunt, prick, fuck," that trinity of words which conveys all, expresses all — I had never said them on the night before, but had used suggestive words, as my thing — your belly, and so on — simple words which nevertheless set the brain thinking, and the body lusting, yet do not scare. — At every baudy sentence, at every suggestion, she now only said. "Ho — ho," and at last burst into screaming laughter. It was a peal of laugh-ter, amused, timid, almost hysterical, and then suddenly ceasing. — "I don't know what you mean, or any-thing about it, only what mother says — let me get home."

"I'll ask Lydia and tell you what she says," said I with coolness. At that she laughed again, but as I saw she was determined to know nothing, I changed my tone. — "Let's look at your boots, you want another pair, put your foot on the seat." — "Oh, they're shabby, I've got a better pair for Sundays" — and apparently diverted from what we had been talking about, she began to talk again and put one foot upon the seat, looking at it tho she couldn't see it plainly. At once I rapidly ran my hand up her clothes and got it between her thighs, just as she closed them tightly on it.

But it was too late, my forefinger was a little in the notch, I could feel the soft pad, the division, and a nubbly little clitoris. — She moved, wriggled, jumped up, sat down again, but somehow I managed to keep my finger there and move it slightly, pulling her to me with the other hand, kissing her and talking baudy. Spite of her. — "No — I won't." — I still felt the cunt. How delicious to feel that young virgin cunt, that soft pad above that little button of gristle — made for man's fingers to rub, to irritate. How voluptuous to her to have my fingers on it, and to know and think of what I wanted. Yet with a bounce she got away and sat opposite to me. "I'll never ride with you again," she said.

"Yes, my darling you will, and I shall give you pleasure, and you me, now come this side, I've done, and you shall feel me." — "Shan't — I won't." — But persuaded she did, for my erotic philosophy told. — "Why shouldn't we — who will know but we? every girl does it but doesn't tell." — Sexual want, and voluptuous feelings pervading, settled it; and in five minutes in absolute silence, she was sitting with her little hand round my standing prober, and I was feeling the full little pad at the bottom of her belly, on which I could just feel the slight hair of puberty. She was just over sixteen years of age.

As we approached her street — "I wonder if mother's out, she

sometimes takes a walk about this time on Wednesdays," said Winifred, anxiously relinquishing my prick and looking out of the cab. She got out at the end of her street, I dismissed the cab, and at a distance following her, saw her enter the shop and, going up to it, saw through the window Lydia as I supposed (it was). Staring at the good looking young woman, I wondered again what her trouble had been; and again said to myself, "Cunt's had some thing to do with it." — Winifred's street led out of a broad highway with but little traffic, it was the least frequented large high-way so near the bridges in London (it is nearly the same now spite of buildings and population). The foot-paths were very wide with a strip of paving along them. — Some big gardens enclosed by high walls were there at places, and the rest of the houses fronting the road were oldish middle class and with very long gar-dens in front. A dull quiet road it was. I sauntered along it, in a madly lewed state thro feeling her little motte and having my tool handled by her, and wishing for relief, looked out for a whore. — But it was just the hour when few of the professional fuckstresses were about, or indeed any one else. — At length a tallish girl but who didn't look more than sixteen came sauntering along. "Come and give me a kiss, Mary," said I, — changing my reception.

She stopped and talked, and I found she was either gay or half gay, and after satisfying myself about her face under a gas lamp, we went down a darkish lane or passage and against a high wall with trees overhanging it, felt her gap, and she my poker. Said she. — "I work at bonnets. — No I don't know a house near here, I live close by, but there's a nice house at about ten minutes walk." — Mutual handling of our privates went on during our talk, till I could wait no longer, and fucked the damsel as she stood against the wall, gave her half a crown, and departed, leaving her trying to piss. I like to see a woman squatting for that. — "You can't piddle, my dear," she laughed. — "I just did it before I left home, but I shall in a minute." I could not go to meet Winifred for one or two days, and when I was at the appointed place she did not appear, nor for two days after. Thinking my chance lost, and not wishing to compromise the girl, I ceased going there, but the saucy chattering blue eyed lass, dwelt in my mind, my prick stiffened when I thought of her little hand having been round it, and of the little clitoris I had barely felt and not seen. So again I went near the workshop a little earlier, and waited inside a cab on the opposite side of the road. — At the usual hour out she came with the other two lasses.

I drove well ahead, alighted, told the cabman to follow me at a distance, and then walking straight back, met the three girls point blank. All looked confused tho they smiled, and they edged away from me. I nodded familiarly and passed on, as if I never meant again to

speak to them, but noticed Winifred's face colour up, and that her eyes looked saucily at me. — Then I felt dreadfully in love with her and lusted furiously. When nearly out of sight, I got into the cab, and, telling the cabman what to do, followed at foot pace.

Just where the two girls had got out of the cab before, they turned off. Winifred crossed the road, and stood for a minute looking back. The fast little wench, I guessed, was wondering if I was about. I had reached her by then, stepped out of the cab, asked her to have a ride, was at first refused, and then she got in, saying she could only ride for half an hour. Was it in anticipation of a present?

The girl was anxious. I told her how I had seen her sister, and how a girl not older than she had let me feel her quim in * * * * Lane, but didn't tell I'd fucked her. — “They call it the dark walk,” said Winifred, much interested. I began to think she knew a lot, but so do all girls sixteen years old in her class of life — It ended in her saying she'd meet me in an hour if she could get out. — If her mother was out she was sure she could, if at home she might refuse. “But your sister?” She didn't care about her, if she told of her, she'd tell of her sister. If she did not meet me, she'd leave earlier next day and have a ride with me. I dined on a chop at a poor dining place and at the hour named was at the spot, but Winifred never appeared.

Next day she got into the cab with me, near to work place, and again we had a long ride, jelly, cakes, and cherry brandy. — Again she felt my prick, and I a little bit more of her cunt, but she resisted furiously my fingers getting proper feel of it. In the day light now, I asked if she'd like to see my cock. No she didn't want

— but, when stiff, I put my hat over it, lifted up the hat when no vehicles were passing, and the lass looked at it and laughed. — “You've seen one before, Winny.”

— “That I haven't,” said she energetically. — We drove up and down the same road (I wonder what cabby thought) and talked. I felt her all about, but she resisted more than she had done before, and said she wouldn't ride with me again if I went on “at such games.”

The jelly and cherries set her chattering. She hadn't spent any of the sovereign, and she was sick of work, she'd go to service or something else, she did not care what, her mother kept her so strict. She'd like to mind the shop with her mother, Lydia wanted to leave, but her mother wouldn't let her. — At last I heard that Lydia had stopped out all night when in service, and been dismissed. — Winifred didn't know where she'd been. “Yes you do.” Well, she wasn't going to say if she did. — I concluded that Lydia had been fucked, and that Winifred knew it.

Then I resolved to try harder to get the girl, thinking from what had already taken place between us, from her voluptuous glances,

from a wriggling, half lewed manner of moving and giggling, that she was of ardent temperament, and that her lower maw had craving for distension, and to have its hunger assuaged by the emollient liquid which a prick alone can give. “Pshaw, some man will get her soon, she is sure to get fucked — I may as well have her as another” — said I to my-self, and tried to induce her to go to a house with me, but was unsuccessful. — I knew none in her neighbour-hood for it was strange to me, and my brothels were two miles off. When we parted, she'd promised to meet me again.

Winifred's place of work was close to a road with good traffic, and that night I walked about it till I saw a well dressed doxy, and with her went to a nice quiet baudy house, which I never should have found out by myself, and as before on similar occasions, I emptied my testicles into her. I had intended doing nothing of the sort, but couldn't resist just looking at her calves, then feeling her thighs, then having a look at the red center cleft, and then I wanted to see her posteriors, and after feeling her about and saying that that was all. — “What a funny man you are, ain't you going to do anything, haven't you got a prick?” “Shall I frig you?” said the lady — A few minutes after, my poker was poking in her glowing sheath, and my semen shooting out from my balls into it. — I may add here that, many times in my life, I have found out the nearest accommodation houses by asking gay women to take me to them.

When I next met Winifred she was in a hurry to get home, but promised to meet me the next night at eight o'clock. She was to go to an aunt's, would stop there a short time only, meet me afterwards, and then we could walk. Winifred was tall and looked much older than “sixteen and a quarter,” which she said she was, so walking arm in arm with me would not be noticeable—I think she was proud of walking with me. — We met, I told her I loved her, and in the dark talked unadulterated baudiness. — Said she, — “Not that way, Lydia's gone to meeting with our lodger, and may come that way home; Mother thinks he'll marry her and lets her go with him to prayer meetings now. Mother's alone in the house.” Such was nearly the conclusion of our conversation in our walk, during which, I had kissed her in the street every five minutes at favourable opportunities, and tried to feel her but unsuccessfully. The little jade was either cunning or frightened.

We walked in another direction and came to a part where the high road was very wide, and where I had met the young fuckstress a week before. I wanted Winifred to go up the lane, and let me there feel her little cleft, but she resolutely refused. We stood for a minute or two talking, and I persuading, on the opposite side of the road to the lane, the mouth of which in the darkness we could scarcely see,

for there was, I think, no lamp in it. As we stood, Winifred said with a start and almost in a whisper. “Oh! — there's Lydia — let's get away. — Oh! if she sees me.” — “Are you sure?” — “Yes, and it's our lodger too.” Then in the darkness I just discerned a couple on the opposite side, who turned up the lane and were lost to view.

“Oh, let's go.” — “No wait and see them come out to make sure you're right.” — “What shall I say if Lydia sees me with you?” — “She won't say anything if she knows you've seen her go up there with the lodger.” Winifred giggled.

I knew full well they'd be quick about their business, and get home as fast as they could, he with empty balls, and she with overflowing cunt. — So I led Winifred in the opposite direction and stopped just in view of the mouth of the lane. Soon the couple appeared, walking quickly. “Yes, it's our lodger, I know his walk.” — “He's fucked your sister.” — The girl made no reply. — We followed, keeping the couple barely in sight till we saw them enter the house, and then we parted with a kiss. “He's fucked Lydia,” were my last words. The girl was silent. What was the riggish little wench thinking of?

At this time I was chasing Bertha, and had just lost Madeline. Sponge and sheep gut had been given up, for I could not bear them, and Madeline, frightened to do without them, being so anxious about getting in the family way and losing her Richard. — So the liaison languished and then ceased as told, but just then it pre-vented my hunting Winifred daily. Moreover, the cunning little slut was capricious, and at times even would now not cab with me, but some days after the spy on the pious couple, she met me.

She was bursting to tell me and began as soon as seated in the cab. She hadn't told her sister, but had watched her. That morning her sister had gone out for something. — Winifred hadn't been to her dress making. The lodger rang, and her mother sent her to answer “and what do you think?” “What,” “Oh, I shan't tell you” and she burst out laughing. With a little pressing she did. “I opened the parlour door, he wasn't there but was in the bed room, the door wide open; he turned round and — Ha — Ha — He — He — I won't tell you.” “Nonsense, do.” “He turned round and showed it me. — He — He — he thought it was Lydia, I'm sure, for he turned round again and put it away and then round again, and said, “Tell your mother to cook me an egg.” Oho He — He — He.”

Then I heard that when she took up the egg and breakfast, the pious lodger told her that he didn't know any one was in the room when he had turned round, begged her not to tell her sister or mother, and gave her half a crown. “But I'm sure he thought it was Lydia,” said the cunning little slut. “Was it stiff?” She nodded.

I told her that no doubt they went to prayer meeting as an excuse, and that they then always fucked to-gether. — Then I besought Winifred to come and chat with me at a house close by, but nothing would induce her, nor during two, three rides after would she do more than feel me, and let me just feel the top of her notch, so I grew tired of it. I had given her but a trifle more money, but had stuffed her each time with pastry, jelly, and brandy cherries.

“I'm going out of town, and shan't see you any more, if you won't come to a house with me, good bye.” — “Very well,” said she, but seemed rather astonished. — Then it occurred to me all of a sudden, and I wonder it hadn't occurred to me before. — “I shouldn't hurt you, you are so handsome that I wanted to look at you naked. — Doctors know how to get pleasure and give pleasure to girls, without doing them injury.” — “You a doctor? why didn't you say so before?” — “Why should I?” — The girl began to think and agreed to meet me the next afternoon, but I got no further with her that day. I hadn't quite lost my time, for it was much pleasure riding about with her, and feeling her little naked bum and thighs, but I resolved to stay away.

In a fortnight I went again, waited two afternoons, saw work-women coming out without her, and then boldly went to the shop at dusk and bought some-thing, being served by the mother, whom I found to be a very handsome woman, certainly not more than forty years old. Whilst serving, Winifred came in and seemed petrified when she saw me. I had fancied she was at home and had quite prepared for it, so pointed to some little article in the window that I wished to buy, and whilst the mother was getting it out, put into the girl's hand a slip of paper, on which I had re-quested her to meet me next day, as I'd something important to tell her.

She met me and was full of news. — She'd not been well, and had kept at home — had watched her sister, seen the lodger put his hands up her clothes, told her sister of it, had not told her mother. — A gentleman was now courting her mother, she thought, and the two now often walked out of an evening together, leaving the girls to mind the shop. — Lydia then went out with the lodger once or twice after the mother had gone, leaving Winifred alone, but not for long. They always walked in the direction of the dark lane she had no- ticed. — Lydia said it didn't matter if the lodger had felt her garters, for he'd marry her, Winifred told her she'd seen the attempt and then told of his showing his cock, and having seen them together go up * * * * pas-sage. Lydia slapped her, she slapped Lydia, and they had a lively row. Winifred said she'd tell her mother, but at length consented not to do so.

That day I took a baudy book filled with pictures with me, shewed Winifred some of it in the cab, and lent it her. I told her also

that I'd give her five pounds if she'd come to a house with me and strip. One or two days after, I heard that Lydia had caught Winifred with the book, and then they both read it together. — Winifred told her that one of the dressmakers had lent it her. Winifred still wouldn't go to a house with me, but she sat on my knee in the cab, and I titillated her little clitoris a long while, she wriggled and sighed but did not, I think, spend.

As after all these cab rides I didn't get further than a feel of her cunt top, I grew tired of the affair. It was one of the most singular I have had. — Here was a girl only a few months over sixteen, whose eyes and manners shewed she was lewed but who wouldn't answer any questions about fucking, yet would feel my cock, and allow the top of her split to be felt, but was cunning, and sufficient mistress of herself to go no further. The longer I live the more wonderful the ways of women in their lusts, and the greater variety in their manners there seems to be.

Intending to cease my chase of her, I begged her to bring me back the book, which she did one or two days after, when she'd resumed going to work. We looked over the pictures together in the cab, and I explained the postures to her. She said nothing, but she chuckled.

— I begged her to come to a house with me. — “I'm frightened.” Again I said that a doctor would never get a girl into trouble. — “I'm so frightened” — was all I could out of her, even after she'd filled her belly with pastry and cherry brandy, and tho she kissed me now in quite a winning manner, as if she liked kissing, and I was her lover.

I went to B****t*n for a fortnight and amused my-self there by fucking women on the sea shore. Several times I laid down on the beach with them, and altho it was hardish, it is a clean bed, and the women know the best places. What a lot of fucking goes on there when the night is dark. — “Come here, let's go to the beach

— go ahead, I'll follow.” When there, it was: — “Here's the money, don't let me if you have any fear of yourself.” Then we were but one body for a few minutes, and then separated forever. — I took no ailment, and really as I only had the women when under the sudden impulse of a violent lust and great want of fucking, I enjoyed their cunts as much as those of swell Cyprians.

But I had a hankering after Winifred, returned to town, and, not seeing her in the shop, waited at her work place, and got her into a cab again. She was fuller of news than ever, and seemed delighted to see me. She had never expected to see me again, she said.

— “And you won't unless you come to a house with me.” — “I'm frightened, but Lydia says I'm a fool,” said she, almost breathless.

I was astonished. I'd made up my mind that day to be brutal, to force my finger between her cunt lips, and break her hymen with my

finger if she were vir- gin. — Now I deferred that intention, for luck in the fortnight had brought me nearer to my hopes. — It was now darkish at half past five, when we entered the cab.

She told me her mother walked out with a gentleman nearly every night, leaving the two girls together. Winifred wouldn't now be in the house by herself often, but would mind the shop if Lydia wanted to talk to the lodger. The cunning little lass had, I found, an object. By going to the staircase through the door in the shop parlour, and listening, she could hear talking on the first floor. One evening Lydia went to her bed room; all was so quiet that Winifred locked the shop door, went quickly up stairs and opened the sitting room door. — No one was there — opened the bedroom door leading out of the sitting room, and there on the bed was Lydia, with her legs in the air and the lodger just finishing his fuck. — Next minute, with a screech, Lydia pushed him off and got on to the floor; he did the same, buttoning up his trowsers. Winifred told the tale very neatly, by help of a few questions from me; she was dying to tell me, but only did so fully when I asked this and that.

She left the room, Lydia followed, begging and praying her sister not to tell her mother. They slept in the same room, confidence begat confidence, and in a few nights Winifred let out that it was a gentleman who had lent her the book, and had offered her five pounds. Lydia said she was a fool not to accept it. I saw that the elder sister in a scrape herself, wanted to get the younger into similar pickle, in order to shut her mouth. Sisters do that.

Winifred was delighted to tell. “Did you see your sister's naked thighs?” — “Only one — he, he, he,” she giggled. “Had he his hand under her bum?” — “Yes — he — he — he.” — “What was he doing?”

— “I don't know he — he.” — “Was his bum moving backwards and forwards?” “Yes and quick, He he

— he.” “What were they doing then?” “Oh, I don't know.” — “You story, your sister told you and you knew before.” — “Oh! he, he, he.” And so the tale was told [it has afforded me many times since much amusement to think of the half artless yet cunning way in which the girl told the tale in the cab, whilst sitting on my knee, my finger trying to insinuate itself between her tightly crossed thighs.]

The sister had done for me what perhaps I might not have succeeded in by myself. Their talk, as I found afterwards, was constantly about fucking after that memorable evening, and I expect that heated Winifred's cunt pretty well. A few days after, Winifred told me that her mother was going to be married again, and thought the girls had better go to service, as her intended couldn't keep them. She also told me that they couldn't pay their rent, and at times could scarcely get enough to eat. They had meat only every other day, but

they kept up appearances. Lydia said she shouldn't go to service again, she'd make the lodger marry her, but Winifred must. The family was evidently breaking up.

Then Winifred agreed to have dinner with me. She got a half holiday from her work, risking her mother's finding it out. — I got a room at a well known French restaurant, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, there we were at table.

How that girl ate and drank! she'd never tasted any- thing in her life, she said, so delicious, at last she hiccupped, and I could see by her eyes and manner that she was hot with lust, under the beneficent effect of a well filled belly. We talked over her sister's affair, what we had done in the cab, and what I wanted to do with her. It was — "He — he — he — ah!" every minute. Then. — "You won't hurt me if I do, will you now?" At about half past three we were in a house together.

There the first thing she said was, "Oh I'm so full and so sleepy, let me lie down." — "My love, you shall but take off your things." — A little soft persuasion and she was soon in her chemise. — "Did you ever see a man naked." — "No, — he, — he, — and don't want." — "Yes you do." — Stripping to my shirt, I pulled it up to my arm pits, and with prick in the randiest glory, went up to her as she sat on the sofa, and made her handle and kiss it. — She was not loath. — "Come to the bed dear." — "What are you going to do?" To give you such pleasure. — I must see and kiss that dear little cunt, it will give you such pleasure, now I will, it's no use your struggling." — After a few minutes of voluptuous persuasion, she was lying at the side of the bed with legs wide open, and I on my knees gloating on her virgin treasure.

She was tall and well formed, but quite thin. It was the thinness of a growing girl and not of weakness. Her cunt had fullish lips, with the slightest quantity of light brown hair half way down them, joining that on the motte, which was not half an inch long, and lay flat on one of the loveliest looking mounts I ever saw. There was no more hair on it than would cover half a crown. A delicate pale coral stripe, a little wider at the top, defined the cleft, the coral dying out delicately into the downy fringe and white flesh on the puffy outer cunt lips — With both hands I separated them, saw a small clitoris, little thin nymphae, and the broad oval expanse of coral vulva looking exquisite. There lay the pink road to the lower part of the cleft, looking darker and darker, as it sloped inwards to the mouth of the warm elastic tube, which was to give her and me such exquisite delight. The aperture seemed barred to a prick at its entrance, all but a little perforation, up which a small finger could alone have been passed, without injury to the firm yet soft, and semi-flexible red membrane.

The smell of the cunt rose into my nostrils, my brain seemed to

whirl with voluptuousness as I kissed, and kissed, and glued my lips to it. — I put my hands under her little buttocks, held her closely to me, and began to lick her clitoris with libidinous delight.

How grateful I am to my Creator that he has thus far made me better and wiser than the beasts of the field, to whom the heavenly delights of gamahuching and minetting are unknown. — It is in such delicious, voluptuous pastimes that man is superior to other animals on the globe. To lick such a lovely cunt and give delight to its possessor is a sign of the divinity which lives, whilst I live, within me. It justifies my hope of a heaven, when I have such a taste of paradise on earth as gamahuching and fucking gives me. [This reflection made at this period I give just as then written.]

"Oh! what are you doing?" — "Be still, dear, and you'll have heavenly pleasure." — I spluttered out, licking between each word, holding her now round her thighs tightly, so that no movement of her haunches could dislodge my mouth from her cunt. — Now my tongue sought the hymenial membrane, then tried to enter the little orifice, now it covered the whole surface of her vulva, filling my mouth almost with it, then it settled on the little red button, that enticing little knob to tongue and finger, where the greatest pleasure in gamahuching seems to be concentrated. I licked fast then slow, then gradually ceased, my tongue being fatigued by long exercise. She laid motionelss, silent, and enjoying the sensual treat.

I looked at the field of my lingual exercise, holding the lips wide apart, seeing it all from motte to bum-hole, and with prick well nigh bursting, then went on gamachuching. — She had ceased speaking or moving, but now and then a clip of her thighs told me of voluptuous thrills. — On went my tongue, quicker and quicker as it got tired, longing for her crisis. — "Aha" — A slight quiver of the thighs, an almost imperceptible fucking jog of the belly, a shudder of pleasure. — "Aha — h, h, har — harrrre," in a soft, sweet, moaning voice, and all was still. Winifred had spent.

I rose quickly, saw her cunt wetted with my saliva, and pearly moisture running from her hymen, whilst she still with eyes closed lay in the lassitude of her pleasure. Raising one thigh, I lodged my prick in her cunt gently, and with the other hand then grasping the other thigh, I bent over her and thrust. — "Oh. What are you doing? — oh, don't — Ohoo, you're hurting me — Ahar." — The posture was not good for a defloration, for my prick was upright, her cunt horizontal, but nature teaches, instinct guides aright in its great scheme of procreation. As she moved, tighter and tighter I grasped her, bending over her till my naked belly met her naked belly (for chemise and shirt in the twinkling of an eye I had thrown up) and pressed and covered it. — Holding her thighs tightly, I thrust, and thrust violently,

my prick a horn with the merest flexibility — I had lodged it well, and her wiggles never dislodged it. — “Aha — don't now — aha — you said you wouldn't.” — The creeping pleasure came on of my sperm leaving my balls where it lay like a load at its roots, till it rushed forward from some internal agency. Furious with lust, the whole strength of my loins, thighs, and backside, gathered together in compound force, and I lunged as if I would split her belly. I felt the tight clip of her hymen round my glans as it entered, and with one more thrust my prick lounged up her till it struck against her womb portals. With a softened shriek, and a gasp she then was still, and my prick, now with scarcely a thrust — its movements but short wriggles as the sensitive tip naturally sought her cunt's depths — shot gobbet after gobbet of thick spunk into her vagina, and I sank over her, holding her to me, kissing her pretty little mouth as the last throes of pleasure died away, and left me lifeless with tremulous knees, but still holding her backside to me, still covering her body with mine and pressing my prick still up her, to soften and shrink, in the spermy bath it had made for itself.

Thus we were copulated long in silence, not a word said by either, till full consciousness came. Then seizing a towel which I had put on the bed to wipe my mouth with, when gamahuching, but which I'd never used, I thrust it under her bum, ready to receive the overflow of our lust. — Shrinking gradually, out came my prick, drawing with it blood streaked sperm. I squeezed the napkin round my prick, then thrusting it between her thighs, sat down on a neighbouring chair. She raised herself, sat on the edge of the bed, chemise above her knees, napkin still between her thighs, and began to cry and sob. It was no sham.

I can't bear to see a female cry, and specially a woman whom I have fucked. I had triumphed after two months' strategy and had the highest pleasure in her virgin body, and it grieved me to see her cry. From her boldness and friskiness hitherto, I had not expected it, so set to work to soothe and comfort her.

It was long before she was comforted. I have had virgins look ashamed after they had been pierced, and cry a wee bit, but never one cry like this one. There she sat, sobbing, rubbing her eyes, taking no heed of her cunt or the napkin, till. “My darling Winny, let me look at your dear little cunt.” Pushing her gently back on the bed again, without her resisting, she seemed almost as if my inspection was gratifying and a relief. I opened her thighs, took away the linen, and a sight of sanguinary semen it was. I wiped her cunt, looked at it, which she let me do quite placidly, and then sat her, with naked bum on my thigh, and at length comforted her successfully. Then, with warm water and a moist towel, carefully I wiped the outer surface of her

quim.

As she rose to let me do so, blood and sperm were left on my thigh from her little lacerated cleft. — That sight stiffened me at once. — I was in prime condition, having kept myself from women for three or four days in anticipation of this treat. She knows now what fucking is, and luckily for her, early in life. She will have ten years more pleasure than had she waited till twenty-six before she'd been penetrated by a penis. — A girl can't begin too soon, a boy had better wait longer perhaps, tho he won't. At sixteen his generators don't accumulate sperm rapidly or well. — But a girl suffers less loss of animal power from fucking, her juicy contribution in the exercise being slight, and not so exhausting.

The explosion of tears and sobs ceased. It was only caused by the shock to her nervous system. Fear, pleasure, pain, and the lewedness caused by the prick in her, upset her. She got better, talked frankly about her sensations, about her own and sister's poking, as if she was already a judge of such performances, and might criticise the manner of doing it, and the propriety as well. — I made a good fire, as it was now coldish weather. She sat with naked bum on my naked thigh, and whilst respecting her deflorated slit which was sore. I delicately titillated her nascent clitoris, whilst fucking, in all varieties, was what we talked about; till, what with the heat which I have noticed follows, and quickly affects lewedly a deflorated quim, after the prick has split it up, and my performance on her clitoris, she was ready to allow me my pleasure again in about an hour.

“No, it really won't hurt you again, I swear it will all be pleasure,” I said, as she sat on my knee by the fire. I had twiddled her quim for nearly an hour, got her to feel my pego, to admit that the gamahuche had given her pleasure, that she'd frigged herself for fully a year, that her sister frigged herself as well. Then I sat her down on a chair, and made her, whilst I stood, feel and inspect my red tipped erection. — “It's a wonder it don't hurt more,” she said with a “He — he — he.” — Gently to the bed I led her, looked at her little quim which had changed from coral to an angry red at its orifice, and in another minute she was on her back, and my prick by gentle pressure was engulfed in it. — How deliciously smooth and tight the sheath was. How I now pushed and poked in it slowly and cautiously, feeling its way about in it and as it were sounding its depth. Then I lay for a minute in baudy tranquillity up her. — “Does it hurt you now, love?” — “No, not now.” “Doesn't it feel nice in you.” “Aha” — I pushed and poked, her cunt seemed to grow tighter and tighter, the sperm in it (for she had not washed it out) grew thicker and more adhesive. — Quicker and quicker go my to's and fros' within its grip. Baudy, voluptuous questions she only replied to by, — “Oh don't — aha —

aha.” — Her cunt clipped, and seemed to frictionize my glans with greed for my sperm, her belly grew into mine, and out throbbed my spunk into her.

In an hour more I fucked her again to her pleasure, her bleeding had ceased, she washed her cunt, and again I looked at the ravages I had made — again on my knees I gamahuched till she spent. Then in a cab I saw her nearly home, giving her jelly and a little cherry brandy on the way at a pastrycook's. Then we separated. — Never had I a more delicious afternoon. My voluptuous recollections lasted me all night. — I wondered what her thoughts were. Whether she felt her quim often, how far she put her finger up, whether she wanted fucking again, and if she'd told her sister. I had forgotten the five pounds and so had she.

I suggested her meeting me again, and she was anxious to do so. What a fascinator a prick is when once tasted. But what would the mistress say about the half holiday, and suppose she told her mother? — Luckily, work seemed to be slack; when away half a day she only got half a day's pay, which then suited the dressmaker — Winifred would have met me next day, but I couldn't. The day after that we dined as before, and the bagnio received us. Winifred shewed a strong liking for food and cherry brandy, got excited, not in the least muzzy or muddled, but elevated, spiritualized. It was clear to me that the effect of liquor on her was strongly salacious. Her bright blue and sharp eyes got sharper and clearer, there was nervous energy in her, she undressed rapidly, sat on my thigh, and laid hold of my prick almost without my suggestion. — When it stiffened she said, “Oh!” — not in an enticing manner, but as if surprised, as if it had evoked suddenly lewedness, and she stared, I recollect, right in my eyes, as if my prick astonished her. — A minute afterwards I was on the bed with her, a look at the pretty coral-faced cunt — a kiss, a sniff on it, and we were fucking.

[This girl, I find, became to me a study. She no doubt was strictly virtuous till I had her, but the poke evoked her nature, which was sharply erotic, without any soft, loving qualities. I never knew much of her subsequent career, but guess it was that of a lustful one, who cared about fucking rather that the man who did it.]

It was a most voluptuous afternoon, and delightful to give her full pleasure. — She spent each time with me like the most full blooded woman. “Tell me, dear, when you're going to spend, when your pleasure comes on.” — Yes, she would. — As we fucked, “Oh, I'm going to do it,” she sighed. I like to make women of whom I have had the first, tell me when the full tide of pleasure is on. They mostly enjoy it without a word, but if they tell they each use different expressions.

That dinner and afternoon was followed by a few others at intervals. — I could not entirely keep to her for there was a woman whose society I could not quite avoid, tho I wished to do so when I had got this lass to poke and instruct. But I had such pleasure with her that I postponed all other meetings with women that I could, so that I could enjoy it, within the juicy folds of Winifred's pretty pouting, downy edged, coral lipped, slit. I was strong, wanted a woman daily, and after two or three days' abstinence, sebaceous exudation in three or four hours, when anticipating my sexual treat, would cover my prick tip till it looked nearly white, instead of a fiery carmine. — It delighted me to put it in that white state into her unctuous little cunt. Then, after our first pleasure, it delighted me to watch the pearly viscosity meander from her cunt towards her arsehole, whilst kneeling between her legs, which I held up by the ankles high, but wide apart, so that I might see the channel which the pearly, lubricious stream took. She used to lay with eyes fixed on me, passive to all I did; indeed I believe, silently delighting in it. — Never have I found a young wench more ready to learn obscenity. All delicacy soon left her, and de-light in lascivious fun seemed part of her nature. She shewed that at our first cab ride. Yet she had never been brought up in the promiscuity of the poor, nor mixed, I found, with loose companions. She was by nature hot cunted, and I expect in after life was blazing with sexual passion, but I never knew.

I gave her the five pounds, and found she'd not yet spent the one pound. Like other girls placed similarly whom I have known, large sums (to them) embarrassed them, not knowing how to spend it without being found out.

The half holidays soon led to remarks from the dressmaker. — I had then to content myself with an hour's society with her in the afternoon, and took her to the bagnio near her place of work. That was the easier now, because it was dark or nearly so when she left, tho even that was difficult, owing to the young lasses with whom she'd been accustomed to walk partly home. But no lies, trickery or risks, stand in the way of a gluttonous cunt. I had her every other day for an hour or more, and fucked her then twice regularly. Again she got one day a half holiday, we went to the other house, and after dinner fucked in bed start naked, to her delight. — She told me, every time we met, all about the goings on of her family. — Lydia was regularly fucked by the lodger. — The mother noticed nothing and seemed engrossed with her own love affairs — Winifred had told Lydia that she'd let me have her — Lydia approved and wanted to meet and see me, but I at once refused anything of the sort

— Winifred had given Lydia her money to keep for her.

— She had also looked at Winifred's cunt, and shown Winifred

her own. How I should have liked to have seen them at that, and heard their talk. Both girls had frigged themselves together side by side as they lay in the same bed. I heard all this and lots more.

Two or three days afterwards, I heard that the pious lodger, catching Winifred in the house alone some-where, had again shown her his stiff cock and had winked at her. — She had not told Lydia of it for fear of consequences — I have a suspicion that Lydia had told the lodger of Winifred's slip, but I never knew — I went out of town for a fortnight, came back after Christmas, and, not seeing the girl near the workshop on two afternoons, went to the shop and walked past it, till I saw her with her mother. Then I stood close to the window and near to the light, till the girl noticed me, as I saw by the expression of her face. I went away, next day waited near the workshop, and saw the girl loitering about. — In five minutes we were in the house together.

To my annoyance, she had her courses on but I nevertheless poked her. She'd a lot to tell me. — One morning the lodger left after paying everything properly, and next day Lydia also disappeared, her clothes it seems had all been taken away by the lodger. She had joined him and wrote a letter to the mother to say they were going to be married, but no address was given. — The mother was in much grief about it, but she was also going to be married directly, to leave the shop, and go to the native town of her husband, where it seems he had a business. They now would take Winifred with them, unless she'd like to go to service. — What was she to do, she asked me?

She had given very voluptuous amusement to me for quite three months off and on. I liked coition with her, her cunt was an unusually tight one, and there was a peculiar, soft, clinging, adhesiveness in her vagina, a gummy mucosity is the only term I can use to de-scribe it, which was most delicious to my prick, and I think I have noticed something like that in the cunts of girls of about her age. But if she stopped in town in service, I could rarely expect to have her, and feared also from her lustful temperament that she'd soon go wrong, if she had no one to control her. So I advised her to go with her mother. She tossed her head at the advice and didn't like it, expecting to re-main near me. At another meeting, she said she should stay in London, that the dressmaker had offered to take and keep her, but her mother objected. Winifred didn't much mind that. Wasn't I glad she asked. — I said very glad.

But I wasn't very glad, for I didn't wish the girl to come to harm, felt sure she'd get out from time to time alone, and with her temperament most certainly get another prick or two, and then turn gay. I told her so. Two or three days after she showed me a letter from Lydia, asking her to go to her, for she was very happy, and the lodger

would keep them both (she wasn't yet married). On no account was the address to be given to the mother. — I gave her that day an-other five pounds to help her in case of need, and she said she wouldn't be fool enough to lend it to her sister this time.

I have much narrative written about Winifred, but it of much the same nature. Looking thro it, I find the only things worth noticing are that she got so salacious that one day, unasked, she took my prick in her mouth, saying with a laugh that it was what they were doing in the picture * * * *. The action stopped there, but it was a sign of a warm temperament. She also said that gamahuching was very nice, but I never did it to her but once after the day of the slaughter of her virginity. — The mother married, Winifred was at the wedding, the stationer's shop was let, the goods sold, and Winifred went to the country with her mother. I was glad when she was gone. I heard from her one or two months after. She was discontented and going to live with her sister who, said she, was married. I wondered if she was, and whether the pious husband who had shagged Lydia before he could legally do so would show his cock again to Winifred. I sent her five pounds to help her to go with. She wrote to thank me, and I thought I had heard the last of her, but I met her again four years afterwards by chance. She never knew my real name and address, and I always wrote in a feigned hand.

Chapter VI

Change in social conditions. • Fifteen months' fidelity. • Virtuous struggles with self. • Fornication resumed. • Lucubrations on sexualities. • Recurrent lusts. • Copulative power. • Knowledge of the art of love. • Girls surprized. • Influence over women. • Age guessed by pudenda. • Novel lusts. • Female humbugging. • Men deceived. • Impetutous stroking. • Camille revisited. • Promiscuity. • Clapped. • On lubricity in cunts. • My ways with Cyprians. • Notes on temporary connections.

[With Winifred terminated my four years of free-dom. I fell in love and was changed, yet my amorous frailty clung to me. — I loved deeply, truly, shall love to my dying hour, and, spite of my infidelity, would at any time have slain any one of my paramours rather than have give her pain. — Why with this feeling I sought the Cyprians, demireps, sluts, and strumpets, which I have done, I cannot explain, nor the frame of mind which led me into lascivious vagaries and aberrations, fancies and caprices, yet to be told of. From time to time, I have already given my views on the sexual relations of man and woman, and of the uses which they may be permitted naturally, if not legitimately, to make of their own bodies. — From those views, coupled with my practice yet to be narrated, I might now "in my sear and yellow leaf," form some opinion of my own nature, which seems contradictory enough even to myself. But I make no attempt to theorize on my idiosyncracy, or to analyze my character. This is a history of my private life which deals with facts alone, and not with conjectures.]

[Again it must be stated that all paragraphs enclosed with brackets thus [ ] have been written since the manuscript of my life was finished, and have been added at this revision, when the narrative is put into form, revised, and much of the manuscript destroyed.]

I cannot tell the exact time that some of the following paragraphs were written, they are fragmentary lucubrations. Some were mixed up apparently with portions of my narrative a little later on, and some were not, but they possess evidence of having been all written during my period of chastity, and within a year or two after my chastity ceased, and no doubt all of them were written at this time of my life. All are evidence of my mental condition on sexual matters at that particular period, as I well even now recollect. They were not in many cases attached to particular pages of the manuscript, and some are without date, but I should have no difficulty in assigning their places

closely, if it were worth the trouble to do so.

It is a full quarter of a century since my prick first entered a woman's cunt. — A great change has now taken place in my social condition, and full fifteen months passed away during which I have been chaste — I do not find a single note or memorandum about illicit amours as they are called. — Indeed can swear that I never had any, and that all my sexual worship was given to one woman. Never before or since have I been so faithful, but she is worthy of it. — Then a change ensued. How well I recollect when I lapsed into my former habits of sensuality, spite of my struggles with myself to avoid doing so.

[This change in social life, left me with a limited purse for free loves — I had generally not the money to enable me to have the high-priced strumpets of former days, tho at times I was seduced into such extravagances. — Excepting at intervals, the demand upon my time and my tool elsewhere prevented my engaging in liaisons requiring time to accomplish or continue them. — But I had varied, fantastic, and the erotic frolics of mature age, as well as the normal amorous amusements of a sensuous man. The administrators to my pleasure were content with their gains, relatively small tho they were, and also were often content with me for I had not lost the natural faculty (not art, for I never really cultivated the art of attaching soiled doves, and (sub-rosa) frisky lasses, as well as other females to me; and making them the most complaisant of partners in my pleasures, and even my voluptuous extravagances and caprices.]

For fifteen months, I have been contented with one woman; I love her devotedly, I would die to make her happy. Yet such is my sensuous temperament, such my love of women, that much as I strive against it I find it impossible to keep faithful to her, to keep to her alone.

I have wept over this weakness, have punished my-self in fines, giving heavily to charities the money which would have paid for other women. I have frigged myself to avoid leaving a woman whose beauty has tempted my lust. I have, when on the point of accosting a lovely frail one, jumped into a cab and frigged myself right off, tho unavoidably thinking of the charms I had not seen. I have avoided A*g**e and C**m***e, and any other place to which whores resort, for fear of being tempted. I have fucked at home with fury and repetition, so that no sperm should be left, to rise my prick to stiffness when away from home; fucked indeed till advised by my doctor that it

was as bad for her as for me.

All is useless. The desire for change seems invincible. The idea of seeing the petticoats lifted of some untasted beauty, the disclosure of neat ankles, swelling calves, the garters round white thighs, the smooth belly, and the cunt glowing in its crisp hirsute setting, framed in the smooth white flesh of belly, thighs, and bum globes, fill me with unconquerable wants. — I sicken with desire, pine for unseen, unknown cunts. — My life is almost unbearable from unsatisfied lust. It is constantly on me, depresses me, and I must yield.

I have yielded — Alas — Alas — I am whoring as of old — the charm is broken — my lascivious career recommenced. — Alas — Alas — I ought to feel disgraced. — But what maddening voluptuousness the variety gives me.

Tho I again indulge my voluptuousness with women in whose society I find the greatest charm of life, not only from their possessing the sexual organ which is the foundation of love for them, as the male sexual organ is of their love for us, but for their faces, form, and beauty, manner, blandishments, and kindness, which are the female attributes. But I must abstain henceforth from those delicious intrigues, which, for so many years, have helped to occupy my mind and to lighten the great trouble of my life. It would be impossible to intrigue, to go cunt hunting as I have done. That involves never giving up a chance, watching for and seizing every opportunity, and giving up all other occupations needful to attain the end — possession of the woman. This now I cannot do, without chance of being found out, and perhaps thus sacrificing the happiness of one for whom I would sacrifice my life.

I must content myself with the pleasures which courtesans can give me. Luckily, courtesans in their ranks have every class of physical beauty to gratify the taste, together with a libidinosity, the idea of which seems more and more to please me. — Luckily also there are those to be found among them willing enough to gratify every taste of mine, — tastes which by experience have now been enlarged in their variety, — tastes to which in my earlier life I was a stranger — tastes which may be aberrations, and of which I have only heard. Thus I see before me endless salacious enjoyments. These are the burning words which ex-press the desires and actions of love. — Love, lust, letchery, lewed, licencious, lubricious, impudicity, salacity, obscenity, ribaldry, smuttiness, baudiness concupiscence carnality, fornication, lasciviousness, sensuality, meretriciousness, voluptuousness, lickerishness, ruttish, riggish, stupration and harlotry, all words found in the dictionary, and all of which I suppose may be classed under the

term erotic. All are ridiculously used as opprobrious terms, instead of terms of praise and worship, for they are after all, only the charming expressions of the wants, tastes, desires, and concomitants, of the use of the prick and cunt, and for giving to each sex pleasure in some way. The terms should therefore be all gathered together under the word Love, of which they are but the expressions, the signs, and the consequence, and love and lust are al-most synonymous.

[It is a quarter of a century since this was written and I have acted in the belief of the truth of them.]

I am forty-two years old: an age when nature should moderate my ardours. — It may have done so, yet I can scarcely find any difference in my physical force, whilst my power of imagination in all things sexual has increased. — This imagination adds infinitely to the charm of coition and makes the woman lovelier than ever to me. — I am in full health and vigor, and am told good looking, more so than formerly, tho I can see no difference in myself. — All agree that I do not look my age. I can fuck once nightly as regularly as clockwork, oftentimes twice, and feel none the worse for the double action. Frequently, even that makes me feel and sleep better, and feel more refreshed and stimulated next morning. — With a fresh woman I can fuck thrice within the hour, but with that have finished my amour for a time. — But so it was with me years ago. [With a little abstinence, and a lovely woman with a fresh cunt, I have many times done my fifth between night and morning.]

I can perhaps for a time control my lustful impetuosity better than I could, which may be a sign of relaxation of strength. Yet at times I have such a strong, hot, fit of passion at the sight of a woman, that nothing restrains me till I've had her, if she can be had. Neither cost (whether I can afford it or not) nor risk deters me. — It seems to me that I then have the same determined aggressiveness which, overcoming a constitutional timidity frequently felt by me with women, tho I have not often told of it, has given me hitherto such success in my amours, — and even with harlots. — Success often times unexpected. My temerity in the attack, so crowned with victory, often times astonished me when my passion has been cooled in the darling's arms, and I have had time to think over what has passed.

Certainly I can now do what years ago I was incapable of, — dally with my lust under the strong excitement of a fresh cunt. I can pull my prick out of it as my sperm begins to rise, await its subsiding, put my prick in again, again postpone the crisis, and get by this

husbandry, this prolongation, as much voluptuous delight out of one fuck as I used out of two. I can at times look at a cunt which my prick has never yet opened, and by strong effort of will, comtemplate it for a time even with a stiff and throbbing prick. I think at times, even, that I can prevent my prick from stiffening, when looking at a lovely naked woman, but this for a short time only. — Directly afterwards, when I allow desire full swing, my prick, in rapid throbs, jerks itself up erect. — It seems to me to rise to duty with the throbbing of my heart, when the restraint of my will is removed from it.

I have much, perhaps great, knowledge of sexual matters as it affects both male and female in their daily life, and feel sure that with that experience, coupled with the influence of my age, I can get mastery over women more easily than formerly. — Yet have I not been already sufficiently masterful with them? But my deeper knowledge tells, and adds to my power and pleasure. I can astonish the younger ones, whores tho they may be, by telling them as much as they know, and some of the young practitioners more than they know. — [Many a young pair of eyes I have, since this was written, seen to wonder at my disclosures.] Then finding I know so much of their sex, their mendacity, little dodges, artifices, salacious tricks, and lewed habits, they are frank and tell me much about themselves and of their class. That is to say, some do, — those who naturally are frank. — Those innately cunning liars — but little.

I like to notice carefully, quietly, the difference in cunts; to study the look of cunts. This taste for comparing them has been growing on me for years. But more — I can tell, I think, tolerably closely, the age of a woman by the growth of the hair around, and the general aspect of her vulva. — “How old do you guess I am?” — “Wait till you're naked my dear, and when I've looked at you from your arse hole to your navel, I'll guess.” — “You are a funny man, — well look then — now tell me.” — That often has occurred, and it pleases me to inspect and to guess.

I can look at a woman's bum hole without dislike, and like pressing it with my finger, when my prick is in her cunt, and, in the ecstasy of the spend, even to intrude it. Have I not done now nearly everything? Is not everything which two people like to do together, fit and proper for them to do? Besides, some sweet Paphians whom I have had, and enjoyed my embraces, liked that anal plugging.

What often astonishes me is my desire to do again every thing sexual and erotic, which I have done al-ready. Yet many things done, I fancied I should never repeat. I have frigged a man. — My curiosity satisfied, I said to myself, — “I shall never frig a man again.” — Yet I want to do so. — After each nearly hairless cunt which I have fucked, I have said, “Bah! she is not so well worth a stiff one as a full grown

woman. There's no squeeze in the cunt, tho it be so small and tight — less soft liquidity exudes to meet my sperm, I'll not have another." — But I want another, and seem even to forget the sensation and the distinct pleasure that the small cunt gave me. I still want to compare them with the pleasure from larger cunts. —Nay, I crave for a young, unfledged cunt to lodge my prick in once more, and for the very fact of its being young and unedged, and without thought of the pleasure of the fuck in it. I want to do every thing over again. All former gratifications which were a little out of the common, seem to have faded from my recollection somewhat. — I don't clearly enough recollect my sensations, or the quality of the pleasure they gave me. I wish to re-fresh my memory by repeating the amorous exercises. It is not my lust or powers which want stimulating by variety; it rather seems as if it were strong animal want which is stimulating my desires and exercising my brain to invent even voluptuous combinations. I should like now, I fancy, those amusements I have often objected to. I should I think like my prick sucked by a sweet red lipped mouth. — Many a time I have refused that. What made me do that trick with the three Italian Graces at F**r***e I wonder?

Certainly I should like to gamachuche a pretty, coral tinted, hairless cunt, between young thighs. And a large stiff white prick! — I should like to see the sperm start from it, whilst I handled it. — Big women and little, black and light haired cunts, cunts of four-teen, and cunts of forty, I should like to see and taste again.

And I am middle-aged, and as some would say, should know better. Bah! — why should I not enjoy myself erotically if I fancy it, even if I were a centenarian? — "Vive le con, vive le vit." I will re-commence as if I were young and ignorant. — Know better? He who knows how to get full enjoyment of life, be it done how it may, knows best.

I have perhaps arrived at the period of philosophical eroticism, but have I anticipated the period? Camille says that I have, and reminds me that she always said I should, whilst "beau garcon." — In fact I know everything about women: their sexual organization, the mysterious influence that the womb exercises upon them, and they upon us from the same source of vitality. —But whilst I flatter myself thus, I know also that I may be, and probably shall be, deceived by them, have their dust thrown in my eyes, — humbugged by them.

Any man may be humbugged by a woman whom he loves. Nay if he only likes her much, he is sure to believe her. It would pain him too much to disbelieve. This my opinion of masculine weakness, for many a year I have held. — It has saved me, I believe, from more than one false step, from several dilemmas. — It may save me from others, but who knows? If I should love, or only lust after, or only like, it will

not, especially from gay women. — A gay lady is al-most by necessity a liar and trickster — money, money does it. — But in love matters, all women, modest or immodest, are liars, they will lie like a dentist to serve their turn. Trust them not, shall be my motto hence-forth, but fear it will avail me but little, if I love or lust for them.

[Thus ran my thoughts, during the time I was constant and true to one (and to whom I thought I should be constant and true for ever), and the period of hesitation which ensued afterwards. — Thus did sensual cravings surge and struggle with me till I yielded. — They worried me even afterwards, whilst I indulged my lust with cheap Paphians, whom I sighted, longed for, fucked, paid, and dismissed, oftentimes in half an hour; leaving me unsatisfied, almost doubting what had taken place, yet with a desire to see more of their seat of pleasure, which in my lustful impetuosity I had had but a glimpse of. That flash of the cunt before my eyes had a sorcery of its own, for I could rarely help thinking of it and wishing to contemplate it more at leisure, and to think about it when contemplating.]

[Such fugitive pleasures also left me with fear of ailment, not for my own bodily suffering, but for the disclosure of its origin and source, and of the anguish that the disclosure would cause to her. Often I vowed that never — never — would I incur the risk again. — Alas for such resolves. — A stiff prick has no conscience. — A lustful throb in mine at a pretty face, a neat ankle, a swinging backside in sight, and all was for-gotten, till I saw my sperm rolling out of her cunt, and my regrets and fears returned.]

When I recommenced indiscretions (to use the accepted and modest term for going on the loose and fucking others than the legitimate one), I sought Camille. — Years had passed since I had had her, and the look at her was a pleasure to me. — “Mon Dieu! c'est vous mon ami, je suis enchantйe de vous revoir, jai cru vous avoir perdu. — How well you look. — Ah, unchanged — as young and handsome as ever. — Ah, why have you so long neglected me?” — We kissed, in another minute my fingers were on her cunt, hers round my prick — our mouths were glued together in silence, and in a few minutes more, my prick was throbbing out its sperm into her heavenly receptacle, which gave out its tribute to meet mine whilst we sighed ourselves into voluptuous silence.

Camille was unchanged, excepting that she had got stouter, and the hair of her cunt was thicker and cov- ered her motte more. — Her lovely, smooth, satiny skin, her quiet voice, her other perfections mental and carnal, were the same. — But I fancied she had more the manners of a Paphian, more those of a professional fuckstress than when last I had her. We resumed our conversations as of yore. — Fucking and frigging, gamahuching and minetting, sodomy,

thumbuggery and tribadism — male with male —woman with woman — all the changes were discussed. — All, we agreed, would hesitate to get any enjoyments out of any parts of their body that they lusted for. It was the same philosophy — a theory of pleasure we had agreed upon years before, and we only reaffirmed it now, after in-creased experience.

But I wanted other women besides Camille. — Soon she perceived that want, for she asked me if she should get me this woman or that pleasure. She had had now the experience of some years of harlotry, and knew men's natures. — Well, for a short time I accepted her aid, but then went my own way and again ceased seeing her altogether. [Partly perhaps because she left England and partly owing to a change in my residence.]

Then I went promiscuously and took a clap. It was not so serious an affair as the previous one, and luckily, being then temporarily alone in my home, it enabled me to get cured without the ailment being discovered. — It made me more cautious, made me insist on rigorous washing, and cuntal injections, before embracing the ladies afterwards. Occasionally also I then used French letters, but I could not bear them, nor they me. The injections also even if only of soap and water, left the cunts so rough, that my sensitive prick was deprived of half its pleasure. I have lately noticed, more than ever, that some cunts have more natural lubricity than others, and that my pleasure in coition depends on that smoothness. That a sort of soapy, greasy, mucilaginous lubricity, gives me the most pleasure. That is found in perfection in girls about eighteen years old, and afterwards up to a certain age. I think it diminished in a woman after forty.

[Complete lubricity in the woman's cunt has now be-come a necessity. — Without it at times my prick suffers almost slight pain at the beginning of the fuck. — The second fuck in the spermatized channel is by far the most pleasurable, and on reflection I am conscious that the liking I had always for an unwashed cunt, or rather for one not recently washed, was an instinct with me, the result of this very sensitiveness of my glans. — I used at the time to think it was purely fancy on my part, yet could not reconcile it with the desire which I had for intense cleanliness in the woman, whilst at the same time I sought lubricity.]

[Finding I could not break away from my sensuality, I gave up the victory to it, tho I never was able to get rid of my moral scruples, and thinking I was unfair to her whom I loved better than my life. But I forgot those scruples, or they troubled me less and less as time went on. — My fears about ailments also grew less, for I reverted to a former habit, and always began my acquaintance by paying the ladies directly I got into the bed room with them. The dialogue was usually

this. “Here is the money, don't let me poke you if you have any thing the matter with you.” — “I'm all right.” — “Ah but if you've been poorly, or are going to be, the least stain will make me ill, my prick's so sensitive, I don't mind paying you a bit, I know you must get your living, so tell me truly, don't let me touch you if you've even the whites.”

That has been received in various ways. — “You do it, I'm all right. Come on and fuck me,” and after the business. — “You're married, I suppose, but don't you fear, I'm all right.” — Others on the contrary. — “I'm quite well, but my poorliness was only over this morning. — You mustn't push too deep.” — Or: — “Well, I am expecting to be poorly every hour.” — Or — “Well, do as you like.” Sometimes “Well, I'm a little poorly, but I'm quite in good health” or — “I'm all right as far as I know.” — Sometimes there was an evasive one. Others “Well, shall I toss you off then if you're afraid?” — or, — “A French letter then.” A French woman. “Shall I do minette with you?” — and there were other little varieties of meeting my offer, and questions, and result.]

Here from my manuscript are two extracts illustrative of my notes as written almost day by day at that period — many and many a page there was of them. All were amusing, and writing them pleased me immensely at the time. Indeed I think that I had more pleasure in writing my narrative at this period than at any other, tho I had far less to write about. — Of these temporary infidelities I destroy the remaining notes now, excepting one or two curious ones told further on.

Had a woman named Susan * * * * * seemed twenty-five, a fat arsed, tho she didn't look so in her dress. — Discontented with what I'd agreed to give her, said I give no more, — where on she said. — “All right” and seemed quite satisfied. — Dark hair and eyes, plenty on her cunt, fucked well and, I think, spent; told her so. “Yes I nearly always spend with my first man if he's nice, perhaps I mayn't get another tonight.” — She hated frigging herself. — No woman should touch her own cunt, she thought. — A funny one.

21 January. — A funny little bitch about four feet six high, thin. — A modest looking juvenile cunt. — One of the smallest I ever put into — quite tight as I pushed my penis up it — hurt me as I pulled prick out quite stiff — I'd spent, tho I feared — washed. — “You're in a hurry,” said she light haired, squinny face.

23 March — A hairy arsed, low, she. — Wonder I poked her, glad to get away — ten and six — dirty rooms.

A German — long nosed — big — spoke good English, said another woman was in house — would I see her — offered five shillings. — German laughed scorn-fully so I dropped the subject. —

Soon after said she'd go and see — and it ended in having a plump little whore, whose cunt I looked at, whilst I fucked the German, and for five shillings.

If I had any doubts, owing to the woman's manner, I got away as quickly as I could. Sometimes I said, “I won't poke, but show me your cunt.” I almost always looked at that, and then left, and oftentimes was in a house with another woman ten minutes afterwards. — Once or twice the look of the cunt so excited me that, “Oh, I must fuck you.” — “Perhaps you'd better not,” — but they never alledged anything but their poorliness as a reason. — By adopting this mode of dealing with the women, I expect that I often escaped an ailment.

So for some time I had two or three different women weekly — feeling quite sure that I could do duty at home as well, but I had no woman whom I took to as a friend — or regularly visited. It was one continuous change in cunt, which I saw in all sizes, developments, knowledge of the look, and capabilities of that feminine appurtenance, and the ways and manner in which women used it and permitted it to be used, and their movements, manner, and behaviour, whilst it was used.

I only select one or two funny and exceptional incidents which occurred me during this continuous change of women, and they stand in my manuscript in the following order, or something like it.

Chapter VII

Caroline the ex-chambermaid. • Her lewed moment. • Handsome backside. • Acquaintance claimed. • Prologue, copulation, Epilogue. • I am known. • Caroline's history. • She disappears. • Madeline again. • The street, the cab, the brothel. • A solemn promise. • Sarah F**z*r. • Form, face, cunt, and tongue. • Micturating frolics. • Spending indications. • Her dress. • A poke in the open. • Legs in the street. • A male competitor. • He after me. • A titanic prick. • Sarah on gamahuching. • Her nose.

One dark evening at about six o'clock, I went to a house with a woman who pleased me when I met her, she looked so fresh and plump, tho clad in a vulgar, staringly light coloured, but very good cloak. She had smiled cheekily at me as I stood under a gas lamp, to see the sort of looking woman she was, and said “Well you're coming home with me ain't you?” — on saying I was, she laughed heartily and put her arm thro mine to walk with me, in such a way that I thought she had been drinking — I sent her on in front, which was my customary mode in such affairs, and joined her in nice lodgings not far from L***h*m P***e.

She undressed quickly, and I found her a fine woman looking about twenty-five years of age, with dark hair and eyes, and with a fresh colour like that of a country woman. She had an unusually big rump and fine thighs, but with quite a youthful quantity of dark brown hair on her quim. — “Show us it, I've often wanted to see it,” said she, alluding to my prick. — She handled it and gave it a kiss with an air of satisfaction. — “You've just come in the nick of time, you want a bit, and I want a bit,” and she laughed again. Her mirth was contagious and I laughed too, but could not quite make up my mind whether she had been drinking or not.

“Not so quick my dear, let's have a good look at your cunt first.” — She'd got on the bed and thrown her chemise up ready for me, just as women do when anxious to be fucked or to get rid of a man. — “All right, look as long as you like, but poke first and look after-wards” — I declined. — “There then,” and she slipped to the bed side with thighs apart — “Now you'll want to see it the other way I suppose,” and she turned arse upwards, kneeling, and showing a pretty brown haired quim, pouting between as white, solid, and handsome a pair of bum globes as ever I saw. “Now come on.” “Are you in a hurry?” “Not a bit to get rid of you, poke me, and we'll talk afterwards.” — I got on the bed, and she amatively kissed me. — I felt her cunt inside and out,

and in few minutes my prick was lying up her, satisfied, shrinking, and sticky. — “You've spent my dear.” “I should think I have, and will again,” and she kissed me more than ever — I thought I'd got a doxy just at her thoroughly lewed moment, or who had taken a letch for me. — I've had such, and their manner then is generally unmistakable, tho the manners of women vary much.

I laid on her in full enjoyment of her spermatized cunt, smoothing her fat, cool, backside, till a sudden fear of ailment came over me. “I must wash,” said I. —She put her legs round mine, held me tightly round my bum with both hands, and nestled her cunt up to my balls. — “Keep it in and wash when you've done it again, I'm all right.” “But I must get home to dinner.” “Shan't let you go till you've poked me again.” — She was chirpy in manner — there was a vivacity in her, strongly resembling that of big-eyed Betsy Johnson of whom I have told. — “I must go, I shall be late, and shan't be able to do it again for half an hour,” and I wriggled a little with the intention of quitting her body, yet was half hearted about it, so nice was she to handle. “Yes you will — what will you bet?”

I laid a little longer wondering at her manner, feeling somehow now sure that she was sound in body, thinking she had taken a letch for me, began feeling her bubbies, and investigating her armpits. — “I haven't seen you for a long time,” she said laughing. “I never saw you before,” I replied astonished. — “Oh haven't you tho, are you sure?” — I raised myself up to look at her face, and began to fancy I had. — “Oh, it's all running out of my cunt, haven't you put a lot in,” — saying which and moving me with her, she turned partly on her side, putting her leg over my haunch as she did so, still held me close to her, and caught hold of my prick, which uncunted with the movement. — “You've had a drop.” “Yes — but nothing but tea. I never drink liquor till night,” said she, squeezing gently the glans of my prick. — It was a most delicate, refined performance, and already a voluptuous feeling at the tip and running thence everywhere, filled me with desire for her. The pleasurable sensation of a soft female hand coaxing my prick, now gently clasping my balls, now twiddling round the foreskin, now pinching gently be-low the tip, brought me to voluptuous silence. My hand sought her clitoris, the spermatic moisture on her quim increased my lewedness, and again our mouths met. — “Ohoo — I want it again — put it in. — Aha — how stiff it is.” “Aha, how spunky your cunt is,” I murmured amidst wet kisses. — It was all that was said, till I'd had a gloriously voluptuous second fuck. — Then we lay together till my prick would keep in her no longer. — Quickly I washed, and left her promising to see her again, and meaning it. “Don't be long first or you won't see me again at all, shall I write to you?” were the last words she uttered after chaffing me, and

saying she knew me well enough, which I denied — I fancied I had somewhere seen her before, yet dismissed that from my mind, for I rarely quite forget the face of any woman whom I have had.

In a few days I saw her again. — Directly she noticed me, she turned and walked towards her lodgings, as if making sure I had come to have her.

“I knew I should see you again,” were her first words when in her bedroom. “Why?” “Sure you'd come to see an old friend.” “I never saw you till the other night.” “Quite sure?” “Quite.” “I know well all your names, and where you live, and all about you, what will you bet I don't?”

As before, she stripped rapidly to her chemise, as if anxious to be poked — sitting down whilst I undressed, she seized my prick directly I approached her, kissed it, and then with a gentle, almost imperceptible delicacy of handling, passed the stiff stem through her soft hand, alternately looking at it, then up at me, and holding with her other hand my shirt well up, so that she could see my procreator without hindrance. Then she began chaffing about her knowledge of me. — I returned the chaff, saying that now I recollected having her one or two years before. — “That you didn't, for I have only been poked eight months, and a gay woman three.” For a second she was then silent, as if my remark had annoyed her.

“Tell me what you know,” I resumed. “If I do you won't see me again.” “Yes I will, let us poke first.” “No.” “You shall, I have only been chaffing you,” said she, getting on to the bed. I believed that, said no more, laid by her side, and delicious reciprocal preliminaries began. I looked at her lovely cunt, pulled apart the red lips, kissed her motte and belly up to her bubbies, and then more tranquil by her side, felt over all the surface of her cunt, now thrusting a finger up the red prick tube, now rubbing gently the clitoris, whilst she continued the delicate, slow, masturbating movement on my prick from tip to balls. Our mouths joined in moist contact, then in silence I mounted her, clasped her smooth solid arse, and thrust my prick to its roots up her. She sighed with delight as it struck the end of her cunt.

After a short voluptuous rest for my prick, tho my brain during such times is in its baudiest state of thought, I fucked. — Up and down went my prick in her sheath, with our sighs and murmurs of pleasure mingling, till all movements finished with a throbbing prick, a gripping, clipping cunt, tightening arseholes, wriggling bellies, spasms of pleasure, thick white spunk spurting from me into her, salt slimy juices exuding from her vagina — amidst our sighs and cries of ecstasy. Then with relaxed hold, with limb stretched out, tranquil we lay, prick still in cunt, cunt clipping, prick loosely but deliciously shrinking in the fecundating mucilaginous bath of our mixed

spendings, our tongues still joined, and salivas mingling. Thus for minutes in a blissful Elysium, as if our souls and bodies were dissolving. What a happy death to die.

The pleasure over, I slipped off on one side. She turned to me, laying hold of my tool. I put my hand over her upper buttock, and laying together thus in salacious companionship she said laughing, “I do know you tho.” “Tell me then.” “Your names begin with *** and **** and ****. — The number of your house is 34 — and the street name begins with A.” — It was so exact that I started, but said, “No.” She laughed, told me all, and finished up by, “Now fuck me, it's quite stiff,” and I did.

These were the circumstances. Three years or so before, an Australian family, the lady of whom was distantly related to me, came to England and stopped six months nearly at the **** hotel. I visited them often, dined there, went to the theatre and everywhere with them. She was chambermaid there, had waited on the ladies, taken messages to them from me, taken letters to the hotel box addressed to me, had heard me often spoken about, and thus knew much about me. I had kissed her once, and putting my hand down to her belly gave it a gentle tap and said, “There's a baby there I think.” — I'd forgotten her, tho her face had seemed familiar to me.

Surprized and a little annoyed (such tricks have been played, by women), that I could not help for a minute pondering on the incident, tho there really is nothing very singular in it. I have often wondered that out of the hundreds of women of all classes I have fucked, or toyed with baudily, that I have met so few of them afterwards, when I have once parted with them. Said she with her pert manner, “Ah — you're wishing you hadn't seen me, and thinking I'm going to leave my card on you — but I'm not, for I'm going away al-together, I shan't be what the French women about here call a Dame Galante long,” and she laughed. Then I wanted to know her history fully. She wouldn't tell me. — “If you want to hear that, come and spend the evening with me, I shan't be here long.” — Perhaps I would I said, “No, you're not going till I've had another poke — I'd have let you had me first two years ago, but you didn't see it and shied off.”

I poked her again, and said I would see her that day week, knowing I should then be by myself in town. — She counted on her fingers. — “I think I shall be poorly, come the day before.” “I will.” — That evening I had my dinner first, and at her request took a bottle of champagne with me. I'd been four days without a fuck, and wanted one. — She'd had her dinner. — “I waited for your phiz and haven't had any thing to drink, but wasn't sure if you'd bring it,” and she began drinking.

She was ready when I got there, nicely got up with a silk open

gown or dress, over a fine chemise. — “Look! that's what my young man's given me,” said she drawing my attention to it. “You've silk stockings on” (she'd not worn them before). “Yes, bought them for you, you may give them me if you like.” “Well I will.” She got up and kissed me. “You ought to have had me first.” “I wish I had, tell us all about it.” “Take your trowsers off, and make yourself comfort-able.” — Whilst I undressed she stirred up the fire, and we sat down. “Show me your cock.” “Show me your cunt then.” She lifted her chemise to her navel, the sight of her motte and legs which were handsome, made me stiffen at once. I lifted my shirt.

— “Hoh, hoh, ho,” saying which she got up and laid hold of my pego. I clasped her bum, and fingered her notch. — She stooped and our mouths joined. — “Not yet,” said she disengaging herself and sitting down; but in a few minutes, our backsides were heaving reciprocally on the bed.

Then we sat before a good fire drinking, I smoking

— our passions temporarily assuaged. — She with chemise above her knees, to let the warmth of the fire reach her quim. I, with its warmth playing on my buttocks and ballocks. — This was her history — Which I now abbreviate as much as possible, tho as first written, it filled seven pages of foolscap.

Caroline * * * * was her name. — She was only twenty-one years old now, tho she looked much older, had been in private service. Her eldest sister, who was chambermaid at the hotel, persuaded her to go there. Both were there, when my Australian friends were. — Caroline found it pleasanter than a private house, but much harder work. They saw lots of life, single men larked with the chambermaids, and married men as well, but furtively. — “Yes,” she said in answer to my question, “many men have shown me their cocks when I took water or things into their bedrooms, some made a sham of being caught with it out,” — but she knew it was “all my eye” — they meant her to see it. Her sister who was thirty and a widow, told her it was the same with her. The waiters tried to get over her, lot of gentlemen at the hotel had asked her to go out with them, but she never had. All the female servants talked baudily, most of them she thought fucked on the sly, her sister included, but she always gave Caro-line good advice.

She'd been there but a few months when I visited my Australian friends. — “Nine months ago I went wrong. I went out one night with a young man, a gentleman who had been at the hotel some time.” — He'd kissed her several times, she thought him nice, and it ended in his getting her to have dinner, then to a house, and taking her virginity. — He'd said he'd keep her. Whether that induced her to let him have her or not, she didn't know. — “I expect I wanted it badly. I often did just then, I was always hearing about fucking, and was tired

of frigging myself. — Directly he got his hands between my thighs in the cab, I thought I'd let him do me." She left the hotel, he kept her a few months, went abroad, and she'd never seen him since. He gave her fifty pounds when he left, and she turned gay at once.

"I believe I'd have let you do it, I liked you, and put myself in your way, don't you recollect asking me if there was a baby there," pointing to her belly. — "A young waiter that very day had offered to marry me.

— The maid who slept in my room just then, talked about nothing else but fucking every night, and I was clean upset by it all. — You never saw your chance."

— Her sister used to say, "What are you hanging about there for, when that gentleman's here." Then Caroline said — "I wanted you directly I set eyes upon you a fortnight ago."

I pulled my chair closer to hers, our naked thighs touched, she laid hold of my tool, my fingers sought her notch, our mouths met, and we sat in voluptuous silent play, till with a wriggle. — "Ahar, come and do me." — Then on the bed at once our backside joggings recommenced.

Then she told me she thought she was going away with a gentleman "I wish it were you." He'd given her that cloak and other things. She didn't like the life, tho she'd done very well at it. — Her sister advised her to go to service again. "But I can't do without fucking now, and wonder I did without it so long, and like my liberty, tho I wish I'd married the waiter." — We embraced again, I had been with her some hours, and was getting hungry, so was she. The champagne was gone, but I was quite comfortable, and didn't like to quit her she was so unusual in manner, and there was such an evident letch for me that I felt flattered; for I like a woman to enjoy me, it heightens my pleasure.

"I'm so hungry." "So am I, and shan't go out to-night — you can get ham and beef round the corner, and they have good hot saveloys up to midnight. — They sell good whiskey and wine at * * * *." "Send your servant." "No you go, they'll serve you better, I can't dress in time for it's twelve, or I would." — Off I went, and came back with hot sausages and a bottle of whiskey, and we sat eating and drinking till it was two o'clock. — When I rose to go, "Do me before you go, you may never have the chance again." "I can't." "I'll make you. — Ah, I must piddle first." "Stop, let me see you," — my old letch came on suddenly. — I put her on the bed, a basin under her, and from her red slit saw a quart of the yellow fluid splash out. Her big round buttocks and white thighs made a charming setting to the red cleft. By the time she'd finished my prick was rampant at the sight, and with the glistening drops of moisture still on the vulva and its hedge, I

fucked her at the bed side. — “You're a real man, and no mistake, I wish you had me first,” she said as my prick left her.

A week after I had her again. — I kissed her white bum. — “Say good-bye to it,” said she laughing. “Why?” “I don't think you'll see it again. — I'm going off. I hope so at least. — If you don't see me out, call and ask, but I'm expecting every day to leave this life. My friend says he'll keep me.” — I never saw her after that night, and called at the lodgings. She had left, gone they knew not where, and with a gentleman, “Oh quite a gentleman.”

I have often noticed that one surprize follows an-other. Within a few weeks after the ex-chambermaid vanished, I met, point blank, Madeline, the sweet young milliner over whose thigh I first spent, — and whom I subsequently relieved of her virginity. It is between two and three years since I had that pleasure.

It was in the afternoon just before dusk, both of us were turning a corner out of R*g**t Street. Both started, and stopped as if petrified. — “You?” “My dear Madeline, you?” — We shook hands. — “It won't do if we are seen,” said she anxiously, “for I'm mar- tied.” “Who'll see you? and if you are seen, surely you may talk to an old friend — but who'll know, let us walk on,” — and I did by her side. — “Tell me all about yourself, and husband,” questions rapidly put. — Yes, she'd married Richard. — “No children?” “None.” “You lucky one, you can have any fun you like, without fear.” “Oh! fun? I'm married.” — She wanted to get rid of me, apparently fearful. — “I won't go, I must talk with you, may never see you again, get in this cab and you can tell me all, nobody can see us in it.” — I hailed a passing cab, in a second we were in it and off we drove. — I had almost to hustle her into it, but the fascination of our former delight was on her, as on me. We were both yielding to the inevitable curiosity.

She was agitated. Old endearments I know came to her mind, how can any woman meet a man who has fucked her without thinking of it? — We kissed. “Do you recollect that night Madeline, when, etc. etc.” “Oh you mustn't talk of that, we must forget it.” Then she told me that her husband had a good situation, was very kind, she'd never had a child. — “He fucks you doesn't he?” “Oh — well — oh — you always were such a Oh! — Where are we going now? — I must not be late — let me go.”

“No you shan't, I may never see you again. — My God, how I long to see you naked, how much stouter you've got, how lovely your arm feels — fucking agrees with you, your legs have grown larger like your arms I'll bet, haven't they now?” “Oh don't go on so, don't.” “Oh let me feel for a moment only.”

Stooping, I pulled up her clothes to her knees, and got my hand just above her garters. — She struggled violently. — “Oh now — don't

— you shan't. — Oh leave off." "I will by God, Madeline, I will feel that lovely cunt once more." — It was a real hard struggle. She meant to prevent me, I resolved to feel it. — A whirl of lust passed thro me, I thought of fucking her in the cab, or any where, but somehow. As we struggled, my head was over her shoulder, my mouth against her neck. After I'd once got my hand above her garters, that position kept her from stooping much and helped me, for in a minute or two (but how time flies in these lovely erotic combats) my hand was well between her thighs, my finger tip on the vaginal mouth, my open hand covering her whole cunt, I had grasped the whole of her cunt so to speak, my fingers squeezing apart the lips. The next minute I had placed her hand round my erection, placidly her hand closed softly on it, and our mouths met.

She murmured, "What a shame," — then gave her-self up — vanquished — silent — and now enjoying it; for lewedness once possessed of man and woman, absorbs all thought, — pervades the whole physical frame with a subtle languid pleasure, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, it enervates. Thus in silence we sat for a time as the cab rolled on. — How useful four wheeled cabs have been to me.

It grew dark, whilst we handled each other's genitals — the sensations our fingers gave us made us forgetful of all but our love. — "Let us just look at each other once again, you've more hair on your cunt I can feel. — My God how my prick's throbbing for you — Frig me." — "I won't." — "Come with me, and I swear if ever we meet again I'll take no notice of you. That shall be agreed between us. — We shan't be half an hour. — My beloved Madeline, let me have you once more. — Come darling," and my fingers moved unremittingly over her cunt, rousing her lust to insensible compliance.

In ten minutes afterwards we were in a house, the scene of many a former pleasure, she knew it well. — Within an hour we had fucked thrice and separated, but what maddening Elysium that one hour was, what disclosures we both made. I told her as much as she told me, it was pleasant to tell her of my social happiness. — She had got stouter, her thighs were large and round, she had still her marbly backside, and it was a larger one. She'd now a well-haired cunt — quite thick hair now, and it fucked as deliciously as ever. — We talked over all about our liaison from first to last, sponges, French letters, and all. — She soon lapsed into lasciviousness after I had once fucked her. — When we parted she said she should be ashamed of saying her prayers or to go to church next Sunday. — "My love, your husband never found out that you had been poked before he poked you, and he'll never find this fucking out." — I've never seen her since to speak to, tho I have once or twice in the distance, but our paths lay apart.

It was a most delicious incident — a break in the monotony of harlot loves and pleasures to which I shall be for the future limited. — But I don't regret that. — I regret my infidelity more. — Mais que voulez-vous? — I am made so — made I suppose to be unfaithful. But I always reserve enough sperm for connubial duty, and she is satisfied.

In the year 18** I walked up P***l**d P***e at about ten o'clock at night, and saw a tall woman standing at the corner of L**t*e P***l**d Street. Her size attracted me, I spoke, and offering half a sovereign with the understanding that she would take everything off — went with her to a house in L**t*e P***l**d Street.

She kept her word and stripped whilst I sat looking on. — When in her chemise, — “Do you want me quite naked?” — “Yes.” Then she slipped it off and stood start naked, boots, stockings, and garters, excepted. — I may as well describe her at once, as for quite four years she satisfied almost every sexual want, and helped me to satisfy every sensual fantasy.

She was with the exception of the second Camille (the French woman) almost the most quiet, regular, complacent woman I had had since that time, and more-over was most servicable to me in all my pleasures, ministering to them as I wanted them — but rarely herself suggesting them. — Ready to undertake any-thing for me, and after some length of intimacy participating in, and well pleased with, our erotic amusements; never attempting to exact money, but always content, and at length getting so accustomed to me that she let me into much knowledge of her private daily life.

She was I should say five feet nine or nearly ten high, which is tall for a woman. Her hips were when viewed from the front, of the proper width for such a height — but her shoulders somewhat narrow. Altho so tall, she was small boned and plump all over, yet she had not an atom of what may be called fatness; had a small foot, a fine shaped calve, and thighs not quite so large proportionately. Her bum with fine firm round cheeks was not heavy at the back, was rather broad across the hips than thick and prominent behind, yet her backside looked handsome. — In fact she was straight and well shaped from top to toe, but if anything might have had broader shoulders with advantage, to make her proportionate to her height; yet only a sharp critic would have noticed that deficiency.

Her cunt, that important part of a woman, was large, but tight, fleshy inside, and muscular. It clipped my prick as deliciously as if it had been a much smaller one, and it was so healthy and deep, that often as I tried, I never could touch the orifice to her womb, either with my prick or my fingers. Nearly black hair, crisp and in full quantity was on her mons, and down the lips, and almost to her arsehole, but not round that brown orifice. The lips were thick and

full, yet if she put her legs apart, they widened at once, showing deep crimson facings, and when shut a thin crimson streak. — Her nymphae were small.

She had dark brown, bright eyes, dark hair and good teeth — but her nose had been broken. That spoiled her face which otherwise would have been very handsome. As it was it did not make her ugly, but decidedly spoiled her.

She had the longest tongue I ever saw. She could put it further out of her mouth altogether than any one whom I have seen do that trick. — She was somewhat an unusual woman in every respect, and was I think twenty-four years old when I first saw her. — She had been a ballet dancer at some time, altho I only found that out after I had known her some months. — Her name was Sarah F**z**r.

She laid on the side of the bed, pulled her cunt open, knelt on the bed backside towards me, shewing cunt and arsehole together in quick succession as I asked her, and without uttering a word, but simply smiling as she obeyed. It had the usual effect, — a stiff-stander of the first order. It always is so with me. Objections, and sham modesty, a refusal to let me touch, and feel, or see, instead of whetting my appetite for a gay woman, always angers me and makes me lose desire.

— With a woman not gay the case is different. The next minute I was enjoying her with impatience, then I lay on her stiff still, and full up her when I had spent.

— “I shall do you again.” “All right,” she replied. My prick never uncunted, but whilst reviving, my hands roved in all directions. She moved first this leg, then that, lifted her backside up, and seemed by instinct to know where my hands wished to go, and they were restless enough. — She was like Camille. — To something I said, she remarked. — “You're fond of it.”

— As I recommenced my thrusts she said. — “Don't hurry, I want it,” — and we both spent together. — I forgot to mention that her flesh was of surprizing firmness, and her backside solid and smooth. — I gave her the half sovereign as agreed — she did not ask for more, and we parted — but not for long.

The readiness with which she complied with all my wishes, together with the recollection of her personal charms, and the pleasure of her cunt, dwelt in my mind. I had her next night, and the night after, and then began to see her once or twice a week, and to indulge in voluptuous freaks which I had not done for three years or more, and which my imagination in-creased in its powers by what I had seen, read, and done, supplied me. — I am not going to tell of tricks I have done with other women, but only such varities and vagaries as were newish, and one or two which I think, not done

before with any women. If I had, I have forgotten to tell them, tho I am not sure even of that.

My piddling letch, which seems for a time to have been dormant, returned. I began to make her piddle in all sorts of attitudes, first in a pot, then in a basin — at times with her cunt opened naturally, then holding the lips open, so that the little red piddle-vent could be seen almost. — At no time of my life had I such variety of frolics with urine as I then had. — It may be termed my pissing period. I began to piss with her, would keep myself from watering for hours before I met her, so that I might deliver the fullest, longest, and strongest stream of urine possible. — She was famous at it. I have seen the piddle stream of scores of women, but hers was the hardest, and strongest that ever wetted a pot. — I hit on the idea of bringing her to the bedside, laying her back, putting a basin under her bum as close as the bed would permit. Then she would hold the lips of her cunt wide open, and I pointing my tool, would empty my bladder. The yellow stream hitting either prick hole, or broad surface of the cunt, splashed in a thousand little bright drops on her thighs, or lodged in the crisp black hair, then ran down to where the quim nears the bum hole, and dropped into the basin beneath. Directly I had pissed, my prick would stand, I joined my body to hers, and capable no longer of delay, bedewed quickly with sperm the inside of the orifice which I had just be-dewed outside with a thinner fluid.

Pissing against her cunt, she declared, no man had ever done to her but me. She enjoyed it, it seemed to make her lewed, and she always spent with me after-wards. — When spending she shewed it plainly, and did not attempt to hide it as some do. — Indeed she could not, for her cunt would close so strongly round my prick, that there was no mistaking what it was up to. — Besides that, her face first went scarlet — perfectly scarlet, — a minute afterwards, perfectly white

— and then gradually recovered its natural color — I never saw that change in any other woman's face. She always kept my prick up her as long as she could,

— twining her long legs round me to hold me up her, whilst her long arms held me firmly round my arse cheeks, as she lay perfectly quiet with her eyes closed.

— At other times when she did not spend herself, she took no trouble of that sort, but got up and washed the moment I released her.

The house I went to with her was usually in L**t*e P***l**d Street. — It had some advantages, but there was no looking glass of any size. As I wanted now to see our limbs and muscles move under our embraces, I went to a well known house, — the A*ma in

St. (There were several houses in the same street then, in this one

there were glasses in profusion.) — It was now my additional delight when looking at her cunt, with her thighs wide open, with the basin beneath preparing for my salt splashing, to glance about and see her long plump flanks and thighs, half hiding the basin, my own nudity, and our erotic tricks.

In the various ways which I amused myself with her, one very large cheval glass increased my pleasure. I mostly managed to get the room in which that particular glass was, for I soon became known. They gave me what I wanted and never disturbed me how-ever long I stayed.

Two other modes, in which we used to amuse our selves with our bladders were these. — We used to strip ourselves start naked, shoes and stockings off even, and arrange the cheval glass, so that with other glasses I could see her both back and front at a glance. Then lay on my back with hands under my head on a pillow, so raised as to enable me to see the picture we made. Then she would stand for a minute straddling over me, and the sight of the red stripe peeping out of the black hair would stiffen my penis. Then sitting down on me as she would on a chamber pot, she would take my stiff prick and engulf it in her cunt, the dark hair of her quim meeting mine, her bum cheeks just touching without weighting heavily on my thighs. Then out would come her warm stream, hitting my belly below my navel, and running down in two little streams by the side of my balls, uniting beneath them, washing over my arsehole, and depositing itself on the carpet on which I was lying.

At other times I reversed her, and she engulfed my prick in her cunt with her backside towards me. — Then I could play with her cool, firm, smooth back-side, and feel round the stem of my prick just where it was lost, and hidden in her warm juicy tube. I could feel to her bumhole — or back bone. In the glasses I could see my prick rising out from the balls, and losing itself in the dark black thicket on her cunt lips. — “Open the lips, Sarah.” — Immediately her two fingers would separate the lips, leaving the broad red surface, at which sight my prick would throb with de-sire to spend. — “Piss, piss dear, I can bear it no longer.” — Then it would fall like a cataract in front of my balls, and partly on my thighs.

At times wrought to an irrepressible pitch, no sooner had the last dribble fallen on my ballocks, than with a few upward shoves I finished my pleasure, feeling her arse, and gloating over the luscious picture we made; holding her on me until my prick slipped out, and drew with it some of my sperm, as it flapped down on to my balls, still wet with her piddle.

By that time the piddle had cooled —my arse used to feel as if it had fallen into a ditch —we both rose, wiped and dried ourselves, and

sat down to talk until desire again asserted its empire over me, or over us, for she enjoyed this fun.

Another way I have tried unsuccessfully with an-other woman. — With Sarah it was practicable on ac-count of her height — for in tall women, the extra length is nearly always in the legs, and not in the body. Stripping ourselves start naked, I stiffened my prick by her incitements, or perhaps by a few preliminary shoves up her cunt, then both standing up before the glass, I used to put my prick up her and she would piss, and the warm stream run dripping round my balls, falling on both our thighs, and descending till we stood in a pond. — Then standing, I would fuck her, watching our movements in the glass.

And all this is practicable, if a man who is lewed as I was takes the trouble, and has a suitable woman. With Sarah I could do this scarcely bending my back, for upright by me my prick was nearly at the level of her cunt. — When the twisiting and wriggling of our backsides and genitals had ceased, I have without uncunting, waddled with her back towards the bed, and leaning her on the edge, leaned on her, and took what rest I could in that position, until my prick slipped out. — Such was my force, and the rigidity of my penis, that several times I have done this. But it is a laborious, erotic amusement tho worth trying [I could not do it now].

I used at times, because of the convenience which her height gave for such amatory eccentricities, put my prick up her, and then clasping each other we used to waddle round the room, laughing as we viewed our movements in the glasses. That exciting amusement could not endure long, for there is an involuntary action in a cunt when the prober is in it, which compels the penis to move towards a consummation. After a minute or two, a constriction of her cunt muscles on my prick tip compelled it either to push or withdraw. Then came an involuntary shove or two, and then the sequel came, which was either the perpendicular shag in front of the glass — or an uprighter against the wall — a sloper against the bed side — a horizontal, old fashioned fuck on the bed, or on the floor — or a bum to belly fuck in dog fashion on the bed or on the carpet, bringing their usual crises of pleasure and relaxation of limb, luscious dreaminess, a sensation of cool dampness round the prick stem, and a desire for a doze.

I have fucked and awakened, still finding my prick in her — for she had only to raise her thighs ,and bend her knees up somewhat, to bring her cunt in such a position, as to press my balls against her buttocks, and keep my prick in if only the size of a large gooseberry. The same facility enabled me to get my prick up her when limp — I took much pleasure in doing that, and letting it stiffen up her, under

the corn- pressive movement or grip of her cunt — I have never known a woman who could give my prick a longer lodging than she could; tho I have known many who could do it well. She knew it was my pleasure, and gave it to me to the full when she got accustomed to me.

I used to be thinking constantly of what voluptuous tricks I could do when we met, but for a time, a preliminary usage of our organs, in pissing some way or another was my delight. — Then it took such possession of me that I thought of nothing else. My letters to her to meet me used to run. “Tonight — seven — keep in P.” — By which I meant her to have her bladder full. — So she used — so full at times that she said, “If you don't do something directly, I must piddle, I can't keep it in any longer.” Then the evening's amusement began. — The quantity she spouted oftentimes, I am sure, was a quart or more.

There is one thing in these amatory micturating bouts, which I only recollect having done with her and one other woman. — It was pissing when up her cunt. — She told me she had allowed a man or two to try, but that they could not succeed. — Indeed it is difficult. For when a prick is stiff and in the state of nervous strain which fits it for penetrating a cunt, its ejaculatory muscles struggle to shoot out sperm, and so I suppose contract the opening to the bladder, and prevent piddle issuing. But one night she was undressed, and lying at the side of the bed with thighs wide open, up I thrust my prick bursting, and as I thought with piss so proud, that nothing could prevent the jet. When up her cunt I tried to piss, but my prick began to throb, and her cunt, as I thought, to squeeze it, altho she declared it was quiet. I strained till I farted like a cow after beans, but not a drop would come. — The more I strained, the more difficult I found it to restrain myself from oscillating my buttocks for an outshoot of spunk.

My prick would not be cheated. Her cunt resented its being treated as a pisspot, and asserting its right to a stronger and thicker injection, closed round my prick, and worked it so, that getting its way, it drew from me its natural embrocation. — As my sperm throbbed out, it caused me such pain that I groaned.

Directly my seminal reservoirs had emptied them-selves, with a little effort my bladder opened, and I pissed for two minutes I am sure. — My prick kept gradually shrinking but-until it had done its full duty as a sperm spouter and water pipe, kept in her cunt. Pressing out from her cunt came my stream, running over my balls, and down by her arse split on to bed and floor. — At length out flopped my doodle, bringing with it the remainder of my injection both thick and thin. — Up I pulled her, laid down in her place, but sloping off from the edge of the bed and she standing up, I thrust my body between her thighs so that my prick was just under her cunt. — Out came her piddle

copiously over my belly and ballocks, and that completed the fun. — She cried out, “Oh, no, I shall wet my boots and stockings,” for in our lustful hurry she had kept them on. “Damn your boots — piss — piss.” — Out came the stream and I was happy. But we made the bed in such a mess that I was obliged to pay extra for its use.

Then I seem to have ceased eccentric micturating amusements, and erotic pleasures of a different kind took their place; tho as long as I knew her, I made her squat and piddle before me. I shall always I am sure, love to see a well made pair of white thighs, and their oval terminations in rear, whilst from between them the red line opens its hairy lips, and the sherry tinted stream spurts.

She was a scrupulously clean woman, always had the whitest linen on, but it was not of the finest quality, and was without ornament excepting a frill just round the top of the chemise — I never saw her in any dress but black silk. She said it was economical, that one dress helped to repair the other, that in coloured things she looked too big and vulgar — that her friends were mostly quiet men, who did not like women whom every one turned round after. — She usually wore a black veil, which were much worn by women then, lifted it up when she spoke to a man, then dropped it again. — I have watched her several times. — At that time gay ladies were fond of lifting up their petticoats if the streets were muddy, so as to show their legs a little. Sarah rarely did unless as she said she was “hard up.” — If she showed her legs she always got a man, yet could not bear doing it. —Odd! —How odd! — She would do anything with me in a room, and perhaps with any other man, yet did not like shewing her legs in the street. — Humbug?

When I came to appreciate her very handsome feet, and legs up to her knees (her thighs and haunches were scarcely as fat and fine) I found her stockings were sometimes a little coarse, so gave her boots, and silk stockings of the colour I admired. They were then light kid and pink silk — and also beetle-brown kid and white silk. — I gave her also splendid garters and expected her only to wear them all for me. I think she did so, for I tried to catch her with them on at odd times, and only found her with them on once. — When we had pissing bouts, she took off both boots and stockings. — Altho fond of a naked woman, I always made her keep boots and stockings on at other times.

Among my delights, was to make her squat at the edge of the bed with her knees up, and heels drawn as closely as possible to her bum. This she did with an ease, flexibility, and completeness which surprized me (the reason will be seen). — Then the dark mass of hair on her cunt, with the red lined lips, shewed up in perfection between her thighs, kid boots, and pink silk stockings — I used to keep her so for a quarter of an hour at a time, I sitting on a pillow on the floor, so

as to be able to look up at her cunt, holding a candle under it almost touching it, and opening, twitching, and fingering the cunt, as the impulse seized me. Then I viewed it from all parts of the room, until my pego would bear it no longer, and I rushed it up her. On several occasions I met her when she had no expectation of seeing me, and she went with me into the first dark place, I felt her limbs, and saw what boots, etc., etc., she had on, then I felt her cunt and went my way. I began again about this time occasionally to feel women's cunts in the street. I had not done so for a couple of years. I taught her when I met her, on a signal, to go ahead of me, lifting up her petticoats as high as she dare. — It amused me to see men turn round, follow, and speak to her. — Then she, if I wanted her, turned into the baudy house, I after her. But it was risky, for the sight of her legs used to give me such a cock-stand, that I was always in danger of wanting a fuck in the open. — One night I had her up against the door of a house in a back street. — She re-fused at first, but at length we did it, after my swearing that if she did not, I would do it in the street with some other woman. — But I never had her in the street but that once.

One muddy night she lifted up her clothes and walked up P***l**d P***e. — I followed her at some distance, then she turned and went to the house in L**t*e P***l**d S***t. As she was going there, a man spoke to her just before she got to the door. — In looking at her legs, I had not noticed him till then. In a second I was at the door. The man stood and insisted on going in with her. — She would not let him, and there was quite an altercation. — I slunk off to the other side of the way till it was finished. — The man saw me join her and looked very savage. I went in, had my evening's pleasure, and was there perhaps two hours. When I came out, I saw the same man, and he entered the house directly. — I knew he was after her. She did not come out, and there I waited an hour. — I had begun by laughing to myself at the man for waiting two hours for a woman. Now I waited tho I did not know why. But I thought of what they were doing together. — Now he is perhaps feeling her, now fucking — now she is feeling his prick. Has he fucked her — twice — or thrice? — These and a hundred similar thoughts floated through my brain, until I got as randy as if I hadn't fucked for a week.

The longer I waited, the more impatient I got, yet determined to wait all night if needs be, thinking of nothing but what he was doing with her. — I resolved to see if she would tell the truth or a lie. — At length out I saw him come, I went down towards Ox***d St., — for I knew then the way she went home, — and peeped round the corner of a street until I saw her coming. Then walking I met her as if by accident. — “What you?” said I. — “Yes.” — “Where have you come from?” — “From * * * * — I have never left.” — Then she began to

tell the truth, and I went back to the baudy house with her.

I am telling this part of my history a little out of order, for it occurred somewhat later on, when I had then got her confidence, and she used to talk to me like an old acquaintance. — In the bedroom she began to laugh. — “You saw the man who followed me. — Well! he waited for you going out, came into the house after you left, and asked if a tall dark woman was up stairs. — Of course Mrs. A said — 'No' — He said he was sure she was, for he had seen her come in with a man two hours before, and she had not left. — Mrs. A then came up, and asked me — and I said — let him come up. — He came, I had my bonnet on.” “I have waited for you two hours, to have you — how often have you been fucked?” “I told him not at all — that my friend had only looked at me.” — “Ah! you frig him, and that is what I want — but I like to be frigged by a woman who has been fucked the same night.” “Then I told him you did it to me once, which excited him. He put his hand up my clothes immediately. I asked him what he was going to give me, and he gave me three pounds at once, and said he would give more if I pleased him.

“He made me undress, except my stockings, and stripped himself. — Well — I have seen a good many pricks in my time, but on my soul I think his was the biggest — It was as stiff as a poker when he undressed. — He had not seen me naked then. — Then he asked all about your prick, and what you did — how you spent — I told lie after lie, just as I thought would suit him. Then he laid me on the side of the bed and began to lick my cunt.” Sarah often dropped her voice and hesitated when she said a baudy word (women differ in their ways). “Then he turned my bum towards him, and he hit me all over with his prick, as hard as if it was with a stick, and asked if I had ever seen a stiffer, or larger one — then he turned me and said he would put it in — I got ready saying I feared he would hurt me. — He put the tip in which stretched me, gave an awful shove which hurt me, and I cried out. He pulled it out, put me between two chairs, just as you do when you make me piddle (I do that) and sitting down, licked my thing till I could bear it no longer, and laying hold of his head I spent. Then he frigged himself so that his spunk spurted up on to my bum.

“He licked me again, and wanted me to suck him. Then he frigged himself again. — Then he went away and gave me two sovereigns more.” — Sarah showed me five sovereigns, together with mine — said she — “I will treat you with a bottle of champagne if you like.”

His licking her cunt — his big prick — his desire to know all about me — sank into my mind, but as before said, this story is told one or two months too soon. — I fucked Sarah, and departed without the champagne — thinking of his big prick which Sarah never seemed

tired of describing to me afterwards, and I quite felt jealous of it.

I had then known Sarah many months, but had never licked her cunt. — Two or three years had elapsed since I had done such a thing. — Sarah altho fresh colored, firm fleshed, and about her cunt a fine woman, had never made me desire that. — Nearly hairless cunts, are those only which I have generally desired (with few exceptions) but his licking and her description of the effect on her, made me curious. — “Why could you not bear it?” “No woman can long — you can't help yourself, — you must make a man leave off, or you can't prevent yourself spending.” “I never did it to you.” “No you never did, but some men are fond of doing it to me.” “Do you like it?” “I like a poke best, yet you can't help liking it if a man begins — and you happen just then to want anything.” — Now I will go back, to where I left off about her boots and silk stockings.

Soon after I had known her, I increased and unasked, from ten shillings to a sovereign for her favors — and often stopped later with her. — As she liked champagne, I began to take a bottle which we drank between our fuckings. — When it was warm I used to put her naked on the bed, and sit in a chair so as to look at her cunt and other charms. — When cold we used to sit by the fire both half naked, and talk baudy things — or the news of the day — I used to read the paper — and if there was anything about a woman being ravished — or a fellow showing his cock, — or feeling an-other man's cock in a pissing place — or an adultery —or anything of that kind, we used to discuss it. — She would tell me her views, and I gained further experience of women in such matters. — She became frank, and told me why and wherefore, in a way that few gay women had since Brighton Bessie, Camille, and one or two others.

More than once I alluded delicately to her nose. She did not like the allusion, and altho not given to swearing — damned and cursed at him about it. — When I asked who him was she said. — “No one” — or — “Nothing.” — She told me, she was thought a very handsome woman before her nose was damaged, and brought me a photograph (early days of photography) to show me. — In that she looked extremely handsome.

— I said so — which set her off swearing at him again.

— Another night, furiously she said, “If he were here, I would knife him. I'd fuck before his damned eyes. — I'd murder him.” Then after a short pause, “But I have served him out.” “Who?” “Nobody you know,” — said sullenly — and no more could I get out of her — I never knew who him was — I have tried to get it from her when half groggy — when ready to spend — and when revelling in baudiness with me, but never did. From chance words dropped from time to time, and the odds and ends of talk, I came to the conclusion that him

was her husband, but its only a guess.

[Much that I did with Sarah I have done with others, but every woman has a way and manner of her own even in the most simple baudy gambols. That is the charm in having a change in women. The variety gives me exquisite delight. But with Sarah some of my lascivious frolics were the most complete in their performance — and some I never yet have done with other women, as I find in my narrative further on.]

Chapter VIII

A fair haired giantess. • Face, form, and cunt. • Two big ones together. • Sarah upon Eliza. • Who was Eliza? • Sarah's agile tongue. • Listening at a brothel. • A hole bored uselessly. • The donkey-hung one. • His letches. • A brothel with a spy-hole. • A hundred couples fucking. • A young couple. • Involuntary onanism. • Five shillings extra. • Sarah's curiosity. • A lady and gentle-man. • The lady's fears. • The rickety sofa. • The scare. • The baud's cautions. • Common coitions.

Things had gone on so nearly a year, when I saw in P***l**d Place a woman as tall as Sarah, who had fairish hair. I thought I should like to see them both together naked, and proposed this. Sarah supposed I was tired of her, said she would find the woman and bring her to me, but she delayed until I got annoyed. Then she said, “It is not that I mind your having an-other woman — but if I bring her she is sure to do me harm, for all women try to get each other's men. — Why do you want that woman?” — I did not care, I said so that it was a very big woman, the bigger the better, and with light hair.

If I would not mind five pounds she'd get me a taller woman than herself — such as some men would give any money to get — and she so described her, that I agreed to give it. — “But,” said Sarah, “I must be in the room with her, and you must promise not ask her name, or anything about her.” I agreed to all that tho it seemed singular — thinking to myself that if I liked her, I would find means to get her again.

Sarah said the lady must name the night, and on that night Sarah told me — and not before. “She is not young, she is thirty-five.” — I shied at that, not liking a woman of such age and thought I was going to be humbugged. — However I let the affair go on, went to the Ama full of lascivious anticipation, but vowing to myself if the woman did not please me, that I would pay and go off — and if she did — how I would place her and Sarah together, making them stand up belly to belly — bum to bum — lay on the top of each other, and so on.

I went to the house first. Sarah entered followed by a very tall woman with her veil down, who stood and looked through it at me. Sarah having locked the door said, “Take off your bonnet, Eliza.” — The woman only looked curiously round the room. — “Take off your bonnet.” — Then she took the bonnet off, and stood looking at me. — “Sit down,” said Sarah — and down she sat.

She was full thirty-five years old, but what a lovely creature. — I

think I see her now, altho I never saw her but that once. — She had beautiful blue eyes, the lightest auburn hair crimped over her forehead, a beautiful pink bloom on her cheeks, and flesh quite white. — She was dressed in black silk, which contrasted well with her pink and white face. — She was big all over. — Big breasts jutted out in front — the tight sleeve shewed a big round arm — her ample bum filled the chair. — She was exactly what I wanted. — I never could wait long to talk with a woman whom I liked the look of, without proceeding to see, if not to feel, some of her hidden charms. — A burning desire to see what she had hidden seized me. I don't know if I spoke or not, but filled with desire, dropped on my knees and put my hands up her clothes, one round her thighs towards her bum, one towards her cunt.

As I touched her thighs, she put both hands down to stop me with a suppressed “oh” — neither action or word, those of a woman who was shamming. — It wasn't the fierceness of a girl who first feels a man's hand about her privates, nor the sham modesty of a half-gay woman. It was the exclamation and manner of a woman not accustomed to strange hands about her privates. The next instant, I had reached both haunch and cunt. — She gave another start, my arms had lifted her petticoats, and I saw a big pair of legs in white stockings, and the slightest flesh above the knee nearly as white. — I placed my lips on it and kissed it — my hand slipped from her cunt round to her bum, and both hands now clasped one of the largest, and smoothest, and whitest backsides I ever felt. Then burrowing with my head under her petticoats, I kissed my way up her thighs till my nose touched her motte, and there I kept on kissing.

The warm close smell of her sweet flesh, mingled just with the faintest odour of cunt, rendered it impossible to keep my lips there long. The desire to enjoy her fully was unbearable — I withdrew my head and hands, and got up saying. “Oh! — undress dear, I long to fuck you.” — They were the first words I had spoken to her, and she had not spoken at all. — She then rose up, and slowly began unbuttoning looking at Sarah. — “Lord, what a hurry you are in,” said Sarah to me.

Off went the black silk dress, out flashed two great but beautiful breasts over the top of the stays — and a pair of large, beautifully white arms shewed. — Then I saw the size of the big bum plainly under the petticoats. Off went stays and petticoats all but one. — Then she, “There, will that do?”

I wanted all off. — “Oh — I cannot take off any more.” I appealed to Sarah, who said. “Now don't be a fool, Eliza” — Eliza then undressed to her chemise, and positively declared she would keep that on — I had taken off my trowsers and was standing cock in hand. —

My impatience to discharge my seed into the splendid creature before me, made me careless whether she stripped or not. — I had drawn near to her — was feeling all round her bum with one hand, and wetting the fingers of the other in her cunt. I placed my prick so that it rubbed against her thigh, and feeling her, was at the same time pushing her to-wards the bed.

When we touched the bed — “I can't with Sarah there,” said the woman. — “Go out,” said I to Sarah. She looked savagely and replied, “Nonsense.” Then I had a moment's dalliance and no more, forget what more was said or what took place, but saw Eliza on the bed, threw up her chemise, saw a mass of white flesh and a thicket of light hair between a pair of thighs, the instant was between them, and my prick was up her cunt. It was an affair of half a dozen shoves, a wriggle, a gush, and I had enjoyed her. Then I became tranquil enough to think of the woman, in whose vagina I had taken my pleasure. Resting on one arm and feeling her all over with one hand, I looked at her and she at me. I said a few endearing words, as she lay tranquilly with my cock still stiff and up her.

I could have done it again right off, but had not yet looked at her hidden charms, and desire to inspect her quim made me draw out my cock and rise on my knees between her legs. Few strange women like their cunt looked at, when sperm is running out of it. She pushed down her chemise, I got off her, and then without saying a word she washed. When I had washed my cock it was as stiff as ever. I went to the side of the bed where she had just begun piddling, and held my stiff one in front of her eyes. For the first time she smiled.

She began to dress, but I told her I had only begun my amusement. I had brought bottles of champagne, for I knew how that liquor opens the hearts and the legs of women. — We got glasses and began drinking. — She drank it well and soon began to talk and laugh. When I again brought her to the bed she was an altered woman, but still did not seem to like fucking before Sarah. “Why I have seen all you have got to show often enough,” said Sarah angrily. — On the bed now for a good look at the cunt. — It was a big one. — An inch of fat at least covered the split, stoutish middle-aged women get I think fat cunt lips, and hers were very large. — She had a very strongly developed clitoris, and such a lot of light hair. Large and fat as the cunt was, I do not recollect if the prick hole was large or little but know that I enjoyed her as much as a man possibly could. I delighted in laying my hand between two, long, fat cunt lips — I rolled over her, played with and kissed her from her thighs to her eyes, frigged her clitoris till she wriggled, and as at length my prick slipped up her cunt again, she whispered, “What a devil you are.” She pushed her tongue out, mine met it, and then all was over. — She wagged her big arse

vigorously when spending.

Ballocks and cunt again cleared of sperm, to the champagne we again went. — Sarah had not yet undressed, I had almost forgotten her. Now I made her strip, and my two big women were nearly naked to-gether. — A little more pfiz and we were all on the spree. — Eliza still had the manner of a woman not accustomed to expose her charms, but insisted on by me and Sarah who seemed to have control over her, off went her chemise at last. — Off went my shirt — and there we stood naked.

I never before had two such big women together and did with them all that my baudy fancy prompted. — I put them belly to belly, then bum to bum. — Then standing up before the glass. I put my prick between their two bums, making them squeeze it between their buttocks whilst I groped both cunts, and frigged at once both of them. Then putting Emma at the side of the bed with open thighs, I put Sarah between them as if she were a man — and pushing my prick between her thighs just touched her split. — She laid hold of my prick and slipped it up her own cunt. — But I did not mean that, and pulled it out. — Then I had them both side by side on the bed, and scarcely knew which of the gaping cunts to put into, but the fair haired one again had my attention. Then I put Sarah upside down on the bed so that her arse and cunt were near the pillow, one leg partly doubled up, and one cocked up against the back of the bed, and looking at her thus I fucked Eliza by her side. Sarah said she must frig herself and set to work doing it, whilst with the one hand stretched back she played round my prick stem in Eliza's cunt which was tightening under the pleasure of my shoving and probing. Eliza's amativeness had been awakened, she clasped me tightly with her large white arms, kissed and thrust her tongue into my mouth, in a state of the fullest voluptuous enjoyment.

We finished the champagne and sent out for sandwiches, stout, and brandy. — I had taken the room for the night. — Sarah never was, and her companion was not in a hurry now. We eat, drank, and got more erotic. — Eliza's fat bum was on my naked thighs, she put her hand on my prick, and grasping it for a minute whispered, “Come and do it again.” — Sarah said, “What are you whispering about?” — She had been looking at times annoyed at my taking no notice of her. — Again I put Eliza on the bed. — Sarah who had alternately been quiet and then baudy, said, “It's my turn, why don't you poke me?” — “You will have it another night.” — She then got on to the bed, and on to the top of Eliza, kissed her rapturously, got between her thighs, and my two big beauties were like man and woman in each other's arms. — Eliza threw up her legs until her heels were on Sarah's back. Sarah nestling her belly close up to her, the hair of their two cunts

intermingled. — Sarah's arse wriggled in a quiet way. “Don't now — don't” — said the other — Sarah took no heed, wriggled on, then lay quiet, and after a time rolled gently off Eliza, left the bed, and sat down in the arm chair. — I looked at her very white face. “You've spent,” I said — she laughed.

I fucked Eliza then, and laying with prick in her asked her in a whisper to meet me again. “I cannot, I dare not,” said she. — I could not get out of her her name, or where to find her again.

Eliza was now half screwed. No sooner had I fucked her than she began squeezing my prick. — she opened her large thighs, placed my finger on her clitoris, kissed my prick, thrust her tongue in my mouth, and did every thing which a randy-arsed woman does to get more fucking. — I fucked her four or five times, perhaps more, and till neither she nor Sarah could make my cock stand. The house was closed, off I went, but not until Eliza had gone long. — Sarah insisted on that. — Then said Sarah, “I'm not going without a poke.” With infinite trouble she got a fuck out of me, and both of us groggy, we separated.

Some nights after talking of Eliza, whose legs in boots and silk stockings had charmed me, Sarah laughed. — “Why, they were mine, I lent them to her.” Then I recollected that Sarah had not had her usual boots on.

I wished her to get me Eliza again. She refused. I said I would find her out. — She was sure I should not! — I went to one or two places on the chance of finding her, and Sarah laughed when I told her. — I used to get awfully randy when I thought of the two big women naked together. “She is not gay, altho you may think so, it was only because she was so dread-fully hard up that she came,” Sarah averred.

“If she wasn't gay, she did all I asked her.” “As she was getting screwed, and I had told her what you expected her to do.” “And she spent like fun after the first time.” “Oh yes I saw, and I told her about it afterwards.” “Where did she go that night?” “To my lodgings and slept with me.” “If you don't bring her, I won't see you any more,” — and for a fort-night I did not — I used to go up to her in the street and ask her. She said she couldn't even if she would. — “You are lucky to have had her at all.” “I paid handsomely.” “If you hadn't you would never have had her.” — I expect that now and then married women make a bit of money by their cunts.

Then things went on as before, but as I pulled Sarah's cunt about, I used to compare it with Eliza's. — Sarah seemed to me to know Eliza's cunt as well as if it had been her own.

One night Sarah was in a strong fucking mood and put her tongue into my mouth, and I said something which made her remark, “You

did it with my friend Eliza, and I have as good teeth as she has." — Altho I had known Sarah so long, I had never put my tongue to hers. Then it was that I found out that she could put out her tongue further than any one I ever knew. She could reach half through my mouth with it. — When she was being fucked, she used after that to glue my mouth to hers, and I gave way to her. But altho she had a nice mouthful of teeth, I never cared about mixing our spittles — which is curious.

It was just before I had the big Eliza that the man with the big prick watched me into the house, and now [go back to him.

I still went at times to the baudy house in L**t*e P***l**d St. It was dilapidated, the paper partly torn from the walls, and in the upper rooms (it was a two-storey house) the division between them seemed to have been temporarily put up, making one room into two, and was papered and canvassed over; it was so thin, that you could hear distinctly what was said in the adjacent room. They had been afraid for a long time of the house being indited, so did nothing to repair it. But it was convenient, and why I went there was that I could hear the bed creak when the couples were at their pleasures, and also what they said. On the first floors you could hear, but not so well. The baud some-how found out my taste and told Sarah of the top room. — But altho I could hear, I could not see. The partition was canvassed on both sides, if one side was torn and there partly opened, there was the canvas on the other side.

I bored through it, and tried to make holes as others evidently had tried — and saw, but could not get a good glimpse. The keeper to whom Sarah spoke, refused to allow holes to be made, so I had to content myself with laying on the bed with Sarah, and feeling her cunt, until a couple came in. — Then we listened and it seemed to amuse her as much as me. — When we heard the bed creak, on to Sarah I got, and the delight of my fucking was increased by thinking that close to me was another couple fucking.

The man and woman wrangled about money at times, and I heard many funny things. But one night I slipped outside our door and bored, with a gimlet, a small hole in the door of the back room, and there would stand until Sarah beckoned me to come in. I was not likely to be surprized by the baud, for I could perfectly hear if any one came into the house, and there were no rooms over head.

I could however see but little, could not see the bed, but saw the women washing their cunts, and the men washing with their backs turned to me. Occasionally a woman undressed on that side of the room, then disappeared on to the bed side. I began to crave to watch a couple go thro the amatory preliminaries, and to see the man's prick — But, I was always in fear that some one might come to the door,

open it, and catch me.

Just then Sarah met the man with the donkey prick, whom she told me did then exactly what he had done before with her. This recital made me wild with de-sire. — I told her I would give her something hand-some, if she could find a house, where I could see couples fucking. She had heard there was one, but those who knew would not tell, and some time slipped away. — With a smiling face one night she said, “If you don't mind a sovereign for the room, and five shillings afterwards for each couple you see, I know now where you can get what you want. — Off we went the following night to the house, and through a carefully prepared hole beneath a picture frame, I had a complete view of a nice room. — The washing place, bed (no sofa), looking-glass, fire place, were all in sight. In fact only that side of the room in which the eye hole was made in the partition, was not perfectly visible.

I recollect that first night well. — The woman of the house said to me, “You won't tell people will you?” — then — “Put out your light when you are looking.” — There was gas in the room. — “Don't make a noise — and don't look till you hear, or think they are on the bed.” — Then she lifted a picture up on to a higher nail in the partition, which disclosed a small hole. — Then she went into the other room, and did the same to a picture there. It was in a huge, old fashioned, projecting gilt frame, which when hung higher up, just cleared the hole but well shadowed it. — There was one good, strong, gas burner in the room, but no candle to enable people to pry about with.

The hole was so high up, that it was necessary to stand on a sofa placed just against the partition. There was no fire in our room when first I went there, and it was dark at about seven o'clock, Sarah had gone in first. — The woman when she had got my sovereign said, “I don't suppose any one will be there till about eight o'clock.”

I undressed Sarah, and sat in excitement feeling her about, and looking at her legs, and talking. — I heard couples going into lower rooms, and the woman saying, “This way, sir” — a gruff voice reply, — “I won't go so high.” — At length a couple entered. Sarah turned down the gas in our room, and up I got on the sofa. Oh my delight, — how I wish it were to come over again. There was a fine young man and a niceish young woman — I watched them with an intensity of lust indescribable. — I saw him first pay her, she take off her things, piss, and then stand naked expectantly. He took off his trowsers, she took hold of his prick, and he felt her cunt. — Then it was kiss, feel, and frig on both sides. I could hear him ask questions, and she reply. Then he put her down on a chair, and pushed his noble prick up against her but not up her. Then he brought her to the side of the bed. I saw her thighs distended, a dark haired cunt opened and looked at.

He pushed his prick up it and had a plunge or two. (His back was towards me then.) Apparently not satisfied, he then pushed her straight on the bed — got on himself, laid by the side of her, and then I saw his prick in all its glory. — She wanted to handle it, he would not let her, but fingered her cunt with his hand nearest to her.

At length kneeling between her thighs I saw it again in all its prominence, stiff and nodding — until drop-ping on to her belly, it was hidden from my sight. — I watched the heavings and thrustings — the saucers which came in his arse cheeks, and disappeared as he thrust up and withdrew his penis, her thighs move up, and then her legs cross his, as she heaved to meet his strokes. — Then the shoves became mere wriggles, then were loud exclamations of pleasure, then all was still. His limbs stretched out, her legs came tranquilly down to the side of his, a long kiss or two was heard, then absolute silence. — It was a delicious sight.

Almost before he had finished, I had put the cork in the hole in the partition, pulled Sarah to the side of the bed, felt her cunt, and was about to put up it, when alas I spent all over her outside, on thighs and cunt, then with my cock still dripping I got on the sofa again. — Sarah with me, for she seemed to enjoy looking as much as I did.

He had risen on to his knees between her thighs, and held his prick in his right hand, I could just see its red tip. — “Don't move, I'll fuck you again.” “Well, you must give me some more.” “I will give you five shillings.” “Very well, shall I wash?” “No stay as you are.” — Slowly his bum sunk on to his heels — his head peered forward — his left hand went to her cunt. — “My spunk's running out,” he said. “Oh you beast.” He flopped down on her without another word

— and I saw by the action of his buttocks that he was driving his pego up her. — His hands clasped her again, I saw the saucers in his arse — his short shoves

— her wriggle and jerks — and heard his sighs and “oha's.” Then soon his silence shewed that his pleasure was complete.

During all this I kept telling Sarah in a whisper what I saw — she got as impatient as me and wanted to see as much. — It often was, “Let me have a look.” “I shan't.” “What is she doing?” “She is doing so and so,” — then I let her peep and she would tell me. — I sat on the sofa whilst she was standing and looking, grasped her arse, put my lips on her cunt, and pulled her towards me, giving utterance to all sorts of baudy extravagances in whispers. — It is odd it occurs to me, that all she wanted to see was what the woman was doing — what I principally wanted to see was what the man was doing. — At all times that I was at the peep hole, the same feelings were predominant in both of us.

The man was pleased, gave the extra money, told her he would meet her again, washed his prick and went off — she leisurely washed her cunt, and off she went — then lighting the gas, I ballocked Sarah — not letting my sperm be wasted outside this time. — “It's exciting,” said she, “I have not seen such a thing since the night you had the fine, tall, fair woman — and it makes me as randy as be damned” (her favorite expression). We finished fucking just in time for another couple. We saw three couples the first night.

I am not going to tell all I saw — much of it was commonplace fucking enough — yet some had the charm of novelty, and although I was there perhaps in the course of a year or two, in all fifty or sixty times, and saw nearly a hundred and fifty couples fucking, never grew tired of seeing.

The most amusing thing to me was that Sarah wanted to see so much. — After a time I put her occasionally with her back against the partition, and my prick up her — and then applying my eye to the hole over her shoulder, fucked her, and looked at the fucking couple in the room, until I lost sight of them, in the excitement of my own physical pleasure.

That was a risky thing to do for they could have heard us, as well as we did them. But usually the couples were so absorbed by lewedness, so preoccupied by fucking or anticipation of it, that they rarely seemed to notice anything.

One night a couple came in, she about thirty, he about thirty-five years old. She was not gay, was deeply veiled, and shabbily dressed. — At his request she undressed to her petticoat and I saw she was beautifully white in her linen. She was a fine tall Woman. — “We have never been here before,” said she, “why did you not go to the old place.” “It's not safe to go always to the same place.” — They spoke in a very low tone. — Sarah looked, and said she was a modest woman, indeed it was quite evident that she was not gay. She unlaced her stays, and whilst doing so, he knealt and putting his head under her petticoats, kept his head up against her cunt or her thighs. Withdrawing it he said, “Oh! I love you so, I love the smell of your cunt.” “Oh darling for shame, how can you?” He took off his coat and trowsers, they kissed and toyed, he got her on to the bed, threw up her clothes, and disclosed as fine a pair of thighs as I have ever seen. — He kissed her all over and buried his head between her thighs, then rising I saw his prick. He took her hand and placed it round it. — “Feel how stiff it is before I put it up you.” — Then he threw himself on her and began his poke.

Their loving voluptuous manner so stimulated me, that making some remark to Sarah, I clutched her round her rump, and pressed my

stiff cock up against her thighs. — At that instant a leg of the sofa on which we were standing gave way. — It had, as we after-wards found, only broken off just above one of the castors. — It threw us both violently up against the partition with a bang, or indeed two, for my head went with a second bang against it. — We kept silent instinctively, after we had recovered ourselves.

“Oh my God,” said the female voice quite loudly. “What is that.” “It's some one under the bed — get up — get off, — I will get up.” said she almost with a screech. — After a pause we heard them both walking about for some minutes. — We feared to look. — “Non-sense — under the bed.” “Oh look there,” I peeped, Sarah holding me for fear the sofa should go worse. — He lifted the bed valance. — “It's in the next room then, I am sure some one sees us.” “What nonsense, is it likely, it was over head I am sure.” “Well I am frightened,” and she got off the bed, and sat on a chair.

They dropped their voices again, but I heard that they settled that it was something over head, and with a little loving enticement, on to the bed they again got, and soon were in each other's embraces. — How they enjoyed it, their kisses and murmurs were quite loud. — They lay when finished such a time with limbs interlaced before he got off. — “Don't she like it?” said Sarah who was much interested in this couple. — I was I suppose unusually randy that night — for I brought Sarah to the edge of our bed — fucked her — and directly afterwards going up to the sofa, which was not now easy to stand on, and which wobbled so that it was not safe for both of us, found him just getting off.

Without washing, they both went and stood in front of the fire, talking about the noise. — “It frightened me,” said the woman. “I'm always frightened at these places. — I felt frightened as I came in — as if I should be found out, as if some one would see me. — I know it's stupid — but I never felt like it before — or not so much so as I do to-night.” It was said in a low clear voice and I heard it distinctly. — “Who can see you, it's nonsense.” “Yes, but I feel as if we were found out, as if some one knows what we are doing in this room.” — It was really wonderful (and I've often thought so since) to hear this. What would she have said, had she found out that two eyes had seen a man between her thighs?

“I must get back,” she said. “Wait a little.” — He took a chair to the fire, and sat down — sat her on his knee, and his hand went up under her chemise. They faced our partition then. — “Oh don't dear — don't now — I am not washed, it is so dirty of you.” “Never mind,” he replied and kept her there feeling her, until up came his cock quite stiff. He pulled it from under his shirt and shewed it to her laughingly. Then she felt it, and they sat kissing and toying, and saying how they

loved each other, putting their tongues together almost without speaking for twenty minutes, until her thighs moved restlessly under his titillation, and gently he again led her to the bed.

She got on to it cheerfully enough, forgetting her scare. They laid two or three minutes kissing and toying, they scarcely ceased tonguing, they moved in various attitudes, she threw her leg high up over him, he put his prick into her, and then they rolled on to one side clinging to each other, her bum then was towards our partition. “Put your leg up again dear,” he said. She obeyed. He thrust for a minute, then pulled his prick out, and pushed his fingers up her cunt. Then in again pushing his pego, they at last consummated their enjoyment, with the utmost love and voluptuous energy. — They spoke so low on the bed that I could not hear much, I only heard murmurs until he got fierce in his lust and spoke louder, but their kisses were loud enough to be heard on the staircase. — They were both as fond and as randy as a man and woman could be. — It was one of the most voluptuous sights I have ever witnessed. They now dozed, he nestling his balls between her thighs, and keeping one of her thighs up under his arm. Her chemise was just sufficiently up to show where the arse cheeks began to divide at the backbone. — I let Sarah get up and look, then I put her on the bed, fucked her, and went back.

He was putting on his trowsers, she washing her cunt, I could see her head just over the bed and hear the slopping. — Again they stood near the fire whilst she put on her petticoats. They now talked in so low a tone that I could hear nothing. — He put his arm round her waist, and leant his other arm on the mantel piece. — I could see their two faces in the glass, and they were both very plain — but she was a beautiful shape, that is, what I had seen of her. — “Oh, I must go, what will they think?” said she as she broke away from him. “What can I tell them?” — Then they went on dressing and when all but finished, “Let me give it an-other kiss,” said he as she put her bonnet on. — Down he knealt and put his head up her clothes, kept it there a minute or two, she standing quite still just facing me. I could see the bunch his head made under her petticoats, and kept telling Sarah in a whisper what I saw, and was watching the woman, when suddenly she closed her eyes. “Oh don't dear,” and she drew her bum back. He got up with his hair in disorder. — “I think he's been licking her cunt,” said I to Sarah. “Ah,” said Sarah, “she is just as bad as a gay woman.”

“I will go out first, you turn to the left when you get into O*f**d St. and get into the cab standing by the kerb. — I will put my stick outside the window, so you will know its me. — Wait about five minutes after I have gone in case I can't get one directly.” He went to the window and looked out (the room is at the back of the house), and said it didn't rain. They kissed and murmured to each other — their

faces close together, his arm round her. — Then, “Oh! let's do it again before we go,” he said quite vivaciously. “Oh, I can't — I can't — look at the time,” said she taking out a watch. “Oh William, I must go, what can I tell them. — Oh, don't now, pray don't,” said she, for he had pushed his hand up her clothes again. — “Oh pray don't.”

He threw off his hat and pulled off his coat like lightning. “I will — I must. — We won't be five minutes.” By the time he had said that, his prick was jutting out in front of his trowsers. — His impetuosity, the sight of his prick (that wonderful persuader) conquered. She pulled off her bonnet, he tilted her back-side on to the edge of the bed, threw up her clothes, her belly and thighs came for an instant, and for an instant only into view, and received him; the next instant he was ramming into her, holding her thighs under his arms, and in five minutes was quiet, leaning over her belly. They had taken the foot of the bed and I saw them sideways.

He wasted no time, “mind my chemise” said she as he pulled out his prick, and he did it with care — buttoned up, and without washing went out. — She washed, threw off her cloak, pulled up her chemise, and looked at it in all directions, as if to see whether there was any spunk on it; then dressed, put on a thick veil, and out she went. — “Modest women are worse than gay women, for there is no excuse for them,” said Sarah. The baud begged we would not make a noise again for she had heard it, but how could we help the sofa breaking down? We promised and begged her to get in couples, when she thought the woman was not gay. — “I know them,” said she, “cause of their veils are down, and they never looks at me; but then your will have to wait, and of course I wants my rooms let.” But afterwards we certainly saw many couples, of whom the women were what is called modest, tho necessarily the bulk of the fucking was with strumpets.

I may tell of one or two odd occurrences, but for the most part the couples went through the fucking business much in the same way. If the man was quite young he felt the woman's cunt directly he was in the room, then made her partly or quite undress, and if he did not pull off his trowsers, he pulled out his cock, which was usually stiff by that time (if she undressed). Then she gave his cock a squeeze, or a shake or a frig or two, he groped her cunt, and had a hurried look at it, they got on to the bed, fucked quickly, and then off they went. The middle-aged went to work more lei-surely; and carefully looked at the ladies' cunts.

[It is well to mention here that but few vehicles passed through the street, but when they did, their noise prevented me hearing what the couples in the back room said.]

Chapter IX

Penis in excelsis. • Pride in his Priapus. • A whack on a bum. • A whack on a table. • Between two chairs. • Over silk stockings. • A male sixteen and female fifty. • "My little cunny." • An old man and his servant. • A virginity taken. • Tooth brush, anus, and suction. • The omnibus next day. • My letch for minette. • A sodomitic parson and catamitic harlot. • A bum hole licked. • A bum hole plugged. • The pains and pleasures of sodomy. A digital anal experiment. • One stumpy, frousy, and middle-aged. • Fruitless exercise on a stomach. • "You'll fuck my bottom out."

Two or three weeks after I had used this peep hole, Sarah said she had again met the man with the titanic prick. — We had by that time got so intimate, that she told me any funny adventures she had with men. — He had behaved in just the same manner to her, and was to meet her that day week. — "Oh! I long to see him with you — bring him to the next room," — and it was so arranged. — The spying room was to be kept for me — the back room I was to pay a pound for, and it was to be kept for Sarah. The old baud knew what we were up to. — I told Sarah to keep the man towards him. — He tucked his shirt well up, came be-hind her, and with his prick which had now stiffened and seemed nine inches long (I really think longer), hit her over her buttocks as if with a stick. It made a spanking noise as it came against her flesh. Then he shoved it between her thighs, brought it out again, and went on thwacking her buttocks with it. — "Don't it hurt you?" she asked him turning her head round to-wards the peep hole. — "Look here," said he. Going to a round small mahogany table and taking the cloth off it — he thwacked, and banged his prick on it, and a sound came as if the table had been hit with a stick.

— "It does not hurt me," he said. — I never was so astonished in my life.

"I mean to fuck you," said he. "That you shan't, you will hurt any woman." — Again he roared with laugh-ter. — "Suck it." "I shan't." — Again he laughed. — Then he made her lean on a chair, and again banged his prick against her arse. — Then he sat down, and pulled her on to him, so that his prick came up between her thighs just in front of her quim. — "I wish there was a big looking-glass," said he. "Why did you come here, there was one at the other house." — Sarah said this was nicer and cleaner, and he had said he wanted a quiet house. — "Ah, but I shan't come here again, I don't like the house."

"Get on to the chairs — the same as before." But the chairs in the

room were very slight, and Sarah was frightened of them slipping away from under her. — So she placed one chair against the end of the bed, and steadied it; and against another which she put a slight distance off, she pushed the large table. Then mounting on the chairs, she squatted with one foot on each as if pissing. I could not very well see her cunt for her backside was towards me, and shadowed it.

He laid down with his head between the chairs, and just under her cunt. He had taken the bolster and pillows from the bed for his head, and there he laid looking up at her gaping slit, gently frigging his prick all the time. At length he raised himself on one hand, and licked away at her cunt for several minutes, his big prick throbbing, and knocking up against his belly whilst he did it.

Said he again, "I wish there was a glass." Sarah got down, and put on the floor the small glass of the dressing table, and arranged it so that he could see a little of himself as he lay. — But he was not satisfied. — He recommenced cunt-licking, and self-frigging, and all was quiet for a minute. — Then he actually roared out, — "Oh — my spunk coming, my spunk, — my spunk, spunk oho. Come down — come over me." Off got Sarah, pushed away the chairs, stood over him with legs distended, her arse towards me so I lost sight of his face, but could see his legs, belly, and cock as he lay on the floor. — "Stoop, — lower, — lower." — She half squatted, he frigged away, her cunt was now within about six inches of his prick, when frigging hard and shouting out quite loudly — "Hou — Hou — Hou," his sperm shot out right on to her cunt or thereabouts, and he went on frigging till his prick lessening, he let it go, and flop over his balls.

Sarah washed her cunt and thighs, and turning round before doing so, stood facing me and pointed to her cunt. His spunk lay thick on the black hair tho I could barely see it. — She smiled and turned away. He lay still on the floor with eyes closed for full five minutes, as if asleep. Sarah washed, put on her chemise and sat down by the fire, her back towards me partly.

He came to himself, got up and went to the fire — then he washed (his back towards me), then stood by the fire, then fetched the pot and pissed. I saw his great flabby tool in his hand, and the stream sparkling out of it, for it was done just under the gas light. — Again he stood by the fire, his tool hidden by his shirt which he had on, and they talked. — Then he strode round the room and looked at the prints on the wall, looked even at the very picture beneath which I was peeping. — "What a daub," he remarked and passed on (it was a miserable portrait of a man), then from the pocket of his trowsers he gave Sarah several sovereigns.

That lady knew her game, and had thrown up her chemise so as to warm her thighs — and after he had paid her, he put his hand on to

them. — She at the same time put her hand on to his tool. “Oh what a big one.” — nothing evidently pleased him so much as talking about the size. — “Did you ever see so big an one,” said he for the sixth time I think. “Never — let's look at it well. — Hold up your shirt.” — He did as told. — Sarah pulled his prick up, then let it fall, handled his balls, pulled the foreskin up and down, and shewed him off again for my advantage. — “Why don't you sit down, are you in a hurry?” Down he sat, his tool was becoming thicker and longer under her clever handling, and hung down over the edge of the chair. He was sitting directly under the gas light, and I could see plainly, for Sarah cunningly had even stirred the fire into a blaze. He was curious about other men's cocks — what their length and thickness was. — She shewed him by measuring on his own, and kept pulling it about, her object being to get it stiff again for me to see his performances. — My delight was extreme — I could scarcely believe that I was actually seeing what I did, and began to wish to feel his prick myself. How large it must feel in the hand I thought, how small mine is compared with it, and I felt my own. — As Sarah pulled down his prepuce, I involuntarily did so to mine, and began to wish she were feeling mine in-stead of the man's.

Then only I noticed how white his prick was. His flesh was brownish — and being so sprinkled with hair it made it look dark generally. — His prick looked quite white by contrast. Sarah must have been in-spired that night, for no woman could have better used her opportunity for giving me pleasure and instruction. Repeating her wonder at the size, she said, “Let's see how it looks when you kneel.” — He actually knelt as she desired. I saw his prick hanging down between his legs. Soon after in another attitude, I noticed that hair crept up between his bum cheeks, and came almost into tufts on to the cheeks themselves. — I saw that his prick was now swelling. — Sarah taking hold of it, “Why it's stiff again.” He grasped it in the way I had first seen him, and said eagerly. — “Let's see your cunt again.”

Sarah half slewed her chair round towards him, opened both legs wide, and put up one of her feet against the mantelpiece, as I have often seen her do when with me. He knelt down and I lost sight of his head between her legs — but saw his hand gently frigging himself as before, and heard soon a splashy, sloppy, slobbery sort of suck, as his tongue rubbed on her cunt now wetted by his saliva. Then he got up and pushed his prick against her face. — “Suck, and I will give you another sovereign.” “It will choke me — I won't,” said Sarah.

Then he began to rub her legs and said he liked silk stockings, that few wore silk excepting French women whom he did not like, — but “they all suck my prick.” — Again Sarah put up her leg — again he licked her cunt, and then said she must frig him, which she agreed

to on his paying another sovereign.

He told her to go to the edge of the bed and he then went to the side nearest the door, which put his back towards me. — He called her there. — “Come here,” said Sarah, laying herself down at the foot. “No, here.” “I won't, it's cold close to the door” she knew that there I could not see his cock.) He obeyed, put up her legs (just as I used to do) opened them wide, and I could sideways see her black haired quim gaping. “Close them,” he cried. She did and lay on her back, her knees and heels close together up to her bum, “I'll spend over your silk stockings,” said he, now frigging violently. Sarah to save her stockings, just as his spunk spurted, opened her legs wide and it went over her cunt and belly. — He never seemed to notice it.

I had passed an intensely exciting couple of hours by myself, watching this man with his huge fucking machine. Sarah in her attitudes, altho I had seen them fifty times, looked more inviting than ever. My prick had been standing on and off for an hour. — I would have fucked anything in the shape of cunt if it had been in hand, and nearly groaned for want of one. As I saw her legs open to receive his squirt, heard his shout of pleasure, and saw his violent, frig, frig, frig, I could restrain myself no longer, but giving my cock a few rubs, spent against the partition, keeping my eye at the peephole all the while.

He wiped his cock on her cunt hair, washed, and went away seemingly in a hurry. — Sarah came in to me. — “Don't you want me,” said she. — I pointed to my spunk on the partition. “You naughty boy, I want it awfully.” — Soon after I was fucking her. — With all her care to save her silk stockings, sperm had hit her calf, and while I fucked her at the bed side, I made her hold up her leg that I might look at it. — It excited me awfully. What a strange thing lust is.

I never saw the man afterwards. — She did, but he would never go to that house again. — She thought that he lived in the country. He seemed a gentleman.

One night a couple went in. It was a thin woman about fifty years old I should say, and a youth of about sixteen. — He looked like a Jew. She asked him, directly he was in, for the money; he gave her five shillings, put down his hat, and went up to her. — She had never moved from the door side of the room, and stood with her back to the bed, her face towards us. He seemed shy. She said, “Let me feel your cock.” His back was to me, but I could soon see she had hold of his doodle. He was quite quiet, and when he spoke, he did so in a low tone of voice so that I could scarcely hear him. — Her voice on the contrary was that of a magpie, the clack of an old woman. — “Feel my cunny my dear,” said she, “it's such a nice hairy cunny.” — He put his hand up her clothes and wanted to look. — “Oh, no, you want to know too much, I can't shew it — it's made to feel, not to show, but

feel it, it's nice and hairy." — "Oh what a nice cock it is — how it longs to go up my little cunny — how stiff it is — oh what a nice cock," and she stooped and looked at it — I could not see it. — "Oh no I can't let you see it — another time," she said, in reply to something he said. — "Oh put it in, put it in, it's longing to go up my cunny." — Leaning back against the bed, she hitched up her clothes, and I saw a pair of dirty spindle shanks nearly to her thighs. — She never left go of his cock, but pulled him towards her by it. — "Oh it's up my cunny, how often do you fuck, — Oh it is up my little hairy cunny my dear, is it not nice? — Oh fuck it, fuck, fuck, fuck, — Oh isn't nice?" — He had clasped her somehow and was shoving rapidly, and spent almost before he began, for I heard a deep sigh from him and he was quiet; whilst she kept on cackling, "Oh is it not a nice little cunny."

He was in a hurry, or did not like his bargain, for he buttoned up the instant he had done, and put his hat on. — She went across the room, took a towel and gave her cunt a dry rub but did not wash. — "Give me a shilling for luck," said she. — He gave it her. — "I'll give you more pleasure next time, and you shall see my cunny." — Off they went. They had not been in the room ten minutes. — She never took her bonnet off. Sarah always anxious to see the women, used to say if she knew them or not. — It was, "She is lucky with men," — or, "She used to be about but I have lost sight of her," — and so on — once, — "Oh that woman's been laid up with the pox — I thought she had gone home." — There was always amusement for both of us.

One night a fine looking, white-haired old man, I suppose sixty years old — brought in a young woman resembling a servant. — She sat herself down solemnly, and let him take off her bonnet and shawl without a word. "This is one of those houses," said she when she first spoke. — He tried to feel her and she resisted. — There was a mild scene. — "Oh my goodness! what would Mrs. * * * * say if she knew I was here?" "She never will," said the old buck, "and I will be a friend to you for life — now don't be foolish — have I not got your father out of debt, have I not helped you all?" — He was a big fellow, walked round her, undid her dress which at length she pulled off, and then he attempted a grope. — She resisted, and in the scuffle sank on the floor at the foot of the bed. — He dropped on his knees and put his hand up her clothes. "Oh for God sake, sir. — No. I won't let you. — I am sorry I came, I didn't mean to come." — The old boy then apparently got a finger or two in her cunt, for she gave a small shriek. — Then he spoke angrily. — "If you don't, I'm damned if you stop with us another week." — He left off, puffing and glowing with the struggle, and got up. There she sat on the floor crying, her bosom was bare as he had pulled it open, her clothes up so that I saw to her knees — and that

she had striped, dark stockings on, thin legs.

After a little time he lifted her up, and they sat on two chairs, he with his arms round her coaxing, kissing, and talking, but I could hear but little. — Some-times he got in a temper and then he talked loud and threatened. — “There is a virginity,” I said to Sarah. — She thought at first it was all a sham, and that the woman knew what she was about, that she would — “humbug the white haired old cove” — but as time went on, came to the conclusion that the old cove had got one of his servants into a trap. — Soon afterwards, he got his hand up her clothes again, and after a time by coaxing, hugging, and handling, got her on to the bed and himself there too. — She had only taken off her dress, he only his coat.

When on the bed, for a minute she buried her head in his breast. The old boy had then got his hand seemingly round her bum, but her clothes covered it, and I could not see exactly where his hand was. — But he soon took it away, and I saw him fumbling between himself and her, and knew he was getting his cock out of his trowsers. She was now silent, passive. Then holding her close to him with his left arm, which was under her, he managed with his right hand to pull his trowsers quite down. — I saw his large fat haunches, but not his tool. Then he pulled up her clothes — nestled his belly against hers, and rolled over on to her. She turned quite on to her back. — He kissed her. — “Now be a good girl, I shall not hurt you — or do you any harm — be a good girl.” — She laid quietly with eyes closed. “Now be a dear good girl, there's a dear,” and he pressed on her and gave a shove. — She gave immediately a cry, quite a loud one — and only one. — He put his hand right over her mouth, rammed quickly, and soon his wriggles told of his consummation. Then his head sank by her side. The girl was crying violently. I both saw and heard.

He lay on her such a time endearing her, to all of which she made no reply that I could hear. Then he got off in a temper. For half a minute she lay still scarcely moving, and then got off the bed still crying, which seemed to disconcert him. He sent for brandy, and made her take some with water. Then he sat her on his knee and they talked. Then he looked at the tail of his shirt and said triumphantly and loudly. “You have bled a little, never mind — it's all over, you'll be all right to morrow — do wash dear — do — you needn't mind me now — wash your thing my dear.” She went to the side of the bed and put the basin down on the floor. The old boy began at once frigging away at his prick with the view of it making it stiff again — but it seemed no go. — The girl washed and sat down looking at the fire, and began crying again. — He then washed and soaped his prick and recommenced frigging it, turned round with it quite stiff, and for the first time I saw it. — He walked up to her with it stiff. “Look dear,

that's what has done the mischief," and sat down with his back towards me, but he kept at times frigging his cock I could see.

The landlady knocked at the door, she was always interrupting couples. — "Shall you soon have done?" said she. — He started up putting his shirt over his stiff cock. — She started up seemingly in terror. — "I shan't be long," said he, and then turning round. "Dam the woman for frightening me so." — They both went away soon after. — She still crying, and he saying he would be a friend to her as long as he lived. — Sarah remarked. "Well, — I really think the old boy had had the first of her, and he's old enough to be her grandfather. — I'll warrant that the old beggar has a large family, he looks it — there is no trusting any man."

One night a fine looking man with a dark moustache, looking not forty years old, came in with a poorish looking woman. — They talked for some time, then he said, "I will give you five shillings extra if you'll suck me." — After refusal, and a declaration that she had never done it before, she agreed to it. — I told Sarah and let her look. — "I know that woman, let me see her do it, I never saw a man's prick in a woman's mouth in my life." — He gave her ten shillings and said he would give the five when she had sucked him, took off his coat, and feeling in the pocket took out a paper, from which he produced a round handled tooth brush, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. — Then in the centre of the room he dropped his trowsers down. — She laid hold of his tool which was quite flabby, and pulled the skin back, and squeezed it. "Wash it first." — He scuffled with his trowsers down his ankles to-wards the wash stand, washed and came back. She dropped on her knees. He had refused to lay on the bed as she asked him. — If they had placed them-selves so as to let me look at them, they could not have placed themselves better.

She took it into her mouth, ane moving her head backwards and forwards fucked his prick so to speak with her lips. Then she spat on the floor, then into her mouth his prick which had begun to swell again went. As it came out it was now quite big.

She stopped, looked up and said. — "You must not spend in my mouth, tell me when you are coming." "Yes I must — there is no pleasure unless I finish." "Oh I can't." She left off and stood up. — After an altercation, he agreed to give her ten shillings instead of five, if she would let him, and she to make sure, had the money first.

She stood besides him for a time, holding his cock and frigging it — for unless a woman loves a man, or is really fond of having a prick in her mouth, as some are, she likes to make the prick suction short, and bring it as much forward by fist-fucking as she can. "Do you never fuck?" said she. "I was wounded some years ago, and have never been able to fuck since." — It was not clear to me why a man whose prick

already stood, could not put it into a woman's cunt, as well as into her mouth. — He had then taken the tooth brush out of his pocket. — "What are you going to do with that," said the girl. "I tickle my bum hole with that, it increases my pleasure, you will see."

She dropped on her knees — and his prick which had drooped again, got stiff under her sucking — but she had to go on for such a time, that she rested and said, "Oh you can't spend." He said he could. — Then I saw him wet the handle of the tooth brush with spittle, and laying hold of it by the bristly end he pulled up his shirt and passing his hand to the rear, began to move it rapidly. — "Have you put it up your arse hole?" said the girl, leaving off.

"Yes — yes — go on — suck — I shan't be long." — On they went, her head bending up and down as his prick came in and out, his hand bobbing from his back-side. — He was just beginning to shiver with pleasure, when the landlady knocked at the door. — "Make haste please, we want the room." — I have heard her do this several times when the couples seemed too long — but this couple had been but a short time in the chamber.

Out came the handle from his arse hole, out came his prick from her mouth, up she stood. He called out "I will pay for the room twice." "All right, sir," said the landlady, going away.

"Damn her," said he, "I was just going to spend — go on." — "Oh what a time you are — you ought to give me another five shillings." "I will, I will," — he said hurriedly.

Sarah who had been looking at intervals thro the peep hole, remarked, "That poor girl will have all her trouble again."

She again dropped on her knees, again engulfed his doodle which had gone to the size of a gooseberry — again the tooth brush jigged up his arsehole, and after much hard work for the woman, he cried out, — "I'm coming, I'm coming," drew out his tooth brush, and holding her head with both his hands, whilst the tooth brush stuck out from one of them, fucked hard in her mouth, till his head fell forward, with eyes closed and his mouth wide open. She slowly mumbled at this doodle for a minute, then emptied her mouth into a towel she had.

Sarah had glimpses, and I told her what was going on. — "Is she still sucking — what is he doing?" were whispers frequently made. — I had never seen her in such a state of curiosity. — "Well! I never saw that before altho I have seen much — I wouldn't make a baudy house of my mouth — or turn it into a cunt for five shillings, or fifty shillings."

I was amused, tho the tooth brush business so disgusted me that I retched, and sent out for brandy. But the cock-sucking made a great impression on me, I'd had it done a few times in my life under

excitement which left me almost without knowing what I did. Soon after I thought I should like to try it, and I looked out for that very woman, but never saw her — I reserved my want, not liking to ask Sarah. — The sight she said had made her as sick as it had me. — Wasn't she lying? — A desire for Sarah to gamahuche me sprang up that very night, tho I didn't then ask her.

I thought about it repeatedly afterwards for the enjoyment of the man seemed so intense. — His whole frame writhed as he stood, and what struck me was the extraordinary quivering of his thighs; they shook as he spent like an aspen leaf. I noticed that more than anything else. He had tucked up his shirt round his waist in a roll, as if quite accustomed to the operation standing.

The girl rinsed her mouth. — He washed his tooth brush and put it carefully up in paper, pissed and be- gan to button up. The woman again asked him if he never fucked, and he made a similar reply; he had not fucked for years. — It is noticeable that he'd never touched or looked at the girl's quim, nor made her undress, nor felt her in any way. — She, curious, asked him many questions. Replying, he said he found no difficulty in getting women to suck him, that some did it much better than others, that he did not often do it, and never twice the same day for it made him ill. Then he drew the girl's attention to something under his balls, but I could not hear what he said for he turned his back, and his belly was to the gas. The girl felt and looked, kneeling to do so. He was an exceedingly fine man and in the prime of life — his prick by no means large.

Next day I got into an omnibus. — A minute after-wards a man got in and sat opposite to me, and I saw it was the same who had the night before tooth-brushed his arsehole. — I was under no error, his eyes, manner, clothes, the ring on his finger, I recognized all. I sat staring until he raised his eyes to mine. I still stared resolving in my mind what I had seen him do, and felt such an aversion to him, that I stopped the omnibus and got out.

Sarah laughed. “Well I have done most things and am not particular, but blessed if ever I had a man's spendings in my mouth and never will.” — Yet before a month had passed, she had mine — I expect she lied, but it is never safe to say you won't do anything in love matters. All women I believe have had a man's prick in their mouths, it's human nature. One night a man of about thirty years old came in with a woman. They had evidently met before, and she knew his ways and wishes. — He was coated and muffled up almost to his eyes. When he'd unwrapped, I guessed by his well-shaven face and long frock coat, that he was a clergyman. He spoke so low until to-wards the end of his amour, that I could scarcely hear a word. — Before she undressed, he made her kneel on a chair, and throwing up

her petticoats exposed her buttocks, and a remarkable plump, well-made woman of about twenty-five she was. Then he walked to the other end of the room and contemplated her. Then he turned her round and made her sit with her clothes up, stand with them up, lay on the floor, backside up, and then belly up, and in fact put her almost into every possible attitude to expose her private parts. — But he never put her on the bed, and as there was no sofa, he placed her always at the corner of the fire place under the gaslamp, so that Sarah and I had the finest view of her. — After having seen her in one or two postures, he, dressed altogether in black, pulled out a stiff cock and his balls, he walked about, still looking at her but without putting his hands on his machine, of which we had a good view. It was rather large, and stood out stiff enough for a time, then it flopped down over his stone bag. — Then he made her strip to her chemise, he stripped to his shirt, and put her through the same postures, but principally with her arse to-wards him, to which he knelt down and began to fumble about and kiss, and at length to lick.

Almost at the outside Sarah said, “I know that woman, but I haven't seen her for some time,” and told me her history which I quite forgot. — Then she got anxious to watch her, continually saying, “Let me have a look — do.” But it was a sight I much desired to see myself, for the woman looked so nice, that I began to long to have her, and resolved in my mind how I should get her. — Then I got such a stiff-stander, that excepting for losing the sight, I should have put it into Sarah. But there I stood, feeling Sarah's arse and tucking my fingers between its cheeks, and twiddling her cunt and looking.

The man whose prick again got very stiff, began poking it at her. — He pushed it in her face, up against her breasts, her sides, and her bum, but principally her bum. — Sarah looking one minute, said, “He likes her arse better than her belly.” Then he put two chairs close together so as to let her kneel with knees wide open, and came close to the partition thro which we were looking, and stood gazing. Now just beneath her distended thighs I could, tho sideways, see her cunt gaping but it was in shadow in the dark fringing hair, which in quantity in front, was thickish behind.

He went close and pulled open her arse cheeks with both hands, and began licking her brown hole furiously — at intervals leaning back, looking at the hole, and what seemed to us to be thrusting his finger in it, but his head was in the way and we could not be sure.

“He will keep her all night,” said I, “let's fuck, my spunk's nearly coming.” “Wait, wait, he won't be long now, he is feeling his prick,” but Sarah was wrong. — He came back and again stood looking so long, that impatiently I pulled Sarah off the sofa, put her at the edge of the bed, and in a few shoves discharged up her cunt, my seminal

libation.

Scarcely waiting for my prick to shrink out I pulled it out of her. — She with cunt full, got on to the sofa before me, and looking attentively for a minute whispered, “Oh! oh! he is going to bugger her — he is greasing her bum.”

I could scarcely get her head from the peep hole; when I did, saw he had got a pot of grease and was greasing his prick. — “He's greased her arsehole,” said Sarah to whom I kept whispereing what was going on. Then he placed her at the bottom of the bed, and their flanks were towards us. — The woman said, “You will give what you did before.” “Yes, yes,” he replied, but he was scarcely audible. Then she again turned her arse towards him, her legs distended, her face and arms over the bed, he had pulled off her chemise, he his shirt and they were both naked. — His prick stood upright against his belly, with his left hand keeping the bum cheeks open or fumbling, his right hand holding his tool, he put it in her. I saw his arse oscillating and heard her with muffled voice say some-thing which sounded like, — “Oh you hurt so,” just as his belly closed on her arse. Then he placed both hands round her haunches holding her tightly. — “He's up her, I wonder if he is up her cunt or her arsehole.” “Up her arse or why did he grease it and his own prick as well, — let me look. — I want to know what that woman does, she's cheeked me, and I want to know.”

I let her look for a second. — “He is buggering her I am sure from the way he stands.” I pushed her head away for she would not move, applied my eye to the hole, and saw him ramming away hard, his bum wag, his thighs shake, his whole form move quiveringly. Beyond “Yes, yes” — when she'd asked him first about the money — I'd scarcely heard him, so low was the tone in which he uttered what little he said. — All at once he drew his belly back from her bum, and looked down, gratifying his eyes, but for a second only; for with a quick shove followed quickly by others — he shouted out in a loud voice, — “I'm up her arse, I'm up her arse, Oh! — oh!,” and then still louder, — “My spunk in your arse, my spunk in your arsehole.” “Oh! some one will hear, don't.” said the woman, lifting her head and turning it partly round. “Don't! hish! don't!” —but he shouted still “arse-hole, spunk,” and then was quiet — bending over her, holding her tightly, and gently wriggling his arse about with enervated muscular action.

“He has buggered her, look.” “Yes he has buggered her,” said Sarah, looking, “a dirty, nasty bitch, she ought to be shown up — dirty bitch, I have a good mind to tell one or two of her friends what I have seen her up to. — I wonder if it hurts her much,” said she enquiringly after a pause — I wondered too.

He kept close to her backside, leaning over her and grasping her round her waist. — His head laying on her naked back, his face

slightly turned towards me, and I thought he never would get off. At last she moved and I suppose threw his prick out, for he relieved her and threw himself naked as he was on the bed, his arse towards us, and there he lay as if in sleep for I sup-pose ten minutes.

She took no notice — but opened the door, and asked for warm water, washed, put on her chemise, then put her finger evidently on to her arsehole, and looked at her finger. She did that more than once at intervals of a minute or so. — Then she said I think (for she dropped her voice), “arn't you going to get up,” — He rose, washed and dressed, and they went away. She was a sweetly pretty woman, had a charming plump figure, and was I should have said a very appetizing fuck, — but she was not well dressed.

Before they went away — he turned her up after she was dressed, looked at her arse hole and kissed it, and they both laughed — but they spoke during the whole entertainment in such a low tone, that I could hear nothing but what I have told.

Sarah and I talked about buggery in general. — “It does not hurt,” said she, “to put your finger up, but a big prick must.” — I thought it must hurt to put up a finger. — “You can try on yourself.” “I would,” said I, “if he had left his ointment.” She laughed, “We will try it together some day, you shall put your finger up my bum hole and I up yours.” “All right you bring the ointment.” “I will get some cold cream.” We joked about the parson's fun for I was sure he was a parson. — Soon we had another couple to look at, and another, but when we talked we got back to the sodomitical subject — and when I fucked Sarah that night, we both talked as we lay in copulation, of the difference of sensation there might be between arse hole plugging — and cunt plugging. Said I, “The pleasure really must be all on one side.” “I have heard that some men and some women too, are fond of the sensation of a prick in their bum holes,” said she This was said whilst I was up her. When in that sensuous, stimulating, lascivious, position, it takes away one's sense largely; all is pleasure, but I know what I have written was said then.

Afterwards I thought of my adventure in my youth, with the fat, squabby, Devonshire woman's bumhole — and wondered if going up that round hole gave greater pleasure than fucking. I longed to try but dismissed it from my mind. Then I wondered if it hurt to put anything up the bum, so greased my finger one day, and to my surprize it slipped up without pain, but with an unpleasant sensation. I asked Sarah about what she had said, and one night she got cold cream, and as we lay on the bed together, I induced her to try on me; and we both poked up each other's arseholes. It rather upset me, and I was ashamed of it. — It gave me no pleasure and gave her none she said, so we never did it again. But from time to time I could not help

thinking about it and had a desire to have the woman we had seen buggered.

An odd couple came in one night — A common place young woman poorly dressed, with a very short, middle-aged man in black, whom I recognized as a clerk in a public department, and had seen for years. — He was about fifty years old, perhaps more, and awfully ugly. — There was that night a fire in the room and they both at first sat in front of it. —'Whilst there, he pulled out his prick and tried to get it to stand, but could not. I heard the girl say “Let me try.” She frigged it a long time, but it was of no use, for she re-marked, “I don't think that will stand to night.” — I could not see his cock for she just hid his middle, but saw well the movement of her arm whilst she frigged.

After a time he said in a low gruff voice. “It will be all right when I get on you — get on the bed.” — She complied. — Pulling her gown off, he his coat, they laid down side by side — she put her hand to his cock, and fumbling it said, “Why don't you let your trowsers down, I can get at it better.” — He let them down, she then pulled up his shirt which looked black and dirty, and took hold of his cock which must have been very small for I couldn't see it. — I suppose it was flabby. “Why don't you feel me,” pulling up her clothes as she said so, and showing a chemise also not of a very inviting color, and limbs not too beautiful. — He put his hand there, and turning on his side as she turned on her side as they lay together, began feeling, and she frigging for some time. Then — “Oh, you can't do it,” but he went on frigging.

He said in about ten minutes, “I want to piddle and shall do it afterwards.” The stumpy little man got off the bed (he was on the side nearest to me) and toddled round to the side where the piss pots were, and stood long making water I suppose, for I saw that he had the pot in his hand. She laid looking at him and scratching her cunt or thighs high up, but her clothes just covered the bottom of her belly — and I could not see exactly where her fingers were. Turning round, he pulled up her clothes to her navel, and I saw she had a sandy haired grummet. — He made her open her legs wide, pulled open the cunt lips, and looked. “You're a long time, you must give me more or I can't stop longer.” — He made some reply I could not hear.

Emptying his bladder and fumbling at her sandy haired opening, apparently had the desired effect. — He told her to move further off, and got on to the bed from the pisspot side and facing me. — As he did so I saw a smallish sort of sprout from under his shirt. His trowsers so embarrassed him that he could scarcely shuffle into position, so she helped him by cocking up one leg, and just shifting herself so as to bring him between her thighs. — Down he went on to her like a lump of lead, and began shoving.

If he was on the woman one minute he was half an hour there, shoving and wriggling more or less the whole time; he got fatigued, blowing and snorting like a pig — I could hear the wind whistling through his nostrils quite plainly, I shall never forget it.

The affair was amusing at first, but I had then seen such lots of couples in coition, some nice, handsome, clean and voluptuous, others quaint and novel in amusements, many inciting in some way — so got tired of this poor couple and left off looking. — Sarah looked — then I looked again. — There was he still ramming and blowing away — I heard the woman say “You can't do it.” — The woman of the house just then knocked at the door as usual. — He stopped short, and the girl called out, “We shall be out directly,” — then to the man, “Get off you've had enough.” — He muttered something and continued shoving.

Again I and Sarah looked, and left the spy-hole. “He means to keep on that poor woman all night.” Looking five minutes afterwards I heard her say, “I'm damned if you won't fuck my bottom out.” — Then was an agitation of his body, he laid quiet for an instant, then puffing and the sweat streaming down his face he got off — whether he had had a spend or not I don't know.

The woman went off leaving him sitting by the fire, seemingly quite done up, until the landlady went in and asked if he wanted the room again. He grunted out “No” — and left.

Chapter X

The baud's avarice. • The couples hurried. • Cyprians remuneration. • A tight cunted one. • One who knew the spy hole. • A loving, handsome couple. • The mother's maid. • Amorous impatience. • His lustful power. • Varied postures. • Copulations reckoned. • Brother John's cock exhibited. • Gossip with Sarah on gamahuching. • The fourth poke. • The pocket handkerchief. • Laxities with Sarah. • Heads to tails. • Sarah's letch for gamahuching. • On female cunilingers.

I have said that the landlady did not give the couples too long a time, especially if business was brisk. — She had an eye mainly to the double fees, for in addition to the pound, I paid five shillings for each couple. They charged the couples three and six pence and sometimes five shillings, never more. It was only a second class house, tho I saw swell women there.

One night she turned seven couples in between eight and twelve o'clock — all of whom we saw copulating — I did not mind the ordinary run being got in and out soon, for they usually went to work with small prelude, and the more petticoats I saw hoisted, the more cunts I saw, and the more pricks wagged and stiffened in my view, the better. But when a spoony couple were in — or the man had funny letches, — I was annoyed at their being hurried so asked again the landlady to try to put couples of whom the woman was what is called modest (altho every woman is immodest enough to show her own tail, and feel a man's tail at times), and not to hurry them. — The ordinary couples needed no hurrying, for the gay ladies urged on the shagging.

I soon discovered the very unequal fees paid, and what small sums at times were paid even to exceedingly well dressed women. — Many had only ten shillings and often five, although at times they got two or three sovereigns, and from men who did not look very rich. — I once saw a girl come in twice the same night and be fucked for five shillings, and heard her say it was very little. He gave her a shilling more for a glass of wine. — The second time she got a couple of sovereigns. — I chaffed Sarah about the nice cunts to be had for ten shillings, but in my young days I knew that. Yet having for so many years given higher compliments, it came quite new to me, that a clean nice looking woman, would give up her privates for five shillings, yet well dressed women did.

There was a woman looking twenty-two years old, whom I saw many times. — She was well made and had a pretty face. I took a

fancy to have her, but did not like to ask Sarah to get her. — One or two men said, “What a little cunt you have,” — at which she used to laugh. — I went about this time in the middle of the day and saw the landlady, who made objection, but prin- cipally about Sarah knowing of it, but as I vowed I would not tell, I got the spy room by myself, and passed the evening looking — I told the landlady of the girl I wanted but she would not get her for me, few women, knew of the peep hole room, and I should tell the woman, and that would blow the house — I did not see the girl that night and felt not so comfortable alone. — But the small-cunted woman ran in my head. Again I had the room by myself, and that night she came in. I got awfully randy at seeing her fucked, and directly it was over left the baudy house. — The woman shortly afterwards came out, and turned towards * * * St. — When she was just in * * * * St. I spoke to her, and we went to another house. I bargained for half of a sovereign which I knew she had just been paid. — She accepted after swearing she never had less than a sovereign.

She was perfect in shape, and her cunt one of the smallest for a full grown woman my prick ever entered. — Two fingers went in with greatest difficulty, yet the vulva looked as large as an ordinary one. — There was black hair on it. I enjoyed her immensely and fucked her three times, paying her for each fuck.

—What amused me was my asking her if she had it done to her before that night, and she swearing that she had not.

I fucked her at the side of the bed at first, to see my prick draw in and out of the small orifice. When I had recovered from my pleasure, I put her legs over my shoulders, and drawing her bum to me, kept my prick in whilst I asked her questions. She did not hurry me. I had noticed she never was impatient with men. — Pulling my prick out, and telling her what I was going to do, I watched my sperm laying at the mouth of the tight hole, and soon began to work again in my own sperm. — “Oh come on the bed, I want it, let's do it nicely,” — and on the bed a more voluptuous little devil never wetted my ballocks.

She would make no appointment with me saying I should see her about, but I never did. I asked the landlady at * * * * * St. She recollected her, said she sometimes came with men often for a week or so, and then did not for a month. She did not know her name nor anything about her. — I never told Sarah.

One night an ordinary woman was on the bed with a man when Sarah, looking, remarked — “That woman knows there is a peep hole, see how she keeps her eye on it.” — Certainly she did keep looking, and she pulled her clothes over her thighs as much as the man's lying between them would permit. — She pushed the man away directly he had finished, and got off the bed looking in our direction. — Sarah let

down the picture and waited till the couple had gone. — The Iandlady had told her to do so in case we thought any one looked at the spyhole. — I saw only two or three women out of the whole number, who eyed the spot suspiciously, and never a man, altho I saw a dozen walk up to the picture and look at it — it was most counningly contrived. [I wonder if it was ever found out afterwards and there was a row, for the house was closed all of a sudden.]

Another night a couple came in together both muffled up, she deeply veiled. — Directly he had locked the door he took off his hat — she her veil, — both laughed, rushed into each other's arms, and stood kissing long as if they'd never have enough of it. — “Oh I am so glad,” said she, and again they kissed. “What a time since we met.” “Is it not.” “Oh I am so glad,”

— and similar exclamations of joy whenever they got their lips apart. — They talked loud, they kissed loud, in a state of mutual delight at meeting. — They had no fear — no thought but of each other. — “It's a spoony couple,” said I to Sarah. “Yes,” said she when she had a look, “and what a fine woman, I wonder how she will do it, as she calls herself, I suppose, modest.”

— Sarah hated the modest fuckstress — I pulled Sarah's head away, begrudging her looking.

They finished kissing for the moment. He threw off an over coat, she her bonnet — and as handsome faced a couple as ever I saw stood there. — He a gentleman, seemingly about twenty-six years old, tall, strong, with dark brown hair. — She a fine grown woman of perhaps twenty-one, with dark hair and beautiful blue or grey eyes, I can't say which, and such long eye lashes that they were a marked feature in her face. — That done, they again rushed into each other's arms, and kissing recommenced. — Her back was to me as he clasped her, and I saw his right arm move gradually lower, from her waist to her bum. He was thinking of her cunt.

“There is no sofa, I hate a room without a sofa,” said he sitting down on a chair and pulling her on to his knee. For a minute they again kissed. — “Now tell us all that has taken place since I saw you.” She began to tell, and from what I heard, it seemed that she was in service in his mother's house.

She had scarcely begun before he pushed his hand under her clothes. “Oh Charley, don't dear,” said she with a little faint resistance. I could see that his hand in a second or two was between her thighs, and a lovely leg came into view, as his arm hooked her petticoats over it. — Then all was kissing and murmurs, or restless moving of his right arm, a restless movement of her bum on his knee, and a shuffling of her feet. The titillation of her cunt had told on her, and was filling her with voluptuousness.

His hand was withdrawn, he pulled open his trowsers, and out came a magnificent prick. Without a word he placed her right hand on it. — She felt it, and hung her head over his shoulder. — Up went his hand beneath her clothes, their mouths met, nothing but kisses were audible, but her body moved uneasily from her waist to her bum, and both their feel shifted places continually — pleasure made them restless.

“Come to the bed dear, come — I want you so.” — He pushed her from his knee and stood up, his prick stiff out of his trowsers. — He led her hurriedly to the foot of the bed, and seemed wild for her.

“Oh Charley dear, what a hurry you are in — oh don't, don't, I shall spoil my dress — don't, wait a minute.” — He had her bum against the bed, had lifted her petticoats, and with both arms under her thighs was trying to lift her on the bed, but desisted at her wish. “Make haste dear — I am dying for you — look here,” — shaking his pego which with the skin down, shewed a flaming tip, and a noble prick it was.

She began to undo her dress. — He threw off coat, waistcoat and trowsers, and had finished before her gown was off. Then he helped her. A beautiful pair of calves and ankles came into view, her breasts attracted him, he put his hand on them. — “Take your stays off.” — Smiling she began — there was a hitch — “Oh damn it” — laying hold of the lace, with a violent tug he broke it. “Oh don't, I shan't be able to lace it again.” He pulled the stays off, threw them on the floor, pushed her on to the bed and threw up her clothes. — I saw a dark haired motte, and the next instant he had covered it, then laid in tranquillity for a few seconds.

What a splendid-limbed woman. — Altho she had all her petticoats on, I saw one side of her fine haunches and faultless legs. In a few seconds, one hand was put between their bellies, feeling his prick, or the warm lips which embraced it. — His drawers which he had not pulled off annoyed him, for withdrawing his hand, he pushed his drawers down, and with a loud kiss his arse began that oscillating motion, which brings the pleasure to the couple whose cunt and prick are joined.

He went on slowly, their kisses and murmurs were enough to have made a saint who saw them, randy mad. — Soon thighs began to move responsively to his thrusts. Her hands came on to his back, his drawers worked down under his movements, his shirt got a little hitched up, and the lower half of his buttocks came in full view. With kisses and murmurs of love, he now oscillated his rump rapidly, till their limbs at length stretched out languidly, almost lifelessly, and both were silent. Never to me is a woman so loveable as when the ecstatic gush is over, and I lay half dead with voluptuousness in her

arms. I could scarcely hold my sperm in me, but was so anxious not to lose an atom of the sight, that I would not leave the peep hole to fuck — I had been feeling Sarah's cunt as she stood besides me. — “They have fucked,” I whispered, — “I'd give twenty pounds to be up her, lay down.” — Sarah went to the bed and I fucked her.

Even in my pleasure I did not forget the couple, and as fast as possible, with prick dripping from Sarah's cunt, got to the peep hole. He was lying on her, his face on the side of the pillow and turned towards her, she was on her back. He had partly left her belly, and I saw her thigh fully, part of her belly, and a glimpse of her mount.

Sarah looked. “She has a fine leg really, and is a fine woman — hasn't she got your steam up — what a breast she has — she isn't gay. — She's been enjoying it — they will do it again before they get off the bed I'll bet,” said Sarah, who understood human nature well in its copulative insincts and habits.

Sarah was right. He moved, she opened her eyes, they kissed, he got full on to her again, but apparently changing his mind rolled off on to his side, and rose to look at her belly, over which she pulled down her chemise. I had only a glimpse of the motte. Then he turned towards her, his hand moving under her chemise, and partly turned towards him. His hand in getting to her buttocks had lifted her chemise, giving a glimpse of a large white backside, and showing one side from feet to waist. She was as fine a made woman as ever man clasped in copulation. A splendid creature.

Again he got on to her and they began joking and kissing, and they both talked loudly. — “Your clothes are in the way.” “You wouldn't wait to let me take them off.” — Then he got off the bed and dragged off his boots and drawers. She sat up, undid her petticoats, he pulled them from under her as she lay, laughing. Chemise, shirt, and stockings were now all they had on. He stood, gently pushed her back on the bed kissing her, threw up her chemise to her breast, and began to kiss her belly. He thrust his fingers up her spermatized cunt. — She squirmed, “Oh Charley — don't — how dirty — dear — don't.” “Isn't your cunt wet!” — Withdrawing his fingers he jumped rapidly on to her, but enclosing her legs with his, and so they lay kissing and talking but inaudibly. His thighs were quite distended, his balls shewed between them as they hung over her split, I thought I had never seen anything more voluptuous.

Then his hand roved about her haunches. He rolled on to his back and lay for a minute with prick again quite stiff. She turned on her side and handled it. Then putting his right hand under her bum, and his left across her, he heaved her over on to his belly, and they lay belly to belly, she arse upwards, his hand roving about from her blade bones to her arse cheeks, and exposing all to my delighted view. I saw

the hairy notch well, as she lay over him with thighs distended. Their baudy frolics had now brought their passions to the highest. He got her off of him to his side, he turned, and so they lay kissing, and close together. I could hear nothing but kisses. Then up he pushed one of her legs and drew it over his flank, his hand went between her thighs, and he handled her moisted cunt again. I caught a glimpse of his stiff prick as he in- serted it. Then they sank into an attitude which brought her three quarters on to her back, her right leg still high up and over his left haunch, fucking began, and then more he raised up her leg — bringing into view at intervals his ballocks. Their mouths were glued together — their whole frames vibrated and with loud kisses and sighs they spent again. — Their second fuck had been finished I think within twenty minutes from the time they entered the room. — All that time as far as I could hear they scarcely spoke — fucking in all its preliminaries and consequences had absorbed them — they thought of nothing else.

Reposing in each other's arms, they nestled to each other with limbs interlaced. Altho it was warm, she I suppose felt cold, for he more than once pulled her chemise down. They half turned and her backside was then towards me, but through his feeling and fumbling, her chemise was never long before it worked up again. — “I told you they would do it twice before they got off the bed. — He'll get her in the family way and then she'll turn gay. He's a gent and won't marry her, fucking like those two will do the job, unless she is very lucky. Oh! he wants to put his finger up again and she won't let him,” said Sarah who was looking through the peep hole. I was sitting on the sofa feeling her cunt.

Had it not been for our conversation, Sarah would often have had a dull time of it. Our room we kept so dark that we could not see each other's faces, and I only let her look at intervals. — But I kept up a running description of all I saw in whispers, which amused her I suppose, and she did the same to me when looking, but then I always was feeling her cunt or nudity some-where.

He was poking his hand between her thighs, she preventing it, when I next looked. “Now Charley, that is really dirty, do let me get up — I am so wet and I want to pee so badly, I really do.” Up both got, he stood affectionately over her whilst she pissed, and washed her cunt. He washed and pissed and then he sat her on his knee again, and they began talking. I could now hear all they said.

There was a large easy chair without arms and I think two such chairs but am not sure. — There was no sofa, an omission the baud told me intended, so that the couples might take their pleasures on the bed and in sight of the spyhole. — There was but one place in-deed where a sofa could be placed, which was just against the peep hole

partition, but with couples so close to each other on either side of the partition, we might, had there been a sofa there, have been more easily heard and found out. — With bed in full sight, the washing place on the other side of it and near the window, the fire and bright gas light, beneath which nearly all the men placed the women when they wanted to look at them naked, and all being away from the peep hole side, there was very little in the room which could not be seen by us. Evidently the whole arrangement was purposely made, tho the plan of the two rooms aided it.

The gas burner also was large for a baudy house, and made so to show up the occupants. I saw some gay women turn it down, and the men turn it up. One girl grumbled to the landlady about there being too much light. — After a time, to my disgust, a smaller burner was put in, then a larger again replaced it. — But I've no doubt the peep-hole room paid well . Several times when I went there by myself, I found the room engaged, and at other times with Sarah, couldn't have it.

The handsome couple sat down just under the light facing us, after he had said again “This is not a very comfortable room, there is no sofa. — Do you recollect what we did on the sofa the last time but one.” “Yes,” said she, and laughed.

His hand went under her cehmise. — How is it that a man cannot keep his hand off a pretty girl's cunt? — “How many times have I fucked you?” said he. “Ho! Charley — oh! you do speak plain — I don't know.” “Fifty or sixty — let us count them,” — and he began to reckon their meetings. — They were so joyous numbering them. Then I heard places named, they made mistakes, and recommenced laughing. She'd seen several houses I found.

“Oh Charley, your brother John put his hands up my clothes the other day.” “John — my brother?” said he surprized. “Yes, he has been always getting in my way ever since you left, and trying to look up my clothes if he gets a chance — he is getting on fast — I gave him a good cuff one night — and then he pulled it out and said, 'Look here — this is what you want.' ” “Pulled out what?” “Pulled that out.” “What, his prick?” Laughingly she said, “Yes.” — The man swore. — “Damn him, I'll give him a lump on his head.” “Oh you can't, he mustn't know I told you.” “Damn him, — did you see his prick?” “Yes.” — Then they both roared with laughter. — “Oh, if I could catch him, what a hiding he'd get, why he's only fif- teen, he beats me.” They talked on and every now and then he groped her — then they took to kissing and feeling each other. — “When do your monthlies come on?” “Oh, I feared they'd come on to day.” “Oh, how lucky.”

I could hear nearly all they said for they were in-experienced, and seemed quite fearless directly they were within the room, and never

thought if any one could see or hear them. — The street was also that night free from vehicles, on other occasions when passing they prevented me at times hearing what couples said. — I heard now nearly everything until they got lewed, and then only snatches, and his exclamations of amatory delight. But I had a bad cough — altho it was warm weather — and I feared they would hear my suppressed barking. — They never seemed to do so. — She had changed from one knee to the other, I suppose because she had fatigued him. — Now on his right she was nearly facing me — I could see his left hand up between her thighs — and his prick standing up. He pulled her right hand down to it, and they sat feeling each other and kissing.

Just then my cough became so bad, that I got down and buried my head in the bed clothes. When I got back he had laid her on the foot of the bed and was standing kissing her. I heard what seemed like modest objection, but he heeded not, and opening her legs wide, I saw sideways the red gap between her thighs. He opened the lips with his fingers and contemplated, he opened and closed them again and again, then put his head against it and it seemed stationary, her limbs moved, and quickly she raised herself up on her elbow. — “Oh, Charley what are you doing? — Aha — you dirty man.”

A little resistance on her part — and coaxing on his

— then down she fell on her back and again his head went between her thighs. Turning to Sarah I said, “He is licking her cunt.” — She looked. — “So he is, I wonder if she likes it.” — He licked on, her limbs quivered, her thighs seemed to open, then close tight round his curly haired head, her belly heaved — and suddenly she half-rose crying quite loud, “Oh — don't

— I won't — oho — oho,” — and fell back again.

He rose, pointed his stiff stander to her crack, and canting both thighs over his hips, fucked her again. — Then bending over her with his hands still under her thighs, they again were quiet.

Then they sat down and talked about cunt licking. — “I am ashamed of you and myself, what made you do so?” “I don't know, I never did such a thing before,” said he. Then he was curious and questioned her about her sensations whilst being gamahuched.

“I did — it is something like the pleasure when we do it together — but I don't like it.” “You don't mean to say you spent.” “I did — it got more and more nice, and was all over just as you got up — I wanted to stop and could not, it got the better of me.” “I'll never believe that you spent, or that any woman can by being licked,” said he. “How salt your cunt tastes.” “Oh Charley, how can you go on so.”

He called out and ordered sherry, took it in standing in his shirt, and the landlady said, “You won't be long sir, shall you?” — Angrily, “I took the room for the night didn't I?” “Oh yes, yes, but you said you

might not stop and we are so busy, sir, that's all." — He slammed the door. — "The old bitch says she wants the room — and so she may." — "Oh," said the girl, "it frightened me to hear her say that, and I only with my chemise on, suppose she'd come in."

They took sherry and he said, "What beastly stuff, don't drink it, it will make you ill." — Again he called and rowed about the quality, got hot water and brandy, and gave her some, lighted a cigar, sat her on his knee and with cigar in his mouth, put his fingers on to her cunt — the cunt he had licked and fucked, and which then had his spunk in it. I whispered to Sarah. — "Girls like that are never so clean as a gay woman," said she. — Their voices dropped low and what little I could hear was partly baudy. I had been standing an hour and a half with my eye to the peep hole, grew tired, put in the cork, dropped the picture over the spyhole, turned up the gas, and talked.

It was shortly before this that I had seen the girl suck the man's prick, whilst he buggered his own arse with a tooth-brush handle. — Somewhere also about the time a French doxy — unasked took my prick in her mouth and whom I made desist — I had rarely had it in a woman's mouth excepting in half drunken orgies. Now at once came on a desire for that luxury, it was though seeing this woman's cunt licked. — "Suck my prick," said I. "I'll see you damned first," said Sarah.

I never relinquished a letch till I satisfied it, I talked about what I had seen, what heard, what done that way with women, and got her to admit that she had been asked to suck. I wondered whether it was more pleasure than spending in a cunt. She wondered (I know now it was bosh). We talked about the gamahuching just seen, and prick sucking. Then she said, "Why don't you lick my quim then?" "Do you like it — do you spend with it?" "Of course I like it, every woman does, you can't help spending if a man keeps on at it."

"Suck my prick — do." "Lick my cunt then." I have gone thro this talk with other women, but with Sarah it seemed quite novel.

The couple were laughing and getting noisy. Suddenly I heard thro the partition, the woman laughing loud and say, "No I won't, I won't now," and feet moving hard on the floor. Sarah turned down the gas, and in a minute I had my eye at the peep hole.

He had her in the middle of the room, and was trying to pull her chemise off — she resisting. — "I will see you quite naked." "You shan't — oh don't make such a noise, we shall be heard," said she.

He desisted a minute, then recommenced. She would not let him — but in a modest way dropped her chemise down to her cunt, then put it up on her shoulders, and let him pull it up to her navel. Half naked each pose, he turned her round, admired, and kissed her flesh, exclaiming. — "Oh ain't you beautiful — oh what a bum you have —

oh I am so randy .again, look here," and he pulled up his shirt to show his stiff one. — "I want another fuck." — Then he sat down with prick standing upright before her admiring eyes, and said. — "Do you mean to swear you spent — that you had pleasure just as if my cock was up you?" — "I don't know that — but it seemed so, I seemed to wet with pleasure, and yet I didn't like it — but it was pleasure, and great pleasure — nearly like the other."

"I'll never believe a woman can have pleasure and spend by being licked, just as if she is being fucked. Let me try again." — "He's never done it before really I think," whispered Sarah, "he don't know much."

She refused, it was dirty, how could he want, wish such a thing. — But how can a woman withstand a man? — Refusing whilst she yielded, he threw her on the bed, and putting a pillow under her knees, again I saw the white thighs distend, the dark haired lips pulled open, the red gash appear, his head close up to it, and the licking begin.

All was silent. I placed my ear at intervals to the hole, heard the sossling of his tongue on her clitoris, when his saliva had run over, and then in low tones he said, "Does that give you pleasure?" — But I heard no reply, I looked, and he had drawn back his head — whilst she lay with her limbs hanging down.

Then a little conversation, and again the licking began — her thighs crossed on to his shoulders, she cried out, — "Oh don't, now — do it properly." "Be quiet, only this time." Breathless with agitation, I kept putting first my eyes, then my ear to the hole — heard her murmur with pleasure, saw her belly heaving, her thighs twitching round his head, and no more. Then he rose, pushed her further up on bed, and for the fourth time fucked her as she lay there.

I got down — "Suck my prick, do — you shall, and I'll give you another sovereign — two — if you will. - If you don't another woman shall." "Lick me then."

— I thought she was joking, but soon it was a reality

— I did not like it, but said I would. — She sluiced her cunt, she placed herself at the bed side, my tongue touched her cunt, I gamahuched thinking of my pleasure to follow, till she writhed under her sensations. — Now I ceased, for it struck me that when I had done her, she would not fulfil her part of the bargain. — "Oh! go on, I am coming."

"Will you suck me afterwards?" "I will, I will, and you will give two pounds." "Yes," and again my tongue and her clitoris met.

"Let's do it at the same time." "All right." I took off my trowsers and drawers — we placed ourselves side by side, one of her thighs over my head my head laying on the other, my prick touching her face — I recollect no more than that I tasted her cunt, that I felt as if a cunt

had got hold of my prick, that I put my left hand to it, that her belly shivered, that my nose went against her cunt, that I spent in her mouth, that I tasted her ejaculation, that in a baudy frenzy she had sucked my prick for the first time, but not the last, and that I had gamahuched her.

"You need not hurry," said Sarah, "they won't stir now in such a hurry." — It was true. When I looked they were laying quietly. — At length he rose, looked at his watch and said she'd better get up — "for darling you must not be too late." She got off the bed and they kissed. — Never was a more loving couple — they had kissed every two minutes for four hours. — Again she sat on his knee, but I could not hear what they said.

To the door he went and asked if they had a daily paper, and told them to go somewhere and get one, which was soon done. — He stood under the gas light and called over a list of plays. — "Say you have been to Lyceum, they play Hamlet." "Oh but I have seen that." "So much the better, you'll know all about it." "They will wonder why I went again." "You say they took you." — Then they laughed, and I gathered that the woman was supposed to be at the theatre.

He looked at his watch. — "We can stop three quarters of an hour more. — Wash your cunt — you had better always do so soon afterwards, they say it stops getting in the family way." — Then he sat down and lighted another cigar.

The girl put a basin on the floor. As she washed I just saw the top of her head above the bed. Then she pissed. — Whilst doing so she made some remark I did not hear —but he put down the paper and said, "Oh the devil."

As she rose from the pot, — "Yes, I am afraid so, I am a month behind my time, they ought to be on to day." — Her voice was sad, she sat on his knees again, her back towards us now, and I could not hear what they said but they talked earnestly.

He changed the position — pulled up her chemise, and sat her naked bum on his thigh saying, "I like your flesh against mine." — He drank more brandy and water — his cigar had gone out, he lighted it at the gas. "Is John's cock big?" She laughed, "I scarcely know, he showed it only an instant — but it was stiff." "Was the skin off?" "It was quite red." "I should like to catch him, I'd knock his damned young head off." "You told me you did something like it to one of the girls, when you were about his age." "So I did, but I don't like John doing it to you."

He began walking about the room with his hand on his prick, and said she had better dress. "I should like to do it again." "Oh, I can't let you, you have tired me so." — He dressed and again walked up and down the room, frigging his cock as if determined to make it stand. —

“Look at you,” said the woman laughing.

“You don't know what a number of ways there are of doing it,” he said. “Don't I?” “No, come here, people often do it this way.” — His cock was not stiff. — She was nearly dressed. — He sat down and pulled her on to him, placing his legs between her thighs, her cunt close to his cock. — “They do it like that.” — Then he turned round and sat her with her bum to-wards him. — She laughed. Then he said something and both laughed loudly. — “They do it so — come here,” and he got up. “I shan't.” — But making her lean over the bed, he threw up her petticoats, exposing her fair round backside, and pressed his cock against it, she wanted to move, but he kept her there fumbling her bum, and, frigging at his cock at the same time.

“I must go — if am not in by twelve — there will be a row — your mother always sits up you know.” — He looked at his watch — both finished dressing, but he kept his cock out of his breeches, and it had stiffened whilst putting on her bonnet. — “I mean to do it again.” “Oh! I can't, — I can't stay, it must be time to go.” “I will do it, — I will — lie down and I won't be a minute.” — In vain her resistance, he got her on to the bed, and again fucked her. They seemed to enjoy it more than ever, for it was a long job, and they groaned and sighed loudly with pleasure. In another minute without either of them washing, off they went.

The baud went in the room, looked at the rumpled bed clothes, muttered, called to the servant, and told her to bring a clean counterpane. They had left spunk on the bed. Then she took up a white handkerchief which the young man or woman had left, put it in her pocket, and looked at the peep hole, and seeing that she was being watched, dropped the picture on her side.

I was in a fever of lust — never have I seen a sight which for its prolonged voluptuousness was equal to it. — I have seen more erotic sights, but for pure voluptuousness — never — I doubt whether many have seen a fine young man and woman in the height of sexual strength, abandon themselves without fear or thought, to all their voluptuous desires for the space of four hours, as this couple did.

I stripped Sarah, examined her cunt, compared it mentally with the young woman's, rolled over her, rubbed my prick against her arse, impaled her on my doodle as I sat on a chair, first with her belly, then her bum towards me. I followed every thing I had seen the young man do — and then fucked, talking of the couple, till Sarah said she was sick of hearing about them.

Then we got brandy and water. My desires ran on having my prick sucked — I doubted if Sarah had done it to me properly, I wanted to be sure, and the sperm to go into her mouth — I was reckless, and said that unless she did it, I would go out and get

another woman. — At last Sarah kneeling over me, again sucked my prick and took my sperm into her, whilst I with her arse close to my nose licked her cunt.

Exhausted, on the bed I laid, whilst Sarah was washing her mouth. — “There is another couple.” — To extinguish the light and get to the peep hole, was the work of a minute. There was a man just getting off a woman whom he had fucked, whilst we, engrossed in our physical pleasure, had never heard them there; which explained how little people notice who are randy, and thinking about their own performances, and why they never noticed the spy hole.

This spy hole amusement was spread over the best part of two years. Many lustful amusements I had between the various sights, which would better have been told in their place, but I shall from time to time refer to them.

After this night I had a letch for being sucked. — When I next met Sarah, we spent the whole evening in talking about that and gamahuching. Sarah confessed to liking it being done to her occasionally, and on her undertaking to tell me when she was spending, I did the job for her, and also had the pleasure of spending in her mouth for the extra fee. But I soon grew tired of that pleasure, unless so fucked out that I could not get a cock-stand. Many times after, when looking thro the peep-hole, she knelt on the sofa and gently sucked my prick.

Gamahuching she always wanted, when she'd had a drop more than usual, and I believe really had a great liking for it — I did it at times to please her, but couldn't bear the taste of her cunt, and whilst operating used to keep slobbering, so that her cunt was soon much like a spittoon. — “Aren't you coming?” “Yes, stop, lick just there,” and with her finger she indicated the exact spot. — I suppose finding that I did not much like it, she ceased after a time to ask me to do it to her.

But we often described our sensations to each other, and she told me very funny stories about women who were fond of having their cunts licked by other women — I was increasing my experiences largely with her, yet did not know what I since believe to be the case, that she was a little fond of having another female tongue on her clitoris, and perhaps another clitoris against hers as well.

Chapter XI

A juvenile strumpet. • Two saucy little bitches. • One selected. • Sexual manipulations on the high-way. • Omnibus riding and jam tarts. • My moral compunctions. • Sarah dissipates them. • An unsuccessful assault. • On the fornicating facilities of four wheel cabs.

I go back a while. — When I had known Sarah some time I wished to go to her house, having to pay heavily at the baudy houses for stopping long there. — Besides I always feel so much more comfortable at a woman's lodgings. J***s St. bagnio was an exception, but that house has been long closed — Sarah objected at first, but as we knew each other better, said that her rooms were comfortable but very homely, that I should not be pleased with them; and moreover her friend was often there, that then I could not, and so on. — On being pressed, she admitted that she lived with a man, had done so for three years, and she showed me his miniature. — I said that nevertheless I should like to go there. — Then she told me the address, but I was never to call. — She would meet me in the street, and if she could take me home she would. He was a traveller for a firm of * * * * makers, and often away. For a long time I did not go there.

I had letches for big women. — Sarah was one, big Eliza another, and I had other big ones (tho but rarely) who were about town. — Big women, with big arses, and lots of cunt hair had been pleasing to me to see and feel, even if I did not poke them. Now suddenly I desired a little one. At L**c**t*r S****e one night, a group of girls so little that I thought them at first only rude children, spoke to me; and it ended in my going to a house with one about half my height, but who stripped and talked as baudily as if she had been fucked twenty years. - I fucked her, wondering at the little hairless quim my prick was closed up in, and such seemed the difference between the deep, thick lipped, dark, fully haired, large cunts, I had had for a long time, and the thin hairless split, and slim little form I was. enjoying, that it roused desires for another.

It was late autumn, I was going along a suburb of London one night at about six o'clock p.m. It was in a dull tho widish road, where the houses lay back from the road in gardens. — A slight fog came on. — On the opposite side of the way, I saw thro the mist two young girls, singing, laughing, and talking loudly whilst walking on. — A man carrying a basket on his back passed them, and I heard him say. — “I should like to tickle up both of your legs a bit.” “Tickle us up then,” said one in a loud cheeky tone, and then both ran across the

road, and down a turning close by me. I heard them laughing loudly when just out of sight in the mist, as if they enjoyed the baudy suggestion.

This stirred my blood. They must be fast young bitches I thought. Soon I heard a shrill voice say. “Come on, he's gone a head a long way.” It was one of the two girls. The turning they were up I found was no thoroughfare, altho then I did not know that — I turned at once up it, met them, stopped them, and asked them the way to some place. — I saw the face of the tallest, and as far as the fog would let me see by a lamp, it pleased me. I began to talk, and said they were both pretty girls. — “Give me a kiss and I will give each of you sixpence.” — They laughed, said no, but in a minute I gave each a kiss and sixpence. — As I kissed the biggest, I whispered her, “I'll give you a shilling if you will do something for me and get your companion away.” “What?” said she boldly. “Send her away.” “No, she'll tell, but at * * * * Street she goes another way — you come back, then.”

She said she should not. — “Come on Betsy,” and off they went together — I followed just at such a distance as the fog enabled me not to lose sight of them, saw them part, then quickly made up to the tallest, and by degrees persuaded her to stop and listen to me. I know how to deal with young lasses well, having had experience now. — “Now don't be angry — don't be alarmed, it can't hurt you, and if you won't do it there's no harm done. — If you do what I want, no one will know it, and I'll give you a lot of money when I meet you.” “What is it?” — Oddly enough, I could not make up my mind what to ask her to do — I wanted to feel her cunt, but guessed if I said so, she would run off as fast as she could go, so went on talking awhile, and at length said, “Here's a shilling for you if you will tell me one or two things. — Have you a brother?” “Yes.” “Have you seen his cock?” She began to laugh. “Shan't tell you,” and she began to walk away. “Never mind, here is your shilling.” She turned round and took it. — “How foolish to go away, you might get more money, and no one but you and I know any thing about it — and directly I ask you a question off you go.” “You talk improper,” said she. “Never mind, you know you have felt your brother's cock if he is a baby.” “He's three years old, and I nurse him when at home.” “Then you have felt his cock.” — She laughed.

“What are you doing about here?” said I turning the conversation. “Going home from work.” “What do you work at?” “Folding up seeds at **** nursery,” and she told me where. “What do you get a day?” “Nine pence — we both work there” — (meaning the other girl). “You can get half a crown if you'll do what I wish.” “I can't do anything.” “Yes, you can feel me.” “Feel you, what's that?” — I rattled the money,

— “Here are two and six pence, none will see us.” We were by a long wall, and the fog was now thickish. “Here is the money — give me your hand.”

I unbuttoned my trowsers, my prick was stiff, I put it outside, but under my greatcoat. She gave me her hand in a reluctant way, and I guided it to my penis.

— “Lay hold of it.” “I shan't, let me go — I'll hollow.” “No — feel it, put your hand round it and here is your money.” — Her fright got over, she put her hand round it. — Curiosity got the better of her fears, I saw her tho she couldn't in the dark see it, looking down at it.

— “You old beast, let me go,” — but I kept her hand on the stem, then put it in my trowsers and under the balls. — “Now let me go.” — I relinquished her hand, she turned away, went two or three yards off and stopped. “Here is your money, now you have felt my cock, tell me, is it bigger than your brother's.” She broke out into a laugh, turned and ran off — I followed and overtook her standing still some distance off. — “You did not give me the money,” said she. “That was your fault, here it is, but come back, people here will see us.” — She came back saying, “I must go or I'll catch it.” — At the corner I gave her half a crown, and said “Every night you feel my cock I will give you a shilling, and I'll give half a crown if you let me feel your bum.” “You old beast,” said she again, as the money dropped into her hand. Then she bolted off like lightning.

I went to the spot at the same time next night, but she did not appear. On the third night I saw her and she was alone, there was no fog, but it was between dark and daylight, and the lamps were not lighted. — She recognized me. “Go away or I'll run,” said she. “I'm not going to hurt you, give me a kiss and I'll give you a shilling.” — I induced her to turn up the same place, and there gave her both. Then she felt my cock again and had another shilling. —She was not a hurry to take away her hand from my cock as on the first night. I fancied she liked feeling it. “Meet me every night,” (it just suited me then). “I can't, cause she comes home with me,” — meaning the other girl. How cunning young sluts are!

Her feeling of my prick, and the whispering baudy talk in her young ears, took my fancy, but I wanted more. I saw her the next night. She was with the other girl, and like a fool I was going up to her, when they ran off. Another night I caught her alone. I was that night in a frenzy of randiness, put her hand round my prick and my own hand outside hers, and so frigging, I spent copiously. — “What is the matter sir,” said she looking up in my face, for I dare say I was sighing and giving evidence of sexual emotion.

Then I missed her, and gave up all idea of getting into her, for that had been in my mind. About two weeks afterwards, by mere

chance passing by there, I saw the little devil loitering near the turning where she had first felt me. — Crossing the road, I said in passing, “Come on,” — and in two minutes she stood by my side.

She had been ill, her mother said it was fever. But with a chuckle — “I know what it was — I eat too much of them sweets and fruit. — Mother said it was the smell from the privy, and told the doctor so. — He asked me what I had been eating, and I said nothing.” — Then I found that she spent her money on fruit, sugar candy and bull's eyes, and in riding in omnibuses. When she felt sick she got some brandy, and she only gave her companion a little bit of sweet. — “Because she'd wonder where I got the money and would tell.” — This much amused me, and reminded me of a girl, or rather two girls I had known many years previously. A girl of fifteen riding in an omnibus by herself for pleasure, and gorging herself with sweets out of money got by feeling a man's prick in a street, seems an amusing fact.

She missed the money evidently, and her want was my opportunity. Said I, — “I can only give you money if you let me feel your burn.” “Oh no, not that.” “Well, it's no worse than feeling my cock. — If you feel my cock, let me feel your cunt.” “Oh! that I shan't,” — but she lingered. — “It could not hurt,” I said, “and who knows you have felt my cock?” — “Who will know it if I feel your little cunt? — Here is the money.” — She looked round (it was dark). — “No. No,” — but she stood quite still — I stooped and put my hand up on to her bottom. — “Oh! have done now, let me go, give me the money.” “Let me feel properly.” “I won't.” — With the hand which was on her naked bum, I drew her close to me, and with the other, pushed up her clothes till I felt the top of her cunt. — She struggled tho quietly, and escaped me, but as before stopped till I went to her to give the money; then she went off. — I felt sure that she had come out to meet me that night.

One night soon after it was lighter than usual and some man passing the main road shouted out. — “Leave that girl alone.” — I went further up the turning, she with me, and was just stooping to feel her little bum, when some female came out a house and passed us. I stood upright, but soon saw the woman standing at the end of the turning, and seemingly looking back.

— No one had ever passed out of the houses during my previous fun. This woman who had eyed us narrowly as she passed, or had certainly turned her head to look, I thought would turn back. The girl was more frightened than me. — “Oh don't again, don't, I won't any more, and I mustn't stop, I'm frightened of mother,”

— and she walked towards the high road, I following.

A cab passed, few do pass at that spot or indeed much other traffic. — I hailed it. It was empty and stopped. — “Come into the

cab, we'll drive, you can feel me there and I can sit." She hesitated, but I hustled her in. — "Drive to * * * * Park," and off he drove. — How many times have I got women into a cab for my pleasure, how many times more shall I do so? They like it.

She got frightened and wanted to get out. I pacified her, promised her five shillings instead of the smaller sum I usually gave. — "Where to?" said cabby turning round as he entered the park. — "Go on till I stop you." — On he drove, it was getting darker, I had not yet kissed her that day as I usually did — but in the cab, she stood by the side of me, and I kissed and she kissed again. — Kissing always soothes a female young or old. — Gradually I got one hand round her bum, and the other outside her quim, but directly I tried to insert my finger in the split, she strongly resisted, threw her-self on to seat opposite, and cried to get out. — "No, no, I won't — you'll hurt me — yes you will." — So I desisted.

"Well dear, lay hold of my hand — lay hold of this finger — put it yourself there, — just let it go where you piddle from, and no further." — "There," said she, holding my finger so that I just felt the clitoris. Then thrusting away my hand she again sat on the opposite seat, holding her clothes down; but I soon got her by my side again. The baudiness, I know, pleased her.

I was furious with salacity and talked baudy to my heart's content. I had said a little of that sort before, and the little slut had listened to it without uttering a word, but stood drinking it all in with her ears, and as if she knew quite well what I meant, and as if she liked it. — I never liked frigging myself, but now my cock became unmanagable, as I felt her little buttocks, and coaxed her lewedly, and lovingly.

"Frig me my dear," — I had taught her the meaning of that word. — "I can't." Taking her hand I put it round my prick. — "Now I'll lift your clothes — there — it's against your thigh — that doesn't hurt you does it?" — I slobbered my prick with saliva, and taking her hand and putting it round my prick (which she now liked doing), frigged myself with it.

I always frig myself when I commit that wasteful action, with my foreskin nearly up, unless using soap or oil as an emollient; my tip being so delicate. — As the sperm left me, I pulled her hand up so as to quite pull up the foreskin, and cover the orifice, and much was ejaculated into her hand, whilst oscillating my arse, holding her by her bum, and kissing her in my ecstasy. — Trying to relieve her hand, "Let go," said she, "you've done something sticky with your thing. — Oh! let it go, it's nasty," — but she seemed pleased with the fun for all that. — Then she got anxious to go home, so telling the cabman to drive to a convenient spot, I let her out.

The affair fascinated me. I went again to that quarter of the town at the time the girl left work, but never saw her for a fortnight. — She I believed had avoided me, till she had spent all her money. — Then she only felt my cock, got her shilling and went off. She resisted everything else.

I didn't see now much chance of getting into her, circumstances did not favor me, and I had a long distance to go even to get the chance, so desisted; I had, be- sides, compunctions, thought it a pity to make the girl a harlot, and so told Sarah all about what I'd done and what I'd thought of doing. — Sarah said I had better leave it alone, but that some one would do it to that girl before long, for she evidently knew more than she should. One of the lads at the nursery would have her. She was more likely to let a lad have her than to let me. Perhaps she'd been fucked already, spite of her resistance. “Those little bitches are so damned cunning that it would surprize you, she'll be gay, whether you do it to her or not.” — That gave me comfort, and again I thought I'd try to get the girl. — Time had run on, it was now dark at four o'clock.

So a fortnight after, I met her. It was so clear an evening, that I did not like talking to her in the road and again waiting, got into a cab with her. Familiarity had, I found, removed her fears. I had talked baudy in the street, and in the cab, so far from having to hold her hand on my prick; on saying “feel it,” she put her little hand on to it, and grasped and felt about it. — I told her I wanted to feel her cunt, and promised never to move my fingers from her belly to between her legs — I had kept my word before, when she had helped me to frig. — After I had had her some minutes so, she holding my cock, I said, “It twists me so, sit on my knee.” She did, but still kept her legs close together.

— “Let me put my cock against your leg again.” At length I put it against her flank, whilst she still held it.

— “Do you know what fucking is?” I said, to which she made reply, “I only knows what you tells me.”

I asked her then to come to a house, but got a positive refusal — I got awfully lewed, and by coaxing, at last she stood in front of me and frigged me herself, but she hurt me. — “Hold my cock against your belly, just as it was at the side of your bum.” She did. — Then with one hand I pulled her to me, the other was on her naked arse. I'd lifted her clothes, and my prick touched her belly just by her cunt. She was still holding it — I shoved my prick against it up and down through her hand for some time, it was inconvenient, but the lewedness pleased me. — The cab kept slowly jogging on.

My pleasure increased, and with it the desire to fuck. — “Oh! I will give you half a sovereign if you'll do what I want,” and I left off

frigging. “Ten shillings?” “Yes, ten shillings.” — She seemed reflecting. My desire grew stronger, — “I'll give you a sovereign if you'll let me put my prick between your legs — not in your cunt, but only between your thighs, and you shall hold it there.”

“Oh no, — none of that,” — said she, hastily, “I ain't a going to let you do that — I want to get out of the cab, let me go, oh do.” — She was taking fright and beginning to struggle.

I let her talk on. Opening my purse I took out a sovereign. — “Here's a golden sovereign,” showing it to her as we passed one of the few gas lamps. — “You shall have it if you let me, you can wrap it up in a piece of paper, then make the paper muddy, and tell your mother you found it.” I once taught another girl this.

The girl was silent long, looking me in the face (as it seemed) in the dark. — Then, “No — oh no.” — Disappointment in her manner and tone, I saw she would yield. She'd laid hold of my prick again unasked, and I replaced it and my hands as before.

“If you won't I shan't see you again, I can get fifty girls to feel my prick for a shilling.” “Has any other girl done it? you didn't tell me so.” “A dozen have.” “Lor,” — and she seemed to be reflecting on the in-formation. “They will all do it my dear if they get the chance.” — So we talked. —The cab had gone once round the park, and still drove on. — I expect the driver knew the games we were up to, but never looked round that I noticed. But it was quite dark now.

Little by little I induced her to straddle across me with her clothes up, my legs between hers — I declared I wouldn't touch her cunt, but pushed my body so for-ward that my knees nearly touched the opposite seat, and holding her close up to me, her legs got more distended, and I more and more reclining. — At length her feet scarcely touched the cab-floor. — She fell half forward on me, her face touching mine. — Promising her more money, she let me with my left hand clutch her little naked backside, my right was at the same spot but outside her clothes. — “Put your hand down, and hold my prick just against the bottom of your belly.” “I can't,” said she, but she did it, and my prick tip was now near her cunt, and touching her thigh. I began oscillating my backside as well as I could, and got some rough friction against her dry flesh. — “That doesn't hurt you does it?” “No.” She seemed amused with the trick.

I slipped further forward, hoping to get my prick against her cunt, then my position was so difficult that I could scarcely jog up and down. — “Let my cock go higher up dear.” — I put the hand which had been outside her bum down to hers, and pushed it so that it, with my prick, went nearer to the goal, but bending, its rigidity hurt me. — The idea of its being close to her little cunt then drove me wild — I pushed both hands round her backside, clipped with both; violently

oscillated my buttocks, which opened her legs wider, her feet left the floor, she let go my prick, and put her hand on my shoulders to prevent her falling on one side. She was then half lying on me; my prick lodged somewhere in the furrow of her backside, and she cried out, “Oh don't, you're a hurting,” and struggled to get away.

Maddened with lustful delight at her cry, now I put one hand round her waist, kept the other on her bum, and grasped her so that she couldn't move her bum, and jerked blindly on thighs, buttocks, and cunt valley, moving recklessly but always rubbing. — I was nearly at the crisis. — “Be quiet dear, I shan't hurt you.” “Oho — don't — oh you beast — I'll scream. — Cab-man, cabman — let me out,” she yelled — and struggled.

Tighter and tighter I held her, and thrust and wriggled in the hopes of finding a soft lodging for my prick tip. — My spunk was rising from my balls when again my tool stuck tight. — Where I don't know, but think it was between her cunt lips. Holding her backside firmly on to it, spite of her struggles, and then wriggling my arse and rigid tool, I spent a flood of sperm, somewhere between her bum bone and her clitoris; felt some of it fall on my hand which was nearest her thighs, and then I relinquished her. She was still yell- ing. “Oh! you beast — don't — you hurt me — let me go out — cab — stop,” and getting away from me. Yet in the faintness of my pleasure, I was lewed enough to bring my hand round from her bum, and thrust it between her thighs — and in a glutinous state I withdrew it. The driver if he heard took no notice, but she got so vociferous, that I stopped the cab. She got out, ran off, not waiting for her gift, and in a second was lost in the darkness. — A little further on I stopped near a foot bridge, paid the cabman liberally, and went off. — I never saw the girl afterwards, for the scene of my amatory doings was not near my home. I was going to visit a friend when I got this piece of luck, and first met the little stupid, who might have had the pleasure of a fuck, and profit as well. — As it is, I dare say some dirty young boy will open her cunt, and give her a black eye if she upbraids him if her belly swells. That is the course of events in her class. — It is not the gentlemen who get the virginities of these poor little bitches, but the street boys of their own class.

There was sperm on my shirt and trowsers, but no evidences of a shattered virginity. — Was she a virgin, did I hurt her much, how far in her did my prick go, or at all. — What did she think when she had gone, and felt my spunk on her cunt, for certainly I spent against it, if not up it. — A risk I ran, yet missed the mark after all. That baudy tuition, that titillation of our privates, that spend outside a little cunt ing a cab, and all at a cost of a pound or two, amused me, as all chance adventures do. They break the monotony of matter-of-fact

hard fucking — yet that I should have taken all that trouble for a dirty little work girl, whose face I never saw excepting by the light of a street lamp, astonished me often when I think of it.

What convenient accessories to love-making are four wheel cabs. — Some dozens of cunts I have felt in them, some that I should never have felt at all, had it not been for the opportunities the four wheelers gave me. Several women I have fucked in them, as they rumbled along with a discreet cabman. — No doubt other men have found them as useful. — Thousands of women I am sure have fornicated in them, and scores do it in them daily. — Every cabman knows of their amatory utility, and the profit that it gets him, the profit of ambulating brothels. — Dozens are used every night I'm sure. I never spoke with a man yet, who had not fucked a woman in a four wheeler.

Chapter XII

My letch for a little one. • Sarah's lodgings. • A new dress wanted. • A virgin proffered. • The deaf little Emma. • The tailor's family arrangements. • The price of the hymen agreed. • Doctor H**m**d. • Sham medical investigations. • Aperiant pills. • Sarah's advice. • An aperient Priapus. • Emma leaves Sarah. • The grocer's in B**w**k Street. • On the fucking facilities a little bum gives.

When I told Sarah F**z*r this finale, she laughed heartily. —The desire for a youthful virginity seems to have been strong on me. — Sarah said she'd try and find one. Then I became exacting, and wanted one without any hair on her cunt, and I would see her virginity also before I broke it. I told her of the lovely little lass Betsy Johnson had got me, what I paid her, of the little virgin I got at the L*c**t*r S****e brothel, that I'd had both at brothels, and I must now have the girl whom Sarah got, at her lodgings, or at some quiet place, not a brothel.

The night we spoke most about this, we were jolly. — Sarah remarked, “I wish I could get you one, for it's cold, I want a new silk dress and warm clothing for the winter, and don't know how to pay for it — but I don't see my way.” And it couldn't be at her lodgings. — Then I dropped the affair.

Once or twice after, it was mentioned casually — when my prick was stiff, and a good dinner was in me — for the letch was still on me occasionally, tho I had ceased to expect to gratify it. Sarah began to say as she'd said before, that her lodgings were common, that I shouldn't like them — that she could only let me go to them at particular times, when her husband was not at home — it was impossible — and much more of the same sort. At last, would I promise to tell no one if she let me go to her rooms. — I wondered who she imagined I should tell. — It was ridiculous to suppose I should. For a week or so then, I was mostly at home of a night, and only saw Sarah once. The next night I had her, she said she had got what I wanted, and named the day after for me to go to her lodgings, of which she'd given the address.

I went to her lodgings. — Two rooms on the second floor in G***k Street, Soho. The front looked into the street. — The back into a yard which might once have been a garden, and in which was the watercloset. — The rooms were far better than I expected, they were thoroughly comfortable, and not like those in which courtezans receive friends. The bedroom led out of the sitting room, thro a passage which also had a door on to the landing of the stairs. The

staircase went up in the middle of the house. Her sitting room was carpeted, there was a good stove in it with boiler and oven. — She said that was her own putting in. — A large sofa of old fashioned look stood against the partition, there was room to fuck on it and roll off by the side of the woman. — It was really a sofa bedstead, and there were two easy chairs.

The bedroom was equally comfortable. — There was a very large bed with red hangings, and hangings to the windows also. A thick padded curtain across the door opening on to the stairs, which she'd made her-self to keep out noise and cold (perhaps to prevent listening). — The rooms looked as if the furniture had been bought at good sales, as I afterwards found it had been. Altogether they were very snug, and when she lighted a lamp and we sat down before the fire, I felt quite at home. I was surprized to find so much comfort. — She had occupied them three years.

She let me in herself. — “I have a new little maid, and don't want her to see that you are strange here — I have told her I expect a friend, a doctor. — If you like her, I will see what can be done. — She'll be in, in a quarter of an hour. Her name is Emma.”

The girl who had been sent on an errand was about fifteen, or barely so, short and thickset and had large earnest eyes — but not a handsome face. She was rather deaf. — The idea of having her pleased me, I began thinking how I should like to please her, hurt her virginity, frig, lick, fuck, and generally teach her the art of love, in a snug private room like Sarah's.

Sarah told me she had no mother and was of German extraction, her father was a drunken tailor. The girl had kept his rooms. There was another girl nearly her age, who he thought now could do this, and he had told this one to get her living in service. — Sarah had taken her, and dismissed her other maid.

I sent the girl out for gin, brandy, etc., etc., giving her always the change, my custom of ingratiating myself. Her face brightened at the gifts. — She sat at needle work whilst we talked. — “This is my friend Dr. H**m**d, he has often attended to me. — Now he shall see to you, if you don't get better,” said Sarah, telling me that she had indications of her first poorliness, and that she had advised her to let a doctor look at her when alone. — Then to me when alone, — “And as you are the doctor, you can satisfy yourself.” Was she a virgin? — Sarah believed so. — When her husband (her man), was away, she let her servants sleep with her. — When he was at home they slept on that sofa in the sitting room. — He had been away a week, and the girl had slept with her. She had seen her undress, strip and wash. She always made her servants do that every week, or they would not be in the same bed with her. — The girl had the slightest sign of dark hair

on the motte, but not a bit on the lips. When asleep Sarah had felt her, and so far looked.

Said Sarah, “When we are drinking, you give her a little brandy and water, — I can't make her take any-thing. Make her jolly screwed, and then see her cunt, or we'll do that together.” — I let Sarah do it after I was gone, which was a weak caprice of mine.

There was a fire. Sarah sat lifting her petticoats so that the warmth could get up her legs. The girl was told to remain where she was till she was called. — We went to the bedroom, and on Sarah's virtuous bed, I fucked her for the first time in her lodgings.

“I mean to let her know I am gay,” said she, — “get her lewed and it will all go right. — Your being a doctor will do it. My poorliness is coming on, and I have told her I have shown you my cunt. — That doctors often see the cunts of women who want advice about poorliness” — only Sarah usually said “my thing,” when she spoke of her cunt.

I met Sarah out two nights afterwards by arrangement. — “She is all right, no one has been up her, you can come to night and see for yourself. I have seen her thing, and if you say you must look at it, she'll let you — I have told her that she must have no nonsense with a doctor.”

“But she'll expect medicine.” “Well, you must give her something which will open her bowels. She'll never think you are going to do her good unless you make her belly ache.”

During that evening I made remarks to Sarah of a medical nature. — Sarah said, “I think I must get you to give something to my little maid. — She is not very well, her poorliness won't come on. — It is her first.”

“Come here.” She put her work down and came. I asked her questions about her bowels, her urine, and felt her breasts, put my hand up her clothes, and pressed her belly, all as nearly as I could in a cool, medical sort of way. — She flinched a little when I said, “Let me feel your stomach,” and looked at Sarah. “I must examine her well,” said I. — “When next you come — you shall,” said Sarah.

How my prick throbbed when my hand pressed the little belly. I could feel no hair, or scarcely any. It is strange, that altho Sarah thought I had better proceed to look at her at once, that I put it off — I can under-stand why I did it. We had shrub, the girl disliked spirits, shrub she liked. I have always found young girls will take shrub, it warms the stomach, rises to the brain, makes the cunt heat and tingle, and the girls think of fucking. There is no better term to express a woman's sensation of randiness, and I borrowed it from Sarah.

I again felt her little rising breasts and her belly, and said that in two days I would see her again.

I saw Sarah next night and did not fuck her, said I would not till I had spent up the little deaf maid. Sarah, with the girl in bed, had talked on sexual subjects, had heard that twice men had tried to take liberties with her. — Once a tailor put his hands up her clothes, it was on the stairs. She didn't like to tell, for a tailor had once done something of the same sort to her sister, and she had told her father, who boxed her ears, and said it must have been her own fault. — She had had a sweetheart, who had coaxed her down a yard, kissed her, then pulled up her clothes, and felt her, and she felt for a second, what must have been his cock. — He put her hand to it. She ran away, and had not seen him once. “All poor girls get these chances early,” said Sarah. “She says she has frigged herself. — I made her feel what a lot of hair I had, then I felt hers, and I told her it would grow quite hairy when a man had put his thing up her. All girls are anxious to get hair on their things.” — Then they got talking about how fucking was done, until, “I believe the little devil got quite randy, I told her that I had had it done to me before I was her age, that a girl need not have a child unless she liked — that half the girls did it with men but never told.” — Sarah strove to fill her mind with desire to be fucked, told of the ease and secrecy with which it could be accomplished, and the benefits accruing. — Any woman I am certain can persuade a girl to let herself be fucked, if she stimulates rising passions, and incites her to compliance both for sexual gratification and interest, and women like teaching them.

Sarah told me she didn't like doing this. “But she will be sure to have some man do it to her, so you may as well have her as any one else, and I shall get my new dress. It will do me good and do her no harm.” To this I quite agreed. It is quite true, and what every gay woman has told me, and is my philosophy.

But if there should be a row? — “I'll chance it — how am I to know anything about it, she might have done it anywhere, when she goes out. I should swear all was a lie, I should say I never had seen you in my life, and no one shall see you if you come at dark, and only when I tell you.”

Next night I was there — my prick had been standing as I walked along, and yet I was nervous. I sent her out for shrub and then Sarah said, “I can't get a word out of her till the light is put out, then she talks fast enough, and asks me what the pleasure of fucking is, and if it hurts. — A girl she knows has made her think it hurts. I have told her that it depends upon whether a girl lets a man do as he likes or resists him. — If a girl don't resist, she won't be hurt. She thinks you such a nice kind man, and wonders a man with such a fine moustache, can call her 'my dear,' and speak to her as you do.”

“Shall I get into her to-night?” “I would rather be out when you

do it, I have told her she'd be better if she'd been poked, and she said she supposed she should not be quite well till she married. — I said she might get poked before that, and her husband know nothing about it."

I asked Sarah before the maiden about her own health, her womb, her courses, and so on. The girl looked at me and at Sarah with the appearance of mental strain, which people partially deaf often have. — "Well my dear, and how are you?" — I then felt her breasts and belly, and as I knew her little ailments, the questions were wise enough. "I must see you with your clothes off." "Go with the doctor," said Sarah. "I have told her you'll want to look at her as you have looked at me." There was such a lot of palaver about the affair, that it crossed my mind I was going to be done.

The girl lighted a candle and went to the bedroom. In the room was a fire. I could scarcely now preserve the gravity of a doctor. — She took off her clothes to her chemise, and a fine little girl she was — I pulled it up, she half resisted, but as if recollecting who I was, stood still.

I asked all the searching medical questions I could. "Lie down, don't be ashamed, I am accustomed to see girls naked — there — so — just so — open your legs a little wider, now put your heel there — that's it, — don't close your thighs when I open the lips — that will do."

There the girl laid on the side of the bed, her thighs distended, one heel up so as to facilitate and keep the legs open, the little thin lips of her vulva gaping, and shewing the pink lining.

I took a candle and saw the orifice which the prick enters, inside it the membrane closing it, excepting down near the bum-hole, where was a little opening, that looked as if a little finger would scarcely go thro it. The girl was unmistakably a virgin.

I could scarcely tear myself from her cunt, praised its looks, said what a nice made little lass she was - "And now my dear, tell me, have you ever put your finger up this?" and I touched it.

"No sir," said she faintly. "Are you sure? Tell me the truth, it is no good deceiving a doctor." "No, sir." "Now I know you have," said I, glorying in my baudy treat. "You have tried?" "I tried but it hurts me." "I must try — if it hurts you a little don't mind

— it's for your good." — Talking thus, I wetted my little finger with spittle, and pushed it gently through the little orifice and up her cunt, which felt soft and slimy inside. She winced. — "Oh, you hurt me, sir."

Then I turned her bum upwards, and looked at the little cunt from behind, and afterwards, saw her naked from head to foot. I laid her on her back, gently rubbed her clitoris with my finger, and asked

if she ever did so. — “I fancy you do what so many girls do.”

— Then I kissed her, told her she was a dear girl, that she would not be better till she had had done to her, what her own mother had had done. I could see her readiness, but had not the cheek to attempt or propose it to her then, which seems funny now, but so it was.

I went back to Sarah in such a state that my resolution left me — I sent the girl out for soda water, and the instant she was out, gushed my sperm into Sarah's quim before my prick was well up it.

When the girl came back she drank shrub. I spoke of her nice limbs, told Sarah of her form, took half a sovereign out of my pocket, told Sarah to buy her boots, and that I felt inclined to give her a new dress. Then on pretence of satisfying myself, took her into the bedroom and again looked at the virgin cunt, pulled out my prick (and didn't she look) and pissed before her.

— “You will be better when you let some one use this with you.” — She turned away. I don't think she quite heard what I said.

The same things took place between us next time. I asked about the action of the medicine, and familiarised her with talking to me about all the little secrets of her sex. That freedom on subjects usually hidden from each other, paves the way for fucking. Again I saw her little form, from her nascent bubbies to her arse-hole— I now put my middle finger thro the hymen and up her cunt — I had cut my nail to prevent my hurting her — but she declared it did hurt badly — I played with the few short hairs which were shewing on her mons, praised her legs, feet, neat boots and stockings — asked if she liked them, and was overwhelmed with grateful replies. — Then I hinted again at giving her a dress, told her she had better not mention about having had a doctor to anyone, and stifling my wants I went into the other room to Sarah.

Sarah said, “Try as soon as you can, for with such a young one now, you never know what will take place. She may be fool enough to tell some one, but she won't if she once gets it done to her — I will then tell her that she will be ruined for life if she mentions it.”

Next night Sarah met me out. — Said she, “I will stop out till twelve, make her lushy with shrub if she won't do it without, and then fuck her, but she'll let you. — She is in love with you.” — “Didn't the doctor say he would perhaps give me a new frock?” said she to Sarah. — “How could he know I had tried to put my finger up?” — Sarah told her that doctors knew everything about women. — Then I asked her if she had ever seen a man's cock. — Yes her brother's, who showed it her once. He was about fourteen years old, and she used to sleep in the same room with him, and “she had seen it stiff.”

“You'll have her — she has had such a talking to. If she hollows, push a pillow over her face and they won't hear underneath — but the

lodger overhead might be coming up stairs, tho he scarcely ever comes in till twelve o'clock. — I'll be in the street for him, and come in when he does, we'll come up the stairs together. — If I hear anything I'll make a noise and knock at the door, so don't be frightened — only you'll have had her before then. —Don't be nervous or you won't get a stiff one." — Sarah had heard from me that once or twice when over excited, my prick had refused to do its duty.

"I have nailed a rug over the door inside and put the chest of drawers against it. — We do that generally in winter to keep out the cold, and go thro the little passage, between the bed and sitting room" — which was partly true only. There had been a curtain.

"I told her also you only had an old housekeeper, and were inclined to take her to help. — The girl was delighted." Sarah had given her a pill (I had taken her a box of common aperients). "She thinks you will soon bring on her poorliness, and that she will be quite a woman then." — I sometimes wonder if all this preliminary was needful, and if the girl did not know pretty well what she was about, but this is a narrative of facts, and not of opinions.

Altho the maiden had not been a fortnight in the house, she had been as far debauched in mind as she well could be. — To have been told all about fucking, and by a grown woman, to have confessed to that woman, and to a doctor, all she had done with her cunt, to have got money, new boots and stockings and some other things, see the chance of having a place in the house of a doctor, who twice had looked at and felt her cunt, was certainly enough to upset any girl. — It was a fine preparation.

That night she let me in, said her mistress was out and had left no message. "Never mind I will wait." — I sent out for shrub, and prepared to try my luck, but felt as nervous as if I were going before a judge for murder — I can't understand myself being like this, for it is only at times that I am so.

She had a little shrub. — "Come here dear and tell me about yourself." — I praised her hair and eyes, which were very good. Taking her between my legs I began feeling her breasts and belly, asking her medical questions all the time, then I lifted her clothes and afterwards said, "Let me see your stockings." For an instant only she resisted as a girl might.

"Why? I gave them you — I have seen your little cunt and your little bum, have I not, and must look at them now." — Then I again lifted her clothes, put my hand up, and a finger on her clitoris, and talking all the while, began rubbing it. "Oh Doctor, don't," said she wriggling her little cunt away from me. "Ah, it's pleasure, but nothing like the pleasure you'll have when a man puts his cock up you," said I, feeling that the ice must be broken. My prick was getting so

rampageous, that I felt inclined to carry her to the bed, and ravish her, but I went on talking.

In a few minutes more “I must look at you.” Into the bedroom we went, she took off her clothes, and again I saw her little virgin cunt at the bedside.

However much I may plan an attack on a woman, - there always comes a time when I follow my instincts and not my plan. — When my prick almost feels bursting, and I am overpowered by voluptuousness, I scarcely know what I do, or what course I take. — Then if the woman is not quite ready in her lewedness, and I make a false move, and startle, frighten, or de-lay, my chance is gone. But if she be lewed, sayings and doings dictated by nature, infallibly win her. There is a strength of will, and a moral force that a man has when he is furious with sexual want, over any woman whose body is tingling with desire for a male, which make him sure of having her.

Up to this time I know all I did, what followed my excited state only leaves the broad incidents clear — I fell kissing her cunt when looking at her, and sitting at the side of the bed. Then I cuddled her, and told all about fucking. — Then on pretext of looking at her once more, got her on to the bed, and placed a pillow so that her bum was on it, experience had taught me that in case of resistance, my prick would have a bet-ter chance of entering if her bum was well up. — I got on the bed, pulled out my prick, and said kissing her, “Let me fuck you love, your poorliness will come on then — you'll want no more medicine, and have such pleasure.” — “No-hoh, no, sir — I mustn't til I am married —you'll hurt me. — I mustn't, Doctor!”

I cuddled her as she attempted to get up, promising money and a silk dress, that I wouldn't hurt, and that whoever told her it hurt told nonsense. — “No-oh-no,” — but she was nestling in my bosom, and my finger was on the little clitoris. — Suddenly she said, “Will you take me to help as a servant?” — I promised. — In another minute she was on her back. I wetted her cunt with spittle, my prick lay against it, and I feared I should spend before I got it up her. I grasped her bum, pressed her, and drove my prick with all my might. — “Oha -oh-oh,” she cried, each cry louder than the other as my prick battered her virginity. — Another cry, another shove, and I was spending up her. Soon, on putting my hand down, I found that not above an inch and a half of my prick was in her cunt, and my desire was to keep it there. She begged me to get off, but I lay soothing her. My prick kept stiff. The idea that my spunk was in her, the delight at feeling the little hairless cunt lips enclosing my swollen gristle, nerved it again. I gave the gentlest push, then harder, and it glided up until I felt it could go no further.

What a delicious, slow, prolonged fuck. The little cunt smooth

with sperm, but so deliciously tight and compressive, and I had first moistened that little interior, broken that virgin barrier, thoughts which in-creased inexpressibly my voluptuousness. I recollect all I did, and what passed through my brain during the second operation. There was only one alloy to this pleasure. Without making a noise, she kept crying, and I spent kissing her, her tears running down her face. But I am not sure that these evidences of pain and nervous shock did not add to my enjoyment.

I lay in her long, puffing her closer as my penis kept shrinking. — It was delicious to hear her say that there was no longer pain, but — "I don't know what sort of feeling" — in her cunt. When I thought of the mischief my prick had done, I delighted in using the words cunt, spunk, prick, fuck, and the whole erotic vocabulary, whilst she lay quiet with my prick still in her, listening but making no reply. What a delicious treat for her also.

I cautioned her against moving, till, "Let me wash you, it will prevent soreness, and your husband won't know what I have done to you." Girls at that age have implicit faith in a doctor, indeed I have found that most women have.

Candle in hand I opened her thighs, and saw the results of my pleasure. — A mass of blood-streaked sperm filled the mouth of her prick-hole, smears of blood lay between the cunt lips and on the thighs. On my prick was blood where the stem joins the balls, but small in quantity. Gently I pushed my largest finger up her cunt. She winced. I revelled in feeling it thick and pasty inside. — Soon my prick gave a throb, and with a movement, almost a jump, came from the droop to the stiff. I longed to be up her again, but feared my prick would droop before I did so. "Lay still, my little darling."

She tried to move but too late — "No Doctor H**m**d, you shan't" — I had lain myself on her and grasped her little bum with both hands and pushed with my prick without guiding it. In a few thrusts it found the right channel, and with one hard shove went clean up her. She gave a little cry and then was quiet. Was the distention now giving her pleasure?

I had spent twice, and to have my prick three times up a cunt in half an hour was a trial — I don't recollect in all my life, having done such a thing in the same time more than once or twice. But now I have had nearly thirty years good fucking and am in early middle age. It was one thing to get my prick up, and an-other to finish the fuck. After the first burning ex- citement had evaporated in a few sharp shoves, a de-sire to be quiet seized me. — Obeying it I talked to her, and my precious prick, thinking it had done enough began to dwindle. — I felt ashamed, forgetting that the girl could not know whether I had spent, was spending, or was going to spend. — So for half an

hour, without my cock leaving her cunt, it kept shrinking, then swelling at some effort, and so on. Now I pushed my fingers well under her little bum cheeks, and feeling the stem of my prick wet, I put her hand down to feel it. Then asked how her cunt felt. — All this did not keep me to full rigidity for long, yet I never once got my cock quite out of her. — There was no superfluous fat inside it, and her cunt was easily got at, and my firm hold of her little buttocks kept it close up to my prick, and so I managed it.

At length she complained that I was making her “ache dreadful.” I thought of rubbing her clitoris, and putting my finger down did so. The girl felt its effects, and so did I — my prick began to feel voluptuous thrills, and as if sperm was in my balls. No doubt the stretching, pushing, and friction of my cock up her little cunt had inflamed her. The rubbing of the clitoris made the sore little cunt hotter. Gently pushing with cock as stiff now as ever, I heard her sigh and saw her eyes close. She was spending — I saw it in her face, felt it by her manner, and by the sensation her cunt suddenly conveyed to my prick — it was the crisis of my night's enjoyment. — Up her cunt rapidly thrusting before she had recovered, I spent in her again.

I got off of her. She lay seemingly exhausted, did all I told her, and let me do all I wanted — I again washed her cunt, gave her more shrub and she laid down, and went fast asleep for a full hour — I sat down gloriously contented.

It would be an hour and a half before Sarah came home. For an hour during which I read, Emma was still asleep. I pulled up her chemise, and saw the top of the little split peeping out between the closed thighs — I frigged my prick. All I had done, all I meant to do passed through my mind, and at last with much effort I spent, and was done for, for that night and no mistake. What a vagary to indulge in. How can I account for that sudden onanistic letch, I who hate masturbation?

I awakened her — her little quim was swollen and of dark color, the outer lips even I fancied were swollen and irritated. I gloried in the jagged opening made of the little hole of three hours previously, but felt sorry at the depression she was in, for I could now scarcely get her to reply. — Kissing her, promising much, and begging her never to tell any one, I left her.

Sarah was outside. I gave her money and told her all about it. — Said she, — “The little devil spent! — are you sure?” — Sarah doubted it. — She didn't know whether to encourage her to tell, or to ask no questions, but get rid of her soon, say she was deaf, was not strong enough, or something else. Sarah had her pay and wanted to be quit of the business.

But I wanted to fuck, to frig, to lick her, show her my cock, teach

her the art of love, to learn her virgin ideas and sensations; so said she must keep her, arrange how she liked about knowing or not knowing, but I must have her again or we should quarrel. — Sarah against her will agreed — I was positive, per- emptory. Sarah was strong in the desire that I should not see the lass again. Perhaps she was quite right, but I had my wishes to gratify, and did not clearly see Sarah's reasons.

On the second night after the cunt rupturing, I met Sarah on her beat. The girl had told her all. Sarah had said she was sorry, but what was done, could not be undone — and it was lucky it was with a wise gentle-man like Doctor H**m**d, or bad consequences would come. — She'd be ruined for life if she told any living soul, and if the doctor wanted to do it again, he must. She should turn her out if she thought she'd mention the affair to any one — or allowed any other man even to kiss, or feel her.

I went quietly enough the next night into the bed room with the lass, and had as much difficulty in getting to look at her cunt as before. But I fucked her, and had the delight of seeing her frig my prick, and watch her looks as it swelled. Then I ejaculated the spunk into her. Afterwards I licked her little cunt till she spent, and much trouble I had to make her come that way — I can't understand why I tried to set her to frig herself, which she wouldn't do. — It was a brief honeymoon that and the succeeding nights. — I got her perfect confidence, and this went on nearly every other day for weeks.

Then I fucked Sarah, and liked her fully developed cunt better than the younger one's. I began to notice that if not very randy, the little one's cunt failed to work up my pleasure, whilst Sarah's big one did. There was indeed but little sympathetic movement in the little one's cunt, and I could only well get my prick two-thirds up her. — At first it delighted me to thrust till she called out, and her, — “Oh don't push so far, sir,” — used to fetch my spunk like a shot. — But I grew tired of that, and came to the conclusion, that a good full sized cunt, elastic, fleshy, pulpy, and deep, was the most satisfying to my pego.

Sarah grew tired of keeping the girl for some reason, altho she got two pounds instead of one, each time I saw her. — “The little devil bothers me, she is always asking about you, and about Mr. F**z*r. I have made her sleep on the sofa, for I have found her feeling about my cunt when I awakened. — She thinks of nothing but your coming, bothers me to read your baudy books (I had lent some), and would talk of fucking all day

— I am frightened to let her go out. I wish you would let her go.” — I had now fucked the lass in every attitude and agreed to it, and told Sarah I would stop away a fortnight.

The girl, I heard afterwards was in tears when she found I did not come. Sarah told her I had gone abroad — I was sorry for the lass, but

Sarah had but little pity. — She thought the girl had done very well.

— “When she came, she hadn't a rag to her back, now she has more good clothing than me.” — I had indeed given the girl lots of good clothes. — “She is set up, and has got a good place as servant, where she will work hard, but what of that. It's better than stopping at home with a drunken father who half starved and ill-treated her. One of his shop mates would have done her business. — Now she can take care of herself, she knows enough.”

Her place was at a little grocers' shop in W**d**r Street. — A month afterwards I loitered near the shop curiously, and saw two youths, seventeen or eighteen years old, in it; sons of the woman who kept it I found. Sarah said I was wrong to go near. — “The best thing for you is never to see her again — if any row comes, I'll swear you never were at my lodgings in your life. — No one has seen you come, it has always been dark.”

I remarked that the youths would get into her. — “I hope they will, that will shut her mouth. — She won't go long without it being up her, and the sooner she fucks the better,” was Sarah's opinion. I never either saw the girl afterwards, nor heard of her.

I don't forget the delight of the girl when her poorliness came on, which it did about a fortnight after I had had her, nor the way she used to burst out into quiet laughter, when she pulled my prick about till stiff, and how she said. — “Oh you do make my legs ache so.” All little girls get the leg ache when I lie long between them. — One of my delights was to turn her on her side with her bum towards me, fuck her from behind, and go to sleep so with my prick well in her. It is easier to do it that way with a small bum, than with big buttocks. But pillows must be put under the side of the young ones, to bring their cunts up to a convenient level. Fucking so was one of my delights with Molly, whom Betsy Johnson got for me. At Sarah F**z**'s I never had anything in my pockets to disclose my name. I used to tail the girl whilst Sarah looked on, and have awakened with my tail still in the girl and Sarah tranquilly working in the room, and singing in a low tone to herself.

But I don't understand Sarah's behaviour in the mat-ter; why she wanted to be out of the house when I broached the girl, and so on. — Other women have however acted in peculiar ways under similar circum- stances, and the reasons for the dodges of gay women are only known to themselves. Somehow I think that Sarah's man had something to do with her desire to get rid of the girl, but about him I could glean no information; tho at times I was forbidden to go to her lodgings, because she said he was there.

Chapter XIII

The Christmas cattle show. • Mrs. Winifred P* * * *e. • Recognition. • Assignation. • A conversation in a cab. • Talking and groping at a brothel. • Both on heat. • Winifred's marriage night. • The utility of the monthlies. • The husband humbugged. • An explicit account of marital habits. • Her husband's tool and toolings. • A gamahuche. • A lick of a prick. • Our last meeting. • Fifteen minutes' hard ramming. • We part for ever. • About my remaining manuscript.

The deaf maiden occupied me about two months, and whilst Sarah disposed of her, a bit of luck befell me, which kept me from Sarah longer than I intended. Just then also I was not very free.

I went to the Christmas cattle show, saw a fine looking young woman stare with a surprized look at me, and recognized Winifred. She turned away her head, and laid hold of the arm of a man beside her, who looked like a middle-aged, country, well-to-do trades-man.

I could not keep my eyes from her, cared no more about the cattle, but followed the couple for half an hour at a short distance from them; with curiosity reflecting on what I had been to the lady, and she to me, till my prick stiffened. Every phase of our liaison passed through my mind as I followed the couple, and the reminiscence was delightful.

Soon I noticed her looking stealthily over the shoulder of the man. Her eyes met mine, and she very slightly shook her head. I got closer to them. — On they went, staring hard at the cattle and speaking at times, the man knowing as little of what was going on between me and the woman, as one of the bullocks. — Again her eyes met mine. She was fascinated and at length smiled. I followed on, thinking of her increased height and improved looks, and wondered how the little downy browny-edged cunt looked now after years of growth on it; for it was four years that Christmas since I had seen it.

A strong desire to see it again sprang up in me. I wondered who and what the man was, and if she'd had a male piercer up her since she'd had mine.

I followed watching them for half an hour. All at once he left her and entered the water closet enclosure. She remained, for a second or two, standing still, seemingly looking at the cattle. Then her head turned to see if he was visible, and to see for me. In a second I stood by her side. “For God's sake take care. It's my husband, he won't be gone a minute.” “Meet me.” “I can't, I dare not — go now.” — “Where do you live?” “We are only here for a week, we are at * * * *,” and she told an hotel near a railway station and what her name was. — “You must meet me, and I'll be outside the hotel at eight o'clock tonight.”

“No, he'll be at home then, perhaps he won't at six.” “At six then,” — and repeating the address and name to myself so as to make no error, I moved away and wrote it down on one of my cards, finishing just as the man reappeared. In half an hour still watching them I saw them leave the building.

Then I thought I wouldn't go to see her, for she might have told me the wrong address and name, yet her eyes looked, as I fancied, full of desire for me. — Was it fancy — was it conceit on my part? — If she's married it's a shame. — Adultery again! — What awful temptations come to me — I won't go — I wonder how her dear pretty cunt looks. How large her bum now is — how like her mother she is. — Thus ran my thoughts, and after resolving that I would not go to meet her — I went.

The hotel was a small but perfectly respectable one, not far from a railway terminus. Punctually she came out. — Following me well away from it, we stopped. “I'm so frightened, my husband might come along, what would he say if he caught me talking with you?” “Get into a cab with me.” “Oh, I dare not.” — She kept looking up and down the street in a nervous state. “What do you want?” “My love, how can you ask. A chat about old times. Come.” “I'm married, really I am, and am so frightened.” — There was no time to lose. With a little persuasion she followed me at a distance, and got into a four wheeler. — Ah! those blessed wheeled baudy houses.

For a minute it was nothing but kissing — long long kiss, given and taken. Then volubly she began an ac-count of herself. One of my hands was round her waist, the other in a second was on her cunt. — “Don't now — you must not. — I'll get out else.” What a charming scuffle! — “Nonsense, Winny love, haven't I licked it and fucked it?” — Again we kissed, I told my love, in two minutes she was feeling my stiff prick, my fingers were buried between her warm cunt lips, our mouths were together, and tongues meeting. “What a lot of hair's on your cunt, love, now — how your clitoris has grown — how fat your thighs are; my darling let us fuck — get up, and sit on me. I'm dying to spend in you again.” — Kiss, kiss. — “No that I won't.” “Do — turn your bum round and sit on me, you know you once did it that way on a chair.” — All was useless — “I shall spend in your hand then.” She left off feeling my prick at once. — “You shan't do that.” — I coaxed, but all was of no use. — “If I do want it, I won't let you now.” “Meet me tomorrow.” “I'm frightened.” — She couldn't do this or that, but at last arranged to meet me. — “You want fucking I know, Winny.” “I'm not going to let you do it tho,” were her last words, as she got out of the cab and walked away.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, there was Winifred with a veil on, at the back of L**c**t*r Square, my favorite place of assignation.

— Ten minutes after, we were in the A**a in the room with the glasses, where Sarah and I had our baudy gambols. For five minutes we did nothing but kiss, but she'd come for fucking, and had no hesitation about it. To my annoyance there was no fire, and it was a cold foggy day. The woman would light one. — “But there's a good fire in the room up stairs.” — Quickly up we went. “Take off your things love I'm dying to see your lovely form, — to kiss that dear quim.” — In five minutes we were in bed, my prick up her, in three minutes after with kisses and sighs, with tongues joined, my spunk was gushing up her cunt, and we were spending together in ecstasy. Laying in her arms, prick wallowing in the mucosity of her delicious cunt, she began telling me about her-self, as soon as our silent pleasure was over. — Her narrative was told in snatches, interrupted only by our varied amorous endearments. — “Go on love.” — Then she talked on. — “Oh! feel how stiff it still is up you.” — “Oh! yes, but take it out and let me wash, I'd bet-ter.” — Kiss — kiss. — “No, go on telling. What did your sister do?” — On she talked — kiss — kiss.

“How smooth your lovely fat bum is Winny.” “Oh it's running out, it will be on my chemise — take it out, do.” My prick was dwindling, bringing out with it my libation. Easing my weight, she hitched up her chemise from under her bum, leaving the sheet recipient of our sexual exudations. — I turned on my side and covered her moist gap with my hand, delighted in feeling the overflow. She handled voluptuously my clammy tool. So we lay close together, cuddling, feeling, soothing yet exciting each other's genitals, kissing and tongue sucking, till my prick was erect again. Then our bodies joyously joined each other, and made us one, and we were fucking. Ah that prolonged, delicious, thoughtful exercise, which the second ejaculation requires — In voluptuous thoughts — in intense mental pleasure — in the perfect enjoyment of a woman's charms, I think the second fuck is better than the first.

She slopped and rubbed her cunt dry without hiding the operation — telling her tale all the time — I stirred the fire, we drew chairs to it, and sitting close to-gether, feeling, kissing, and every now and then looking at our machines spent a few minutes. Winifred had no sham regrets, fears, scruples, compunctions; we were lovers as of yore. She'd come for fucking, and forgot every thing else. Soon as we found it would be warmer in bed than by the fire, after at the bedside having looked at her dear, pretty cunt well, into bed we again got, and now both start naked. She'd never been naked in bed with me before, I think.

How we cuddled and kissed. — How our tongues played with each other — how I felt her from top to toe over and over again. Then as she was pressed for time, I mounted her and rubbed my pendant

tool beween her cunt lips, and frictionizing her clitoris with its tip, till stiff. Then I plunged it up her, stroking and resting, now thrusting it hard up her till the sperm began to rise, then waiting, and half withdrawing it to stop the pleasure — talking lasciviously all the time — then resuming the oscillation of my loins and buttocks, till again with cries of ecstasy we died away in each other's arms, and dozed with cunt and prick in loving conjunction. — With what regret we unjoined our bodies.

What a lovely creature she had grown. Now with splendidly shaped limbs, largish thighs, fine buttocks, and one of the prettiest of cunts. The fringe around it was thick, crisp, close and darker, tho still of a chest-nut brown, the lips soft and full, the clitoris developed strongly. It had lost its coral hue, and had deepened in colour. How pleased she was to let me see, and do what I liked with it. By the bedside it was cold — so I pulled the sofa to the fire, and laying her on it there, completed my sweet investigations. — She hadn't the slightest hesitation, seemed proud of yielding, made no ridiculous attempts at decency. — Decency between us, between a man and woman who have fucked each other, is really indecency.

Her face was now much like her handsome mother's. Her hair the colour of that on her cunt, but there a shade darker. Her blue eyes had still their sharp expression. They looked softer as we sat feeling each other, yet were sharp even in their lewdest moments, and she got lewed enough, and shivered and kissed me, as she laughed at each baudy word, each amorous trick of my fingers.

When we left, she agreed to meet me again if she could. They were only going to stay in London a few days, for her husband must get back to business. Winifred was supposed by him to be with an aunt, whilst she was in the baudy house with me, and she went to her aunt's directly she left me.

Her life since she left London may be told in a few lines, altho she talked about it incessantly that day, as well as at our next meeting.

She went with her mother to * * * *. Her father-in-law seemed from her account, to be a rather superior sort of person for his position. Then she went as a shop woman — but her mother took her away, so that she might better look after her — Lydia just then disclosed where she was, said she was married, and offered to keep Winifred, who went to her. She stopped there a few months, and went back to her mother, who had found out that Lydia was not married, tho big with child. The pious lodger did however soon marry her. — Winifred was useful, and her father-in-law now kept her at home, but she was restless and wanted to see the world, but could scarcely get out alone, which so annoyed her, that she said she would go to service again.

The fact evidently was that her mother saw that Winifred wanted fucking badly (tho she had no idea that a prick had already been up her vulva), and kept a tight hand on her. Just then a tradesman in the town offered marriage. He was more than twenty years older than Winifred, but comfortably off. The mother insisted on her accepting him and they were married. She was now pretty comfortable, he was a good sort of man, and rather jealous, but had never found out the absence of her virginity. — “You married him, Winny because you wanted a man.” “Perhaps I did a little for that, but I wanted to get away and be my own mistress.”

Next day I waited for Winifred who never came. I wrote, risking consequences, and the day following she did. The room was warm, and there was a good fire. I had with me sandwiches and champagne as arranged, for our meeting was at one o'clock (she was an hour behind her time and I'd given her up), after a snack and a glass, I began undressing, and she without any request did the same rapidly. She enjoyed giving me her nudity. We sat on the sofa, at one time with sandwiches in our hands, whilst with the others we felt both prick and cunt, — eat and handled our ma-chines at the same time, both lewed to our back bones.

Scarcely had we finished the sandwiches, before I'd opened her thighs, looked at her cunt, and then recollected what I did to it before I had deflowered her. How rapidly things flash thro my brain. — “Shall I lick it Winny, do you recollect?” “If you like,” laughing. “Does your husband do it?” “He has never done it yet.” Next minute, kneeling with my backside to the fire which nearly burnt the skin, with her legs over my arms, my hands under her beautiful smooth buttocks, I was licking her lovely split. How sweet it seemed, how stimulating its odour, as my tongue glided over its surface, how short the amusement. In a minute or two, almost as it seemed before I had begun, her thighs and belly were quivering. I could feel the movement of her buttocks, her cunt jogged so gently up and down against my mouth, and with — “Ah — ar — A —har — my love — A har,” her pleasure came, and her cunt rolled out its salt moistures. As I rose she lay back on the sofa with eyes closed, and thighs wide open, the pearly essence running out of the red orifice. Five minutes after we were in bed fucking. She'd taken my prick in her mouth for a momentary embrace before I put it into her cunt. She opened her mouth the instant I suggested it, delighted.

With passions calmed, with genitals softened and moisted by pleasure, tranquilly side by side in loving proximity, handling each other with the restless but delicious sensation of lewedness semi-appeased, and awaiting the resurrection of my prick and the hardening of her clitoris, one of the most delicious conversations I

ever had with a lovely woman, was then mine. — Winifred was frankness itself, she was always so, it was her nature, just as by nature she was amorous, and inclined to the lascivious preliminaries of sexual conjunction. Had she remained in London alone when her mother left, she would have turned gay from sheer love of the male. Her marriage by satisfying her partially, and cooling the heat of her quim — had as far as I know and believe kept her chaste. - Intrigues are difficult in country towns, which are easy in the immensity of London. She now showed either her liking for me, or her sexual voracity, for certainly she'd have taken more fucking than I could have given her; and perhaps it is as well for me, that the time she could remain was too short to test my virility too much.

In this state of body and of mind, she had a manifest pleasure in telling me all about herself and husband, had no hesitations, no shams. She gave me direct answers to my questions, and expected me to answer with equal frankness, which I certainly did. — Never did a couple explain their sexual habits and conditions as we did. Her frankness was contagious. [I have never since told a woman as much, or been asked as much.]

Her husband stroked her not quite every other night. He didn't play amorously with her at first, nor even look at her cunt much after the first week of marriage. — “I'm stiff, let's have a bit together,” was all he usually said, then mounted her. Sometimes he did her twice if she hadn't spent, but didn't like being asked. At times she said she'd not had pleasure when she had, because she wanted it again. — He thought that women who wanted much stroking were beasts. — When he had done her, he turned his rump to her, and fell asleep directly. — We laughed about her marriage night. She had consulted Lydia, and named a day when her poorliness would be just over, thinking his poking would bring it on again. — She'd noticed that at that period if she frigged herself it returned slightly. It did on her marriage night. She described to me with delight how she writhed, and jerked her bum back, and cried out. “Oh you are hurting me so,” as he got into her. — We laughed heartily at it. Poor man had he but known!

“Yes his is as long as yours, and just the same thickness,” said she in answer to a question, feeling my prick carefully all the time she spoke, as if to make sure she was right. “But somehow it isn't as nice as when you're doing it.” — Then I put my prick up her. — “Ah! I wish you were my husband,” she sighed out just before she spent. She declared she'd never had any man but her husband and myself, but had frigged herself pretty often. She'd never been in the family way by me, — was so soon after marriage, but miscarried — her husband didn't want children. “I think I'm in the family way now.” — Then with the only bit of hesitation she had shown, “Well — yes — he did it

to me last night." "Say fucked you, Winny." "Fucked me," said she laughing and pleased to say it.

I have had many married women. It is against my principles to have them, but fate is invincible. Some have been amorous enough, have rejoiced in my libidinosity, joined with me in salacity, but most have avoided reference to their husbands; and when I have been curious about their husband's capabilities and sexual vigor, and the size of his prick — have always avoided the subject. — "Don't let us talk of that." — "Oh, it's a shame to ask me." — "Now I won't answer you," — similar replies I have had at first, and only with difficulty got my curiosity satisfied, and some-times not at all. But here was Winifred, delighted to talk about it all. The quiet way she felt me before she told me the size of his prick, I shall recollect to my dying day.

Again we met — "I'm so sorry we're going back. - I've asked him to let me stop with my aunt for a week, but he won't." "We could have met every day." "We would," said she. — Such was her liking for me or my prick, that she agreed to meet me again — "if possible, — but I'm sure I can't stay more than a quarter of an hour." — She was ready to run any risk. I had the quarter of an hour. — Dressed and at the bedside I fucked her. In ten minutes afterwards, "I wish I could do it again but can't." She lay expectantly quiet where I had placed her. I frigged an erection, inserted and thrust with energy, but no spunk came. — "I'm coming dear," she gasped out and spent; but I didn't. Then I got furious, and rammed with violence. I could almost hear the slap of my balls against her backside. — "Ah-a — I'm coming again dear." "My — sperm's coming too love," — and it spurted up her.

In haste we washed. I kissed and licked over the surface of her fresh washed cunt, for I felt madly in lust for her. She kissed my prick, we parted, and I have never seen her since.

It was a most delicious week, a charming interlude in my erotic performances, which are now wholly with professional pleasure-givers. It makes me regret the delights of teaching the art of love, and fucking those who met me for the pleasure of fucking alone, and not for pay. Shall I ever have such chances again?

Much as I have abbreviated and omitted, what a quantity of manuscript still remains. — Alas! a casual look through it, reveals the fact that, like much of that written just before this period of my history, it is prolix and copious in detail. — More so even than that preceding it which I shortened with so much trouble. — It is exuberant, because written for my secret pleas- ure, and I revelled in the detail as I wrote it, for in doing so I almost had my sexual treats over again. — It mattered not to me whether similar pleasure had been mine before or not, whether the erotic whims and fancies,

amorous frolics, voluptuous eccentricities, were identical or not. — I described them as they had occurred at the time, and the pleasure of doing so was nearly the same, even had I done them twenty times, and described them twenty times.

But the woman, the partner in my felicity was frequently fresh and new to me, and I to her; and this newness prevents satiety in sexual frolics. There is always a shade of difference in the manners and behaviour of women in sexual preliminaries, and even in final performance. One woman never kisses or sighs, embraces or fucks, in exactly the same manner as an-other. The broad features from beginning to ending are the same. A coupling of the genitals finishes it all. But there are delicate shades of difference even in fucking which make the variety so charming, and describing them was ever new and amusing to me, when the charmer was new to me.

Yet on glancing through the remaining manuscript, — now in my mature, if not only years — the repetition seems a little wearisome. — What is to be done — abbreviate or destroy — which? — Abbreviation is laborious, and emasculates — the freshness of the writing is gone — nice shades lost. — But destruction saves all future trouble.

Perhaps entire omission of portions will be best, but that will destroy the continuity. In the narrative in its integrity, it is easy to see how in my youth, content with the simplest forms of sexual pleasure, I have gradually with advancing years and experience, been led to strangely erotic whims and devices, and have had the greatest pleasure in acts, and deeds, and thoughts, which in my ignorant youth would have revolted me. — To omit much is to destroy this continuity of idea and action. — No. It must be abbreviation or total destruction. Abbreviation, or else a full stop here, and nearly twenty years' narrative go to the flames.

Another thing — through the suggestions of women, by pondering over those suggestions — by reading works of erotic philosophers — from pictures, curiosity, and opportunity, — I have once or twice done what I regret, what in fact is almost a remorse to me, tho I really see no harm in it. — What a contradiction this, but thus it is. — Shall I destroy those chapters, erase those parts — or leave them — perhaps (for who knows) for some to cry shame. — To omit them is to sacrifice the narrative, and the illustration it affords to myself of my sexual idiosyncrasy — if such a phrase may be used — I know not what to do with this antagonism of thought and intention.

It must remain — written by myself and for myself, none probably will ever see it but myself — therefore why cheat myself? — let it remain.

I wish I had begun this revision earlier, perhaps now I shall never

complete it — or complete it only in time to destroy it, before I myself am destroyed. — Tempus edax realm.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

Volume 8

Chapter I

Sarah's jealousy. • Her ballet posturings. • My postures. • An escape of wind. • Wheelbarrow fashion. • A young lass suggested. • Harriet, sweet sixteen. • Financial arrangements. • Doctor H**m**d again. • Tooth brush and tooth powder. • Virginity doubtful. • Harriet, screwed, unscrewed, and opened. • A tight vagina. • Sarah's strange behaviour. • Three in a bed. • Harriet jealous. • Runs away. • The baudy-house with spyhole closed. • On the size of my prick and others. • On the capacity, elasticity, and receptivity of cunts.

When I went back to Sarah, she was surprized at the length of my absence, and thought she had lost me. I told her, without mentioning who the lady was, of my good fortune. She was spiteful, as gay ladies are when they have missed their man and their money. I expect she had begun to regard me as a regular source of in-come. She doubted if the lady was really married, nor altered her opinion when I told her I had had the first of the lady. She hoped the lady had not clapped me.

We went to the peep hole and for one or two evenings had various amatory frolics, and then I made a discovery about Sarah.

She had surprised me by the ease with which she posed in difficult, lewed, and odd attitudes that I put her in. — This evening we had been sitting drinking, and she was larkish. I remarked the ease with which she attitudinized. — She laughed and got up. “Look here then.” — She threw off her chemise, put up one leg nearly to the level of her shoulder, and placing the tip of the toe against the wall so as to rest it, inclined her body downwards towards the floor with her hand touching it. — It was a sight. Her cunt was gaping, showing the broadest red face which a cunt can show without being pulled open by fingers, the dark thick hair shewing all around it, until lost at her bumhole. The thicket in one armpit was quite visible, and all this was seen at a glance. — I went on my knees to look at her split, and put my finger on it in baudy ecstasy.

She stood upright and I begged her to do it again. — “Look, I don't think I can do it now but will try.” Throwing up her leg, she caught hold of the toe with her hand, then pulling it higher and higher, she turned round and round on her left foot. It was a quite fresh view of the cuntal territory. The dark fringed lips were now not open, but were slightly squeezed to-gether, yet made prominent. The red stripe was scarcely perceptible but the lips shewed the crimson beginning, and a peep of the arse valley was got. The sight was entrancing, and in a minute hurrying her to the bed, I plugged her cunt. She was in rare lewed mood and soon spent. I had that night pissed against her cunt, and we now both spent together lusciously.

“I am as randy as be damned,” said she. “I always am just before my month — fuck me again.”

We sat down after our exercise. Said I, “You must have been a dancer.” She laughed. — “Did you never see me before you met me in the street?” “Never.” “Are you sure?” “I think so.” “Did you ever see the play of ** at Convent Garden!” “Yes.” “Ah. Then you saw me. — I used to dance in it.” Then I drew from her that she had been a figurante — but never learnt why she left the theatre. She did not mean to go on again — altho she could if she wished. — “There are reasons, I'm not going to tell if you ask me all night.”

In the attitudes then she placed herself again, then danced naked, and postured as the ballet dancers do. — “Come and hold me so, and so — take off your shirt.” — I did. — Then she placed me so as to hold her in various attitudes, as men hold female dancers in ballets. — There were we naked before a large glass. — She in attitudes exposing her backside and cunt, — I now with stiff prick holding her. — Sometimes she held by my prick. — Soon after posing in a few attitudes she again got my pego into her cunt, and again afterwards till I was fucked out. — She was hot that night. This was at the baudy house with the glasses.

I went away delighted. — Thought I, some fellows would give no end of money to see her. How often since I have wished as I saw the ballet dancers cocking up this leg, or throwing out that, that their drawers were away and I could see their quims. — Now it must be wide stretched, now what a sight it would be. — I fucked a ballet girl some years ago as I think I have told, but perhaps that is one of the narratives omitted in order to shorten this history, but that was for the pleasure of fucking thro a cut I made in her tights. I think I have told this but am not sure. She for a minute or two had pirouetted, but I only had with her a momentary amusement. — But now I have a fine limbed woman who can do it all, and will do it when I like — so I thought on.

A night after when I wanted her to posture naked she refused. — We had words, I paid her, and to her astonishment went away without fucking her. Again I met her and asked her. Again she would not, and again away I went. — The third time she said she would posture a little, and so to the A**a we went.

When indoors she refused, was sorry she had ever “shown off so,” wondered how she came to be such a fool as to let out about herself. “Champagne and lewedness did it, Sarah.” — As she still refused, I put down the money and was going away, when, “Don't go without poking me, I'll do it.” — Twenty minutes after-wards, altho sulkily, there she was, one toe against a metal shelf, I naked with a cock upright — now looking at her gaping quim, now peeping under her

buttocks, now looking at the reflection of our naked bodies in the glasses. I made her throw up her leg and catch the toe, and as with an effort she did so, out slipped a little fart. — “There,” said she, “I swear I will never do it again,” and she wouldn't that night. — I fucked her and left her in the sulks.

I would not go with her again until she promised, and soon her posturing was part of my evening's amusement. We used to attitudinize before the looking glass, laugh at our postures, and say what money men would give to see us two naked together. — I dare say rich men have induced ballet girls to do as much, but more they could not; and I was fortunate to have had such voluptuous entertainments so cheaply.

Then I fucked her wheelbarrow fashion. I have tried that, I think, with other women but am not sure. It seemed now a novelty. With Sarah's long limbs I could accomplish it well. She put pillows on the floor for her head and arms to rest on. I sat myself at the side of the bed naked. She was naked also, put her legs gradually up on to the bed, one on each side of my haunches, then I held her legs at the proper level. It was a beautiful sight to see her bum gradually coming up. The buttocks' furrow only shewing a little at first, and then the dark hair, thick and curly on the sides of her cunt, coming into sight, and between it the red gap. Then I leaned back for a few seconds in admiration, pulling open the bum cheeks, and burying my finger in the red lane. — Then pressing down my prick, which resisted elastically, being moved out of its perpendicular, I inserted it in her cunt and drove it home, passing my hands under her thighs, shoving and exciting her to the crisis. My senses recovered, I sat down on the bed again, keeping my doodle as close into her cunt as I could, and passing one hand round to her belly felt her clitoris, till my prick came out of its pool, and the lascivious junction was over.

This was very exciting, but as a fuck the position is inferior in pleasure to many attitudes. The man's prick is bent down, the clitoris end of the cunt loses its friction. The woman's posture with both her hands and head down low is fatiguing. If they both spend there is no repose after the emission, and the tranquil, languid pleasure which follows the active ramming, ballocks wagging, bum wriggling, twisting, and after squeezing, is lost.

I had not thought anything more about little unfledged cunts, was satisfied for the time, I suppose, with my past amusement with deaf little Emma. I went then once or twice to Sarah's lodgings. She let me in herself for she didn't always keep a little servant, but had often only a charwoman. — There I made her do a little fantastic fucking, as well as posturing, when the following occurred.

I suppose that having got money by supplying me with a youthful

virgin, she wanted another bonus, and became the temptress. She said one night when I met her out and stopped only to have a chat that she'd just got such a nice young maid, would I have her? — My letch for youthful quims was, I suppose, smouldering, and it at once blew up into flame. I asked the price and agreed to pay as before, if the girl was virgin. But there was difficulty about the virginity, for the girl was quite sixteen, had had her courses for some time, and had been in service. Sarah thought she was virgin, but knew she couldn't deceive me — would I go and see her? She gave an inciting account of her nice looks, and as she was at a charming age, an age at which I had had of late years few, my women having been either younger or much older, I arranged to go and have a look at the girl.

I was to be Doctor H**m*d again, Sarah indeed always now called me Doctor — I went and saw a tall, thin, bright looking, dark eyed, dark haired girl, who looked quite sixteen. Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and I said that I fancied she knew a prick from a rolling pin. — Said Sarah, “I never knew a girl who was sixteen who didn't, girls who have nursed their brothers have seen a prick stiff, even if they haven't stiffened them — but she is worth a poke whether she's had one before or not, tho I believe if she had been poked, that she wouldn't come to me.” She had done her best. — “She may never have been poked, even altho she may not give you trouble to get up her.” — I made up my mind at once that the girl was not virgin.

Sarah was for my getting it over soon if it was to be done. She was not going to hide her being gay from the girl, as she had from the deaf girl at first, had al-ready told her how she got her living, and that a good easy living it was. This girl's name was Harriet. If I wanted to be sure that she was intact, making her drunk and looking was the way. Sarah would help me, but the sooner the better. It was of no use keeping her if I did not want her. — She did not want a good looking girl there. “Afraid of Mr. F*z*r?” Perhaps she was, but that did not matter to me, Sarah said snappishly.

The girl was told I was the doctor to Sarah and I once used to “Do her over” (her usual term) — but now tho I came to see her as doctor, I never fucked her, but I talked freely, baudily, and never charged for my medical services, I was an odd but good man.

The girl I found answered perfectly to Sarah's description of her. Her flashing dark eyes had an unusually soft expression in them. A sweet expression of lewedness and voluptuousness, which some girls have just after their first menstruations have settled down to the exact monthly period, leaving them fresh tinted, soft skinned, and ready to receive the love of man. — This struck me to be the case with Harriet, who I think came from one of the outer suburbs of London, but somehow I was never as curious to verify this impression, or to learn

anything about her, as I have been about some women.

In a day or two I was again at Sarah's lodgings. — “ 'Do you mind Harriet sitting in this room? There is no fire in the bedroom.” “No.” I did not. The girl then sat down at needlework, I sent her for brandy and wine, giving her the change. We all drank, and the girl quickly enough. Sarah went into the bedroom. Whilst absent, after joking the girl I pinched her bum. She cried out. Sarah came in. — “What's the mat-ter.” “The gentleman's pulling me about.” “Lord, I thought he was kicking your arse you make such a noise.” The girl opened her mouth wide, stared, and sat down confused. — We laughed. I said I should like to kiss Harriet's and not kick it, I was sure it was as pretty as her face.

Presently I went behind her, putting my hand under her chin, kissed her and noticed then that she had good teeth, but not too clean. “You have a nice set of teeth, but you don't clean them.” “My brush is worn out, Sir.”

“Let me see your teeth better.” She resisted. “Don't be a fool,” said Sarah, “let the Doctor see your teeth.” When I had done so, “Here,” said I. “Go to the chemist, buy a toothbrush and a box of tooth powder as quickly as you can.” Off she went — I never could bear any woman with dirty teeth.

I had given her five shillings. She was back in five minutes, and pleased enough — especially when I told her to keep the change. — She opened the box to look inside at its contents standing close by the lamp. I was standing with my rump to the fire smoking. “When that is gone I will give you more — clean your teeth every morning and night, and in a week your mouth will be as sweet as your cunt, just after you have washed it.” The girl dropped the box, spilling the contents over the table — stared at me for a second — turned her back, burst out laughing, checked it, and rushed into the bedroom. Sarah cried out, “Damn you, you careless little beast, you've spoilt my table cloth,” and fetched her back. “It's no use minding the Doctor.” The girl got up the tooth powder, I threw half a crown to Sarah, saying, “It was my fault, black-cunt, and that will help to clean the cloth.”

It's too long to tell all, but I kept up that style of talk, and got the girl to sit by the fire with us, her mistress saying, “Come if he wishes it, he always has his way here.” And I talked baudy enough to have turned a clergyman's hair grey. The girl's eyes from shunning at length looked at me, Sarah kept telling her not to mind me — not to be a fool — that she must hear men talk so some day. Perhaps she had already, I thought.

I asked her questions which a medical man might. When she did not reply, Sarah rebuked her. “What can it matter to him — you might

be ill some day, and want him."

As I got heated by wine and the look of the girl, I promised her money for boots and stockings provided she would let me put them on. "Take the money — don't be such a fool — take it," said Sarah.

I took my leave, saying, "Dark hair, and dark eyes just like Sarah — I wager your cunt hair is dark like Sarah's." The girl blushed and did not reply. "It is black," said Sarah laughing. "I have seen it."

The girl became so quiet that I began to think she had heard such talk before — but her manner after-wards convinced me she was not accustomed to it.

I saw Sarah next night in the street. "We'll make her drunk and look at her cunt tomorrow night," said she. — But we were baulked, for the girl's menstruation came on, and we deferred the job. But I asked the girl all about her courses, as a doctor might. She gave me plain but modest answers. By the time her month-lies were over, she had ceased to evade my questions even when baudy. When Sarah laughed, the girl did so altho uneasily — four or five nights' smutty talk were breaking down her modesty.

Then Sarah told me she had shown her my baudy book and advised me to bring another, and we arranged that when she was tight, Sarah should go out and I should examine her cunt and do what I pleased.

I had taken quite a different liking to this girl from that which I had for the deaf one, who was like a child, and whom I desired because she was so. But Harriet, more than a year older, had made me feel Lewed in a different sense. — It was the charm of getting into a very young woman, whose passions were getting roused by nature and quickened by me. — She was not so young as I had wished, but young enough to be a pleasureable novelty. Tho I don't know really what can be called very novel to me in the way of women and the manner of playing with them.

One evening behold me at the house. Wine and brandy and water was had. It was a cold night and we sat facing the fire. — Baudiness was on, altho we had not planned what to say, but it was to be enough to stimulate the girl's lust to the highest, and after having made her either screwed enough to permit me to do anything with her, I was to look at her virginity, or for it, and fuck it out of her if she got it as best I might. I did not like this business, tho I consented to it, as I have before in my career.

"Come and sit here," said I to the girl. "It's cold there." — She did, and we were all three in front of the fire, I in the middle. I gave her two glasses of wine without much effect. Sarah winked at me, half filled a tumbler with boiling water and lots of sugar and brandy. It was as strong as the devil but the sweetness disguised it. — "Here

Harriet, take a good drop." She gulped it, Sarah and I took a little, then again the girl took large gulps. Soon her eyes brightened, and she giggled in the way girls are often affected, at the beginning of a lush, and before the stupid stage comes on.

Then Sarah raised her own petticoats to her knees, to let the warmth of the fire reach her bum, as the most modest woman will do if by herself, or with her female friends, or husband, present. "Let me see your new stockings and boots," said I, for I had given the money for them. She hesitated. "Shew them to the Doctor." The girl let me raise her petticoats to her knees, showing a thinnish but neat pair of legs.

I praised and stroked them. "Keep the petticoats up like your mistress, you see she likes the fire to get to her cunt." "Oho," said the girl, dropping the clothes. Sarah laughed — "I like to warm my cunt. What do you drop your clothes for, you little fool." I pulled up her clothes again, she let me, and we had more brandy and water. Then I felt Sarah's thighs, then gradually felt the girl's thighs. — "I don't care — there," said Sarah in answer to me, and she pulled up her clothes quite to her navel, put one leg up against the chimney-piece and, half turning round in her chair, shewed her cunt. "I like my cunt looked at — like it fucked — you've seen and fucked it many a time, haven't you, Doctor?"

Harriet stared, said "Oho!" and giggled, but resisted me, who was now trying hard to feel her. She was gradually getting screwed, and her resistance grew less as I insisted.

Then Sarah pulled out my prick, I felt Sarah's cunt, got Harriet on to my knees, and felt all about her limbs, and then was a confusion of baudy deeds and baudy talk. Sarah rose, winked at me, said she must go out, and in a minute had gone — I locked the door.

Harriet seated herself in Sarah's arm chair, I dropped on my knees, throwing up her petticoats, and saw that she had slight blackish hair at the bottom of her belly. I pushed between her legs and pulled them round me, and that brought her bum to the edge of the chair, and my prick which I had pulled out just touched her cunt. With a cry she got back, but she being in a sitting position, easily I pulled her to me again, my stiff prick now touching her thighs. She was now laughing a drunken laugh. "Feel my prick," said I, putting down her hand. — "Oh! oh!" said she trying to do so as if delighted. "It's my prick," said I. "Yes," she answered.

"Let me fuck you — come to the bed." "Oh, no! I can't." — "Have you ever been fucked — wouldn't you like it." She giggled, and had just sense enough left not to answer. I had now my hand between her thighs, was fumbling at her cunt, and she did not resist.

Then I got up, sat on a chair, pulled her on to my lap, held her

back, and putting my prick in her hand felt her cunt, and kissing her said, “Let me fuck you.” I got no answer, but she kissed me, grasping my cock. — Her eyes closed. — Saying “oh — don't sir, —oh don't” — in a thick stammering manner. “Did not you hear what Mrs. F**z*r said.” “Oh, yes,” and she held my cock so tight that she hurt me. Sarah had not left ten minutes.

I led her to the bedroom and without resistance got her on to the bed. There was a candle left alight. — Partly by gentle force and partly by entreaty, I got up her clothes and separating her legs tried to look at her cunt. She tried to rise and I pushed her back. Her head fell on the pillow. I lugged her to the side — “Don't — don't” — forced apart her legs and pulled open her cunt lips. — Drunk as she was, she resisted enough to make my look uncertain, but I saw that it was an opened split. Passion then vanquished me, I forgot my object in looking, her flesh looked so nice, the slight hair on the pretty little pouters made me be-side myself — putting her straight on the bed again, I covered her without resistance, unconsciously she wanted fucking. The next instant my prick was lodged at the entrance.

“Oh you hurt — oh you mustn't — oh pray,” was all she said. I felt I had broken thro nothing, no obstacle had met me, yet I seemed to make but very little way. Thrust after thrust, further I entered yet but slowly. At length I was up it to its top and spending. A tight fit and no mistake if it was not a virginity. — Beyond “Oh! oh! don't” — not very loud, she had given no utterance of pain, and by the time my prick could go no further, and my balls were banging against her buttocks, she was quiet.

I had spent too excitedly, was she or was she not virgin? The thought was working. With prick up her still, I rose on my elbow to look at her and put my hand down to feel her cunt. By the light of the solitary candle, I could see no blood on my fingers. Just then she opened her eyes. “Oh I am so ill — I shall be sick, get away, sir, let me get up,” said she in incoherent tones, and began to retch. I pulled out my prick, and with my shirt tail wiped the whole face of her cunt. Then I raised her up and got her a basin, into which she vomited. — “Oh my head, I am so ill.” She kept moaning, I got her warm water and made her drink it, which brought up the remainder of the liquor. Then she fell asleep.

I looked at my shirt tail on which were spots of sperm, but no blood — I doubted if she were a virgin and resolved not to pay Sarah. Looking at her made me lewed again — I lifted her clothes and looked at her cunt, pulling wide apart her thighs, then put my finger up it — never had I felt anything so tight, even as the sperm rolled out round my finger. The little deaf one's cunt was loose by comparison. — Soon I mounted her, then she awakened but let me do what I liked. Again

my prick went up inch by inch through her slimy tube, so tight was it, and enjoying it I consummated slowly. Stupid as she was, my prick roused her passions and she spent. She awakened to it, and gasped like a fish out of water.

Indeed I never saw a girl more agitated but in a peculiar way when spending. The majority of young ones are so quiet about it. But this girl's mouth opened, her eyes turned up till nothing but the white was visible, her lips quivered, and the next instant she seemed asleep. She had spent, but scarcely seemed to know it. Sarah just then came in and I told that she was not a virgin and should not be paid virginity price.

“I believe she is virgin, for all that — did you ever have a girl of that age with such a little quim?” How do you know that,” said I. “I have seen it.” “When?” Then came an account of doings which I have heard similarly before, and I believe it is much the way in which the elder female usually proceeds, when she wishes to seduce the younger.

Talking the night before with the girl about fucking, she had excited her by all the means in her power. — The girl, curious and finding her mistress so communicative, asked if it hurt at first, and was told some-times, but so little as to be a mere imagination. That many women it didn't hurt in slightest degree, and that she could tell by looking at her cunt if it would hurt her or not. — That and the offer to show Harriet her own cunt settled the matter. She had shown the girl hers, and had looked at the girl's. Sarah admitted that she had not seen what is usually a virginity, but was nevertheless sure if the girl had been fucked with a prick of the ordinary size her cuntal opening could not be as small as it was. “If you fuck her much, I'll bet her cunt gets much easier.”

“You must like looking at cunts.” Sarah said she did, at the cunts of girls who had never had it, but — “I did at Harriet's for your sake as well as my own, for I want the money.”

But I wouldn't pay but half, with which she was not at all contented. I was in fact angry and under the impression that she had tried to sell me. I liked my girl — there was a genuine freshness about her, yet at times I thought the girl was shamming. Why did Sarah hide her being gay from the first young lass, and ostentatiously proclaim it to this one? I after-wards thought. The game for this one was clearly not the same as for the other. But why when she knew that the hymen was not there, did she not tell me? Because she thought I shouldn't find it out. — “You are a downy card,” said Sarah. “For all that I believe that the girl never has had a man put into her, don't let's quarrel, I'll send her away.”

I did not want that and said I should have her again.

This conversation took place whilst Harriet was snoring on the bed with two spermatic libations up her. Sarah spiteful about the half fee said she'd wake the girl — was I not going? No, I would hear. Sarah did not seem to wish that. — To the bedroom we went. “To think of that little devil having been fucked,” said Sarah, as she looked at her. Shaking Harriet, the girl sat up bewildered — the fume of the liquor still strong in her. “What are you doing on my bed?” said Sarah. Rubbing her eyes — “I don't know — Oh my head — Oh, I'm so ill.” “Why, you have made a mess on my bed.” “Oh I couldn't help it, I am so ill.” “You have been on the bed with the Doctor — he has fucked you, you little bitch.” No reply. “Hasn't he fucked you?” No reply. Another shaking, and the girl began to sob. “Hasn't he fucked you?” “I don't know.” “You do, your clothes were up. — Hasn't he?” “I think so, but I don't know.” “He has, and I will turn you out.”

“Oh — Oh — Oh don't — you told me to let him do what he liked — Oh my head.” “Yes, but I did not think you'd let him fuck you, at your age you little beast —how often did he do it?” “I don't know,” said she blubbering. Then suddenly, “Oh don't hit me, I am going to be sick again” — and she went to the basin and retched.

It seemed cruel work — the tears and pain the poor girl was in. “It's my fault,” said I. “Oh here he is,” said the girl. “Tell mistress it arn't my fault.” Sarah laughed. — “How often has he done it to you?” “I don't know. I was asleep. Oh don't let her turn me away sir, I am so comfortable here.” — “I should think you are,” said Sarah, “and to let him fuck you.” “You told me to let him do anything.” “I meant if he wanted to kiss you, and put his hand up your petticoats, and feel you — but who'd have thought of your letting him fuck you, at your age, you little beast.” “I could not help it — Oh!” — and she tumbled back on to the bed.

We went into the sitting room, and saying that I meant to have the girl again I departed. The next night I was at Sarah's and, making no bones about the matter, said I wanted Harriet in the bedroom. Said Sarah, “It's funny, you come to see me, and yet want my servant, Doctor. — Well if you will, I suppose you must.” The girl wouldn't come, so I pulled her gently into the bedroom.

I was thoroughly lewed, she sullen, had taken medicine, and what with that, the night before, and only having slept a drunken sleep, she gave so much trouble when I wished to look at her cunt, that I called in Sarah. — “You little fool,” said she — “when a man has fucked you, you may let him do anything — let him see your cunt or anything else,” and away she went.

The girl yielded. At the side of the bed, thighs distended, I opened her cunt whilst I held a candle to it.

Her love seat was that of a girl of full sixteen, an age at which I

have seen but few. It looked long and deli- cate but with unusually pouting lips for her age. A strongish clitoris shewed and nymphae full and thicker than usual. — Clitoris and nymphae in fact, were much more developed than is usual in girls. (I wonder if that be a sign of a warm temperament.) The channel of coition was unusually small at the mouth, and I fancied looked as if it had been just torn or stretched at its upper part. — Was it that her hymen had only been partially destroyed, or stretched and opened, and had, I completed the stretching? — Altho the membrane with a small hole was not visible when I first saw it, was there a membrane with a large hole? In the excitement of my first look and hurried fuck, I now could not be sure. She had a very full mons or mount with short thick hair but small in quantity on it, close to the top of the nick, and but a little way down the lips. Al-together tho unusual in appearance, it was a pretty and libidinous looking, exciting cunt. There is a physiognomy in cunts, some are prettier than others, some more exciting to look at than others, tho it is difficult to say what it is in the appearance which excites in one more than in the other.

Tho I couldn't discern signs of hymenal rupture, on my putting two fingers up it she called out. Then lust sitrred me to action, and pushing her on to the bed I entered her. Its feel was the same as on the previous night, and she said I hurt her. For about three hours I pulled her cunt about, for in her way she was a novelty. The deaf girl was a full grown child who would talk and fuck but not always spend. This girl was bursting with randiness, her young lusts were on with all their force. She soon took delight in everything I said or did, all was new to her, her lustful sensations were even new to her.

The look of a prick, the feel of its smooth skinned rigidity, its friction and lubricating overflow were all new to her. I believe absolutely new, spite of the absence of a hymen. So she took to all the preliminaries and exercises of love with delight and with the eagerness and ardour of a hot cunted one. I had not been deceived in my first impression about her. She was dying for the juice of the male, restless with lewed sensations, in the springtide of her lust, and under the urging of sexual curiosity — I had just caught her in time, and she with me revelled for weeks in unrestrained lasciviousness. If I had not had her, some one would. The first man who had kissed and fondled her might have felt her cunt, she couldn't have helped letting him; and once felt she would have let him do anything. Her warm nature was commanding her to surrender her person to the male. She was dying for a prick.

I took a fancy with her (I always have some special fancy with each woman) to lay in bed both of us start naked. Thin as she was I somehow liked this — tho why I am unable to say. How give reasons

for any letch? There in clean sheets which I made Sarah pro-vide (and indeed bought one new pair) we used to indulge in lewedness. Her slim young form pleased me much, and naked I used to cover her, or put her on the top of myself — fuck her belly to belly, or to bum, till I was satiated. These varied postures test whether the female is a hack or a greenhorn. If accustomed to salacity they fall into them readily, and in a way which cannot hide their knowledge whatever innocence they may allege, whilst the neophytes show an astonishment and quiet delight not easy to imitate and deceive. — “You can't do it so, Doctor.” “Yes, we can try — see — there” — was said more than once during my varied performances with Harriet.

I had her frequently for more than two months, and it is certain that the mouth of the vagina, the site of the hymen, got bigger. Whether it stretched or split I can't say — but easier for my prick to enter, it certainly got. Inside it remained a tight sheath to my penis, tho quite elastic, and perhaps large enough for the greatest male cunt stretcher. I incline to think she never had a true hymen, or had broken it early in life, leaving a larger orifice than is usually found before male penetration. — I used to fancy that the mouth of the prick hole had opened gradually more at the top than elsewhere, but cannot pretend to assert that it was so. She told me that when about nine years old, she and another girl, a schoolfellow, used to push their fingers up each other's cunt. At all events I came to the conclusion that a prick had never been up her till she had mine.

Sarah, after I had once or so had Harriet, used to go out leaving us together, first asking me if I wished her to stay. She felt sure of her double pay and wished to make a little more out of doors — I often let her go. If she returned before I had left, she would tell me before Harriet if she had had a man — or two — or none, as the case might be; but she didn't any longer use baudy language before the girl, altho she had done so freely until I had fucked her. — Then she grew impatient about keeping her. Hadn't I done with her. — “Take her away and keep her, I can't have her here much longer. She won't work, and it won't do to have a charwoman in whilst she is here.”

It is one of the charms of life that the pleasures of women never tire. When weary of one, I change and all old pleasures come fresh again. — One woman you may best like to fuck on her belly — another with her bum to your belly, another to grope, then one to frig, then one to gamahuche. It is rarely that the entire round is equally pleasurable with one. — When I change, almost forgotten pleasures revive. So it certainly is with me. — With fresh cunt not only comes fresh courage, but fresh amusements. The variety depends on the difference in the sexual make and tastes of the woman, for all women cannot fuck so well in the same fashions. They also like men, have

when their passions are fully evoked their own lascivities and letches. — The man who is well versed in amorous games, is sure to hit on that fashion of fucking which is best suited to both. This is most true of modest women, but in larger degree of gay women. — “Men are fond of variety, I like to see what a new man wants to do with me,” said Sarah one night when we were talking.

One night Sarah was in the sitting room, I in bed with Harriet with my finger up the tight little cunt, when I thought I should like to feel Sarah's cunt. — I jumped out of bed and to the astonishment of Harriet brought in Sarah and made her get naked into bed. I laid between them and quickly had a middle finger up each cunt. Then I put my prick into one after the other and probed alternately, comparing size and feel, and discoursing on the effects of age, growth, and fucking combined, in enlarging and stretching a pu- denda. However large a cunt it may be, it mostly sufficiently compresses the prick to make it spend. — Few exceptionally large cunted ones I have however known in this particular.

Harriet, who used to nestle up to me and feel my balls incessantly, asking many questions about fucking, and so on, was now quiet altho I did not then notice it. — Soon I thought I would fuck Sarah, and got on to her, she nothing loath. “I think it's time I had a turn,” she said, after I had put my prick in her. I wanted to compare, so out I pulled it and got on to the little one, who had turned her bum towards us. When I had a few thrusts up her, then again I put into Sarah, who was in a mood for pleasure, and we had a very voluptuous fuck. The girl had again turned her rump to-wards me.

I tried to pull her round — but she resisted, got out of bed, and ran into the other room start naked as she was. — “What's the little devil up to?” — said Sarah, who, also quite naked, followed her. — I went after them and there were we all start naked in the parlour. The girl wouldn't come back and made no reply. Sarah boxed her ears. — I swore. “You've done it to her,” said Harriet. “You little bitch what of that,” said Sarah. “He has a right, he would do it to me often if he had not seen you, blast you. You'll go out of my house, you shan't keep here.” The young one was jealous, which was funny, and it both annoyed and amused me.

Sarah was slightly screwed, let out finely, and it took an hour to get things to rights again. Then in bed I began in Sarah and finished up Harriet, which terminated the night's amusement. I have had before a young girl, who grew ridiculously jealous of her mistress when I fucked her. — It was now late spring and light at nights, which interfered with my going to Sarah's lodgings. Then I went out of town and when I returned the girl was gone — Sarah said she had run away, that she would not work, was always frigging herself, and

thought herself as good as her mistress. They had had words and the girl had bolted one night, taking her things with her. — I offered Sarah money to get her back. She said she tried, tho I don't believe she did. I never saw the girl again. — “I'm glad she's gone, for she is in the family way,” said Sarah. “I don't believe it.” “She is, she'd her courses on just before you had her, and hasn't since.” “It's some other man.” “None other has had her I'll swear.” Had I done the trick again?

Some where about this time I went to the peep hole one day and found it closed. Perhaps as the baud once said to me it had been “blown upon.” She may have caused that herself, may have slain the goose with the golden egg. It paid well, we began to find difficulty in getting the room, it was so often engaged. Too many knew of it evidently, and it no doubt was “blown upon.”

Its rooms were arranged cleverly in every way, for the purpose of spying the temporary occupants of the back room; who whatever they did, and nearly wherever they placed themselves, could not escape observation, nor the glare of the gas which seemed to concentrate upon them. The partition at the peephole could not have been three quarters of an inch thick, so wide was the range of vision through it over the room. It was, I think, thicker in other parts, but we could hear well usually thro it. The way the hole was bored thro a dark spot in the pattern of the wall paper, the cork which filled the hole was colored to match, the way the pictures on each side could be raised and lowered, were all most cleverly managed. The house in a bye street which had but little traffic of any sort had only noise outside about every five minutes, and excepting then, we heard fairly the talk in the back room. It was not a swell bagnio, tho, and had but five available rooms. (I have since seen an equally well arranged house at Paris, where every word said by the per-formers could be heard, and everything seen.)

What I saw through the peephole had one special consequence. It satisfied me that my prick was a full sized one, and well beyond the average rather than less. — Out of a hundred which I saw, there were not as far as I could judge twenty larger than mine, and Sarah said there were not ten. I saw one or two Brobdingnagians, perfect battering rams, but the largest of all was the titanic shaft of the man who whacked Sarah's buttocks with it and knocked it hard on the table as well, tho its big plum shaped, swollen head was bare of foreskin, and was carmine with lust. Sarah said his was the largest she had ever seen, and that talking with others of her class who had also seen it, they were all of the same opinion.

But tho for some reason Sarah would not take that titanic, potential machine into her body, and tho I saw some Paphians' handle other Brobdingnagian tools hesitatingly and affect to think them too

big, say they would hurt, and so on; they one and all did insert them in their cunts, and as it seemed to me with pleasure. I believe there never was a prick so big in any way that a cunt could not take it without pain, and even pleasurably. Its tip might perhaps knock at the portals of the womb too hard for some, but that is all. I have heard women say that the harder those knocks were the more pleasure it gave them. All the talk I have heard of pricks being so large that women could not, or would not, take them up them is sheer nonsense. Several women have told me so. Some said that they loved to see and handle big ones. None said that such stretchers gave them more physical pleasure than those of moderate size. The elasticity and receptivity of a cunt is in fact as wonderful as its constrictive power. The small prick of a boy of thirteen it will tighten round and exhaust, as well as one as big as the spoke of a cartwheel, and it will give pleasure to both equally.

Chapter II

Recherchŭ eroticisms. • An outcome of the brothel spy-hole. • An abnormal letch. • A man for a month. • Alone with him. • Mutual nervousness. • The ice broken. • Pricks produced. • An exiguous tool. - - Unavailing masturbation. • Sarah's participation. • Cuntal incitation. • Prompt rigidity. • Onanistic operation. • Spermatic ejaculation. • Instantaneous copulation. • One on and one off. • A gorged cunt. • Masculine minetting. • A gristly mouthful. • Sucking cum fucking. • After supper. • Sarah's oration. • The end of the orgy.

Then took place the crowning act of my eroticism, the most daring fact of my secret life. An abnormal lust of which I have been ashamed and sorry, and the narrative of which I have nearly destroyed, tho according to my philosophy, there was and is no harm in my acts, for in lust all things are natural and proper to those who like them. There can be no more harm in a man feeling another's prick, nor in a woman feeling another's cunt, than there is in their shaking hands. — At one time or other all have had these sexual handlings of others, yet a dislike to myself about this sexual whim still lingers. Such is the result of early teaching and prejudices.

Twenty-four years had elapsed since my frolics with the first Camille. — Then I had frigged a Frenchman. ten I did the same with the man that big eyed Betsy me. Then I'd felt the Captain in the dark at Lizzie M***d*n's. Since that I had not touched a male. What I witnessed through the baudy house partition put new inclinations into my head. The handsome pricks which I had seen women play with, the ease with which their doodles were handled, the ready way a girl brought a rebellious prick to stand and spend by coaxing it up in her mouth, etc., raised again desire to feel and play with a prick myself. Other men's seemed different to me, and at times I said this to Sarah in some such terms as these. — “I should like for once to feel a man's prick, to see closely his prick standing, see his spunk come out much or little.” And so on.

The baudy house sights always terminated in fucking Sarah, and then for a time the desires which arose during my peeping ended abruptly. I talked about them at times when lewed nevertheless with Sarah, who said, “One man's prick stands and spends much like another, play with your own, but if you want, I can get one easily enough, and I'll let him come here for you, if Mr. F**z*r is out of town.”

But I thought she meant a fellow who let out his rump and prick,

and of that class I had an insufferable dislike and fear. They were I had heard thieves, their pricks used up, and I wanted nothing to do with an anus (at that time, not having found out the pleasure you both take and give by pressing the bumhole of a woman when fucking her) so for some months, al-tho she described some men as eligible, I would not see them.

At length in the winter she said, “My old woman (a crone who did her charring, and was in fact her serv- ant altho she did not sleep in her rooms) can get a young man about twenty who's not a sod — he is a working man who has been without employment for two months and will be glad of a sovereign.” I thought I was going to be sold, but as I had only promised her a sovereign for getting me a man, I came to the conviction that I had really a chance, so arranged that he was to go to her rooms.

But unpleasant notions came. A poor man! he will be dirty and smelling of sweat — be rough — his linen ragged. — To get over that Sarah said, “Give me a sovereign, he shall have a new shirt, and socks, and drawers, I will buy them” — so I gave that money.

The evening came. I felt so nervous and even shocked at myself that I wished I had never under-taken the affair. — It was in vain that I argued with myself, and spite of my conviction that there was no harm in my doing it, when I came to her door I nearly turned back. I had been trying to strengthen my intention by thinking over my former wishes and curiosities, of the various amusements I should have with him, and how much I should learn of the ways of a man, to add to the lot I knew about women. All was useless, I almost trembled at my intention. I entered, saw Sarah. “He is in the bed room — such a nice young man, and quite good looking, I never saw him till I went to buy the things.” I said I felt nervous. “That is stupid, but you are not more nervous than he is, he's just said you were evidently not coming and he was glad of it, and would go.” Again she assured me that he was all the charwoman had told, a young man out of work, wanting bread, and not a sodomite.

I followed her into the bedroom. Saying, “This is the gentleman,” she shut the door and left me with him. He stood up respectfully and looked at me timidly.

He was a fine young man about five feet seven inches high, rather thin looking as if for want of nourishment, with a nice head of curly brown hair, slight short whiskers, no moustache, bright eyes, and good teeth. He was not much like a working man and looked exceedingly clean. “You are the young man?” “Yes sir.” “Sit down.” Down he sat and I did the same.

Then I could not utter a word more, but felt inclined to say, “There is a sovereign, good night,” and to leave him. All the desires,

all the intentions, all expectations of amusement with his prick, all the curiosity I had hoped to satisfy for months left me. My only wish was to escape without seeming a fool.

With the exception of the sodomite whom Betsy Johnson had got me, it was the first time I had been by myself in the room with a male for the clear intention of doing everything with his tool that I had a mind to. My brain now had been long excited by anticipation, and wrought up to the highest when this opportunity came, and every occurrence of that evening is as clear in it now as if it were printed there. Altho the exact order of the various tricks I played may not be kept, yet everything I did on this first night, all that took place, I narrate in succession, without filling in anything from fancy or imagination. I could even re-call the whole of our conversation, but it would fill quires (and I did fill two or three). — I only now give half of it, and that abbreviated.

I sat looking at him for some minutes — I can frig him, thought I — but I don't want to now. — What an ass he will think me. — Why does he not unbutton? - I wonder if he is a bugger — or a thief. — What's he thinking about. Is he clean? — How shall I begin — I wish I had not come — I hope he won't know me if he meets me in the street. — Is his prick large? — These thoughts one after another chased rapidly thro my brain, whilst I sat silent, yet at the same time wishing to escape, and he sat looking at the floor.

Then an idea came. “Would you like something to drink?” “If you like, sir.” “What?” “Whatever you like, sir.” — It was an immense relief to me when I called in Sarah, and told her to get whiskey, hot water, and sugar. — Whilst it was being fetched I went into the sitting room, glad of getting away.

Sarah, in the sitting room, asked, “How do you find him?” — I told her I did not know and was frightened to go on. — “Oh! I would now, as you have had him got for you, then you'll be satisfied.” — Again she assured me he was not on the town, and I need not be afraid. The whiskey was got, and behold me again alone with him. I made whiskey and water for myself and him and took some into Sarah. I began to ask him about himself. He was a house decorator in fine work, such work was at its worst just then, being a young hand he had not full employemnt, had been out of work nearly two months, he had pawned everything excepting what he had on. This all seemed consistent. He told me where he lodged, where he was apprenticed, the master he worked for last, the houses he worked at. “If you are a decorator your hands will be hard, and if you kneel your knees will.” “Yes but I have had scarcely anything to do for two months, and but one day's work last week. Look at my nails.” — They were stained with something he had used. Then he had had one day's chopping

wood which had blistered both his hands, for it was not work he was accustomed to. Blisters I saw. There was evident truth in what he said.

This relieved me, together with the influence of whiskey and water. I got more courage and he seemed more comfortable, but not a word had transpired about our business, and an hour had gone. Then my mind reverted to my object, and I said, “You know what you came for.” “Yes sir.” He changed white, then red, and began to bite his nails.

My voice quivered as I said, “Unbutton your trowsers then.” He hesitated. “Let me see your cock.” One of his hands went down slowly, he unbuttoned his trowsers, which gaping, shewed a white shirt. Then never looking at me, he began biting his nails again.

The clean shirt, coupled with his timidity, gave me courage. “Take off your coat and waistcoat.” He slowly did so. — I did the same, gulped down a glass of whiskey and water, sat him down by me, and lifting his shirt laid hold of his prick. A thrill of pleasure passed thro me, I slipped my hands under his balls, back again to his prick, pulled the foreskin backwards and forwards, my breath shortening with excitement. He sat still. Suddenly I withdrew my hand with a sense of fear and shame again on me.

“May I make water, sir, I want so badly,” said he in a humble way, just like a schoolboy. “Certainly, take off your trowsers first.” He looked hard at me, slowly took them and his drawers off, and stood with his shirt on. I took up the pot and put it on the chair (my baudy brain began now to work). “Do it here, and I'll look at your cock.”

He came slowly there and stood. “I can't water now — I think it is your standing by me.” “You will directly, don't mind me.” The whiskey and excitement having made me leaky, I pulled out my tool and pissed in the pot before him.

He laughed uneasily, it was the first sign of amusement he had given. Directly I had finished, I laid hold of his prick and began playing with it, I pulled back the skin and blew on the tip, a sudden whim that made him laugh, and his shyness going off, I holding his prick, he pissed the pot half full — I was delighted and wished he could have kept on pissing for a quarter of an hour.

The ice was now broken, I took off my trowsers, and then both with but shirts and socks on, I sat him at the side of the bed and began my investigation of his copulating apparatus.

“I want to frig you,” said I. “Yes sir.” “Has any man ever frigged you.” — No living man touched his prick since he was a boy, he declared. — Then I began to handle his cock with the ordinary first fucking motion.

I had scarcely frigged a minute before I wanted to feel his balls. Then I turned him with his rump to me, to see how his balls and prick

looked hanging down from the back. — Then on to his side, to see how the prick dangled along his thigh. Then I took him to the wash stand and washed his prick, which before that was as clean as a new shilling, but the idea of washing it pleased me. Then laying him down on his back, I recommenced the fascinating amusement of pulling the foreskin backwards and forwards, looking in his face to see how he liked it. — He was as quiet as a lamb, but looked sheepish and uncomfortable. His prick at first was small, but under my manipulation grew larger, tho never stiff. Several times it got rather so for an instant, and then with the desire to see the spunk come, I began frigging harder; when instead of getting stiffer it got smaller. I tried this with him laying down, sitting up, and standing, but always with the same result — I spoke about it. — He said he could not make it out.

His prick was slightly longer than mine, was beautifully white, and with a pointed tip. I made it the stiffest by gently squeezing it — I had had no desire in my own doodle, but as I made his stiff once when he was lying down, my own prick came to a stand, and following a sudden inspiration I laid myself on to his belly, as if he had been a woman, and our two pricks were between our stomachs close together. I poked mine under his balls, and forced his under my stones, then changing, I turned his bum towards me, and thrusting my cock between his thighs and under his balls to the front, bent his prick down to touch the tip of mine, which was just showing thro his thighs. But his prick got limper and limper, and as I remarked that, it shrivelled up. We had been an hour at this game, and there seemed no chance of his spending. No sign of permanent stiffness or randiness or pleasure. He seemed in fact miserably uncomfortable.

Then he wanted to piss again from nervousness — I held his prick, squeezing it, sometimes stopping the stream, then letting it go on, and satisfying my curiosity. That done, I made a final effort to get a spend out of him, by squeezing, frigging slow, frigging fast. Then I rubbed my hand with soap, and making with spittle an imitation of cunt mucous on it, titillated the tip. “I think I can do it now,” said he — but all was useless. “It's no good, I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't, that is a fact. — I don't know how it is.”

The last hour had been one of much novelty and de-light to me, tho he couldn't spend; but the announcement disappointed me. It came back to my mind that he might be, after all that Sarah had said, but an over-frigged bugger, who could no longer come. For I had heard that men who let themselves out for that work at last got so used up that it was difficult for them to do anything with their own pricks, and that all they could do was to permit men to feel their cocks, whilst they plugged their arse-holes. So I repeated my

questions, and he again swore by all that was holy that no man had ever felt him but me; and he added that he was sorry he had come, but the money was a temptation.

I laid him then again on the bed and felt his prick. We finished the whiskey, and I sent for more; and in a whisper told Sarah that there was no spunk in him. She brought in the whiskey herself, and laughed at seeing us two nearly naked on the bed together.

Then I asked him when he had a woman last, if he liked them, how he got them, and so forth. He told me that he liked women very much — sometimes he got them for nothing, and they were servant girls mostly. When at houses if servants were left in them, or even if the family were only for a short time out — young fellows like him often got a put in; or else made love to them, and got them to come out at nights. He warmed up as he told me this, and his prick began to rise, but on my recommencing to masturbate him, it fell down again. He declared that the woman he last had was ten days previously, when he gave her a shill- ing out of the trifle he had gained, and that he had never spent since. Then he began biting his nails, adding that he hoped I should give him the money, for he could not help not spending, and was desperately badly off — “I have had some bread and cheese, and beer, but I have not tasted meat for six days.”

Three hours with him passed, the frigging seemed useless, but talking about women had brought my steam well up, so I began to think of letting him go, and plugging Sarah to finish. “Sarah is a fine woman isn't she? Did you ever have her, or see her naked,” I said suddenly, thinking to catch him. — She was fine, but he had never seen her in his life, until the day but one previously. — “Would you like to see her naked.” Oh! would he not. I knew Sarah would do anything almost, so called her in, told her his cock would not stand, and that we wanted to see her naked. “All right,” said she, and began to undress.

He kept his eyes ardently fixed on her as she took off her things — I remarked to him on her charms as she disclosed them. He said “Yes — yes” — in an excited way. Then he ceased answering, but stared at her intently. When her limbs and breasts shewed from her chemise, a voluptuous sigh escaped him, and he put his hand to his prick outside his shirt. Feeling him, I found his prick swelling. “Don't pull off yet Sarah.” She ceased taking off her chemise. “Pull off your shirt.” Helping him he stood naked with his prick rising. — “Now show us your cunt.” Down Sarah lay (after stripping off her chemise) on her back, one arm raised and shewing her dark haired arm pit, her legs apart, and one raised with the heel just under her bum, the black hair of her cunt curling down till shut in, by her arse cheeks, the red lined cunt lips slightly gaping. — It was a sight which would have

made a dead man's prick stiffen, and mine was stiff at the sight altho I had seen it scores of times. I forgot him then, till turning my head I saw his splendid cockstand. — His eyes were fixed full of desire on her, and he was a model of manly, randy beauty. — “Is not she fine?” said I. “Oh! lovely, beautiful, let me do it,” addressing her. “No,” said I, “another time perhaps,” and I seized his tool with lewed joy.

For an instant he resisted. Sarah said, “Let my friend do it, you came for that.” I frigged away, he felt its effects and sighed — I frigged on and felt the big, firm, wrinkled ball bag. A voluptuous shiver ran thro him soon. “Oh! let me feel her — do.” “Feel her then.” Over he stooped. “Kneel on the bed.” Quickly he got there and plunged his finger into her carmine split. Again I grasped his tool and frigged. He cried out, “Oh! I'm coming. — I'm spend — ing” — and a shower of sperm shot out, covering her belly from cunt to navel. I frigged on until every drop had fallen. Then letting go his prick, he sat down on his heels, his eyes shut, his body still palpitating with pleasure and now fingering his still swollen doodle.

The effect on me was violent. Sarah's attitude on her back at all times gave me a cockstand — it had stood whilst frigging him. — There she lay now, a large drop of his spunk on her motte seemed ready to drop down on to her clitoris, higher up on her belly little pools lay. Tearing off my shirt, scarcely knowing what I did, crying out, “Move up higher on the bed” — which he did, I flung myself on her and put my prick up her cunt. — My prick rubbed the spunk drop on her

— 53 thatch, my belly squeezed the opal pools between us, the idea delighted me — I fucked away, stretched out my hand, grasped his wet prick, for he was now conveniently near me, and fucked quickly to an ecstatic termination.

The greater the preliminary excitement, the more delicious seems the repose after a fuck — the more it is needed, and I had had excitement enough that night. At length I roused myself. My cock did not seem inclined to come out of its lodging. I felt that I could butter her again without uncunting. So keeping it in, I raised myself and looked at him sitting at the head of the bed, naked and still feeling his prick, which was again as stiff as a ramrod.

“He can spend after all,” said I, my prick still up Sarah. — “I told you he was a nice man.” “Should you like to fuck her?” “Just give me the chance.” The tale of the soldiers putting into each other's leavings came into my head. “Do it at once.” “Lord,” said Sarah, “you don't mean that.” But I did. “Do it now.” — I rose on my knees. — As I took my belly off of Sarah's, they were sticking together with his spunk. It made a loud smacking noise as out bellies separated. — My prick drew out sperm which dropped between her thighs. — As I got off, he

got on, and as quickly put up her. The next minute their backsides were in rapid motion.

The second fuck is longer than the first, and I had time to watch their movements. — A man and woman both naked and close to me, were copulating — I could see and feel every movement of their bodies — hear their murmurs and sighs — see their faces. — There stood I with my prick now stiff again watching them. — My hands roved all over them — I slipped my hand between their bellies — I felt his balls. — Then slipping it under her rump it felt the wet spunk I had left in her cunt, now working out on to the stem of his prick as it went in and out — I got on the bed and rubbed my prick against his buttocks. I shouted out — “Fuck her, — spend in her — spend in my spunk,” — and other obscenities I know not what. — I encouraged his pleasure by baudy suggestions. A sigh, a murmuring, told me he was coming. My fingers were on his balls, and I let them go to see his face. He thrust his tongue into Sarah's mouth. — “You are spending, Sarah.” — No reply. — Her mouth was open to his tongue, her eyes were closed, her buttocks moving with energy, and the next second but for a few twitchings of his arse, and their heavy breathings, they were like lumps of lifeless flesh. Both had spent. The fancy to do her after him came over me — my spunk — his spunk — her spunk — all in her cunt together. I will spend in her again. — The idea of my prick being drowned in these mixed exudations overwhelmed me libidinously. — “I'll do it to you again. — Get off of her.” — “Let me wash,” said Sarah. — “No.” — “I will.” — “You shan't. — He was getting off, she attempting to rise, when I pushed her down. — “It's wiser” — I didn't know what she said scarcely. — “No — no — no — I want to put into his spunk.” — Her thighs were apart, her cunt hole was blinded, hidden by spunk which lay all over it and filled its orifice. I threw myself on her, my prick slipped up with a squashing noise — I know no other way of describing it. I think I hear it now.

I felt a sense of heavenly satisfaction. Her cunt was

— 55 so filled that it seemed quite loose, the sperm squeezed out of her and up, until the hair of both our genitals were saturated — I pushed my hand down, and making her lift up one leg, found the sperm lay thick down to her arse hole — I called out, “Your spunk's all over my ballocks,” and told all the baudy images which came across my mind. I told him to lay down by the side of us, and made Sarah feel his prick at the same time I did — I felt my pleasure would even now be too short and stopped myself. Sarah with a sigh cried, “Oh — my God — go on,” her cunt tightened, she got his prick and clasped my buttocks to her — I held his prick, and tried to lengthen my pleasure but could not, her cunt so clipped me. Abandoning myself to her the next instant almost with a scream of pleasure, I was quiet in

her arms and fell asleep — and so did she, and so did he — all three on the bed close to-gether.

Awakening, I had rolled off close to Sarah on to my side, my prick laying against her thigh. — She lay on her back asleep, he nearly on his back. All three were nearly naked, myself excepted who had on an under shirt next my skin. — She had silk stockings and black merino boots on. My foreskin had risen up and covered the tip of my prick. In the saucer at the top was spunk which had issued from me after I uncunted. — The lamp was alight. Two candles (they had been short pieces) had burnt out, and the fire had all but expired. The room had been hot all the evening, for there were three of us in it, three lights burning, and the fire. Now it had got cold, and a sensation of chilliness was over me.

I got up and looked at the pair. — She a splendid woman, firm and smooth skinned, and of a creamy pink tint — with the dark hair of her cunt in splendid contrast. He a fine young man with white flesh, and with much dark brown hair clustering and curling round his white prick, and throwing his balls into shadow. His prick still large was hanging over his thigh, the slightly red tip half covered by the foreskin pointing towards Sarah, and as if looking at it. Then sexual instinct made me pay attention to her. — She lay there with two libations from me, and one from him in her cunt. I desired to see how it looked and felt it, but was so distracted by my various erotic impulses that I cannot recollect everything accurately. — All I know is that I laid hold of her leg nearest to me, and watching, pulled it slowly so as to leave her legs slightly open. I put my finger down from the beginning of the cleft. It felt thick and sticky, yet but little spunk was to be seen — looking down towards the bum cheeks, I saw the bed patched in half a dozen places with what had run out from her — I thrust my finger up her cunt and she awakened.

She sat up, looked round, rubbed her eyes, said, “it's cold.” Then she looked at him. “Why — he's asleep too, have you been asleep?” — Then she put her fin-gers to her cunt too, got off the bed, and on to the pot — looking at me smiling. — “You are a baudy devil and no mistake — I don't recollect such a spree since I have been out.” “Your cunt's in a jolly state of bat-ter.” “It will be all right when it's washed” — and she proceeded to wash, but I stopped her.

He was snoring and had turned on to his back — his prick which seemed large lolled over his thigh. “He's a fine young man and his prick's bigger than yours, and what a bag,” said she gently lifting up his prick and shewing his balls. I saw it was very large, as it had seemed to me when I squeezed and felt it before, but then I had been far too excited to notice anything carefully. Now I began to frig him as he lay. “I thought you had done me, for two hours I could not make

his cock stand." "Ah! it was nervousness. — He has never been felt by a man before, some would give ten pounds for such a chance and you are to give him a sovereign." "Do you think he can spend again?" "Yes, see what a lot he spent over me; if he was well fed, that young chap would be good for half a dozen pokes, he's been half starved for two months."

I gently laid hold of his prick, and pulled the skin down. One feel more and it rose to fullish size, and lay half way up his belly. "I thought it would directly you touched it from its look," said she. Said I, "I will frig him," and commenced in the slowest and gentlest manner, scarcely touching it. The stiffening began and the foreskin retired, the tip got rubicund and tumid, an uneasy movement of his thigh and belly began, and muttering in his sleep his hand went to his prick. — I removed mine. Soon his hand dropped by his side again, and he snored and muttered something.

Sarah, who had put on her chemise, then laid hold of his prick and frigged it. — "He can't spend, he's done too much already," said I. "I think he will tho." Then I, jealous of her handling, and lewedly fascinated, resumed the work. — Had he not drunk and eaten heartily, and been very fatigued, he must have awakened, but he didn't. Not spending, I spat on my finger and thumb, and making a moist ring with them, rubbed his prick tip through them. That did it. He muttered, his belly heaved, and out rolled his sperm, as he awakened, saying, "I've had a beastly spending dream, and thought I was fucking you." Seeing us laughing he seemed astonished, and was angry when told of our game. We all washed, we men put on shirts, and he got good humoured again.

I had scarcely eaten that day, felt empty and said so

Sarah said she was hungry, he that he could eat a donkey, for he'd not had food since the morning — I had never eaten in Sarah's lodgings, for the style didn't suit me, but felt that I must eat now. "Shall I fetch something at once? It's near midnight, and all the shops will be closed." — We had been five hours at our voluptuous gambols, but it did not seem half that time.

I gave Sarah money. She fetched cut beef and ham, bread, cheese, and bottled stout, and also whiskey. — Whilst she was away, he recovered his temper and felt his cock. He said he hated "beastly cheating dreams." "Are you fond of feeling men?" "It's much nicer to fuck a woman," I replied and told him that for many years I had never put finger on a prick but my own.

Spite of dirty knives and a dingy table cloth, we all fell to at the food. — He ate ravenously and told me that the last time he had meat, a mate gave him some of his dinner. I gave him a cigar, we had more whiskey and water, the room was hot again, we sat round the fire

with our shirts only on — Sarah was dressed. — He told me again about himself, and soon the conversation drifted into the fucking line. He had lost his modesty and with it much of his respect for me. Instead of only answering and saying “sir” he began to ask me questions. Just as a woman's manner alters towards a man, directly he has once fucked her, so did his alter now that I had frigged him.

I asked if he liked being frigged. — No he did not like — “spending in the air” — did I? “No” — but I did such things at times. Then Sarah alluded to his big balls, we both felt them, and such a large bag I have never seen before. He said the boys at school joked him about it. Boys know the sizes of each other's pricks.

I wanted to go on. The novelty was so great that I could not see and feel him enough; circumstances which I did not expect had brought Sarah into the fun, which increased the amusement. I am in the prime of life, and altho never attempting such wonders as some men brag of, can easily do my four fucks in an evening with a fresh woman, and sometimes more, altho then used up a little next day. I had now only spent twice and my prick seemed on fire. Wine, beer, and a full stomach soon heat a young man who has not spent for ten days. I pulled his prick about as we sat round the fire, and it readily swelled. He prayed me to desist, he'd had enough that night, but I had not. So I made Sarah take off her clothes to her chemise, and sit opposite. I sat next him smoking and looking at his prick, and feeling it at intervals.

Often in my youth, my prick has stood before my dinner was finished. A dozen times have I got up and fucked in the middle and finished dinner afterwards. — This meal began to tell on all. Sarah raised her chemise to let the warmth of the fire reach her legs, and showed her silk stockings and red garters. — “What a fine pair you have,” said he — and down went his hand to his shirt. I saw a projection, and pulling up his shirt, there was his prick as stiff as ever.

“I'll frig you, and you look at Sarah's legs.” He objected, had had enough of that, he would sooner fuck Sarah. — I had not brought him to fuck my woman — my letch was for frigging him. — Whilst this talk was going on I held his prick. Sarah showed us one of her thighs and told him to let me do what I liked — I had a stiff one and was dying to let out my sperm. I would frig him, and he should fuck her afterwards. A young man with a standing prick always thinks that there is enough sperm in it for any amount of fucking. — How often I have thought whilst my cock was standing and burning to be in a cunt what wonders I would do, and directly after one coition did nothing more.

I put Sarah on the bed, myself by her, him by the side of us on his back, and upside down; his belly so placed that his prick was near my

shoulders, and I could conveniently feel it. His prick was throbbing with lust — I laid on Sarah with prick outside her and began frigging him. He sighed and cried out, “Oh! let me do it to her — do — oho — do.” I meant to play with him long, but Sarah was lewed, placed her hand between our bellies and put my prick up her. — Then all went its own way. — If a woman means you to go on fucking when up her you can't help yourself. Without moving their bums, they can grip with their cunt muscles and grind a man's tool so that he must ram and rub. I was soon stroking as hard as I could, but holding my head on my right hand resting from the el-bow, so as to see his prick which I went on frigging. It was a longer job than before, with all our lewedness and good will, for both of us. At length out came his sperm. At the sight of it out shot mine into Sarah, who responded with her moisture, and all was quiet.

We reposed long, then I got off. “Now you may have her.” — Sarah washed. He laid on the bed, and after wiping up his now thin spunk from his belly, began frigging himself up. Sarah laid down by his side an(let him feel her clean cunt, but it was useless; an(after some violent fisting of his tool, he rose saying “I'm done up” — and again we all sat down before the fire, smoking and drinking, and talking about fucking the causes and the consequences thereof.

This talk went on for an hour or so. Sarah said jeeringly to him, “Why don't you have me.” — Every ter minutes he frigged his cock uselessly. Then he ate more food. — Sarah went to the watercloset, which was in a yard, and dressed partly to go there, for it was cold. — His prick looked beautiful but lifeless. — My baudiness was getting over and I was tired, but thought then came into my head — a reminiscence of my frolics with French women. But tho I had done everything but one with Sarah, I did not suggest what was in my mind before her — I had a stupid lingering modesty in me. — We were both fuddled and reckless, and Sarah now down stairs. I locked the door, saying, “If you'll promise not to tell her, I will make you stiff enough to have her.” He promised. — I laid him on the bed and putting his prick in my mouth began to suck it, first with the skin on, and then gently with the skin off. The smoothness delighted me. I no longer wondered at a French woman, who told me a prick was the nicest thing she ever had in her mouth. I did exactly as it had been done to me as nearly as I recollected; spit out after the first taste, and then went on mouthing, licking, and sucking. It took effect directly. — “Oh! it's as good as a cunt,” said he. It was stiffened by the time Sarah came back. I went to the door and unlocked it, he had resumed his seat, then Sarah washed her backside and went back to her seat by the fire. He'd never had his cock sucked before.

We finished the whiskey — it was getting towards one o'clock —

Sarah said, “It's time we got to bed — why don't you both stop all night? — it will be cold, !or I have no more coals.” The lamp was going out, and she went to the next room to fetch candles. When she came back, “If he is going to fuck you, he should begin,” said I. “Yes, and I am going to bed whether he does or not.” She stripped to her chemise and got into bed. “If you don't have her now, she is not to let you when I am gone, get outside the bed.” — Sarah did. — With cock stiff he got on to her in a minute. I saw by a cross twist of his buttocks and a sigh that he was up her — Sarah gave that smooth, easy, wriggling jerk and upwards motion with her buttocks and thighs, which a woman does to complete the engulfment of a doodle — I put my hand under his balls. His prick up to the roots was up her cunt.

Then not a word was spoken. A long stroke ensued, and gradually after hard quick ramming, their last pleasure shewed itself. My randiness increased by watching him, I made him leave her cunt before he had well finished spending and again plunged my prick into her reeking, slippery, slimy vagina. I gloried in feeling their sperm upon me. I was not in the habit of giving Sarah wet kisses, but as I thought, I longed to meet her mouth with mine, and with our tongues joined, and hard thrusts, a pain in my pego, and slight pain in my arse hole, I spent, and Sarah spent. “My God I'm fucked out,” said she.

It was three o'clock a.m. — eight or nine hours had I been in one round of excitement — I had frigged him three times and he'd fucked thrice — I had fucked six times —I had fucked in his spunk, and had sucked his prick — Sarah had been fucked quite eight times. How many times I had spent I did not then know, being bewildered with excitement and drink. — As Sarah got up she seemed dazed, sat in a chair, and said, “Damned if ever I had such a night, I'm clean fucked out.” Then paying them I left. It was at our next meeting that Sarah said I had fucked her six times. In my abbreviation of the manuscript, I have omitted some of our lascivious exercises, which were in fact but a repitition of what I had done before.

I was thoroughly done up the next day, not only with spending but with excitement. My delight in handling his white prick in repose, half stiff and in complete rigidity, was almost maddening. The delight of watching his prick glide in and out of her cunt was intense. The desire and curiosity of twenty years was being satisfied. My knowledge of copulation and of the penis getting perfected. — Yet I went home in an uncomfortable frame of mind about what I had done with him. There was no one in my home just then to wonder at my being so late, to notice my excitement, or to question me, which was fortunate.

Chapter III

Unavailing repentance. • Gemini frolics. • Pricks between bellies. • I on him. • He on me • tip to tip. • Boots and stockings. • A lascivious triad. • Gamahuching all round. • A looking-glass got. • Genital manipulations. • Simultaneous fuckings and friggings. • I fuck, she sucks. • Variations on the same tune. • She on my prick sits. • He her clitoris licks. • Three on our sides together. • Amatory exercises with ropes. • Sarah's pudendal capacity. • An assault of two pegos. • Finger and penis co-operating. • Miscellaneous lascivities. • A scare in the street. • A scare at Sarah's. • A suggestive question. • Desires excited. • Heavy pay for an anus. Sodomy cum onanism. • Fear, disgust, and hasty retreat.

I went home used up, but excited beyond measure. I could not sleep for thinking of having frigged a man. The smoothness of skin, the loose easy movement of the outer skin over the inner rod, and its whiteness — the gradual change in color of its plum shaped tip from pink to a deep carmine, the shooting out of his sperm, the voluptuous shuddering whilst he fucked Sarah, the saucers which came and went in his arse cheeks when he fucked, all danced before my eyes as I lay in bed, and I saw them as plainly as if the fucking was actually then going on. — Again her distended cunt lips, with the thick spunk oozing, my prick pushing between them with a squash, squeezing the spermatic mixture out on to my balls, and up to her motte, and gumming our hair together, my grip of his stiffened cock as I fucked her the second time; all filled me with an incredibly furious, baudy excitement, making my prick stiffen and throb, spite of my fatigue and preventing my rest.

Then came reflection. — Had I really frigged a man — still worse — got my own prick wetted with the sperm of another man. Above all sucked his prick! — An act I had certainly heard of being done by men to each other, yet all but disbelieved, and looked on as a very foul action — yet I had done it, had enjoyed it all. Much as I had done and seen before, I was not quite easy in my mind, spite of my philosophy that any sexual enjoyment is permissible — that our organs of generation are for our own use and pleasure, and that what men and women choose to do together they have a right to do, it concerning no one else. Such are the results of prejudices and false education. It ended in reflecting that I never had intended to do those things, that opportunity had let me unwittingly to do them, and resolving that I would never do it again, I fell asleep.

Next morning at breakfast I thought, “That debauch will never be renewed.” After luncheon, “What was the harm after all.” Then I began to think I should like to feel him once more, to watch the phenomenon of the spend more coolly and philosophically. — Once more to make him spend, and to watch his prick from its stiffening to its shrinking. To watch his face and see how pleasure affected it. Why should I not bring him and Sarah naked together as I had done and see his prick rise, let him fuck her, and watch as I did last night — surely there is no harm — or not more than in looking at such doings through a spyhole. — The man is clearly not a sodomite, or he would not be so ready to fuck her. He is out of work, and probably is what he says he is. It is a chance which never may come again to me.

I thought of the double fuck without the washing, of the prick in my mouth, and then felt ashamed. — “I must have been screwed and so excited that I did not know what I was about, I shall never do that again, and hope he won't tell Sarah.” I then took a gallop, determining again to get him. I had slept so badly on the previous night that on my return I laid down. My mind wandered to his prick and what Sarah called his purse. I wondered if his prick was really bigger than mine and wished I had measured it — I wondered if he spent more or less than me, and many other things; and at last came to the conclusion that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and being empty in stomach and fatigued, said, “I have done with that business.” — Then I went to my club, had dinner, desire to see him again then came back, and soon I was with Sarah arranging for another meeting.

Said she, “You'd a pretty good night, I declare that if I were to tell some women what we did, they'd only believe part of it. — He wanted to sleep with me.” She dare say he would come again willingly, she would go and see — I gave her money to buy him trowsers, cravat, and collars, said that he was to take a bath, and also gave her money to feed him well — Sarah met me out an hour afterwards. He would be there the following night.

She had done all I wished, and the fellow looked as spruce as possible — I was again nervous, and so was he, but a few minutes' conversation put us at ease. — We stripped, and behold us close together, I holding that handsome tool of his. He asked if Sarah was coming, but I did not want her then, and sat with his balls in my hand, for a time thinking of the size and fullness of the scrotum.

Of the sovereign — he told me that he first paid fifteen shillings for rent, and the rest where he owed money — that Sarah had got him good food, — that he had not spent since that last night. “When I thought of it all, I got to want it,” said he.

Then I washed his genitals and made a complete and curious examination of his penis and scrotum, and had more complete quiet

pleasure crowding in that than on the previous occasion. Before when feeling his prick it did not make me randy — tonight it did. My examination began to tell on him, and when I had pulled the foreskin once or twice up and down, his rod was stiff. Then up stiffened mine. — I began frigging him. — “Now I will look at your sperm as it comes.” Suddenly he laid hold of my prick. — “Hullo, don't do that.”

He relinquished it begging pardon, saying he did not know what made him do it. — My pulling his about seemed quite a proper thing for me, for I paid him for it; but directly he touched my prick, I felt disgusted. — The mind is an odd thing — if a gentleman had felt me, should I have been equally shocked?

This preliminary was soon over, he was on the point of discharge when I stopped, and making him sit down, watched his stiff prick gradually droop, and then I went at him again and so on. If a copious discharge is to be got out of a man, that is the way to do it. — At length after playing so for long, he said he must and would come — so I frigged as fine a spermatic ejaculation as I had had on the first night. It spurted out a yard, quite.

I had intended not to let Sarah appear that night, but feeling his cock had made my cock stand. “I'll frig myself,” I said. But I hated spending in that fashion. — After trying to restrain myself till I could do so no longer, I called Sarah. She was dressed. Throwing her on the side of the bed, up went her clothes, and I put up her, he looking on. Up came his prick again at the sight. — He asked to have her, but I wouldn't let him, and handled his tool whilst I fucked her.

I carried out my intentions, frigged him four times, and had no end of amusement with him. — I had a taste that night for rolling over him as if he were a woman, when his cock was stiff, and making mine stiff, and laying the two pricks together. I tried all sorts of ways of making his stand. Sometimes by pulling the skin up and down, sometimes by shaking the top — now by giving it a rude pinch — now by squeezing his balls. I tried every way which I could recollect women had used on me, or I had heard or thought of. There was now no difficulty about it, for his cock kept standing after small handling; and he had still sperm, tho getting at each discharge less in quantity and thinner. At his fourth discharge all was over, but there were still things which I wished to do with him. One was to put his prick in my mouth. Again I rubbed my lips on its smooth white stem, and kissed it, and all but put it in. — But I never will do that again, thought I to myself. The amusement however seemed incomplete without Sarah. Again I fucked her, and then let him do it to her. That was a very long job and finished the evening, and him.

Afterwards. Each meeting I thought would be the last, yet I had him again. Sarah participated in the amusements regularly. The

evening did not seem complete without the two. I was infatuated. — Of course four discharges a night could not be kept up, but I did not see him every night. — But as much spunk as could be got out of him I got, pumping him pretty dry with my fist, and myself as well, but into Sarah's cunt. I now tell you some of my amusements, and as near as may be in the succession in which they took place. They could not all be done on one evening.

My baudy imagination being set to work, all sorts of possibilities came into my head. We soaped well our pricks, and under our balls and arse furrows. Then lying on the top of him, we thrust our pricks under each other's balls, and working in the soapy furrows, both spent on each other's backside. — It was not convenient, our pricks rebelled at being so bent and thrust, but the novelty made up for the inconvenience. — Novelty stimulates desire. — I got much amusement from lying on the top of him, when our pricks were not stiff, and feeling the testicles and two cocks in a bunch to-gether. Sarah, then quite delighted, felt our intermingled genitals. Then I put him on the top and myself beneath, Sarah held a looking glass and candle, so that I could see when on my back two ballocks in a heap to-gether. Sarah was delighted with all my lasciviousness and said she never knew such a baudy man as I was. One day standing up I soaped both our prick tips and we frigged ourselves. We put the two tips so close that that they rubbed together, and we spent against each other's glands.

These lascivious vagaries and delicacies did not suggest themselves all at once. Firstly my delight was to watch his face as he spent, then to see the prick stiff, the sperm shoot, the tremulous shaking of his backside, and to hear his quiet murmurs of pleasure.

After I had had enough of that, I betook myself to more fanciful amusements.

Spite of myself, my mind recurred to the feel of his prick when in my mouth, and altho I vowed to myself never to let it go into it again. — Yet why? thought I at length. Have you not licked a cunt? Have you not had the fresh warm piddle squirt against your face from Sarah's cunt? — Have you not savoured the salt liquor which distils from and keeps moist a woman's cunt? Nay. Have you not when moistened till almost running out, by its sweating (so to speak) under the action of your tongue on her clitoris, shoved your tongue up her cunt, and brought it back into your mouth with delight and ecstasy at giving her pleasure? Is the putting into your mouth a prick, dry, clean, and smooth as ivory, worse? — But it's a man's. In her mouth a prick is quite proper. He may lick, tickle, and suck her hole, that's quite natural. But a man's! — No I won't.

For all that, one night whilst feeling it, when he had washed after I'd first frigged him, I again washed it carefully, and laid him on the

bed. There hung his prick and his testicles, the tip just covered by the pre-puce. As I pulled back the foreskin, I put out my tongue and tickled the top. “Your tongue is on it,” said he laughing. — Then I took it in my lips. It was like ivory. I longed to minette with it, and passed the limp, soft, flexible tool entirely into my mouth: not a bit was outside. — It went back towards my gullet and there I held it, till it began to swell. I passed it up and down in my mouth, licked and sucked it, put it out and let it stay till it drooped, then remouthed it, and continued this for a long time. At length his sperm had been so accumulated by the dalliance that he said he could bear it no longer and would frig himself if I did not. I then brought it up to the spending throb, pulled it from my mouth, and finishing with my hand, his spunk shot up. There is nothing like coaxing a prick a long time, for accumulating the spunk in the reservoirs of concupiscence. I'm sure more comes then, than from a hasty frig.

Then I fucked her before him, then sent her out, and again sucked his prick which was in powerful order — I laid him on the bedside in the attitude most convenient to lick a cunt, and so that I might see his face whilst I operated. It is easy in a man's face to see when his ballocks are about to send forth their juices. — A red Indian, they say, can preserve his features when being tortured. I doubt if he could when spending. — A man's face then is rather stupid, nor is that of a woman's, as she is holding tightly to her fucker's back-side for the full engulfment of his throbbing cock in her cunt, highly intellectual; but it's much more lovely than that of a man's face.

I offered him money to suck my prick. He would not, and that night's amusement ended. Then much to his delight I began to let him fuck Sarah. Whilst they were doing that trick, I handled his balls, put my hand between their bellies, made them turn over on to their sides and lift their legs in all sorts of ways, so that I might see the movement of the prick and the swell of the lips of her orifice. — I made him fuck her standing up, then on the side of the bed, whilst with a candle I moved round them, satisfying my curiosity. Then I fucked her and made him similarly satisfy himself. He was delighted to grasp my balls whilst my prick was pistoning her. — Modesty and timidity had now left all of us. — Unrestrained libidinous enjoyment was every-thing to us, each doing the best to stimulate each other's lust. Sarah had become more active, suggestive, and libidinous than we two. She delighted in it.

My libidinosity increased by indulging it. I longed to see ourselves in the various attitudes. — Sarah's table glass was small, and having placed it so as to get a glimpse of ourselves, and finding it unsatisfactory, I bought at a broker's shop, a long, large old fashioned looking glass in a mahogany frame. We together nailed it up against

the wall at the level of the top of the mattress, and so that we could see ourselves from head to foot as we lay. Then our sensual delight was doubled, for as we fucked, or frigged, or sucked, we could look in the glass, and talk about our attitudes.

One night all three highly strung — I was near her, by her side on the bed. “Oh look at his prick.” “Ah! it's not stiff — he'll spend.” “Frig it, frig him Sarah.” She did. “Are you coming, Jack.” “Aha.” “Yes — my spunk's coming.” “Oh fuck me, fuck me,” cried Sarah, or “I'll frig myself.” “Stop, Sarah, I'll fuck you,” and I put my prick up her. — She grasped my rump with one hand, with the other grasped his prick, and so did I Both Sarah's and my hand were on it. Sometimes she had the stem, I the scrotum. Just before we spent out spurted his spunk. Then as we felt it, we poured out our sexual tributes, a spasm of libidinous sympathy fetched us both together.

I began then to pay for his baths, his food, and fine linen so that he came perfect from head to toe. He had no hair on his body, excepting on his prick and armpits, and but little on his face. — What with idleness, good living, and baths, he became as smooth as ivory and as nice as the nicest woman. He got in a fortnight plumper, altho I took so much semen out of him; but he was young and strong. — What pleasure for him! — The only annoyance to me was that his prick, when he got randy and it stood, had a strong smell. — The smell of most cunts I like.

After I had sucked him that night, I never repeated it but once. — Altho we had lost all modesty, I did not like Sarah to see all, until late in the evening when whiskey and baudiness told on me. Whatever we did together, I never lost sight of my principal object, which was to frig him, and see either his tool or his face when he was spending. — When Sarah came in, at first we used to sit around the fire drinking and smoking, all as naked as the weather permitted. Sometimes he told his adventures with servants in the houses where he had worked, she about what men had done. The conversation always was erotic. — Until the spirit moved me to action, I usually sat by him in an easy chair, with his tool in my hand. Sometimes he laid hold of mine. “Look at you two feeling each other's pricks,” Sarah would say, with a toss of her head. — “Shew me your split, and see if it will give his cock a rise.” — She would show it gaping, and his cock would rise. Perhaps he'd kneel in front of her, fingering her cunt, or licking it, whilst she cocked her leg up to facilitate his work. At times both his and my fingers were up her cunt at the same time, and fifty other baudy tricks we did.

I had now made Sarah suck my prick, but I disliked still to tell here that I had had his prick in my mouth; yet one evening did so. Behold us soon all three on the bed, she with his prick in her mouth,

and he with my prick in his mouth. I feeling about her cunt and his balls, as well as the difficult attitude permitted. Another night we followed it up, by his laying on the bed and she kneeling over him with his prick in her mouth, her backside over his feet, and I at her back-side fucking her — I alone could plainly see this in the looking glass, and a most delicious sight it was.

My most satisfactory amusement, I think, was frigging him whilst I fucked her. I used to lay him down so that his prick was well within reach of my hand and in view whilst I did so. At times Sarah laid her head on his chest or his belly, as a pillow, he laying across the bed, and then his prick was just by my shoulder. Then putting my hand up I frigged him. At other times, laying partially on his side with his legs up against the wall at the bed head or near her head, his prick was equally close to me.

Once his tool looked so beautiful that it seduced me entirely — I had again vowed to myself that having had his prick in my mouth and felt it swell within it from flabbiness to a poker, under my lingual pressures, I would never do it again. — But now lying with my prick up Sarah, my left hand under her smooth back- my right round his prick; my pleasure coming on could not resist it, and engulfed his stiff cunt-rammer in my mouth. My backside was then oscillating, his h. d could just reach my arse and he was feeling my balls. I felt he was near his crisis, withdrew his prick, and at that instant out shot his sperm, just between Sarah's naked breast and mine.

Instantly, for such was the lascivious effect, Sarah and I mingled our mucilages in her cunt. I never had his prick in my mouth afterwards.

He got fond of Sarah and constantly besought me to let him have her. Then after I had frigged him, we would all three sit round the fire. “Shew us your cunt, Sarah?” — She'd open her legs so that the article was visible. I watched his prick, which perhaps hanging down lazily between his thighs immediately at the sight of her gaping cunt would gradually thicken until it looked like a short roll of ivory. Then it rolled on one side as if to get away from the big balls. Then with a throb straightened somewhat, its top still pointing downwards, and the little red tipped orifice beginning to show more out of the foreskin. Then it gave a throbbing knock or jump against his thigh and proudly lifted his head, and with other throbs in succession stood grandly stiff against his belly, and the prepuce gently slid off, leaving uncovered two thirds of a deep crimson knob. Then I would gently pull up and down the skin with a slow motion, pleased at the involuntary action of his prick, caused by the mere look of a dark haired cunt. “Let me fuck her — don't frig me this time, you have frigged me enough. — Oh! do let me put into her.” Then I let him feel

her cunt, and his lust goaded to the utmost, he would sigh and groan al- most and lick her cunt. Then I let him have her, or had her myself and frigged him whilst up her. “And so we passed the pleasant time, as well we could, you know, in the days when we were randy arsed a long time ago.”

One night, I sat her on my prick whilst I sat on a chair, her bum against my belly, her cunt outwards. — In a looking glass, my ballocks then almost seemed to hang from the arsehole end of the cunt. He knelt down and licked her clitoris whilst I fucked her. Sarah enjoyed the double action, and spent murmuring her lewed sensations; clutching his head, whilst I held her round her haunches tightly, my fingers on the hairy motte. In that position I could only ram gently up her. When she'd spent, he fell back on the floor and frigged himself looking up at her cunt, my prick still up her, and the sperm running out on to my balls, as my cunt plugger slowly left her.

I was slim and supple as an eel. I would on the bed put into Sarah, and then we would both turn on to our sides belly to belly, keeping our privates coupled. Sarah would throw over me her uppermost leg, so as to open her bum furrow, and he laid on his side with his belly close to her rump, thrusting his prick for-wards. — The tip would just touch the end of her slit, which was nearest to her bum hole; rub in the furrow, and touch the bottom of my prick as it lay engulfed in her. Then we all began fucking together. I ramming up her, he rubbing his prick up against our coupled genitals, which he had bedewed with saliva. We never hid our pleasures — I would cry out when coming — Sarah would murmur her pleasure, and he the same. The three voices blended whatever baudy, stimulating words fell from us. “Oh! fuck — cunt — spunk — oh I am coming — I'm spending — spunk — ballocks — aha — ahre” — I spent up her, he against her furrow and the stem of my prick, or over my balls, or against her arsehole or thigh. If the rubbing against our flesh didn't fetch his sperm, he brought himself to a crisis with his hand, and at the last moment put his prick against her flesh and spent somewhere.

One night as he was tailing Sarah, I felt his hard, wrinkled, full, large scrotum, and slipping my fingers further up, let his stiff lubricated shaft slip through my fingers as it worked up and down her cunt. Then reversing my hand so that his prick rubbed against the back of it, I slowly glided the middle finger up her cunt. “What are you doing,” said she. — “Feeling up.” — She said no more, the lasciviousness of the act pleased her and him, the whole length of my finger was up her side by side with his prick, whilst he was fucking. His prick glided over my wet finger as they spent together. I had already fucked her, was cool and collected, and noticed the tightening of her cunt as she spent, in a way I never had in any woman; for clear

observation of the muscular action of a woman's cunt, at the supreme moment of spending, is impossible; tho my prick is conscious of its constriction.

I did that more than once. Sarah's altho one of the most delightfully compressive cunts, was undoubtedly largish. — Once she allowed us to try to get both pricks up her together, but we could not manage it.

(It is difficult, even with two very rigid tools to do that, for I and another man have tried it since with a woman. But such is the distensibility of a cunt that I'm sure it will take two pricks at once.) Then we reversed our position, and I pushed from be-hind and spent against his balls, whilst he fucked her. I liked to vary my pleasures, and when away thought of what I had done, and arranged variations of the fun for our next meeting.

[What whims and caprices lust generates! I have often thought how absurd the following part of my narrative seems, but the deed didn't seem at all absurd to me then.]

Bringing both pricks into use at the same time pleased me much, the difficulty was that our legs got in the way. After thinking how to obviate this, I put a big hook in the ceiling, and a rope hanging from it with loops at the bottom. Into a loop Sarah put her upper foot, and that slung her leg out of the way. Sometimes he put his foot so. Such ingenious devices voluptuous pleasures led me to. They have seemed ridiculous since, but delighted us all immensely at the time.

Afterwards I put up a second hook and rope, at such distance apart that Sarah could easily put through them her legs up to her knees, and she laid for ten minutes at a time with her legs in the air so distended that her cunt gaped wide. We saw her cunt and anus peeping out from under it. — When in that position I fucked her. Before that we men stood and admired her exposure, feeling each other's pricks, and in the looking glass admiring ourselves in the baudy postures.

I made him another time fuck her whilst her legs were slung up, and as soon as his prick was out I investigated her cunt and saw his sperm in it. I find now nothing objectionable in semen — that essence of love. Whilst I fucked her in that position, I once made him kneel over her with his backside towards me and his prick in her mouth. Then I recollect for the first time that I noticed his anus.

Soon after I had him, I took a fancy to see him in silk stockings. He put on a pair of Sarah's, which so pleased me that I bought him a pair, and a pair of kid boots. I never had him afterwards without them. When on the top of Sarah, with legs together in silks and boots alike, altho the male leg is different from the female, I could scarcely tell which was which, from heels to rumps. But the split and the

spindle shewed the difference in the sexes.

Once I made Sarah lay on the top of me and do the fucking, whilst he squatted on her back. So placed I frigged him. Some of his sperm came on to Sarah's hair and made her angry. Sarah didn't mind being spent over anywhere excepting her head. Some of his spunk fell on my face, and I did not like it.

During one period of this erotic frenzy, being as it happened by myself in town alone, I was there nearly every night. My curiosity was insatiable. I would sit on a footstool with my head between his legs, and ear resting against his ballocks — I made the two stand up belly to belly touching, whilst I laid down between their legs and looked up at their genitals, sat with my face against his balls, and his prick up against my nose, whilst Sarah delicately tickled my prick with her mouth. I pissed against the tip of his prick, and in brief did every fantastic, erotic, frigging, feeling, tick-ling, skinning, coaxing, sucking tricks to his rod and balls that I thought of, and always with delight. At last always seeing the tip get redder, the rod stiffen, and the gruelly sperm jet out of it.

Sarah said, — “You've ruined that chap. He can now get work and won't.” — I had then seen all I wanted, and also felt offended with his familiarity; told her I would not see him again, and then he would go to work. “He won't, I am sure.” — But I kept away, and whilst doing so recuperated, for I'd knocked myself up a little with this lascivious excitement. I saw one day somebody like him in the streets, which frightened me, although I had never allowed him to see me with my hat on. When I wrote to Sarah and she met me at a house, she said he was sad at not seeing me, and she had told him I was out of town. — “Have you ever buggered him?” she asked suddenly. The qustion revolted me, such intention had never once entered my head, had never even occurred to me.

Two or three days after I was again alone in town, and awakened with such lewedness that had my grand-mother been in bed with me, I believe I should have gruelled the old lady's quim. Tossing about, and resisting frigging myself, the baudy amusements had with him and Sarah kept running through my mind; and al-tho I had vowed to myself never to see him again, the desire to do so became overwhelming, and I wrote to Sarah to get him.

The evening came, and how strange! I felt part of my old nervousness. — He put on his silks and boots, which Sarah kept. — At the sight of his white flesh, and roly poly pendant, mine stood upright. We stripped. I pressed his belly against mine, grasping him round his buttocks (he was smooth as a woman), and his prick rose proudly at once. I handled his prick, pleased with the soft feel of the loose skin. — “Fetch me, or I'll frig myself, I shall spend a pail full” — I wetted

both our pricks and bellies with soap and water, then putting him on his back on the bed, mounted him. Our pegos were pressed between our bellies, and grasping each other's rumps, and shoving our pricks about as well as we could, the heat and friction drew both our spunks, and we lay quiet till our tools shrunk down over our balls, forming a heap of testicles and pricks.

Then came a dislike to him and disgust with myself that I often had felt recently. But it vanished directly, I felt lewed again and when I felt his cock. It was stiff soon. As he finished washing it he turned round, and I saw it thick and swollen. Just then Sarah rushed in and prayed me to go. “Do, oh do pray, or there will be a great row — for God's sake go.” She was much agitated, I had never seen her so before. “You must — you shall go, — or I shall be half ruined.” Yielding I went as quickly as I could, and he did after me, I heard.

Next night I saw her out, and could get no explanation about her agitation; but she told me I could not go to the house for a week or ten days.

What gave me about that time such hot fits of lust it is not easy to say, but I was in full rut. At times a fellow's prick stands much more than at others, some-times it is idleness, sometimes stimulating food, some-times strength. For some days before I saw him again my prick stood constantly, I was again alone in town, and why I did not ease it by fucking don't recollect — Sarah I could not see any where, and I did nothing but think how I would frig him, and tail her, when we met. When at length we met, he told me he had not spent since I'd made him. Laughing, Sarah said, “The beg-gar wanted to have me, but I wouldn't let him.” Perhaps a lie — I touched his cock which sprang up stiffly at once. He stripped, and his red tipped, white stemmed sperm spouter would have fascinated any woman — I undressed, my cock stiff as his, and libidinous frolics began.

“Have you buggered him” — Sarah's question came suddenly into my mind as I handled his throbbing prick, his rigid piercer. “Fetch me, frig me, then you fuck Sarah and let me fuck her after — go on — I'll frig myself — I must spend” — said he, and began frigging.

I stopped him. I put him in various attitudes and looked at his naked rigidity — feeling it, kissing it, glorying in my power — with my own prick upright. Both were wanting the pleasure sorely, yet I dallied and my brain whirled with strange desire, fear, dislike, yet with intention. Then I placed him bending over the bed — his bum towards me, his head towards the looking glass — I stood back to look. There were his white buttocks and large womanly white thighs, his legs in silk, his feet in feminine boots. — Not one could have imagined him a man, so round, smooth, white, and womanly was his entire backside and form. It was only looking further off that I missed

the pouting hairy lips, and saw a big round stone bag which shewed the male. His prick was invisible, stiff against his belly.

I closed on him, put my hand round and gave his prick a frig — his bum was against my belly. — “Fetch me — oho — make haste, I'm bursting” — looking down I saw his bumhole and the desire whirled thro my brain like lightning. Without pausing or thinking, I felt his prick from under his balls, and whilst he al-most shivered with desire — “Oh! make haste, fetch me” — I put both hands round him, feeling his balls with one, his prick with the other; and my own stiff prick I pressed under his ballocks, saying, “Let me put my prick up your bum.”

“That I won't,” said he disengaging himself and turning round, “that I won't.”

Furiously I said, “Let me — I'll give you ten pounds.” “Oh no.” “I will give you all I have” — and going to my trowsers I took out my purse, and turned into my hands all the gold I had — it was, I think, more than ten pounds.

“Oh no, I can't, it will hurt,” said he, eying the money. “It won't.” “It will. When I was apprenticed, a boy told me a man did it to him, and it hurt him awful.”

I don't know what I replied — but believe I repeated that it would not hurt, that it was well known that people did it, and as I talked I handled his prick with one hand, with the other holding the gold.

“It will hurt — I'm frightened, but will you give me ten pounds really?”

I swore it, talked about that of which I knew nothing — that I had heard it was pleasure to the man whose arsehole was plugged — that once done they liked nothing so much afterwards. His prick, which had dwindled under fear, again stiffened as I frigged, he ceased talking and breathed hard, saying, “I'm coming.” — I stopped at once.

“Let me.” “I don't think you can, it seems impos- sible — if you hurt me will you pull it out?” “Yes yes, I will.”

He turned to the bed again and kneeled, but he was too high — I pulled him off — then it was too low. Again on the bed and I pulled his bum to the level of my prick, I locked the door, I trembled, we whispered. I slabbered my prick and his hole with spittle. His prick was still stiff. There was the small round hole — the balls beneath — the white thighs. — I closed on him half mad, holding him round one thigh. I pointed my prick — my brain whirled — I wished not to do what I was doing, but some ungovernable impulse drove me on. Sarah's words rang in my ears. I heard them as if then spoken. My rod with one or two lunges buried it-self up him, and passing both hands round his belly I held him to me, grasping both his prick and balls tightly. He gave a loud moan. “Ohoo I shall faint,” he cried. “Ho, pull

it out."

It's in — don't move or I won't pay you, or some-thing of that sort — I said, holding myself tight up to him. "Ohooo, leave go, you're hurting my balls so" — I suppose I was handling them roughly — but his bum kept close to my belly.

I recollect nothing more distinctly. A fierce, bloody minded baudiness possessed me, a determination to do it — to ascertain if it was a pleasure — I would have wrung his prick off sooner than have withdrawn for him, and yet a disgust at myself. Drawing once slightly back, I saw my prick half out of his tube, then forcing it back, it spent up him. I shouted out loudly and baudily (Sarah told me), but I was unconscious of that. She was in her sitting room.

I came to myself — how long afterwards I cannot say. — All seemed a dream, but I was bending over him — pulling his backside still towards me. — My prick still stiff and up him. "Does it hurt now." "Not so much."

His prick was quite large but not stiff. A strong grip with my hand stiffened it, I frigged hard, the spunk was ready and boiling, for he had been up to spending point half a dozen times. My prick, still encased, was beginning to stiffen more. — He cried — "I am coming, I am coming" — his bum jogged and trembled — his arsehole tightened — my prick slipped out — and he sank on the bed spending over the counterpane — I stood frigging him still.

He spent a perfect pool of sperm on the bed. The maddening thought of what I had done made me wish to do it again. I forgot all my sensations — I have no idea of them now — I knew I had spent, that's all. "Let me do it again." "That I won't for any money," said he turning round.

Then I frigged myself and frigged him at the same time furiously. Fast as hands could move did mine glide up and down the pricks. Pushing him down with his arse on the sperm on the counterpane, I finished him as he lay, and I spent over his prick, balls, and bally. In ten minutes our double spend was over.

Immediately I had an inaffable disgust at him and myself — a terrible fear — a loathing — I could scarcely be in the room with him — could have kicked him. He said, "You've made me bleed." At that I nearly vomited — "I must make haste," said I looking at my watch, "I forgot it was so late. — I must go." All my desire was to get away as quickly as possible. I left after paying him, and making him swear, and swearing myself, that no living person should know of the act.

Yet a few days after I wrote the narrative of this blind, mad, erotic act; an act utterly unpremeditated, and the perpetration of which as I now think of it seems most extraordinary. One in which I had no pleasure — have no recollection of physical pleasure — and

which only dwells in my mind with disgust, tho it is against my philosophy even to think I had done wrong.

Chapter IV

Sodomitically complaisant Paphians. • Conversations on sodomy with Sarah. • I suggest. • She refuses. • Mutual incitements. • Mutual consents. • Trials and failures. • Successful at last. • Her sensations. • Effects on her bum hole. • Another trial suggested. • I decline. • A lewed evening. • Fucking, minetting, and masturbating. • Candle and fundament. • A railway carriage on a frosty day. • An old love acquaintance. • Fanny Gd*n. • Amatory advances. • I threaten onanism. • Cushions on the floor. • We on the cushions.***

I must have been, indeed was, in an almost wild state of mind that night. When I got clear of the street, I saw some gay women, chaffed, and asked them how their arseholes were. My mind ran on a muddy night — lifted her petticoats and showed nice legs — I went home with her, and turning her bum towards me, looked at her arsehole and asked if she'd been buggered. She was angry. Then I found I had not money enough to pay her, and we had a row. — I went to one of my clubs, borrowed, went home with another woman, pulled her about, looked at her sphincter, and asked if she'd been buggered. — "No." I offered three pounds to her to let me. I might try, but she thought it impossible. Her bum was towards me, her hole very brown — and the mere fact of her permitting it so disgusted me that I paid the price of a fuck and left her directly — I went home yet with another woman, whom I fucked dog fashion, pulling open her buttocks and looking at her bumhole as well as I could, whilst shoving up her. Then I went to my own home, thinking of buggery, and wondering what the sensation was like — for I had no defined notion of it left, such was the state of mad excitement in which I had performed the act. Then I fell asleep.

The next night I saw Sarah in the streets and avoided her, and for a week or so. Then I met her and took her to * * * * St. for amusement — I never mentioned him, and told her not to do so. At a second meeting the same. But she, — "Aren't you going to see * * *? He's every day with me bothering, asking what he is to do, what he's done to offend you. He cries about you al-most."

I said that I never meant to see him again, and was sick, sorry, and sad about the affair. — So she told him, I believe, that I had gone abroad. From that day to this I have never set eyes on him, and avoided enquiring about him till once long after. Then Sarah told me that after having spent all his money and pawned his clothes, he had gone to work at painting again.

I cannot describe the effect these frolics had on me. Spite of myself I could think of nothing else. — This is the more remarkable because until the few last years I could not bear the look of an anus, and when I fucked dog fashion, I rarely looked at the lady's bum hole. — Now all was anus — anus — nothing but anus. The incidents flashed across my mind repeatedly, and altho the recollection of the thing sickened and even revolted me — altho I felt disgusted with myself — still I desired to try again, to know what the pleasure was — for of that I seemed to know nothing — had not the slightest idea — all was blank.

One night I took woman after woman to a house — and after looking at their cunts, suggested that the other entrance would suit me better. I was unsuccessful at first, and felt abashed, yet persisted. — At length I had a tall dark French woman, and began by fucking her dog fashion — then pulled apart her bum cheeks, and said I should like to put into her bum hole. — “You must give me another sovereign then,” said she quickly. — Out came my prick. “Wait a minute,” said she. Going to a closet and returning with cold cream, she began to anoint my prick with it, and then anointed her own bum hole — turned round — and the next minute guided my prick there herself.

I refused, left directly, and took a disgust at her; but thought I had had an instructive two sovereigns' worth.

Next night an English woman consented freely, and instantly I paid her and left, my curiosity satisfied. My fancy then turned to Sarah. I thought of our conversations, of the attempt with our fingers, and soon took to fucking her with her backside towards me, and looking at the round orifice when doing so. At length I made the proposal to her, and she said she'd see me in hell first.

The conversation then had a bumhole ramming tendency — I told her what I had tried with the Devon-shire woman in my extreme youth, but never about the man. We sat and talked, then lay down and talked about it, till she — “I have a good mind to try.” “Do, and if it hurts I'll never do it again.” “Did it seem to hurt the woman you did it to?” I told her I could not tell, that it seemed like a dream years, years before. “Try it — I want to try with you whom I know, and if we don't like it, we won't repeat it, I half wish to know what it is like,” said she.

She came and leant over the side of the bed. I think I see her now — with her bum projecting, the dark haired, full lipped cunt pushing out between her thighs. She was tall, her bum exactly at a level for the work, everything was convenient. “Now if it hurts, promise not to go on.” She straddled her legs apart conveniently. With one hand holding open the bum cheeks to see, and with my heart beating, I guided my prick. It began to droop and as fast as I write this, it shrivelled up.

I frigged it stiff, again and again — but the instant the tip touched

the brown hole, it shrank. I thrust it up her cunt till almost ready to spend, then pulled it out, and again tried. Down it drooped. Then she sucked it stiff, and again presenting her mark, I again essayed. It was equally useless. All but finishing a fuck in her cunt, to stiffen it for a last trial, I pulled it out and pushed towards the brown circle, when my discredit-able prick spent over her rump, and I was unable again to stiffen it, altho I tried my fingers, her fingers, her cunt, and her lips.

I had promised her five pounds if I effected the delicate entry, and she thought I ought to pay it. I did not, and paid fucking price for I had now made up my mind to do it, and when I make up my mind to a thing, like it to come off. — “I have had a stiff prick from merely thinking about your bum hole, and now I fail. When can I try again? — I don't think my prick likes the color.” Next night I went to the spot she usually was to be found at * * * * and off to the A* *a we went. My pego almost lifted me off the ground — I had a pot of cold cream. Hastily we undressed, and turning her buttocks towards me I greased her hole. Then she funked it, and turned round. She had been thinking it over and would rather not, altho wishing to try the sensation, she said.

Refusing her invitation to fuck, or be sucked, I but-toned up in a temper to go away. — “The other night I seemed to wish it, but now I fear it, but come and try — give me your word that if I cry out, you will pull it out.”

I got a stiff stander of the first order, a little more cream on her hole, a little on my piercer. I gave a push and entered. — “Oho — I can't bear it — take it out — take it out.” I drove it up to its limits, pushing her close to the bed — grasping her like a vice — and fucking violently, spent — I had barely done so, when her sphincter tightened round my knob, hurting and ejecting it. She staggered to a sofa and laid down. I threw myself on the bed exhausted with excitement, for again I felt almost mad.

Said Sarah, “Well — I have not a hole left now that a prick can get up that has not been spent in. I would not have believed it but I've done it at last.” She washed her anus, I my tool, then we sat and talked.

She said the first sensation was painful, and after that it was a strange sensation, half pain half pleasure. As before — I knew I had been up it and spent, but as to comparing the sensations of the two orifices I could not. — I couldn't realize how I had done it — and didn't recollect any sensation at all. I felt again surprised and shocked with myself, and that's all. This of course was foolish, but my narrative is true.

I took a dislike to Sarah for permitting it and for a time avoided her. When we next met, she told me she was all right. “There is

nothing in it after all — I've heard several women say so, you may do it again if you wish, I'd like to try again now without fear." But I didn't wish, I had had enough of the fantasy.

Indeed I liked to think of what I'd done less and less

— felt angry with myself. — Spite of my philosophy my act revolted me. But Sarah often referred to it, at first hinted that she'd like to try again, then openly asked me to do it, and was surprised that I refused. "Ask Mr. F**z*r," said I — meaning her husband. "No, I'll never be a whore to him," she replied (singular life, and notions.)

Sarah now with me never disguised her wants, her lusts, or sensations. — Perhaps the feeling that she need not sham and lie to me was a luxury to her. "You had better not have me tonight." Or — "I don't want it to-night." Or "I'm just ready to spend, for I've not had a bit of cock I liked for three days, and Mr. F's away" — were phrases, or like those which I often heard. She didn't hesitate to say she should like to be bum-fucked again. "Just to try if there is any real pleasure in it. — I wonder you don't, as you say you don't even recollect any pleasure in spending." But I wouldn't, and never did try.

About three weeks afterwards I went to her lodgings.

— She had been out that evening before I called. She said, "I wanted both a man and money, I'm randy be damned to night, and have not fucked for three days

— give it me, old man" — and she pulled my prick out of my trowsers. — She had been drinking. I had taken wine with me to her, and when she had drunk two or three glasses, she began talking about her bum hole. "Come, don't be stupid, put it in there, it's my birth-day — Mary * * * * told me that her man often does to her, and both like it. Do it, bugger me and I'll frig my-self when you're in." — So she talked and incited me again to open her rectum. I refused resolutely, and didn't like her persistence.

I fucked her soon afterwards. — She sucked my prick as I laid on the bed. She put her finger up my rectum whilst sucking. Immediately after, she threw herself on the bed by the side of me and frigged her-self. "I'm damned randy to night," said she. I raised myself and looked at her whilst she was masturbating, and thrust my finger up her cunt to please her more. In the middle of these operations, she stopped, went to a closet, and got out a wax candle. "If you won't bugger me, push this up," said she — threw herself on the bed, and again began masturbating. — Smitten with the novelty, I did as she asked; pushed it about five inches up, and watched her whilst with distended, quivering limbs and sighs she finished her pleasure, the candle up her arsehole.

"If there's a woman who knows more, or has done more than I have, I am damned," said she, "and you — you — of all the baudy

beggars in London, I think you are the baudiest." — She did not mind what she now said or did with me.

Thinking of her expressed wishes, and the times when the young man and I used to be laying naked by the side of her, I regretted that we could not give her the double poking simultaneously in her arsehole and cunt, which perhaps we might have accomplished. I never had that delight. — She said she would try to find some one we could all trust, to try it together, but she did not.

Soon after I saw but little of her, yet for a time only fucked her. She began again to incite me in the other direction. "Put your thumb up a bit, Doctor, I want to spend, and that fetches me," I did it perhaps once or twice or so, whilst she frigged herself, but disliked it, tho I did it to please her.

Whilst I absented my self from Sarah, and tried to forget my frolics with the man, I was at about ten o'clock one clear, very cold, frosty morning at the terminus of the G.W. Railway and going to visit a friend at S***d*n. — The train was just ready to start, when a lady in a splendid sealskin and other furs, whom I had but slightly noticed as I walked up and down the platform, met me full face, gave a slight smile, and stopped. — "Don't you know me?" "Why it's Fanny G***d*n. — and I recognized an old Paphian acquaintance, whose lovely body I had lain in several times, and whom I last saw at the ball given at G***t P***l**d St, on the night when I went home with Lizzie M***d*n to B**t*n S***e, and when captain Blank tailed her in the dark on the bed, with me and Nellie***** in the room.

"Going to * * * * *?" "Yes." "So am I." — She had a seat in a carriage where there was no one else. — "Let's ride together." "Very well, but no nonsense mind." I called the guard, who was hustling the people into the carriages, and got my rug out of my compartment into hers. "Keep this compartment for me and I'll give you five shillings." "Will if I can, Sir." — The next minute, Fanny and I were alone in the carriage of an express train known (then) for its rapidity, and which would not stop for nearly an hour.

The instant the train had well started, Fanny and I were kissing. — "Why, it's years nearly since we slept together." — Pleasant talk of about that period we began. Where was Polly * * * * and Mary * * * *? Jane so and so was dead, and so on. Fanny herself was now Mrs. * * * * *, had left off gay life three years — they thought she was married to * * * * * — he had taken her as his wife to his mother and sister, and she believed would really marry her. She was true to him. He a good fellow, and with plenty of money since his brother's death. — "Now leave off." "You can't look me in the face and swear that no other man than he has had you for three years?" "That I can" — looking at me as she said it. "You fib," said I kissing her. She returned

the kiss — “I always liked you, how strange we should meet here,” said she.

Fanny was sumptuously dressed and looked thoroughly respectable and rich. She had got stouter. “Yes, nearly a stone heavier.” “Let me feel.” “No — now — no nonsense — talk as much as you like.” “Well! let me feel outside” — and I began by pinching and prodding her in all directions. Then I put one hand thro the seal-skin jacket. “Your breasts are twice as large, and I expect hang a wee bit.” “No, that they don't” — was the angry reply. — Then I kissed Fanny again, and all this hadn't, I'm sure, occupied five minutes, for the reminiscence had warmed both me and her. The first kiss made my gland tingle, and now I had an erection of the first order. Then as I kissed, I thrust my tongue against her lips. — “My God, how I want you. I wish I hadn't got into the carriage with you, for I shall have to frig myself.” “Oh you beast,” said Fanny laughing. “You always were such a talker.” We talked on with our faces close together. — How delighted she got, at what I recalled of our free loves and free lovers. As I kissed her now, she threw one arm round my neck. “Ah! what larks those were,” said she.

A very few minutes more talk, and I suggested poking. — “No.” She was indignant at the proposal, she had vowed to be true and meant it. Every fellow she met who had once known her seemed now to want her more than ever. We went on talking and kissing, our legs were close together under my rug, warm thighs were against warm thighs. — “Oh! you naughty woman, you unkind creature, I must take my thighs away from yours, it makes me think of the time when I lay naked between them.” — She laughed. My lewedness was affecting her voluptuously. Frost now covered the carriage windows, so that we couldn't see out of them. I pushed my hand up her clothes and got it on to her knee, spite of her. She had drawers on, and I couldn't feel her flesh.

“Why have you drawers on, I never knew you to wear them before?” — “To keep my legs warm, of course.” “To keep hands from your cunt, Fanny.” — She laughed, I still tried on feeling. — “Now don't — I won't let you.” — But something in her manner told me I had made her lewed, she was so soft in her voice — I well nigh bursting, and wildly erotic, pushed away the rug, pulled open my travelling cloak, and rapidly out came my prick in magnificient erection, red tipped and throbbing. — “If you won't let me, Fanny, I'll frig myself, I can bear it no longer — I must spend — let me put one hand on your cunt whilst I do it, and fancy I'm again up the lovely warm slit.” I began the friction with my hand, tho I really didn't mean doing it; but can't say how I might have finished had she been obdurate.

More than once, the threat of frigging myself, coupled with the exhibition of my machine in enticing order, has made a woman yield to me. — Women know well the delight which the gristly, horny rammer gives them, of the soothing pleasure when it sheds its balmy mucilage in their cunts. They cannot bear to see the soft, pearly, viscous fluid split on the ground, when nature is saying to them warmly. “The proper place for that is between your thighs.” It was so with Fanny. — The sight of it thrilled her, the movement of my hand up and down the stem annoyed her. Hurriedly and angrily even, she pulled my hand away from it. — “Don't be a beast, Walter (she'd not forgotten my name), how can I? — I don't like risking it — I'm very happy with * * * *, — suppose he found it out. — Now leave off — you'll get a woman easily at * * * * — leave off.”

“Let me only feel you.” “No.” But with a slight struggle in a minute my fingers were well between the lips of a soft, satiny, fat-feeling, very moist division between her thighs; the palm rubbed in a strong crisp bush. My finger settled on her clitoris and rubbed it gently, our mouths met, kissing and moistening each other. She laid hold of my prick with her gloved hand, and it throbbed violently at the soft touch, and a delicious silence ensued, whilst our tongues played with each other. Then rapidly I threw myself on my knees. Lust had overcome her and she yielded — I threw up her petticoats, saw her handsome legs and large thighs, covered tho with the drawers all but a little bit high up, where they were naked, and the creamy flesh on either side shewed — mere creamy lines, between which peeped the dark brown thicket. The smell of the female came overpoweringly up my nostrils, whilst I kissed, and kissed, and tickled the red button at the top of the delicious aperture, which my tongue could scarcely reach from that posture. Yet it was enough. — “Oho — aha — I shall spend if you do that.” My God! The ineffable delight of that minute or two, whilst my hand sought with difficulty every part of her nudity, whilst my tongue tasted the sexual salinity, and my nostrils revelled in cuntal aroma!

“Ar-ha! ar-ha! leave off now — do it properly then.” She sobbed out. — Up I arose. “Take off your bonnet, love.” — It was quickly done. — “Now your cushion.” In a minute all six seat cushions were on the floor, two were soon covered by my travelling cloak and her sealskin, in a second her head was on that, her lovely form on the other cushions. — On her back, her thighs opened wide invitingly, for her red center cleft was now yearning, her feet disappeared under the seats. What a lovely form it was, tho so much covered! How beautifully shaped her legs looked in thick, double woven, red silk stockings, and white drawers above. But they alas hid her complete beauties — I quickly pulled them aside, and then the large ivory

buttocks partly shewed. The hairy gates of her elysium opened, I saw the road. How close it looked low down by the furrow, which the lovely buttocks formed behind it. “Come on, fuck me,” said Fanny — now with reckless lust, and just as the train entered a tunnel with a crash, her belly and mine met, our bodies were one, our tongues joined, and as the train emerged into light, an ecstatic gush of sperm filled her cunt to overflowing, and we lay revelling in our conjunction — till she — “Lend me your handkerchief if you can get at it, it will make me so uncomfortable if it gets on my drawers.” — I rose up, for a moment looked at the lubricious rivulet which began to flow, then wiped the channel myself. She sat up smiling. Throwing our wrappers over us and replacing two of the cushions, we began to converse. — “It was lovely, I haven't poked for a week.” “Nor I for ten days, for Harry's been away hunting.” “No wonder your cunt was full.”

“Ah!” said Fanny, “I've broken my vow, you've made me do what a dozen have tried and couldn't. You're a dangerous devil. — The baudiest devil — I never heard such a lewed tongue.”

Then she got up, and for a few minutes we talked, putting our furs and our coats over us, for it was cold. — “Leave the cushions there, we'll do it again presently.” Fanny only laughed. We again talked on of past times and kissed. Soon — her glove off now — she handled my prick. I felt her adhesive division. “Now, is not a change nice, Fanny.” “Yes, but I didn't mean to let you, I swear I didn't.” In a quarter of an hour we enjoyed each other again on those cushions, and again my pocket handkerchief was put into requisition. — For all that, a bed is pleasanter than a shaking, jostling, oscillating railway carriage, going forty-five miles an hour.

The train stopped at my destination. Lowering the carriage window, I saw my luggage being put out. “You get out here,” said she. Turning round at her, she looked so lovely that I closed the window. — “No. I'll go on with you.” “Don't be foolish.” — But I had a hotter fit of lust on me than I'd had for a long time. — I'd been without a poke for a few days, and all the lust of my youth, and all its recklessness, seemed on me, as I looked at the lovely face of this woman, whom I had twice fucked within the hour — I felt desire to have her again, had some vague notion that if I could alight with her, I could get her to some house and see all the naked beauties of her body, for she had filled out to the voluptuous complete form, which a well fed, well fucked woman of eight and twenty or thirty does: yet I had only felt all this — could see but little of it, so muffled up was she in winter clothing. “I'll fuck you again before we part.” And when saying that, the train rolled on.

Now the train stopped more frequently and we needed caution, for some one might get in, spite of the guard who had shown himself

at the station when I dropped the window. “It's no good your getting out with me and I hope you won't. Mother will be there, and I don't want her to see me with you; promise you won't speak to me on the platform, or I won't let you again.” — She was going to see her parents. Her lover had gone to the country in hopes of open weather for hunting. Seeing that I could not get her in the way I wanted, nor at all unless I promised — for two fucks had cooled her quim a bit — I promised.

I could not manage to fuck her now, tho we sat kissing, feeling, and stimulating each other till we were within about an hour of the station at which she would alight. — “Damned if I can. — Turn round and show me your lovely bum.” “I shan't.” Then I felt again all about her bum and thighs, then with much trouble got a bit of her dress undone, so that I could half feel her bosom. But this was cold work and all in vain. — My prick was thick and full, but not stiff. — Then I told her of my gambols with the lady coming home from Aldershot, and at length she knelt down on the cushions, my cloak and hers together making a pillow for her head — I pulled aside the drawers, saw a superb bum, and the dark haired pouters dividing it, kissed it all over, pressed my prick between the lips in a half limp state, and it stiffened directly the red tip felt the presence of the red mouth, and with throbs swelled to full size. I banged it up against her womb and began fucking. Her vagina was deliciously lubricious, smooth, soft, yet clinging to my glans as a randy cunt does when the male sperm lays in it. And after a delicious long exercise, resting and recommencing at intervals, till at last with quick thrusts and wriggles I spent, whilst her cunt tightened and spent with me.

We reached * * * * and both got out — I saw her leave with a common looking old woman, paid my extra fare, took a return ticket to S***d*n, and in an hour was on my road there. — It was a most delicious three hours I had spent with her, three hours of pure love, for it was in no way mercenary. — What a treat for us both. She said so as she gave me a parting kiss, and outside my trowsers squeezed my ballocks in a gentle lewed way, and added, “You're the loveliest fucker, don't tell any-one.”

Fanny G***d*n was a lovely, hazel eyed, dark haired, and darkish skinned creature. She had one of those lovely heads of hair, thro which you can see clear to the roots, and the flesh. Each hair grew to full length, without any of those short straggling finer hairs, which in some women seem to hinder the growth of the stronger and make the hair look ragged. She was a voluptuous creature when I first had her, and of fine form. Her form now seemed perfect, tho I could see but little of it — I have never met her since, nor sought to do so. — Such meetings are delicious, and might not be so if repeated often with the

same woman.

Chapter V

Two years back. • Harriet's lust. • At a Bs**s lapunar. • Cunt inspections. • The way ladies go up stairs. • A large clitoris. • Flat fuckers. • Gay ladies' letches. • A stercoraceous letch. • A fat Jewess. • A large prick needed. • Libidinous attitudes tried. • A brown bum valley. • Age guessed by it. • A piddle in a basin. • A game at sixty-nine. • Choked by cunt. • Cunt soaping and washing. • A flaxen haired, plump Dutch wench. • The two cunts meeting. • Why did I select a big fat woman? • An-other lapunar and other whores. • My habit of questioning women. • My lascivious questions. • A year later on. • At B * * * s* * s. • At a lapunar. • A woman selected. • My indifference. • Her dislike. • The chemise on fire. • Gratitude, lust, and voracious fucking. • The ocean crossed. • Negro and Negress copulating. • Her cunt and his prick • I frig him. • A white woman's opinion of a Negro. • About Negroes' pricks.***

I find that, by a blunder, manuscript which ought to have been dealt with before has been omitted, and I must go back to that year in the spring of which I had the lithe, amorous, and lascivious Harriet. It makes my prick stiff and my frame thrill now, as I think of her lubricious, yet tight sheath and the voluptuous ecstasy with which she spent. My own pleasure is al- ways largely increased when I give pleasure to the sweet creature I am enjoying. — I know the difference between the sham and overdone signs of pleasure which whores feign and that of the woman whose cunt is yearning for a prick and semen, and who sighs gently with a sweet voluptuous tremor, as my prick enters her. — Harriet was one of those — I guess that her sexual passion increased as she grew older, and it will take a good man to satisfy her cunny. No won-der she frigged herself when I was away, and perhaps ran off so that she might get well fucked again.

I was some times that year abroad, and not being much by myself was fairly chaste. — Yet I amused myself occasionally with Paphians, who lodged in flocks in the licensed temples of Venus — I had at times for inspection six or eight of these venal fuck-stresses on the same night. I have done this before in earlier years when on the continent, as I think I have told, tho possibly that part of my manuscript may have burnt with others relating similar fugitive adventures. There were one or two amusing episodes that summer. One with a very big, splendid, fat creature of Jewish type of face, and another with one who but for me might have been killed.

I was in the month of *** at B***s**s, a well known town to me,

and where as told I have had many amorous frolics. — At dusk I went to the lapunar, No. * in * * * * * Street. — It was the hour when the women are just got up and dressed for the evening, and before much fucking had begun. — I went at that hour purposely. — “The price of the house is * * * * * francs,” said I. “No,” said the abbess of the unchaste nunnery. “It is * * * *” and she named exactly double the tariff of the charmers, for she saw I was a foreigner. I rose to go, denying it. “You've been here before?” asked she, seeing that she might lose custom. “Yes, many times.” “Tres bien donc, restez.”

Then I told her I meant to inspect the charms of many, have two at a time to see their hidden beauties but not to fuck; that the ladies would have only the tariff, excepting she who received my final adoration, and who would have her douceur; that none need come unless they liked that arrangement. The abbess went out, rang a bell, and soon I heard the rustle of silks and the soft shuffle of feet. Opening the door, I heard the abbess saying something about my being “drǫle” and the women laughing. — Then in trooped a dozen. “Have you told the ladies?” “Yes, Sir.” “Come with me then,” and I selected two who pleased me.

We left the room together. “Montez, mes cheres.” On they went. “Pull your clothes up above your rumps as you mount, and go not too fast.” — A pair of naked, broad backsides went up in front of me, whilst I following, looked at their handsome limbs, peeping for the shadow of the hairy valley between their thighs. The girls laughing.

Soon in the bed room I had the ladies naked on the bed, thighs apart, clefts opening. I felt and kissed their flesh all over. — This one had much hair, that one less. — One was hairy to her buttocks, the other smooth and almost hairless to her anus. One cunt with small clitoris, the other with a protuberant. — “Ah! ma chere, vous aimez les femmes.” “He — Hee — He — mais oui, pourquoi pas.” Finishing with them. “Au revoir — send me up that tall blonde, and the girl with the biggest clitoris in the house.” Away they went, saying I was “un drǫle” and directly after the two women whom I had commanded appeared. — “Non, non, monsieur, not in that room, that is Miss * * * * room, you must come into ours. — She may get engaged and want her room.” Into the room of the tall blonde I went, saw a fair haired cunt, and by its side a dark haired cunt, out of which jutted a clitoris as big as a well sucked nipple, one of the largest I ever saw, with flags falling down from it till hidden by the outer lips. — “You fuck women with that, ma belle.” “Jamais, jamais donc — I love men not women.” “Why not? — if you like women, all is fair and proper in love. — That is my motto.” — But she persisted in her love for men alone.

Then I had the troupe of Paphians sent up to me for further selection, and had another couple, and then another. — Said I,

“Jeanette, she with the large clitoris, rubs cunts with you doesn't she? — Tell, and I'll have a bottle of champagne. You stop and I'll fuck you.” I sent the other away. I was wrought up with the sight and the smell of so much cunt and female loveliness, and had selected my Venus. “Stop the night with me.” “How much?” She told me the tariff, and saying I would stop, champagne was brought and a cake. My Venus began at once to enjoy herself, I drank but little, she much. I sat seeing her eat and drink; and stiffing my lust, amused myself by watching and studying so to speak the woman. — More and more I can do that now. I like to sit looking at them, hearing them, encouraging them to talk on, scarcely speaking myself, but thinking and contrasting them mentally with other women I have had.

Two thirds of the bottle had gone, when my Venus, unasked, suddenly rose, and pulling her chemise half w 'v up her thighs began to dance a Spanish dance. — “I— La — La — Lala — La-lala — Lala” — sang she. “I can dance — look.” “Pull your chemise higher up and show your motte.” “Non — non — that will spoil it.” Dropping her chemise she sat herself on my knee, put one arm round my neck and kissed me, with the other took my pego out of my trowsers. “Aha — it's stiff — let's fuck.” “You've been fucked before?” “Not since yesterday — fuck me — but I shall piss.” “No, wait” — I held the basin for the operation, watching the lips open, the stream issue, and then on to the bed with her. I had well nigh forgotten the big clitoris till feeling hers. — “Jeanette has a large clitoris, she rubs cunts with the women, doesn't she.” A laugh. “Yes.” “Sometimes with you?” “With us all, we have all had her for a caprice.” “She likes then women?” “She likes all — men and women. — She's been buggered and fucked at the same moment by two men — she is proud of it.” “Une vraie cochonne.” “There are three women who like her — I'm not one, but we all have done it with her.” — My lass was screwed.

The wine and talk, and perhaps a fancy for the man who had seen eight other women's cunts and had selected hers for fucking or perhaps a sudden sting of lust, a recurrence of her daily desires (for gay women have lewed moments, enjoy fucking as much as other women. With them a spend daily is a necessity, and I believe they always spend once daily if not twice), now made her grasp, and squeeze, and frig my prick, kissing me lustfully all the time. — The next minute I was between her thighs, the hair of our mottes entwining, my prick moving in and out and probing her cunt to its utmost depths. — Then we died away in each other's arms, and lay tranquilly coupled in spermy slobber, till the prick left her. She washed out the sperm, and again we sat and talked, and both smoked.

I talked about the other women's cunts. My caprice in seeing so many amused her. I must be rich, she thought. Men had strange

whims. Nothing surprised her. — There was a gentleman came there, who laid down on the floor, and one of the girls whom he loved, and whom he always wrote to the day before, to tell her to hold herself in readiness, then sat over him, and bogged in his mouth. She swore it was true. He always gave her a hundred francs for this stercoraceous amusement. — [I didn't believe it, but now after more knowledge of male whims, think it likely enough to be true. — There is no oddity, no bestiality, no sanguinary deeds that are not pleasurable to the lust of men — each has his letch if he likes women at all — so have women.]

After another poke we parted, for I did not stop the night, tho I paid her the price of one. — No doubt she was just as well if not better pleased with my absence than with my company. It left her free to get others, and more money.

A few nights after I was there again and repeated my amusement. I think I must have seen all the cunts in that establishment, and one or two of them twice, including her with the big clitoris. — [Tho I didn't think much about tribadism then. — I was beginning to think more about it, and its reality came more strongly to me a few years later on, as I grew older, and I grew still more curious about the ways of women with worn- en, and the voluptuous pleasures they could get without the aid of a man.]

A month later we were again in the same city, and this time I sought a neighbouring, large, handsome lapunar. — It was not much more expensive than the other (they are all state regulated, and the price not high). I selected a very tall, big, stout woman, who had one of the loveliest faces I ever saw, but of a Jewish type. She was twenty-four, but I believe her to have been thirty-four, and certainly she weighed seven-teen stone. — For all that she skipped up stairs quite briskly, and jumped on to the bed in her nudity quite lightly. She had a fully developed, fat cunt, and masses of thick, crisp, dark hair, half way to her navel. She didn't look ugly with it tho. I don't now like a woman with so much hair about her cunt (I once did) so choose them thinner and younger; yet this woman's ensemble pleased me much for a quarter of an hour.

Her size made me desire to place her so as to see such a fresh handsome bulk in various attitudes. — I have always studied naked women artistically. It has added to my pleasure in every day life, for as I see a woman stooping, kneeling, going up and down stairs, or cleaning door steps — or in any other attitude (dressed I mean) — I know how her cunt would look in such attitude could I see her naked — I think of her cunt and that adds to my pleasure wherever I am. I know how in the ballets, the cunts of the ballerinas would look if their drawers were away, for have I not seen Sarah F**z*r's cunt naked in

all such attitudes. — Thus does my artistic, anatomical, and sexual knowledge add to the pleasure of my life. — Did I not in my youth see my adored Sarah Mavis in a few voluptuous poses. I brought this woman then into various attitudes. When kneeling with her huge white bum towards me, “You're thirty I'll swear,” said I. “I'm not, what makes you think so?” “Hair is all round your cunt, and nearly round your cul, and the bum valley is brown. In all women when approaching thirty, that furrow from bum bone to bum hole gets a brown hue.” She laughed but denied the thirty.

Then I tried fucking, first with her big buttocks to-wards me, but they got in my way. I almost needed two inches more prick. Altho I got an insertion, I couldn't probe her nicely. — Then I tried her at the bed side, laying her on her back, whilst I held her thighs. But her cunt seemed large and did not satisfy my pego. — Then I got on to her belly, but could scarcely with my hands reach far round her hips, and grew displeased with myself and with her, and my prick began to shrink. Afterwards I tried her again and again in all postures, but it was useless, and I left off without spending in her, after quite an hour's trial. — Was it her fat — or the looseness of her cunt — or was I nervous — or did I not like her — I cannot say which — I couldn't fuck her tho she was a splendid creature. I felt much annoyed with myself.

The lady began to be tired of me, saying I had occupied her a long time — I admitted it. Telling her I should give her a double fee, that contented her; and to stimulate her I had champagne. — After a time she wanted to piss, so I put her on the bed with a basin under her buttocks, and distending further with my fin-gers the already open lips of her quim, witnessed the golden stream. It was the largest pair of buttocks I think I have ever seen squatting over a basin, and as I held it, her cunt looked vast, yet pleased me much. I no longer had desire, and did not stiffen spite of the ballock stirring spectacle.

Said she, “Shall I gamahuche you?” That she did — first standing at the bed side, and then leaning over me, with her big backside, reflected in the glass of her wardrobe, and the gaping dark haired cunt in reach of my fingers. — It felt outside big enough to have put my head up. — The lingual exercise took effect, I rose to full manhood, and then turning her into a proper attitude on her back mounted her. But I couldn't fuck her.

Then again came my sudden impulse of lust, a desire to view the beauties of my Venus in all parts, in every position — now the belly, then the buttocks — desire to change her pose incessantly. “Show me your arse, let me see your lovely buttocks and cunt. — Lay over me, make sixty-nine.” — “Yes, but I am heavy,” said she, mounting the bed. The next minute she was covering me, half kneeling, half lying

over me, my head between her large white thighs, her cunt a few inches above my head, the tip of my pego in her mouth. I again felt the delicate titillation of her tongue, and the smooth rub of lips and palate, as it went further into her handsome mouth. My hands roved restlessly over her ivory backside, my eyes now revelled in the brown furrow; at one end the wrinkled bum hole; lower, the red gap with its hairy fringe, looking large enough to have taken my hand up it (but the externals of a cunt are often deceiving as to size of the vagina. The face of the cunt looks very large in a big stout woman, but I have felt a comfortable tightness when up them). The sight, the feel, the gentle suction, perhaps with the aroma, for she was sweet, took effect. My prick slowly stiffened, voluptuous thrills ran through me, fresh desires arose. — "Put your bum lower, let me gamahuche you." — Adjusting herself hastily as if she liked it, with thighs still wider apart, cunt gaping more, it came slowly down to my face the inner lips touching me, the prick hole on me. — Ten minutes before I would not have touched that large hairy vulva with my lips. It was in size and look the very last that I should have taken for a gamahuche. — Now it pleased me, its very size pleased now, as I thought of giving her pleasure, not myself. My God! what a mouthful. As I thought of giving this big creature sexual delight, my prick stiffened and throbbed, my tongue touched her clitoris, and rapidly slid to and fro on it. Lower sank her cunt, and then my mouth was full of it instead of my tongue touching her clitoris only, now it slid over a large smooth surface. — The change stimulated my lust. What more rapid than the agility of a tongue agitated by lust. She sucked my prick, its whole length was in her mouth. I was coming — my sperm ready to rise — I clasped her big buttocks tightly, my tongue went like lightning over her cunt, I felt an agitation in her backside, heard a murmur. With her thighs round my ears I could hear no more. Her cunt slid rapidly backwards and forwards over my mouth and face, her clitoris nestled in my lips, my nose went completely up her cunt, my face was almost buried in her cunt, when she shuddered and sank heavily and tranquilly on to me, her cunt covering me from the cheek to cheek, from chin to nose. I could not breathe for it. — She had spent, was silent, and motionless.

At that instant I became conscious that my own pleasure had ceased. I heaved my arse up, but my prick was in the cold tho I felt her hand round it, but she had ceased minetting me. "Go on, go on," I cried — disengaging my mouth for her cunt. "Why don't you suck me?" In her own pleasure she had forgotten mine. At my cry she resumed her work. For an instant the current of my semen had stopped, but quickly pleasure came on, and I drowned her mouth with my libation. She sank on the bed, half on her side but still partly laying on me, with a napkin to her mouth — and I with eyes closed,

thrust my fingers up her moist cunt, whilst she gently pressed my empty penis.

"You've spent," said I getting up. "Yes — why, you've been pulling it about for an hour." "You like minette?" "I'd sooner have a man, and be what you call fooked — n'est-ce pas? But if a man plays minette nicely I can't help having pleasure." With that she washed her cunt. Seeing the great white buttocks over the basin gave me another letch. Making her remain in her micturating attitude, I soaped her cunt well and washed it myself. — A soapy cunt feels very nice to the hand as it is passed broadly over it to an fro gently, and hers was a deliciously soft handful, from bumhole to clitoris, under its saponaceous surface; and I delighted in soaping my own prick and testicles with the hand and the soap which had come off her quim.

Lust in its impulses is with me now, more sudden and curious than ever — I had had almost a dislike to this big Jewess (for Jewess I am sure she was tho she denied it) when I failed to get into her dog fashion (en levrette she called it) my prick refused to stand well afterwards, and only her gamahuching brought me up. Yet now I wanted to fuck again, and my prick without solicitation was rigid. I put it into her cunt then with-drew it. "Get me the smallest girl in the house, and with fair hair." She went out, and returned with a plump little Dutch girl with hair like flax. I laid the Jewess on top of her. She quite hid her. Then I laid the Dutch girl between the Jewess' thighs. Then she gamahuched the big dark woman into ecstasy, and whilst she was still licking her cunt, kneeling on the bed to do it. — I kneeling at her backside, penetrated the flaxen haired cunt, and spent rapturously in it. Then I bid them adieu. [I did not incite them to flat fucking, tho I saw between their open thighs the different colored cunt wigs together. It surprises me now that I did not. I seemed to have been aroused fully to such spectacles at a somewhat later period of my life.]

When I came to write about this amorous fun, I wondered why I had taken a big woman like the Jewess. I have had enough big, fully matured ones, intended to have no more, and my taste now runs in another direction. Yet I selected her — I cannot account for these sudden letches which upset all my intentions.

It was my letch for the time, I was in the vein for cunt inspection and the night following went to another lapunar, not of the highest class. I had not much want for female aid or conjunction, but an overwhelming, insatiable desire to see all that the women had hidden of their bodies, to compare and note differences, and ask every one of them questions about their sexual tastes, sensations, and habits. I have done that for many many years, have asked scores of times on first acquaintance, expecting more frequently lies than the truth, yet still I

asked. — It is delightful in itself to put the lascivious questions, searching for the most hidden thoughts, feelings, and deeds of these lovely creatures. — When I have known a woman or girl a short time, I have nearly always got their confidence, and then over a bottle of wine, when its generous influence has been felt, I have but little doubt that I got in the main truthful replies.

Long before this period I prepared a set of questions, of which I knew the order pretty well by heart, through repetition. — At about this time I bethought me of additional questions about tribadism, of cunt to cunt rubbing, or as it is called flat fucking; but to which amusement it is only of recent years that I gave attention, or that these feminine games gave me much sensual pleasure to think about, or had roused my curio-sity. — From hundreds of answers to these questions, coupled with my own experience in facts, I think I have as good a knowledge of the sexual tastes and habits of men and women as most; excepting old baudy priests, who know all through confession. — The replies of many of the females, particularly of the young ones, I know already have been given in various parts of this history.

I have had many servants. All had been poor, and in their youth had nursed their brothers if they had any. Many had been nursemaids when they left their homes. — Some were nursemaids when I fucked them. They enjoyed my talk on sexualities. It is one of the additional pleasures which servant girls, and women who are not gay, give me. — It adds to the physical pleasure which they always give and always have with me, for a servant if she will take money, and gifts (and all women will, for that is my experience) have met me, and surrendered to me, for the pleasure of fucking, and not for money.

As before said (often perhaps — I forget) I always got the confidence and liking of gay women when I visited them regularly. They at times like reminiscences of lust and of their precocious experience, and will often talk freely when there are one or two together, and are a little known to each other. (Two gay ladies of late have often met me together in baudy companionship.) Then over a bottle of champagne or two, they generally will exchange confidences, answer my questions, and tell the truth to each other and to me, tho I have found some manifest liars even when their tongues were loosened by liquor. These were principally the leading questions, which I have put to hundreds, the first mainly to the quite young and youngish, the more searching to females of all ages. — The first twenty or thereabouts I have always asked servants and young girls and nursemaids.

At what age does a little boy's cock get stiff? When do you think a boy first feels pleasure in its stiffness?

At what early age do you think a boy can spend? Did you ever make a boy's cock stiff? Did you ever frig a boy till he spent and what was the youngest you made spend?

Did he spend quickly? did it spurt out? was his spunk thick or thin? was there much of it?

How old was the youngest boy, who wanted to put his hands up your clothes, or was curious about your sex or your cunt?

At what age did you know what fucking was?

At what age did you first know that you had a womb, and that children came out thro cunts?

How old were you when you first felt randy? How old when you first frigged yourself?

How old when you were first fucked?

Did you spend at the first fuck, or if not did you feel any pleasure at all?

Did your first fuck hurt you much, and did you bleed much?

How long was your cunt sore afterwards?

When during a month do you feel most lewed, before or after your monthlies, or whilst they are on?

Does your clitoris get stiffer when you frig yourself, or you feel lewed?

Did you ever frig a girl? What age was the youngest girl you have frigged?

Do many girls frig each other?

Are there any girls after twelve years of age who don't frig themselves?

If girls want the pleasure, do any restrain themselves from frigging?

At what time of day or night do they generally frig themselves?

How often have you ever frigged yourself in twenty-four hours?

Did you ever lick another girl's cunt?

Did another girl lick your cunt?

Which do you like best, fucking, or frigging yourself, or being frigged, or having your cunt licked till you spend?

Do you like licking a girl's cunt?

Do you like being licked by a man or a woman?

The further questions to the fully experienced women in the Ars Amoris, were:

Do you like sucking a man's prick, and have you sucked one?

Do you like the feel of a prick in your mouth best when it's stiff, or when it's limp?

Do you mind or like his spending in your mouth? Which do you like best — fucking or being gamahuched?

Which do you like best, a man or woman to gamahuche you?

Do you like gamahuching a nice woman?

Do you like a finger up your cunt when you are gamahuched, or up your bum hole?

Do you generally spend with men, or with a man who is new to you and fucks you for the first time?

Do you like fucking as much as you did when you wereseventeen?

Do you like being dildoed?

Which gives you most pleasure, being gamachuched, frigged, or dildoed, or fucked?

Did you ever suck a man's cock while you were being gamahuched?

Does flat fucking give you much, and prolonged pleasure?

Are you longer before you spend that way than when being fucked?

Do the two women flat fucking usually spend at the same time?

Does your cunt feel as satisfied flat fucking as it does after a man has fucked and spent his sperm in you?

Did you ever see a man buggering another, or one sucking another's prick?

Did you ever swallow a man's sperm?

How does sperm taste?

Does sperm seem a nasty fluid to you?

Were you ever buggered and do you like it?

These are leading questions. The replies suggest others. — The answers given to them by many women will, coupled with a man's own wide experience and observation of women, leave him but very little to learn about them; and enable him to form sound opinions about their sexual tastes and habits, and the phenomena accompanying their lust and spending, as well as about the habits and tastes of men.

Now I go back to the regular order of my history, as it followed after my erotic gambols with a man at Sarah's lodgings. Again I was at B***s*ls and went to a well known lapunar, tho not the one where a year previously I had eight women of a night to inspect; nor that where I had the big Jewess, and the flaxen hair cunted Dutch girl. — I was with a tallish, rather slim woman, with legs and thighs and backside disproportionately large to her arms and breasts. I was not much enamoured of her when I had her in the room, and did not at first attempt to inspect her charms nor did I think she was much pleased with me. Gay women have their likes and dislikes like other

people, and some of them show their indifference (once in Italy at N*p**s, I recollect a lovely little girl about sixteen years old refusing to let me have her, saying, “I don't like you and you shan't,” — and she left the room). This girl didn't like me, I'm sure. “Mon Dieu! haven't you seen enough,” said she, when tardily and without speaking I began my inspection. Her manner quite chilled me, my pego did not stand, but anticipating its rise in time, I began asking her one or two of the questions I usually do of gay women, whom I have seen for the first time. — I was not inclined to talk much, but to sit looking at her and thinking about her — I have been much like that during the last few years with gay women.

It was a night of summer. The woman stood with a very fine chemise on, made of such exceedingly slight, thin, gauzy material that I could plainly see through it her entire form, and the dark hair of her motte. — She was close to the window which had white muslin curtains touching the floor. “May I smoke,” said she. “Certainly.” She struck a match of some sort and lighted a cigarette — I was sitting a couple of yards from her, talking. Suddenly I saw flame at the bottom of the curtain and her chemise on fire. — With a rapidity and presence of mind which I scarcely gave myself credit for, I jumped up, crying “You're on fire — pull your chemise off.” — With one hand with a violent tug I tore down the curtain, with the other clutched her chemise and tore it off. She had started with terror at my cry, and my closing on her; then aware of her danger, shrieked and dropped her chemise. Within half a minute or less I had stamped out the flame. About two feet of the bottom of the muslin window curtain had been burnt, and nine inches of one edge of her chemise. The thin tindery stuff in another second would have been in flames up to her waist. I had saved her certainly pain and perhaps serious injury, for her back was to the curtains, and she would have been enveloped in flame before she had found it out.

Standing still start naked, terror struck for a few seconds looking at the dirty half blackened stuffs. She then turned round, put her arms round me, hugged me and kissed me passionately for a minute or two, saying, “My God — you've saved my life. — My God, I should have been burnt. — Ah! how good. Have you burnt your hand? — Ah, my God, you've saved my life.” — Kissing me at each word almost. “How did it happen? — My God, what good fortune and the door was locked. — We might both have been burnt.” With difficulty I got away from her embraces, so great was her gratitude. A moment after. “Ah! come — mon cheri — baisez-moi — fuck me — do — I want you so. — I'm dying for it — you've saved my life. — Ah! fuck me, fuck me.” She kissed me, closing on me again, thrust her tongue into my mouth, pulled out my prick for me, knelt, kissed it took it in her mouth like a

luxury; again got up and holding my prick with one hand, with the other round my neck pulled me towards the bed. — “Ah my love, — my darling — fuck me — you've saved my life.”

I didn't need further incitement, but stripping myself mounted her. She never ceased her kisses when my body was joined to hers. “My love, my darling — fuck

— I'm spending — ah your prick — your spunk's in me.

— Ah — my — God — sperm — foutre.” Tongue caressing tongue in that sweet liquidity, reminding us of the liquifying of our genitals, stopped further utterance; and if ever a woman enjoyed a man she did, and so did I her.

Then for three or four hours, we worshiped Venus

— the revulsion after the terror seemed to have filled both her and me with lust, hers stimulated mine. — As fast as she could stiffen me by kiss and fingers and tongue, she did, and we fucked. She wouldn't let me go. “Ah! don't leave — make love again. — Wait for me — don't spend.” — Away she ran after one copulation with unwashed cunt, and I thought some necessity of nature had called her away. No. She had run to tell the other women in the house. Some came up in their voluptuous half nudity. — “Look, I was standing here, etc., etc., etc. and Monsieur did this, etc., etc., etc.” She narrated the occurrence over and over again to the women, and to the abbess, who came also up to see. The girls looked admiringly at me — I was a hero — and think some would have liked to have had me, for women love a bold man. — The idea of force enchants them. It is that which makes the soldiers the female conquerors. Fucked out, with tool dwindled to a bit of skin, I left. — Three days after I had her again. She was still as grateful and full of desire for me — and singularly enough I for her. “Spend. Ah God! I could spend with you for ever. And when I first saw you I didn't know what to think of you, thought you'd the clap or some ailment, so odd were you. — I wished you hadn't chosen me.” She told me all about the house, and the women, her real name, place of birth, and parents. “Oh don't spend in my mouth, tho I'll do anything you like — but fuck me — I like you to spend in me.” — The next day I left the city and never saw her afterwards. This incident was altogether due to throwing on the floor a lucifer, after she had lighted her cigarette.

A few weeks after I crossed the ocean, no matter where to. — If any one had before I left Europe told me I would touch another man's tool, I would have sworn that I would not. — But I did — curosity alone was the cause of it.

During the time I was the other side of the ocean (I must for reasons give not much account of my doings there, they were written but I have destroyed most of the narrative) was where there were

many coloured people, and then this incident occurred.

I went to a gay house one day, and was with a white woman, when through talking I took a fancy for a black one. — A Negress was fetched for me, and a very finely formed creature she was. The hair of her cunt was thick, short, and closely curled, like the hair on a male Negro's head, but was shorter, and not quite so fuzzy perhaps. It was scrubby to the feel, there was plenty of it, and a couple of crabs would have made a nest there, where they could have reared a family, and defied anything but chemical solutions. Her clitoris and inner lips were smallish and of a very dark mulberry red, and the effect was ugly; but her prick hole was a lightish pink inside the lips, and like white women's in most respects. She spoke broken English.

The white woman was American. We fell to talking about black men, whose pricks I had heard were very big and long; and getting curious, I expressed a desire to see one and to see a Negro poke a Negress. The two women consulted for a minute, the Negress went away, and in half an hour brought back a Negro — a fine young man and well dressed. I had rather feared some bully, or a trick would be played on me, but the white woman assured me whilst the Negress was away that it was all right. That if he would come, which she wasn't sure of, he was quite a respectable man, and very fond of the black woman, who would fetch him. He would do anything to stroke her, but she didn't like him. At the request of the white I had ordered liquor of some sort, which they all drank when we were to-gether. I did not.

He came in evidently abashed, grinned and chuckled, and showed teeth like snow, but was a little hesitating about showing his doodle. I didn't even like to ask him, for I felt very nervous as usual. — The white woman pulled it out for him. It was limp, but big, and I think it must have hung down five inches or more in its quiescent state. After a time I laid hold of it, for I see no harm in that now. Why should not a man feel another prick, if the two agree? — Then it got a trifle smaller. The white woman helped to pull off his trowsers, and tucked up a shirt made of a linen with big stripes all over it, and I found he had a large ball bag. He stood jabbering and chuckling whilst the woman showed him off. Then the white woman felt it. The woman said, “I no fuckar Sar,” and shook his head. The black woman who was dressed then stripped and showed her cunt well, and the Negro's cock gave two or three sharp jerks and swelled up in a moment to double the length and size. But it stood our nearly straight from his belly instead of nearly up against it. Then he moved quickly towards the Negress and laid hold of her.

He began playing with the Negress' cunt. “Fuck this white lady,” said I. He grinned. — She would not let him, she declared. “Fuck your

friend then, and get on the bed." "No, no," said she. "Yars, yars," said he, pulling her. — I promised her more money to let him, which had the desired effect. Before commencing, she laid hold of his tool, shook it, and pulled the foreskin up and down, — said she, "Look, Sar, — look. — Nigger man hab dam big cock, Sar, — more big cock than white man cock, Sar." Then she let him fuck her, and I was amused at seeing his big tool, moving in and out of her dark cunt like a piston, and I handled his dark balls whilst he fucked.

The white woman watched them with me till they'd finished, and said, "Aren't you going to fuck me." — Leaving him spent and silent on the top of the Negress, both reposing after their exercise she having spent seemingly, I went into an adjacent room with her and tailed her. She was either hot arsed that day, or I had pleased her, or the spectacle of the two Negroes copu- lating had excited her, for she wanted me to tail her again almost directly, which I could not do. I sent out for some liquor, which I could drink as well as she. She was a handsome woman, and it gave me pleasure to sit and talk to her, every now and then feeling her cunt, and looking at her as she sat in various nude attitudes. — She had never seen two blacks fucking before, she told me, saying, "Don't they look like beasts." She had been fucked by a black man once but only out of curiosity. She had seen many niggers' pricks. They all had very large pricks, and were fond of exposing them on the sly to white women, whether they wanted to see them or not. Their bodies smelt so that she couldn't bear them, particularly that very Negro, who if he met her in the street followed her about, begging her to let him have her, and actually with tears at times rolling down his cheeks. — He was a waiter, and fond of the black woman but not she of him. It was in the hopes of fucking one or both of them, which had got him there. So we talked on. — Again she said, "Don't they look like beasts when doing it." "If they do they've made you lewed." Seeing others fucking always made her lewed, she replied. — Then having heard all she knew, or could tell about the procreating machines of the Negro race, both male and female, we fucked again. — An hour had run away in this pleasing, instructive conversation. Then we went back to the black couple.

I now quite overcame my foolish nervousness, and again handled his great dark tool and pendants; curiously amused at its dark skinned stem, and its contrast with its tip, red like that of a white man's, but perhaps of a little darker red, it was I'm sure nine inches long when it stood. There may be pricks as long as that in white men, but I never saw one that looked so, tho I've seen many. It was scarcely thick in proportion, tho thick enough. Then I wondered if his sperm was the same as a white man's, and promised him money if he'd let me frig

him, he'd only fucked once he said. At first he refused, but persuaded by the Negress he let me, and I frigged him till he spent over the Negress' belly and cunt. She lay at the side of the bed shewing her cunt, whilst the masturbating operation went on. His sperm was like a white man's.

She wiped off his semen, washed her cunt, and for a little time his tool hung down. — Directly he had spent I had quite a revulsion of feeling, neither cared about looking at him, nor his tool, paid him and the woman, and was going away when the Negress ask me if I was not going to see him again tail her. — That again stirred my lewedness, so I waited an hour or more, when she handled his tool, till it stiffened again. — She went to the bed, the Negro following her. He placed her at the side of the bed, and began gamahuching her quite spontaneously, neither having been asked to do so by me, nor by either of the women. — I couldn't resist again feeling his big stiff prick for a minute whilst he gamahuched, for it soon grew stiff again. Then he mounted her, and they fucked like any other mortals; and such are the likes and dislikes which seize me that I couldn't bear now to look at her cunt, when his great black tool had flopped out of it after he had spent. At a glance there still seemed lots of sperm, tho it was his third spend. She washed her cunt, he his prick, I sent out for more strong liquor which the three drank. I did not touch it. We sat a long time. He with his long drooping tool visible, and the Negress quite naked. Our talk was all about white and black pricks, and cunts, and the nigger then asked me to show him my prick which I refused to do, for which I thought myself a fool when I began to write this.

I had been altogether something like three hours at this curiously varied and exciting amusement and was going away, when I thought I'd like a parting look at his big machine. The white woman lifted up his shirt unasked (for he had put it on) and held it for me to see. — It seemed to amuse her very much to show it to me. Then she tucked up his shirt round his waist, the Negress handled his tool, and I asked her to make it stiff if she could. She succeeded. He stood up quite proud of it, each woman then put a hand round it, and at the same time, I also grasped it. The tip was then just showing inside my fist, so it must have been nine inches long, to have lain with three hands at the same time round the stem. It is difficult to guess the length of anything, and that's the way how I came to think it full nine inches long.

I paid the Negress and left the room with my white one who excited me to more amorous exercises. As I was going away after paying my white one. — “I'll just have a look at blackie's cunt again,” said I, “if she's there.” “I expect she's gone out,” said Whitey. But opening the door, there was the nigger on the top of her, ramming away so furiously that the bed shook violently, and both were

chattering, gasping, and snorting in such a way as I never heard a man and woman before or since when fucking. They were five minutes at it I should think whilst we stood looking. At last they spent, his prick came out wet and limp, and then I left. I had not paid him anything excepting for frigging him. I rather think as was told me that he came for the poke. — But I don't know how they divided my money. I gave it all to the Negress.

A few days after I had that black woman together with the white one, and put my prick first into one, then the other, to see if my prick noticed any difference. I spent in the nigger but didn't like her. — She told me in broken English all about “Big Negro man” — and it was what the white woman had told me before. She let him do what he liked that day, because feeling my white prick had made her randy, she said. “Me likes white man — not black.”

It is the only time I ever felt a black man's tool, or saw a Negro and Negress copulate, but I saw some of their long pricks afterwards in a pendant state, at a bathing place, and also at places where some working in water exposed themselves. It gave me no amusement to do so that I can recollect. All their pricks were I think when tranquil and pendant much longer than those of Englishmen, whose pricks in every condition I have seen many.

What struck me as most peculiar was that his prick, when stiff and hard, did not stand so upright as a white man's does, but seemed to stick out more horizontally from his belly. — Both women said that all black men's tools did. I wonder why. Perhaps it's their length and weight, which makes them bend for-ward. Negresses' cunts should be deep to take such long procreators up them. I wonder if they are so.

Chapter VI

Sarah suggests a juvenile. • My indifference. • She impecunious. • My fears. • She allays them. • I consent. • Fair haired Lizzie. • "Don't call me aunt." • Smitten. Sarah advises Lizzie. • Ad-vises me. • Sarah stroked. • Lizzie peeps. • Lewed frolics. • Stockings and boots again. • Sarah in bed with Lizzie, stockings put on and legs felt. • Garters and cunt. • A silk dress bait. • Hooked. • Pudenda exhibited. • Simultaneous masturbations and gamahuching. • My sudden letch. • Lizzie a witness.

Sometime after and in the spring, I went to Sarah's lodgings. Most of my erotic frolics there had taken place in the months in which it was dark at half past five or six. Sarah asked point blank, "Would you like another young one." My letch for young ones was satisfied, and I said I did not care about it. — When next I saw her she reverted to the subject. If she were virgin I would not mind, I replied. Sarah would try. — Then I thought of the cost. I could only give ten pounds, and must see the young lady's cunt before I fucked her. Sarah refused angrily and the subject again dropped. — Afterwards meeting her on her beat one night, we had a chat. She spoke of the trouble of finding the proper sort of lass, and so on. — Was it not worth fifteen pounds? "Perhaps," but she was to recollect that every time I saw those little ladies' cunts after their first fucking, I paid two sovereigns, that they cost money besides, and were very expensive.

Sarah was hard up and asked me to give her a sovereign, which I freely did, and don't recollect her ever asking me for money before. She remarked that I did not see her so much as formerly (which was true, for I kept to my home and also because I had been abroad). She missed me much, she said. A night or two after I met her, and she said she would try to get a girl for ten pounds, hoping if I was pleased I would make it more. She asked me to give her another pound. "I think I know of one — but must go to fetch her if I get her." She refused explanation and I gave the sovereign.

A week or two passed away, and I had no women gay or strange, for it was the London season and all of us were in town. Then I met Sarah in the street, and went to a baudy house with her. "I wonder I have not seen you. I have got one, come as soon as you can and see if you'll have her. — She's a nice girl fifteen years old — quite fair, quite light haired, blue eyes, and oh! so plump." "I can't bear fair haired girls." Which was true. "What does the colour matter, you can't expect all you want for ten pounds, and you never said anything about

colour. I am sure she is a virgin."

"Have you been feeling and looking? You like a young girl to sleep with." Sarah laughed, said a young girl amused her, but, "If you don't like her, give me another sovereign and she shall go back, but you won't have such a chance again, and she has neither father or mother." At last I arranged to go, but said I hated light hair, and certainly wouldn't have her unless I saw a virginity.

Sarah was annoyed — "I've taken the trouble, but give me another pound to get rid of her." She should know better another time. Then not caring about the girl from her description, I gave her the pound. She took it saying, "I must try to make something out of her." — She was sulky, and would not play any lascivious pranks with me, was in a hurry, must make money, she was hard up — she always stopped three times as long with me as with any one else, she said. "Where are your silk stockings?" I asked. "Pawned." She owed rent and couldn't starve.

Perhaps I would go and see her, I said. "The sooner the better," — for she was not going to be fooled. In such a sulky nasty temper, I had never seen her before. I didn't like parting so, so took her into a public, and gave her grog. — There we talked about the virgin, and the subject grew more interesting to me.

I should not have such a chance again, had she not been hard up she would not have taken the trouble, but she'd known me a long time, and had never asked me for a present. — She might have expected I would have given her a flimsy now that she was in trouble, and now I only offered her ten pounds, when before I'd given her fifteen. No I shouldn't see the girl, for some-thing had just come into her head — I'd had the offer, and now some one else should. I blazed up directly I thought some other man would have her, I couldn't bear it, and said I'd have her. The more I said I would, the more she said I shouldn't. — But it ended in my promising to pay handsomely, if the girl was virgin and preposessing. "How about shewing her cunt?" Sarah would arrange. Drink would not do, for she couldn't bear the taste of spirits. "If you like her, you must not mind money. — She hasn't a rag to her back — give her clothes — I have told her friends I will get her a situation, and they think I'm married — I'll soon tell her I am a gay woman, and we will have as with Harriet baudy larks before her. I'll talk her into it. — You say you're a doctor, you act that well, and it will all come right. — She calls me her aunt, but I am not." — "But if she gets riotous." "She can't read or write, and doesn't know the name of my street or any part of London, what can she do? — She could only run away." "Suppose she went to a policeman." "I should say I'd turned her out for stealing." Good, kind aunt. [If she were her aunt which I sometimes thought, altho I never knew.]

I was to go at the girl at once, for Sarah must get money somehow. — I was before the girl to begin with Sarah all imaginable lasciviousness. — I got so excited talking about it that I said, “I'll have her.” I'll have her, yet I didn't seem to care much about the affair. She will be no fuck worth spending money for. A little hairless cunt, tho a novelty, is not a great one to me. I hate door mat colour haired girls, and fifteen pounds will be thirty-five soon. But as I'd now given my word I would see the girl, and give Sarah three pounds and cut the affair if I didn't like her. — Thus I thought. But a little cock stiffening came on and I thought — “quite light, flaxen hair; but has she any on her motte? — it's long since I saw a very light haired virgin grummit” — and pondering on the various col- oured quim hedges I have fucked, found myself at Sarah's door the next night.

The street door was usually ajar, but on that night I had to ring — I heard a clattering of feet and the door opened. “Mrs. F**z*r within?” “Yes, sir.” There stood a girl, whom I could barely see in the faint light of a small candle, placed somewhere up the stairs. — Her feet made a row. — A clumsy country bitch, thought I, as I entered the room. But in a second, my cock stood at the sight of the maiden with the clumping boots.

She was very tall for her age, with a beautiful, light coloured hair, large bright blue eyes, and a pink fresh complexion — plump as if she had lived on the fat of the land, and with the strong healthy look which some peasant girls get on bacon and potatoes, and which a town girl of her class, fed on steaks and mutton, rarely gets. I should have guessed her turned sixteen, but for a young look in her eyes. — She wore deep black, and short petticoats, and had a perfectly modest look al-though she stared at me; turning away her eyes when mine met hers, and colouring up strongly. Well she might, for Sarah had already given her baudy instruction, had told her that I was one of the gentlemen who fucked her, but the only one that did so at her home — was a doctor and knew all about girls at sight. — A night's sleeping with Sarah, who moreover had, I expect, well tickled her little cunt for her, was enough to make the girl stare at me.

I never liked females with quite light hair on either their heads or tails. Now my first thought was, what is the colour of her cunt fringe, is it short or long, thick or thin, or is there any? — I felt in a desperate state of lewedness. “Who is this?” “A country girl who is to be my maid.” “What is her name?” “Lizzie.” “Come here and give me a kiss” — her eyes opened wide. “Give the doctor a kiss.” “I shan't.”

“Give me a kiss and here's half a crown.” “I shan't.” “Don't — and putting the money in my pocket I turned to Sarah and talked. — Then laying hold of the girl suddenly, I snatched kiss after kiss whilst she struggled. — “There, I have had my kisses for nothing,” said I. The girl

smoothed her hair, and her face was scarlet, but she didn't seem so much offended. A kiss from a gentleman is always gratifying to that class. “Here is the half crown.” She never looked at me, but advised by Sarah and holding out her hand, she took it.

I turned to Sarah. We were then both facing the girl who had sat down and was working — (the other little servants had always been kept working). “How is your cunt, Sarah, black as ever?” and I put my hand up her clothes. “Let's feel it, Sally.”

Lizzie looked up — then with a start stood up. “Oh my oh! — aunt!” said she, and sat down again. Sarah took no notice of her. “All right, my cunt's as tight as ever, Doctor. Hoh, look there, — look — your prick will come through your trowsers.” I felt Sarah's quim, and whilst my hand was moving over her belly, she unbuttoned my trowsers and pulled out my prick. “Oh isn't it stiff, what's made you so lewed all in a minute?”

“Thinking of Lizzie's cunt, I suppose. I've been longing to put my prick up her from the minute I saw her.” “Oh Doctor you are a man.” Lizzie, whose head had bent more and more closely over her work, but whose eyes I could see had been glancing at my doodle and my doings, dropped her work and went out of the room.

“We have scared her, we are going too fast.” She went after her, told the girl not to mind, it was my way, and the way of many men. — Soon back she came to the room with Sarah.

I sent her out for liquor, and gave her the change. — I am an old stager — money will open every female's legs. — She wouldn't drink. Then I sent her out for wine which she said she had never heard of. Tasting it, she spat it out. As she got the change a second time, she looked at Sarah and hesitated. “It's for you, the Doctor is always kind.” The girl smiled sweetly as she took it and thanked me.

I wondered at the length of time the girl had been gone. — Sarah said she had changed her public house. Other girls had gone to one close by, which was also known to her former charwoman, so she thought it safer to send Lizzie to the adjoining street, and had that morning shewn her the way. I was now dying for the girl. — “Unless I first see her cunt I won't pay virgin price.” “Have patience for a day or two, and give her clothes. — She is like the rest of the girls mad for fine dress. — If she sees what we do, it will break her in, but we mustn't go too fast, tho I want the money bad enough God knows.” — For some time past I had thought Mr. F*** (her man) and Sarah were not one, so put the question. — Sarah angrily told me to mind my own business. “He's more likely to take than to give me money now, but that's my affair.”

There was no chance of the lass yet, so thought I'd have Sarah, asked her to the big sofa, laid her down there, and chaffing baudily

pulled her clothes up above her knees. — There sat the girl working, and glancing every moment at us. — Sarah told her to pour out a glass of wine and bring it to me. Whilst doing so, I pulled Sarah's petticoats up to her navel, she had disposed her limbs so as to show her cunt off to advantage, but in a sham modest manner. — “Oh! no Doc-tor, I can't before Lizzie,” and she made a movement of putting her clothes down.

“Oh my, Surr, doan't,” said the girl springing for-wards and trying to pull the clothes down. She spoke in a country dialect. “Oi — moi — Surr, doan't — it's a shame, it be.”

I pulled them up again. Sarah never succeeded nor intended to succeed in hiding her cunt. I pulled out my prick saying I'd fuck her. The girl desisted, saying, “Oh moi, — well Surr — Surely — Oh! well” —looking alternately at Sarah's belly and at my prick. “I can't before Liz, for she will be wanting it done to her — come to the bed.” I walked to her bedroom leaving Sarah in the sitting room.

She did not come directly so I called to her. She came, then began to strip, and whispered, “I have told her if she never saw a man poke a woman to come to the door and peep at us.” The door was left ajar — two candles she put on a wash stand so as to show a strong light. When stripped, Sarah placed her-self so as to expose her cunt. — I felt it, titillated it, opened it, and held the light to it. She felt my prick, kissed it, fondled it, and put it into her mouth. I put her on the top of me, and she put my prick up her cunt. There was her backside and my balls beneath it, with-in five feet of a pair of candles, and a pair of young eyes were a few feet off. — We put ourselves into other baudy attitudes and at length fucked (I on the top), with noisy demonstrations of pleasure. It added to my pleasure to know the lass was looking, and believe it did to Sarah's. [I have since more fully experienced with a lady the increased voluptuousness of knowing we were looked at during our embraces.]

“She's seen — I saw the door move,” said Sarah. “If she doesn't frig herself tonight, she has not got a clitoris or a spend in her.” “I bet you'll frig her, Sally.” “I mean.” “You like doing it I know.” “I like teaching a young one, some one must.”

We went back to the parlour. There the girl sat demurely but nervously at work. Before, she had looked me full in the eyes, but now when I spoke she coloured up, looked down, and seemed in a state of confusion. — There was a guilty consciousness about her, a concupiscent modesty which charmed — her confusion de-lighted me — I admired her face more than ever as she blushed, and as I thought that her little eyes had been within a few feet of my prick, when fucking Sarah, I could have pulled her on to the sofa and ravished her there and then; so much did I desire her.

I recollected that nearly all the young girls I have had liked shrub; so she fetched some, tasted it, and spit that out — I asked what she liked, named fifty liquors and among them cider. Yes, she liked cider. That piss making liquor I knew wouldn't answer. What was it she drank for dinner. “Beer sometimes sir, but mostly I drinks water.” “Did she like beer.” “No.” “You don't like anything.” “Yes I do sir, I likes good ale.” — Ale — I thought little or no chance of making her mussy on that. “Do you like it bitter.” “No Surr, likes it sweet, what they sells in bottles, I had some on my birthday.”

Sarah and I talked again, and then the girl bent over her work more closely, — “Let's look at your legs again, Sally.” She was now sitting in the easy chair. Without a word, she pulled up her clothes to her knees. “You want another pair of silks,” and I slipped my hand higher up. — The girl from time to time was glancing at us, but in a nervous, agitated manner. I saw that she couldn't sit still, whereas she had been so calm at first. — Was her little cunt heated?

I went to her, “You have got four shillings — give me a kiss and I'll give you another.” “No.” “Let him,” said Sarah. “Get money when you can, that's my motto.” Tho she slightly resisted me I took half a dozen. — “That's right,” said Sarah.

“How much have you got now.” The girl took the money out of her pocket, counted it, and smiling said, “Five shillings.” — She had a lovely smile as she told me and then looked into her open hand admiringly at the money. “Did you ever have so much at once before?” “Never.” “What shall you do with it?” She looked at Sarah, then at me, then at the money. — “I think I shall buy a pair of gloves.” We both laughed at that, and she looked annoyed. “Why gloves?” “Cause I ain't never had a pair.” I knew a girl who had exactly the same desire, but don't recollect if I have told about her or not.

I told her to pour me out a glass of wine, and when she was close by Sarah, I asked, “Has she got nice fat legs?” — “Oh so nice, she is nicely made.” “Let's see, and I'll give her a nice pair of new boots.” “There's a bit of luck,” said Sarah — I laid hold of the girl and began gently to raise her clothes. “Don't be a fool, let him, and he will give you a pair of boots.” The girl resisted, but I could see half way up her legs. “Yes I will, and a nice pair, if she lets me see her legs now, and put the boots on when she has them.”

The girl's resistance grew less, tho she kept struggling and saying, “No, — oh my — I can't,” and so on. — But Sarah pulled her on to her lap, and with one arm round her slender waist lifted the clothes with the other. — There were the nice little legs exposed, between the legs of Sarah equally exposed. — How could the girl resist, when her mistress' clothes were nearly up to her belly?

The girl's legs were proportionally fatter than her body — many

country girls are so thro walking. — I admired them and smoothed her limbs down, praising them, and saying that I should like to see them in bet-ter stockings. She flattered, now stood quite still. She gartered below knee. Winking at Sarah, suddenly I put one hand higher up, and my fingers just on to her cunt. — She got clear off and burst into tears. — How delicious was that feel of her cunt, altho on the outside only, and but for a second. The first feel of a fresh girl is exquisite in its novelty, and what luscious thoughts she has afterwards about it.

Sarah angrily. — “It's too bad, doctor, why you have only seen her tonight — I am quite jealous.” She caressed the girl. “I can't help it, look here” — and out makes me so, I'd give her a silk dress to look at her cunt as I look at yours, and other things as well if she'd let me fuck her.” “Hish! Hish!” said Sarah in a wide, looking at my prick and at me. Her ears seemed to move as I repeated my offer. Then she went untold out of the room.

“Don't go further tonight,” said Sarah. I supposed she was right and did not, but the little devil had fetched my lust up awfully — so I laid Sarah then and there down on the sofa, and whilst I was fucking, Lizzie opened the door, but quickly retired and held the door ajar and peeped, so Sarah told me.

I gave Sarah money to buy the boots. It was under-stood that I was to put them on — Lizzie showed me down stairs. Sarah gave us injunctions to be quiet, for there were strange lodgers below. She held a candle over the banisters when the door was opened. — “Give me your hand,” said I in a whisper, “and here's an-other shilling.” “Now your hand again.” She gave it, and I put it on to my prick which was not stiff. “Oh sir,” she cried and pulled it away. Then into the street I went laughing. — The girl knew it was my prick, she had touched it altho she could not see it. I had made rapid progress.

Next day, Sarah told me she had questioned her about the money and the girl counted it. — She would buy two pairs of gloves. Then the boots and stockings. She wished it was the day to go to buy them. “Mind he is to put them on.” “Does he mean that? Then he'll see my legs.” “He saw every thing last night. Didn't he?” “Oh! my, yes.” “And he put his fingers on your cunt, didn't he?” “Oh, my, yes.” Said Lizzie after a while, “But I won't let him put on the garters.” “Then he won't give them you.” “But they will be of no use to him.” “He will burn them sooner than let you have them.” “Then I must, I suppose.” “Of course, ain't you lucky to get them? I never knew such luck — he seems to take quite a fancy to you, he'll give you other things if you don't make a fuss; let him do what he likes if you get money.”

Thinking of Sarah's doings, said Liz, — “Do you often do like that” (fucking). “Nearly every night.” “You don't seem to mind it.” “I

love it, and no girl knows what pleasure is till a prick has been up her cunt — did you see his prick, Liz." "Oh, yes — don't it hurt?" "Never, you can't tell what pleasure is till you try. Soon you'll fuck, Lizzie." — All this Sarah marrated to me with very much gratification, evidently she liked teaching the young ones.

Then I got out of Sarah with a little hesitation that she'd felt Lizzie's cunt, but I never knew until later that she had done more; that she had cuddled her, just to show her how men got on to women — had put her on the top, and had had a game of flat fucking, to Sarah's delight no doubt, but of the pleasure that Lizzie had helped her to, the girl was profoundly ignorant, even when she told me about it at a later day.

After having talked over all the girl had seen and heard, Lizzie said, "Did you hear what he said about a dress." "No," said Sarah altho she had. "What?" "He said he'd give me a dress." "Oh, so he did." "Did he mean it?" "He always does what he says." — Sarah was soon going to sleep when the girl re-marked, "He said a silk dress, that costs a lot of money. Do you think he meant that?" "Oh, certainly, but did he not say you must let him do something?" "Yes." "What?" The girl was silent. "What?" "Let him look at my thing — Ah! he's dirty." "All men like to look at girls' things — you let him." — "That I won't." "Just as you like, did you see him look at mine?" "Oh my, yes." "Do you like silk?" "Oh my, yes, it's so shiny. I used to stand outside the church and look at the ladies, and knew I would never have silk." "You can if you don't make a fuss about shewing your cunt."

At day light the girl awakened Sarah, and her first words were, "Are the shops open early, when will you take me to buy the boots?" "Not for hours, besides unless you promise me to let him put them on, it's of no use buying them, I can't offend him" — and Sarah went to sleep again.

Later on — "Shall you buy the boots before break-fast?" "Of course not. Shall you let him?" "You don't seem to think it any harm?" "Harm! you must be a fool." "Well, I will if you'll be in the room." "He mayn't like it." The boots and stockings were bought.

The girl's freshness had stirred my lust to its depths. —The gift of boots and stockings was I knew a sure beginning. I have done the same a dozen times with women successfully. A poor girl can't refuse them even with my conditions. — Then their legs once shown and handled, the second feeling and handling seems nothing — I knew well also the use of handsome garters — I began my baudy acquaintance with several girls by the aid of garters. I now bought a blazing red silk pair with large gilt buckles. — "She'll let you, but if she cries leave off, she is awfully timid, and anxious to get the dress, but her fears unsettle her. — The silk dress is the fetch, she'd like it

without showing you her cunt, but it will settle her, she'll shew it."

The girl came in. Sarah again pulled up her own clothes to her garters, and then to her cunt, pulled up her stockings and tied her garters as an example. Then turning to Lizzie, I said, "Where are your stockings and boots? I'll put them on." The girl coloured up and hesitated. "Fetch them," said Sarah. The girl brought them, they were in a bundle. A kiss she resisted but little, another and another kiss followed. Sarah remarked, "You make me quite jealous, Doc-tor." — "Let me put them on." Lizzie looked at me, then at Sarah, then sat down on the sofa and tucking her clothes between her legs, began to pull off her clumping boots.

I brought the lamp near, and helped to pull off her boots and old darned blue stockings. Her feet were washed and white, and I kissed and praised them. — Her garters were tied low down. I pushed on the new stocking, till at her knee, there she resisted. — "No, sir, oh no — I ties my garters there, always below my knees" — (many poor girls do.) "How can a pretty leg look well, with garters there." "I won't let you higher." "Well you don't make a fool of me again," and with a sudden pull, I drew the stocking clean off her leg, and put it on the table. "If you don't. let me I'll burn them."

Tears rose to her eyes. She looked at Sarah, but Sarah said not a word. — "Let me garter then higher." Again I began putting on the stocking, and this time half way up her thighs. Then, I put on the old garter and gave a kiss on her naked thigh. Then the same with the other leg.

I put on the boot, and hugged the neat little leg, knelt in front of her, pushing the boot on so to speak, and with such force that she fell back on the sofa, and I had a glimpse up her thighs — one leg was complete. "Let me see that leg now. — No higher, I must see well above the garter." How handsome the little leg now looked compared with it in clod hoppers and woollen stockings. At each succeeding act, the girl in her de-light let me do more. She giggled with vanity. — There was the other boot. "Oh make haste," said she (it was the Louise of my youth over again, excepting that Louise was half groggy and twenty years old, this one sober and fifteen — but how alike in vanity).

I had stiffened. "Look what your dear little legs have done" — and out I pulled my cock. "Oh sir, oh do put the other boot on, let me put it on myself." — They are all alike.

She took no heed of my prick, her sole desire was to get the boots quickly on — I gave it her, sitting back on my heels on the floor, and contemplating as she tugged and tugged it on and then buttoned it shewing to her knees heedlessly now in her vanity.

She asked her mistress when both were on to see them. Sarah said

they looked charming. — The girl having now got them on, would only lift her clothes to her knees — said Sarah — “Do what you promised — he must see above the stockings.” — Pulling out the garters, I said, “I'll give you these.” — How the girl's eyes glistened. “And let me see higher, I shall feel your little thighs whilst I clasp these pretty garters round them, or I won't give them you.”

She sat down, never seemed to notice my prick, which I still kept out to affect her imagination and satisfy my own lust,. It was so delightful to keep my prick under the eyes of the pretty young creature. — She eyed only the garters. — “Let him,” said Sarah — I dropped on my knees, pushed up the petticoats, undid an old garter and clasped the new one round her thigh; then suddenly seizing both legs, I pulled her forward, hoisted high up her legs as she fell back, and pushing my head under her clothes, my nose came on to her motte, and the moisture of her cunt was on my lips. — I kissed and kissed it and slipped my hands up under her bum, she cried out loudly, Sarah laughing. “Oh, Doctor, you shouldn't unless she lets you.” It was a comedy.

“I have kissed her cunt, and will give her a silk dress to let me look at it as I do at yours.” — “Give me a silk dress and you may fuck mine for a month,” said Sarah. She had still only one garter on. “Let me put on the other.” She looked at it sulkily. “I shan't — there.”

I dangled it before her eyes chaffing her. “It's a dear little cunt, is the hair the colour of your head, tell me? There's hair on it, isn't there. Tell me.” — She silent, kept looking at the garter. The play and chaff was exquisitely voluptuous to me.

Again approaching her she ran close to Sarah. “Oh don't — don't let him, aunt.” — “I'm not your aunt, don't call me so again, if you do again I'll” — and there she stopped, and immediately changed to a coaxing tone. “Let him, what's the use of one garter.” But she would not, so I gave the other garter to Sarah. “Show us your cunt, Sarah, and let's fuck it.” Up went Sarah's clothes, and after a little dalliance we went into the bed room and I fucked her. — The door again was left ajar to let the girl peep, and she did. Then I gave Liz the other garter.

“You shall walk out in the boots,” said I when I was back in the sitting room, my lust appeased. — I sent her out for ale, but could not get her to drink any. — he had forgiven what I had done. It was amusing to see her every now and then looking down at her feet. She no longer resisted kisses, but show her legs and stockings again she would not. Sarah at times lifted the girl's clothes and shewed them to me. — “You are getting on fast,” said Sarah, when I had sent the girl out again for soda water. “I can see she likes your kissing. I wish you'd had her, for those girls in the rooms below are always about the stairs,

and I think listening" —(alluding to a family which had taken rooms below hers). "I shall complain to the landlord, he always objected to lodgers with more than one child."

Next night I could not go there. Sarah met me in the street. The silk dress the girl had spoken about, but never about the conditions. — Sarah reminded her. "He really did mean he would give it me, didn't he?" "Yes, but he was to look at your cunt." "I can't — can I?" —it came to at last. "You can, nobody will know, I don't see harm." "But would he give me a dress for that?" An hour afterwards, — "Black silk isn't pretty is it, I am in black," — "I wear black," said Sarah, "you needn't, no one here knows you." The girl was already demoralized — the conversation heard, the sights seen would have upset any virgin. Then night and day was a woman with all her harlot's cunning, whetting the girl's appetite for sexual pleasure, stimulating her lust and vanity, and showing her how she could get voluptuous enjoyments and fine dress to-gether, without work — many women like doing this to young ones, I know.

I saw some pretty cheap silks, and bought a dress, black with little yellow dots on it — I saw Scotch ale stores written up, so bought two big bottles of strong sweet Scotch ale. Putting all into a handbag, at night I went there, told Sarah, who advised trying the effect that night, that the dress would do it. Lizzie had been so talked to about the folly of refusing such a simple thing as shewing her cunt that the girl had laughed herself at last at her weakness. Yet she had not said she would consent.

Sarah's behaviour, I noticed, was so different from that to the two other girls she had got me. She half bullied those — this one she led on, so that she asked Sarah what she should do; and Sarah, always at first telling her to do as she liked, ended by advising her to submit.

Instead of giving the girl the change this night I put it into my pocket, and she looked disappointed. — Sarah left the room and I took Lizzie in my arms as I sat on a chair. — "Don't, Sir, doan't," said she, but now quietly, and she took kisses kindly. — "How do you like your boots." "Oh very much." "Let me see them, sit on my knee." — She did, I lifted at first the clothes a little, then higher, then up went my hand to her garter. — "No doan't, sir." — But I pulled her closer to me, and pushing the hand up on to her naked bum, held her quite close to me by it.

"Oh doan't — oh Missus." "Don't make a noise, love, let me feel your dear little bum, now. There, it won't hurt and I'll give half a crown. I won't move my hand, I won't try to feel your cunt."

She wriggled, but I kept my hand on her bum —a smooth, firm, plump one. "Here's the money — but you shan't have it if you don't stand still." — She quieted. "You're very rude, Sir." My hand kept

roving over the deliciously smooth flesh — I could scarcely prevent myself from slipping it round to her motte, but had given my word so did not. — “Here's Missus coming, let me go.” “Let me see your sweet little cunt, there is a darling — and I will give you a silk dress.” “Oh no, oh let me go.”

Sarah kept out of the room, knowing that just then I should get on better by myself. I told Liz to call her. “She says she won't be long, but she must do some-thing to a dress to night,” said the girl returning.

Then I reminded her I had seen her legs, had kissed her cunt, that she had seen my cock — I pulled it out and went up to her trying to make her feel it. Saying, “I can't bear this,” she bolted to her mistress' room, I after her.

“Lizzie's been feeling my prick,” said I. “Oh, Sir — I ain't.” Sarah laughed. “Why didn't you?” and coming to me and catching hold of my tool, Sarah gave it a shake. “I like the feel of it, but don't feel it, if you don't like. — Doctor, can't you get girls enough to feel your prick.” “Oh plenty, but I long to have Lizzie's little hand round it.”

“I have some Scotch ale for Liz,” said Sarah. “Isn't it kind of him to think of you.” — The girl smiled, the ale was delicious, she liked it and soon had drunk a tumbler full. We all had some. Another bottle was opened — another tumbler, the girl gulped down a third glass. “No thankee, Sir — it's oop in my head, and with moore I'll be mopsy,” — nothing induced her. “Ohno, I'm getting wusser.” The ale had done much, had made her laugh and excitable, but how far it acted on her cunt and lust, I don't know. After kissing, pinching her bum, and looking at her garters which she now allowed, Sarah winking, brought in the lamp, lighted two candles, and then, “I have a silk dress for you.” Her hands and arms flew out as she said, “No, oh,” and when I produced it she clapped her hands and danced with joy. — “For me — for me? Hoh.”

“Yes, if you let me feel and see your cunt.” Her face fell, looking at the silk all the while. “I told you the doctor always did what he said — don't cry, you needn't if you don't like,” said Sarah.

The girl with eyes fixed on the silk, rubbed a dirty rim round her eyes into which tears came. “I wish you would give me the silk, you might look at my cunt, and fuck it for a month.” “Let's look at yours then.” — Sarah flung herself back on the bed, pulled up her clothes, and opened wide her thighs. —The girl laughed now at that exhibition, she'd been shocked three nights before.

“That's what I want you to do, my little darling, if you won't, I'll give the silk to some one else.” — I began to fold it up, it had been spread over the bed, and then to put it into my bag.

“Don't take it away,” said Sarah. “Liz would look beautiful in it —

perhaps she'll let you. — Don't you lose it." And she went close to the girl, who made an impatient gesture but never spoke. She whispered something to her — but the girl still stood mute, reflecting.

"Doctor — go and have a smoke, but leave it here — it is so beautiful — I am sure she won't lose such a chance, it must be worth five pounds." "It's worth more, but I must go soon" — and I went into the sitting room and lighted a cigar. But soon Sarah called me, she had persuaded her, had made her wash her cunt, and put on a clean chemise. "She will let you," said she. The girl was standing with her back to the bed —the candles and lamp were on the wash-hand stand fronting her, her eyes were downcast. I put my hand up her clothes, and felt the slightest quantity of hair on her motte. "Lie back, darling, open your legs." I lifted her up and pushed her backwards on the bed. — "Oh don't — I won't if you go, aunt — stay with me," said the girl to Sarah who was leaving the room.

Sarah sat by the side of her on the bed. "Lay down then — there —so — there." — The girl fell back again unresisting.

I threw up her chemise, pulled wide apart her thighs. Sarah had undressed, placed one arm over her, laying by her side on the bed in her chemise, exhorting her. "Let him. — How I wish I was going to have that dress." Wincing but yielding the girl lay quiet — I pushed up one thigh and held it so. Cunt, belly, and bum came well into view. — My lips kissed every part. Rapturously my fingers distended the little red division till it looked almost as broad as it was long — I knelt holding the candle. Again and again I opened and let the lips close, in such a state of voluptuous excitement that I could scarcely believe my eyes. There was an unmistakable virginity, set in as pretty a plump, smooth, frame of fleshy white and pink and indications of a coming fringe as ever man set eyes on.

I moved away a few feet putting down the candle. "Has he done," said she. — "Be quiet," said Sarah, who winked and nodded at me. — I went as I often do at such sights backwards and forwards — now seeing it near, now from afar, until I thought I'd ravish her. Sarah guessed my intentions, my eye meant mischief, and shook her head. She was frightened of a noise and the family below. "Those girls are there," said she hurriedly and anxiously. So I dropped on my knees, again stretched open the little lips, kissing and inhaling the aroma of the pretty coral orifice. Then covering it with my mouth I began gamahuching.

She had laid quite quiet and perhaps lewedly gratified, listening to my praises and exclamations of de-light when pulling her little cunt about, but as my tongue titillated it — "Oh! what's he adoin' of." — She moved. "Lie still, he's not hurting you," said Sarah, putting her arm closer over her, and keeping one leg apart from the other. "Oh,

he's alickin' it — doan't — it's dirty — OHO — ahar." "It will soon be nice, Liz — lay quiet dear," said Sarah. — Lizzie's last "Aha" had the sigh of pleasure mingling with it. Now she laid tranquil whilst in libidinous delight my tongue roved rapidly over the lovely little split. — Can I make her spend? One cunt was not enough. Whilst with my head between the young thighs, I could just see Sarah's thighs and dark haired motte (for she had lifted her chemise) and that her middle finger was between them. In an instant, passing my left hand over Lizzie's right leg which Sarah held, I buried my fingers in Sarah's cunt, and went on gamahuching Lizzie. Sarah was frigging herself gently, the spectacle had roused her lust.

The passion ran its course and maddening lustful wishes chased each other through my brain. — I strove to follow each erotic inspiration. To gamahuche Liz. — Frig Sarah. — Fuck Liz —Frig myself. — Fuck Sarah — Suck her cunt. Each desire came in its turn — I wanted to do them all at once- but each before I could gratify it was chased away by another. — On I went licking Liz, holding her bum and left thigh with my right hand, my left hand fingers now buried deep up Sarah's cunt. Liz sighed, her backside slightly moved. She will spend, the little darling. On I sucked and licked and sucked — I got up to frig myself, fell on my knees again, fascinated with the look of the two cunts and gamahuched on, and felt Sarah's cunt. — All was silent. The sound of my tongue slopping and slipping over Liz's cunt alone was audible. The little darling's bum moved restlessly, then like lightning my tongue moved over her clitoris. A twist of her thighs, a slight shiver of belly, a slight heave up of backside, soft, al-most inaudible murmurs of pleasure told me her pleasure was coming. Sarah, slightly rising and looking at me, said, "She's spending." "Ahar — o, har — no, arhar," murmured Liz almost inaudibly, her belly shivered, her left thigh closed gently on me for an instant. "Aha — ahar" — a flush of salt moisture met my tongue. The sweet little lass had spent.

I rose up instantly. She lay with eyes closed, one leg now hanging down, the other held by Sarah — the pretty cunt was covered with moisture and slightly open, showing the coral gash. My prick was bursting. — Opening the lips more with my left hand, with my right I frigged myself, the tip almost touching her cunt. There lay Sarah frigging herself and staring at me. — "Hold open her cunt." — Sarah put her fingers on Lizzie's cunt lips, frigging herself at the same time. — Then quickly out gushed my sperm on to Lizzie's vulva. The opaque masses, and the thinnish transparent gum covered it and Sarah's fingers as well; and I dropped on a chair close at hand, and looked at the luscious pic- ture before me, still twiddling my prick gently and voluptuously, bringing out the last drops of sperm from it.

Whilst so, Sarah's fingers had covered Lizzie's cunt, both of whose legs now hung down. — She frigged the girl with her left hand and her own cunt with her right hand. — “Ahar — my God — spunk — spunk,” she cried as her thighs for a moment quivered a little, and then dropped down lifelessly. — We two had frigged ourselves. Lizzie had spent under my gamahuching. — All were voluptuously satisfied and tranquil, silent as the grave.

Liz had spent — my spunk had jetted on to her little vulva — Sarah had finished her frig — all had spent nearly simultaneously. Now all three were in voluptuous repose. Motionless, excepting Sarah's fingers which still played gently on Lizzie's cunt, both the women's eyes were closed, both their legs hanging down, side by side.

As I contemplated them lying there, thighs and bellies naked, cunts showing, a violent letch for Sarah suddenly sprang up — I rose. “I'll fuck you, Sarah.” “No,” said she opening her eyes. But I pressed my belly against hers, hoisted up her thighs, and rubbed my half limp tool against her cunt. “No, no,” said she hanging. — But my prick had risen somewhat, stimulated by the lascivious frolics — I lunged it — it swelled — it stiffened — and before it had quite risen, I hit the mark, squeezed it in, and buried it to its roots in her cunt. — “No, no, not before the girl,” said she. I sup-pose it was a sham, but I'd got her tight, her thighs high up, my prick stiff in her. “Oh aunt,” said Liz getting off the bed and standing, her eyes fixed on Sarah's belly. Sarah said no more but abandoned her- self to me. — Ah! long long hard strokes I gave, but keeping tight hold of her, Sarah's cunt soon heated by my thrusts helped me, and in ecstatic pleasure we finished our fuck, Lizzie silent and looking on. An unexpected deliciously voluptuous termination. What an unpremeditated, sudden letch, how many of my lewed delights have sprung suddenly upon me — and what complete sensuous gratification such sudden letches gives me.

Chapter VII

"The dress is mine." • How to get it made up. • Sarah's advice. • Sarah's greed. • Change withheld. • The girl's disappointment. • Shilling seductions. • A maker promised. • Conditions of payment. • A strange cunt in the dark. • Funking and bolting. • A broken bottle. • Who was she? • Sarah's device. • Three in a bed. • An assault resisted. • Between thighs. • Virginity ruptured. • Baudy blasphemy. • A sore cunt. • Sanguinary proofs. • Second entry and first pleasure. • Three hours' felicity. • On the devine nature of human genitals. • The sanctity of copulation. • Phallic statues. • Wisdom, worship, and reverence. • I leave my shirt.

As my dripping doodle left her cunt, Sarah rose. The silk was on the pillow. Lizzie turned her head. — "The silk is yours," said I. She scrambled up and took it in her arms. "It's mine isn't it? — how beautiful. Oh how soft." She put it down suddenly. "Hob! he's hurt me — he had done something to me." Fear on her face and looking at Sarah. — "I'm wet, I'm bleeding. — Ohoo." Turning her back she put her hand up her chemise and felt her cunt. — Sarah laughed, pulled up Lizzie's chemise and looked. "It's nothing but his licking you, and his spunk — I told you what came out from men's pricks — wash it — never mind the doctor, you won't mind him now." Down the girl sat and washed her quim. There are not many virgins have had a man's sperm on their cunts, without having had a prick inside it, but she had. — "It's made me want another poke," said Sarah. The girl stood looking at the silk, opened it, folded it up, put her lips to it, forgot her cunt, and took no notice of any one. Then she pulled a piece in front of her, turned round, and looking at Sarah, said as if the idea had only just struck her, "But how am I to get it made up?" "I'll pay for it if you let me fuck you," I replied.

She turned her back to me and said to Sarah, "Can't you cut it out?" "No." Silently the girl again and reflectingly stood looking at the silk.

"It's mine, ain't it?" said she at length. "Of course." "I'll put it in my box may I?" "Of course." "It's beautiful, I can make it up if you cut it out." "I can't cut out my own." "What am I to do," said Lizzie, looking quite dismayed. "Get more money, then have a dressmaker." "I have only got eight shillings." — Then the girl turned again and looked at the dress — she had never looked at me, so absorbed was she in her acquisition. Giving a sigh as she wrapped it up in paper, she pulled a small box from under the bed — took a key from her pocket

— unlocked it, put the silk in, locked it again, turned round, looked first at me and then at Sarah over and over again. “It ain't no use till it's made” — and with a sigh went into the sitting room. My prick was still hanging out as she passed me.

Sarah closed the door and laughed. “She will let you have her, if she can't get money to make that dress up — it won't be long first.”

I was wild with desire, for her cunt almost lipless, and of light pink tint, between her white thighs, and with but a suspicion of hair on the motte, had made me lewed beyond all description — I wanted to get into her at once. Sarah said I might try. “But it will be useless, and you've spent twice — wait a day, she'll be wild to get it made up, and if she can't she will let you fuck her — but I am frightened of those damned girls on the satirs.”

Then Sarah begged me to let her have five pounds, she was so hard up — I let her have it. I had made her presents every night for my entertainment, so she was making money — I was sure there was something wrong between her and her man — or some one.

In the parlour the girl was sitting thinking. We had more ale — I sent her out for soda water. Then we talked about her. — “Some men if they had such a chance would give fifty pounds,” said Sarah. “You don't know any one who would or you wouldn't have got her for me. — She'll cost me a good deal yet before I get into her.” “You will have her soon, don't give her the change next time.”

Lizzie brought the soda water, and her face grew dull as I put the change into my pocket. Unobserved she left the room — Sarah noticed it. “I'll bet she is at the silk.” She went thro the passage into the bedroom, and came back. “Come softly.” Going to the door I saw the girl looking at the silk, which she had spread out on the bed, in silent admiration of it, and soon she came back to the sitting room looking quite glum.

I toyed with her, promised a shilling to shew me her garters. — She let me and took the shilling. — I'd give her another shilling to feel her bum. “No, I won't.” But my hand was on it almost before she'd refused — and letting it rest there, she grabbed the second shill- ing. “Another just to feel that little cunt I have licked to night.” “Oh no.” The legs close, the bum goes back, but I feel it. — “Oh no now, Surr.” Her resistance ceases, my hand roves over the smooth belly, scratches in the moss, rubs the top of her split, and a shilling does it — money, omnipotent money!

It was but five days since I saw her first. Had she any clear idea that I had frigged out my spunk on to her cunt? (I knew later on that she hadn't.) Modesty was going — lewed notions had come — pride of dress sprung up — and when I said, “If you'll let me fuck you I'll make your dress up, and give you a bonnet and parasol,” I had said enough

to keep her awake till she saw me again. — Sarah told her again that night that the pleasure of a prick up her cunt was greater than she'd had when I licked it. It's the old old story, the old old way.

Next night taking ale with me I rang the second floor bell as I thought, for the door was closed, but in error rang that of the first or third floor. The door opened, a short female stood in the dark. Putting down the bag as she shut the door, I put one hand up her clothes and puffing her to me kissed her. As my lips met hers, my hand touched a well haired cunt. It was all done in half a second. The girl or woman, which ever it was, screamed loudly and ran to the stairs; I snatched up my bag and opening the door bolted — whilst she, as I afterwards heard, ran up the stairs yelling. It was a pitch dark night and she'd no candle luckily, but that class never go to the door with a candle. The instant I felt the hair of the cunt, I knew it was a mistake and not Lizzie. I did not go back that night, and wondered what had been the result of my assault. I dropped a line to Sarah, who met me out next night very late, as I went home from a dinner; and told her what had happened. She had heard a woman hollow but that was all she knew. She thought it was a lodger quarrelling, and afterwards that it was one of the girls of the family she so much objected to. — We talked over their ages, and came to the conclusion that none of them had cunts fledged like the one I had felt. She called out “Mother,” I had thought. I knocked my bag hard against the door as I ran off, and broke a bottle of ale — Sarah had wondered at my not arriving.

This affair made us uncomfortable, and Sarah anxious for me to finish. The girl was wild about the dress. Sarah said that the best thing was to get into bed with her. They'd both go to bed early next night. She was to get up and let me in if the street door was shut, and go to bed again — I was then to get into bed with them.

The street door was open, and after waiting a minute in the passage, in fear lest the other female should appear, I went up and knocked at Sarah's door. “Who's that?” “It's I” — Sarah opened it. “Who'd have thought of seeing you, we are both in bed.” She re-treated to the bed room and got into bed again, Lizzie was in bed by her side. “Who'd have expected you to be in bed at this time. — I'll get into bed with you.” “There is lots of room,” said she, and it really was a very large bed.

“What have you got in the bag?” “Ale, but you can't drink ale.” “I can.” “I was going to send for wine.” “I can go,” said the girl. She saw, I fancy, the change in her pocket. — “It's of no use making you get up, so we will drink ale, go and get the corkscrew.” The girl hesitated. “Go — your night gown is clean,” said Sarah. She fetched it, leaving us in the dark for the moment. “Get into bed and do her — if she won't let you, I'll hold her — don't give her a minute to think about it.

— We've been talking about fucking the last hour, and she will do anything to get the dress made up," said Sarah hurriedly.

The girl brought the corkscrew, and really looked lovely in her night dress. — "Come to bed," said Sarah. "Piddle before you get in, Liz," said I. "She's just piddled." "Do you dry your cunt after piddling." "Oho," said Liz as she got into bed. I took a chair to the bed-side, opened the bottle, and they both had ale whilst we talked baudiness. "Have you got your dress made?" "No sir, it will cost such a lot." "I'll pay for it, and give you a new bonnet and parasol as well, if you let me." Her face was a study. She looked partly bewildered, partly delighted. Then her face grew blank, and she laid down silently.

"Let me see your cunt again and I'll give you half a crown." I had made up my mind now to do her, but it suspiciously occurred to me that since I had seen her quim she might have been fucked by some one —her virginity sold to some one else by Sarah — "I won't." "You little fool," said Sarah, "when he has seen it and licked it. — You don't want your dress I suppose." — The girl who was lying on her back turned to Sarah. "I don't like letting him."

"Let him, he's already seen it," and she pulled down the bed clothes. There was her pretty round white rump towards me — Sarah gave her a gentle push and she lay on her back, and her night clothes Sarah pulled up. "Look, Doctor." The girl did not resist or speak. I seized the candle, Sarah pulled open the girl's thighs, and I opened the delicate little split, and saw that it looked just as it had before, but her position was not favourable for inspection. I kissed it rapturously and told her how I loved her. I licked her little clitoris with difficulty, she broke away, and in doing so, knocked the candle out of my hand and we were in darkness — Sarah swore, got out, lighted the candle, and got into bed again.

"What are you going to do, Doctor?" "Going to bed." "What a lark. It will be a close fit." "I mean to sleep here." Rapidly undressing and naked, I got in to bed next to Liz, and in the twinkling of an eye was cuddling her. Oh, the delight of that delicate little naked form touching my flesh everywhere. "Go away now — you shan't," she said as I squeezed up to her. But her efforts were useless. I had lifted her smock, and her naked body was against mine every where. She got closer to Sarah. — That only made more room for me. Her bum was against my belly, my prick against her bum valley. What a delicious position. — My hand reaching over her haunch felt her little nick. She restless and denying me, Sarah advising, "Let him, — don't be a fool."

I could not get at her well, so drew back and forced my hand under her bum and between her thighs. — "Oh! he's a hurting me. Oh — do — not, — don't let him, Missus — don't." — My hand then went to her front, then again to her back, and then roved all over her from

neck to knees. Closer and closer she got to Sarah — I laid hold of her little hand, and pulling it back on to my prick, kept it there. Sarah spoke about fucking. The girl now lay silent — her hand was firmly held by mine around my prick, she now unconscious to all but sexual wants I expect. No wonder. Her clitoris had been well previously rubbed by Sarah, Scotch ale and lewed talk had warmed her. She was in a mood which Sarah knew better than I, who only knew my own want, but felt by instinct that she would resist no longer. — Then Sarah sat up. “You two are better without me — you will be love-making in a minute and fucking.” So saying she stepped over us and quitted the room.

“Don't go,” cried the girl clutching at Sarah's chemise. I threw my hand round her — my leg over her — my body following pressed her back, and before Sarah had well left the room, she was on her back and I on her belly.

I was so lewed by abstinence, so full of sperm, which was almost boiling in my ballocks that I feared I should spend before I had her — Sarah told me all afterwards for she listened. — I was on the girl's belly, her legs were closed, mine outside. “Open your legs dear — let me put my prick in — when you know what pleasure fucking is, you'll want it night and day.” — I promised dresses, theatres, even to keep her, and everything else, but she kept her legs closed. It is doubtful if she recollected what I said, for she never told me of many promises afterwards. She was now under the spell of the prick — lewedness and curiosity well filled her, she wanted the prick but feared it, and when she didn't think of that, she thought only of her new dress made up. What mixed sensations.

The strongest woman cannot keep her legs closed against the man's knees when he is well on top of her and his arms round her. His legs are sure to open hers. — With one knee I forced her legs apart, the other knee followed, and I was between hers. “Oh — don't you” — my prick went between her thighs as my belly closed on hers and struck blindly anywhere outside her cunt.

It was a heavenly moment when I thought that my prick would go where never prick had gone yet. Pressing heavily on her, I felt for the slit and lodged the top of my prick there — Ram — Ram — Ram. — “Oho get off.” I was coming, and thought I could not be on the right line, so put down my hand and pushing it brutally on to her cunt hurt her, and she cried aloud. — Sarah outside at the room door called out, “Don't make that row.” My prick was now well lodged in the middle, and with all the force and weight of my thighs, arse, and belly, I thrust; and as I was told by Sarah for I don't recollect it, blaspheming like a trooper. “Cunt — ballocks — spunk —fuck you — c — c — cunt.” I had done it and spent as soon as my prick entered. She

moaned as my hot prick got right up her. Coming to myself, there stood Sarah in her chemise watching us. — She had come in when the girl cried out, and saw and heard the consummation.

It is a heavenly sensation to recover from the pleasure, and assure yourself of the journey you have made up a fresh girl — I seemed to awake in Elysium. — “Do you like it?” — I heard a rattle. It was Sarah piddling. Keeping the girl tight to me I fell asleep — Sarah had gone back into the parlour.

I awakened very soon. She had barely moved. I felt her cunt, my fingers were smeared with blood and semen. I pulled down the bed clothes and saw her chemise was bloody — I recollect scarcely any girl of her age who bled so much. — She was exhausted, and took another glass of ale. Sarah, whom I called, came in, winked at me, and we scarcely spoke for half an hour. I felt Liz all over but couldn't get a word out of her, until asking if she did not want to piddle, she said she did. I have noticed that a woman always pisses a lot soon after her defloration.

“Piddle, my darling, never mind me.” She got out, and on to the pot, put her head against the side of the bed and moaned. Leaning on my elbow looking at her in voluptuous contemplation, and twiddling my prick up to her readiness for another turn. “Come to bed,” I said — she didn't. — How I gloried at the sight of the red on her chemise. “You will have my dress made up, won't you.” “Yes darling.” “You said you'd give me a bonnet.” “So I will.” “You said a parasol.” “So I will.” “I am so glad.” — She stooped down and opened her trunk under the bed. — “Oh, isn't it beautiful,” said she taking out the silk. I will go and show it to the Missus.” — Off she went to Sarah with it.

They came back together. What vanity at such a moment! She'd forgotten all about fucking. “Come to bed.” “No.” She was sore. Sarah told her to wash her cunt, and she did, after a sort of command in which Sarah joined, I looked at the orifice my prick had made. The difference of half an hour in her sexual organ delighted me. The bleeding split, I would that I could have photographed it, but it is photographed on my brain. — Her cunt looked inflamed and it delighted me to hear her say it felt burning hot. Said Sarah, “You'll want to fuck again directly.” — The very idea of hurting her delighted me — the blood on her chemise made my cock stiffen. “Look at my prick, this is what burst thro your cunt.” She looked long and fixedly at it. She got into bed, but would not let me do it. Sarah, saying she was tired, got into bed telling Liz she'd have pleasure the next time, but the girl refused saying, “It's too big.” — She kept asking what sort of parasol it would be, and the colour of her bonnet. At last I could not contain myself. Wetting my finger well, I felt up her little cunt forcibly, for persuasion was of no use. Sarah, on feeling my stiff

stander, said, “Let the doctor.” She wouldn't. “Then I'll fuck Sarah.” Said Sarah, “I'm dying for it.” I got over Liz but did not mean that, and when passing dropped on to her, forcing open her legs with my knees.

“O doant'ee, Sir, you'll hurt me,” she cried so loudly, that Sarah, “Be quiet for God sake, they'll hear you all over the house.” — Then she was silent. I laying in tranquil voluptuousness on her, my pego now not quite ready, dangling against the lovely little gap, and gradually swelling up to its duty. Then gently feeling the smooth and bleeding surface, and wetting it with spittle (for she'd washed away my sperm from its outside) I softly inserted my prick, and with gentle pushes sought the innermost depths of her cunt — “Ohoo —Ohoo — Ohoo.” — She moaned, and that was all. With my stiff prick thus sheathed deeply in her dear little ravished bleeding cunny, I lay tranquilly without moving, letting her feel the stretch, the heat, the tingle which the contact of the male tool gives the female receptacle; and awaiting its reciprocally sensual tightening and grip on mine.

Soon her cunt constricted — that involuntary tightening — Ah! that I could taste the voluptuousness which the woman feels when her cunt closes thus round the prick. — A second's pause, again a clip, then another move of my prick, another squeeze of her cunt. “Ah-ar — ahar,” she sighed quietly, and I knew that the divine pleasure was stealing through her senses. Gently I probed on, pulling it out slowly to its tip, then slowly pushing it up again. “Arhar” — “ahrr,” sighed Lizzie. Then I pushed hard. — “Oh don't.” Gently again I probed. “Isn't fucking lovely, Liz?” “Ahrr — Ahrr — oho ahrr.” “She likes it,” said Sarah whom I had for-gotten. — Now with baudy instinct, out went a hand to Sarah's hairy quim. She was frigging herself. Again Lizzie's buttocks had my double clasp, her cunt felt wetter — my prick glided more easily, I kissed her — I lunged, then faster, harder, faster. “Aha,” she sighed and her limbs moved sympathetically. Sarah frigged herself vigorously. Sighing out “Fuck her — shove your prick up her — make her spend — isn't it nice, Liz? — Oh — prick — spunk — ballocks,” sighed Sarah in her ecstasy. — “Aha — ahaa a,” and Lizzie's sighs came sharp and quick, and nature made her writhe and wriggle her sweet little belly and bum, as now quicker I moved my prick up and down in her, throbbing to emit its sperm.

Then nestling it close up to her womb, with gentle thrusts hitting its portals, out spurted the impregnating, life giving, creative fluid of my testicles. Out from my swollen, turgid pego gushed my blood's essence — my sperm — my seed. Thick and copiously it gushed out, whilst in loving unison with my precious flood came Lizzie's vaginal juices, issuing from every pore, from every duct of her lovely sheath. Our sexual essences mingled in her cunt, whilst still my prick drove gently to and fro in it, midst mutual spasms of ecstatic pleasure, and

murmurs of delight in the throes of fucking — in joys which those of Paradise cannot excel. — Oh! Divine function of nature! You O man to inject the precious life giving sperm into the cunt. — You O woman to receive, absorb the lubricious liquid of the prick, and fructify it in your womb.

Yet this divine function, this coupling of the man and woman in the supremest ecstasy of mind and body. This sexual conjunction, this fucking, which is the foundat on and the stay of love between the sexes. This act which may form and give life to a sentient being, to a being with a soul, to one partaking of the ethereal life — of the Divine essence. This act which by the law of nature may create in God's own image a being with a soul to be hereafter by him either blessed or damned in all eternity. This act of mighty power and eternal endowments is called foul, bestial, abominable! It may not be mentioned or talked about. — Yea, even when the law has sanctioned it, and the Priest has blest it, it may not be even hinted at in public! Nor may the sexual organs, those blessed implements of coition with which the pleasure is got, and the act is done, be named or alluded to. — Age after age has wasted its thoughts in inventing words ro refer to the act and its organs which shall puzzle and perplex as to their meaning, but which are called for the time decent, under the false notion that the penis and pudenda are indecent, filthy things. Yet thoughts about the use of these organs or the sensations they afford are ever present to the senses, and a delight to both sexes in health. The hopes of earthly happiness are mainly derived from them, and without their function life is worthless. — Yet this grave inevitable necessity of life is thought obscene! Has the creator made this necessity of our existence foul and obscene? Is it not to blaspheme him to say that it is so?

We who know so little of the beginning or the end of all things instead of calling the sexual organs and their conjunction foul and obscene should rather sing loud paeans in praise of them, for they are emblems of the Creator, and fucking is obedience to his laws, and is worship of him.

Then in that big bed, in that Paphian's chamber all was quiet. — Sarah on her back with eyes closed, her lust satisfied by her own hand. — Lizzie in sleepy voluptuous lassitude, with spermatized, bleeding, lubricated cunt, and the spermatizer still laying within its juicy folds. All her pain was over — only the soft pleasure from her semenalized absorbent organ was stealing through her senses. The languor of the spasm of pleasure was on her. Was she thinking of my prick, as I was of her cunt, as I lay over and up her, my prick softening, lulled in the seminal bath of our joint makthoughts, and wishes steal through my brain at such moments as this, and why not

through the brain of Lizzie. — Man and woman are joint participants in the sexual pleasure. and in the voluptuous thoughts which are the cause and consequence. Such minutes are paradise in life, are heaven before life has left us.

After an hour's repose — not sleep but repose idly lying between the two women. Now feeling one cunt, now the other, both cunts moist with recent pleasure. Now looking at, now feeling the still bleeding quim of Liz, now feeling Sarah's hirsute full sized gap, and after Sarah had looked at Liz's — and Liz had looked at Sarah's cunt — and we had kissed all round voluptu- ously, and we had talked of fucking incessantly and Liz had felt my prick, and I had gently frigged her to incipient pleasure, and Sarah had done a little frigging to the girl, and had titillated her own cunt as well, I mounted and fucked Lizzie again. Again the sweet lass mingled her genital juices with mine, in now a long voluptuous fucking, whilst Sarah with louder ejaculations of lust than before again spent with the aid of her fingers; rubbing my backside, feeling my balls, fingering my bum hole with one hand, whilst the other she brought herself to sexual ecstasy.

Then after an hour's repose, with some effort I fucked again, and arose from the warm, steaming, blood and sperm splashed couch. It was late. Finding my shirt covered with sperm and blood, I left it to be washed there, and went home without one. — I was alone in my house then, and for a week could do what I liked without its being noticed, and I slept delighted, and rejoicing in my evening, and the little cunt I had deflorated.

Chapter VIII

Lizzie's form and cunt. • Our next meeting. • Sarah frigs Lizzie. • The second gamahuche. • "What-ever is it." • The dress made up. • A dog fashion poke. • A stercoraceous furrow. • My disgust. • Lizzie's relations and antecedents. • About little boys' cocks. • Sarah's impecuniosity. • Lizzie's disclosures. • Sarah's Lesbian tastes. • "I don't like her thinging me." • A lapunar reminiscence. • A flat fucking baud. • Lizzie on Sarah. • Sarah's admissions. • Sarah drinks. • A flat fucking baud. • Lizzie on Sarah. • Sarah's admissions. • Sarah drinks. • A flat fucking exhibition. • Lizzie's sexual ignorance. • A masturbating essay. • "It spits."

Lizzie had the loveliest form, from head to foot she was prefect as a girl. Wonderfully plump and formed for her age, her breasts tho nascent were firm and fullish, and her skin was like satin. — Her buttocks were solid and as large as many a girl's at seventeen. Her cunt had plump roly-poly little lips and would become, I should say, pouters if she became thin, but they swelled out from such a plump motte, such flesh between the lips and the thighs, that there is no chance of that I think — I never saw a more exquisite youthful cunt. — It was like that of most young girls of a coral tint. She had a fully developed clitoris. It didn't look at all ugly, but showed slightly between the lips even when her thighs were closed. Slight inner labia joined it, which died away soon into the general surface of the vulva. — There was just sufficient hair on her motte to make it feel mossy. — It was of a bright flaxen tint, somewhat darker than the hair on her head, which was light, but of an indescribably beautiful bright tone.

It was a lovely cunt to gamahuche, and I did that often enough to her. Clitoris and labia seemed to meet my tongue so deliciously, that I often paused, giving my tongue rest, whilst I gently nibbled the gristly nubbly projection. — I wonder if Sarah was attracted by the look of Lizzie's cunt.

The night but one following, Sarah was angry at having stayed at home awaiting me the night before without seeing me. — Lizzie had got her bonnet and parasol. — The dress had not come home, and she walked about the room with petticoats only on, the parasol held up over her bonnet. Her delight and vanity was almost idiotic.

"Come into the bed room." — She hesitated. — "Go to the doctor, he may do anything — he'll only do it again." — Into the room the girl came. As I put my hands up her clothes, she dropped the parasol with modest instinct. — I kissed her. "Oh, my bonnet — don't now,

you'll hurt it." — Bonnet and parasol I soon put out of the way.

It was a charming evening, the lacerated ragged edged hymen looked heavenly. I think I see it now, and she was such a little lovely made lass — I looked her over from the hair of her head to her toe nails. Cunt even bum hole came in for its share. Sarah had made her scrupulously clean. — She didn't spend when I poked, and lay as most quiet young girls do without attempt to wash her cunt after the fuck. It suited me, for I like now a girl beside me with her cunt full of my sperm. No young girls wash it until they are taught, no married woman does after fucking, no woman after copulation naturally does. All when in bed turn their bums to you with spunk in their cunts trickling out. They never think of soap and water. — Lizzie lay so, I fucked her twice but she did not spend; young girls are so different in this respect.

Sarah, who had gone out after seeing me with the girl, came home. — "He's done you over twice, ain't you lucky." — "Not spent? — have you washed?" — "No." — "Get out and wash, always — I do," said the knowing old card. — (She didn't tho) I said I did not wish it. — "She'll spend if she do the next time," said Sarah. The girl washed and got into the bed again, Sarah squeezed herself into the bed, and the little one lay in the middle. It was late.

We talked of fucking — Lizzie then said that she'd never had before such a sensation as the first night when I licked her. If true, her first pleasure had been under my tongue or she lied awfully. That amorous lingual friction had fetched her. — After a time we had brandy and water, and Liz Scotch ale, for I had brought it with me as before.

All in bed again. — My cock seemed to have emptied itself for the night. Sarah put her hands across Liz to feel me. "It will be up soon," said she. Then her hand went on to Lizzie's cunt. — I removed her hand and took its place and business on myself. Then Sarah frigged me a little, and then put Lizzie to do it.

My cock soon swelled. — As much of my finger as I could cram up Lizzie's little quim had been probing that orifice in all directions for some time. — "Feel her well up and about," said Sarah, beginning again to frig the girl, "gamahuche her, doctor."

I moved on to my knees and began licking her little cunt — holding her arse with one hand, and stretching out the other which went into Sarah's black thicket. — "She likes it, doctor." — The girl's bum began to wriggle — a sign and enough — The next instant I covered her, and my prick was up her. A few thrusts and wriggles. — "Ahaa," sobbed she, delicately. — "Oh! what-ever is it — oh —h — ha — ha." — The sweet child had spent. Putting out my hand as I felt my pleasure coming, I found Sarah frigging herself, which seems now

quite her custom. She'd been fucked that night, but had no pleasure she said frankly. Turning to Liz she gave the girl a kiss and burst into laughter. — “Aha, what is it. Aha,” said she, imitating the girl's manner and exclamation as pleasure had overtaken her. Afterwards when a funny mood we would say, — “Aha whatever is it — you know what it is now Liz.” The girl declared she never uttered the words, and no doubt she was unconscious that she did. — They were the funniest I ever heard a female say just before spending.

She spent with me regularly the next night. — The more she fucked the better she fucked, and the better she drew me. — She became voluptuous in the extreme, and took as much pleasure in the various lascivious excitements as I did. It was as delightful to her to be taught, as it was to me to teach her.

The dress came home, and she looked lovely in it. I took a fancy to fuck her in it, but the chance of rumpling it gave her much grief. She couldn't understand why I wanted to spoil a nice dress. — She was nice and clean in her habits, and put away her clothes with great care. — This made me like having her extremely. But I must abbreviate, and only tell of novelties which marked my acquaintance with her.

I stroked her the next time dog fashion. — “What! do it that way, that's funny.” “Yes dear, just as you've seen dogs do it.” “That's like beasts then and you shan't,” — but I would. — The bed was too low and she was too short to let me get conveniently up that tight little cunt in that fashion. — So I put the pillows in a heap on he bed, and stood her legs on a couple of hassocks fetched from the sitting room. — My pleasure was to have her in that posture, and at the bed side in her silk dress. — Up went the dress over her bum and I drove my prick between her cunt's lips with such thrust, that she called out — drawing back to indulge my eyes with the luxury of seeing — I saw what? — Out it came. “You dirty little devil your bum's dirty.”

— Up shrivelled my doodle at once.

The girl turned round and began to cry. I began to reflect whether I was unkind or not. — There she sat, looking a perfect little lady in her silk dress — I thought how I had enjoyed her the night before — had enjoyed her even that night — a little water will wash all away. But I felt so annoyed that I could have boxed her ears

— I had no patience to talk or even look at her, was disgusted, and angrily determining never to see her again, went away leaving her sobbing and calling out. — “Oh don't go — don't, oh don't, — I was in such a hurry to come up, I was at the privy when you came — oho — oho — oho,” she sobbed.

I could not forget, and it must have been a week before a grand stiff stander admonished me that a cunt was an useful article, and that

in the sweetest woman it is only an inch or so from her arsehole. Then my mind recurred to the fresh, velvety skinned, plump little Liz. I forgot the dirtiness and went again.

Sarah told me that the girl had fretted so, that she had never left her alone. — It was my own fault, had the girl washed after my first fuck she'd have washed her bum. — The girl could scarcely look at me and cried. — “I thought you'd never come again.” “I knew he would.” “You like poking her too much to keep away long” (to me).

My swelling cunt stretcher made me forget all for the minute — I watched her strip. — How nice she looked as she drew garment off after garment, and each girlish beauty came into view. I was soon in bed with her.

Directly I had consummated, the nasty recollection returned, and it did so at times afterwards. At length I forgot it for the little girl was scrupulously and naturally clean in everything.

The violence of desire for her being over, and having fucked myself out, and also fucked, frigged, and gamahuched her into similar condition, I saw her less frequently. — Sarah did not get money by her and that was her regret, the girl missed my doodle and that was her regret. — I rarely now gave her money; but set her up in all sorts of clothing. Sarah never talked all this time of getting rid of the girl as she had to the others.

I tried to get out of Lizzie who she was, and where she came from, and as usual altogether failed. It is the lifficulty with most of the girls. Every thing else I learnt — I tried to pump her at critical moments, when with finger on her clitoris, or when her hand was round my prick, or when lewed with each other, her heart would naturally open to me, but she said she dare not, she was frightened of Sarah. — But little by little a bit of her history leaked out, and I think that she was an only child of a widowed mother, and living almost in want. — Liz seemed never to have worked in the fields. She spoke with a provincial dialect which she soon began to lose. She never seemed to have mixed with any of her own sex, excepting on Sundays, nor to have played with boys; and she was surprizingly ignorant of baudiness. She understood mangling and washing, and was a beautiful needle woman. She said she could milk, bake, make butter, and sausages. Her mother did mangling, and she helped to earn their living at needle work. I think she was the illegitimate child of a gentleman who allowed her mother a small stipend, and that she was a relation of Sarah's. — She told me her mother had brown hair. — Was she like Sarah I asked. — The girl was going to answer, then she looked hard at me for a minute and replied. — “No” — I believe Sarah was her aunt.

She knew that boys' cocks stood, — She and another girl had

made a boy's about five years old stand “she was a nuss gal.” The boy was quite quiet while the “nuss gal” made it stiff, — “Can you do that (fuck) as often as you like?” was one of her earliest questions to me. “And won't nothen coom out till it be stiff?” — I know now from the questions I have put to many young lasses, that they all feel little boys' cocks, and delight in making them stiff. — Instinct teaches them to do so.

Sarah, who I am sure had then lost her man, and was more and more impecunious, used to come home early, often ill tempered and low spirited. Unasked she then would get into bed with us. — She was kind in an extra-ordinary degree to Lizzie, would kiss her when laying by the side of her, and always ask how often I had fucked (generally now but twice.) — Sarah's fingers were always on the little one's cunt. — She laughed when I found them there, and then used to push her hand over Lizzie and catch hold of my prick. — In those attitudes we went on talking till I fucked again. Sometimes Sarah used to feel Lizzie whilst I was fucking her, and frig herself at the same time. She made no secret about it now. — “I must do something, I don't often spend with a man, and like frigging while you are doing Liz.”

Previously I had somehow formed the opinion that Sarah liked feeling the cunts of young ones, but thought nothing much about it. One day she was slightly screwed, and got into bed, just as I got out to piddle, then pulling every thing up and showing all her parts she said. — “I'm getting stout doctor aren't I?” — I felt her bum and belly and just opened her cunt lips. — “I want a fuck so, give me one.” — “I'll try after I have had Liz again.” — Sarah turned round and clutching Liz, lifted her on to her belly, began to kiss her passionately, twisted her limbs over her, and wriggling her belly up to her so that their cunts were close together, moved as if fucking. — Liz tried to get away. “Don't now, don't.” After a few heaves Sarah let her go, laughing, turned her rump towards us and frigged herself.

I thought of this a good deal, and it increased my desire for knowledge. This form of sexual voluptuousness amongst women now haunted me. I question Liz about Sarah's behaviour in bed with her, for she always now slept with her, and no man was ever there. — It was not as formerly when Sarah said, “You must not come for three days,” and so on. I found that Sarah had a letch for frigging herself, and that with the young one seemed her solace in the absent pleasure with the male. Her taste for the man it may be was diminishing. She had done this almost from the first day Liz came to London. Then I guessed that Sarah did something more. — I asked questions, and threatening not to see Liz any more if she did not tell me the truth. She disclosed that Sarah pulled the girl on the top of her, and pressing clitoris to clitoris rubbed them to-gether, till Sarah at least had the full

enjoyment of that voluptuous friction. — It was flat fucking, tribadism, the amusement of girls at boarding schools and con-vents, and perhaps harems (and often as I know since, of some harlots).

“Don't tell her,” said Liz. — “She has made me promise not, and says you'd hate me if you knew of it — you won't hate me will you? I don't like her thinging me — I don't like her wet thing in mine.” “Is it not nice?” “It be a little nice sometimes, but I don't like thinging like that.” — I promised to keep Lizzie's secret.

“You call it thinging, why?” “Cos her thing be gin my thing,” said the girl laughing, — “it be like two snails.” I roared with laughter at such an illustrative remark, and never heard flat fucking called thinging before or since. (I have since heard a funny term for it tho.)

Then I began to think flat fucking, and recollected what in my youth Fred had said, and what I had been told by Camille of women rubbing their cunts together, that I had seen two French women doing it (for my amusement, as I thought, and simply to show me how by placing themselves like a man and woman in copulation, they could close their cunts on each other). One woman I recollected had a strongly developed clitoris and I had not liked it. But I did not believe in women having pleasure that way, and the baudy sight had passed from my mind. Nor had any clear idea of the truth even arisen in my mind, when I saw two servants on each other in the bath room at my cousin's school, or Gabrielle on Violette.

I had heard since of women flat fucking, and suddenly recollected a row at a brothel, in which the amusement had been referred to.

When I spent my first fortune, I took after longish continence, to visiting harlots who let me have them for five shillings, and would let a man do almost any thing. One night I went to see a woman and arrived just as she was having a row with a woman who was about forty-five years old. My girl came into the room with me, but unable to contain herself, left me; and I opening the door, heard her and another lodger bullying the woman for getting quite young a girl into her bed. “You old cat, you dirty slimy cunted old bitch. — I'll tell them all.” She came back into the room with me and slammed the door. She was slightly screwed and noisy. “The old bitch gets Mary who's not four-teen years old into bed with her. — It's the little servant here — and pulls her about — Polly *** caught her at it, and the girl said she did.”

“Why does the girl let her?” “Oh she's a dirty little bitch too.” “Well, I pull you about and you me.”

“Oh that is quite different.” Perhaps the woman was jealous, or was it whores' morality? I told her I saw no harm in two women doing what they liked to do.

I had never given the subject thought, but now began to think of

the way women could bring their organs together for mutual pleasure, and of various tricks that way which I had seen women perform, but the subject never seems to have interested me fully till now. Then I got some medical books and some French books, and under Lesbos, Tribade etc. and some other words, got the key to the full mysteries of Sappho and the Lesbians, which added a mite more to my knowledge and admiration of the wonders of the article called cunt.

My promise of secrecy I kept, but often looked at Sarah and longed to question her on this subject. I began to talk about quim to quim friction — flat fucking — and explained the word tribadism, which word Sarah had never heard — I let her know that I thought no harm in women rubbing their cunts together, or gamahuching each other; and Sarah at once, I thought, got more free in her manifestations towards the girl.

Sarah was much more often screwed now than previously, just as if she were in trouble. One night she came in when we were in bed, for she did not now always stop in for me, and laid down besides us. “Get on top of her Liz,” said I just to see how far I could go in that direction. “I like to see you on top of her like a man fucking her.”

Liz refused — Sarah gave her a kiss and laughed, put one leg out and her arms round her, and rolling on to her back, pulled Liz right on to the top of her, kissing all the time. “She looks as if she were fucking you,” said I, “put your cunts together, pull off your chemises, let's see you both naked.” — I assisted in pulling them off. — Liz said, “No, no,” and resisted slightly. But Sarah heaved up her thighs round the girl and rasped her little arse. “Be quiet Liz,” said I, “do it with her.”

Sarah suddenly seemed quite screwed, her eyes looked wild with lust, she held tight on to the girl — heaved up her legs, and put her heels round Lizzie's calves — I threw myself on the bed. —Widening open a little Lizzie's thighs, I could see Sarah's black haired cunt below, meeting the mossy cunt of the damsel — I put my fingers there, begged Lizzie who was restive to be quiet, incited Sarah to get her cunt as close to the girl's as she could, and they were soon so close that I got two fingers up Sarah's cunt, and the thumb of the same hand touched Lizzie's, tho with difficulty.

Then baudiness reigned supreme. I was delighted. “Rub your cunts together,” said I after a minute's fingering. “We can't.” — “Try, rub your cunts to-gether and I will give you a sovereign.” “What do you mean?” She was still holding the girl in her arms. “Oh! how modest, you know all — did you never have pleasure with a woman by flat fucking her? rub away at Liz, hold her quite tight — squeeze your quim up to hers, teach her, she'd like to know every thing, and a man can't teach her that,” said I now wild with lust.

Sarah kissed Lizzie without ceasing, it was one long unbroken

sound of osculation, and began heaving her buttocks and wriggling, but I saw she was shamming. — “I am not going to give you a sovereign to be hum-bugged,” said I and putting my hand down between both their thighs, I pushed two of my fingers into Sarah's cunt again.

My fingers seemed to stir Sarah's lewedness. Wriggling and kissing Lizzie passionately, she said, “Never mind him, let me darling — do.” — The girl told by me to let Sarah do what she liked lay quiet, the little one's legs were held by Sarah's big legs, and she wriggled and fucked whilst I kept my fingers at work in her cunt as well as I could. There lay the big woman clinging to Liz, twisting and writhing, wriggling and sighing, kissing the girl with passion, thrusting out her tongue, and almost burying her fingers between the girl's buttocks. It was a very long embrace, and neither of them took heed of me now. — Liz was obedient, Sarah's eyes were closed except at intervals. Instinctivly at last, Lizzie grasped Sarah's haunches. With a sigh. — “Oh — do it — darling — ah — ai — aha.” — Sarah relaxed her hold and was quiet. I knew well from the look of her face, from that changing of colour when she spent that she had spent now; the witness had spread over it which was an unfailing evidence.

The lasciviety of the scene, the intense enjoyment of Sarah urged me on — I now lusted for Sarah. — “Get off, Liz — is your cunt wet? is Sarah's wet? I'll fuck you, Sally.” Sarah opened her eyes and looked at me remarking “That bugger knows every thing.” Then lifting her thighs she again began squeezing Lizzie and rubbing against her. “I'll fuck you, Sally.” She took no notice but writhed as hard as she could embracing the girl. “I've only begun,” said she. “She's a darling.” — Randy to madness I pulled Lizzie off, and the next instant was up Sarah's cunt. — Lizzie laid by the side — on to her little cunt went my fingers, feeling, groping the little most slippery article, till I emitted what sperm was left in me up Sarah's vagina. Then Sarah with my libation in her, clutched Liz like a fury, and got her between her thighs. In vain she struggled, the big woman held her fast, their cunts met, and Sarah had her Sapphic delight, screeching out, so that the lodgers below would have heard enough had they been listening. But Sarah in her maddening pleasure forgot all about them then. She was groggy.

After that night I talked with Sarah about her liking for the girl, and about flat fucking. Sarah neither then screwed nor lewed, avoided the subject, said she had only done it for a lark and had no letch for anything of the sort, but preferred a prick to any other kind of solace for her cunt. On other occasions I told Sarah all I had read and knew — that I thought no worse of a woman for having a woman, than I did of a man for frigging a man. “Your cunt's your own, and if two cunts

agree to frictionize each other, it is a perfectly legitimate pleasure." Little by little she admitted much — but considering that I had spent in and on her in every way possible for nearly four years, I had difficulty in getting her to admit her liking for flat fucking Liz. — She never did quite admit it. — She had done it once or twice she said, when screwed but had no taste for it. She liked a good, thick, stiff prick up her. Freely brandy and watering Sarah one night and dosing Liz with Scotch ale, I got a repetition of the Lesbian game, and completed the evening by fucking both the females.

It was long before I could make Liz believe that my prick wouldn't stand as often as I wanted. — "How do it come out when it knocks in me so." — Her language in describing anything erotic was most peculiar and amusing —I let her frig me once, and see the ejaculation of my sperm. — She frigged clumsily as all young girls and many women do, and I had to guide her hand. — "Look it's coming — aha! look quite close." I was full that night, and my sperm shot up on to her face. I had intended that it should. The anticipation of it jetting on to her pretty features had delighted me. — She let go my prick. — "It spits," said she, "it's hit me — you made it do it on purpose — it's dirty." "My love, sperm is never dirty." — She laid hold of my dwindling organ retracting the skin, and more sperm fell from it. She dropped my doodle again. — "I thought it was going to spit again." — I told her it never spit unless it was stiff. She would afterwards look at my cock when stiff, and give it one or two clumsy frigs, but never finished me, and frigging was not to my taste except under unusual erotic excitement, yet I did it occasionally.

Chapter IX

Cuntal contrasts. • Feminine friggings. • Cuntal trials. • Pleasure-giving capabilities of different pudenda. • Baudy lessons to Liz. • Double gamahuching. • Liz gamahuches me. • A mouthful. • Micturating oddities. • The cunt funnel. • Bum slappings and fustigations. • The organs ministering to sexual pleasures. • Aunts and nieces. • Young virginities sold. • Fornication philosophy of the poor. • Absence. • Four months later. • Both on the pavŭ. • "She would turn out." • Sarah's efforts and kindness. • They disappear suddenly. • Fruitless enquiries.

I had much pleasure with Sarah and Liz together, the contrast between them was so great. Sarah beyond the usual height of women, with a dark and well haired cunt, laying side by side naked with the little one whose cunt was all bare, was a beautiful sight. Sarah obeyed me implicitly and made the little one do so. — "Open your thighs — open your cunts," and both were distended. — Then Sarah frigged the girl, then the girl frigged Sarah, and both operations I began to notice pleased Sarah as much as me. When I had roused my passions fully, I put into one or the other of these charmers for a finish, but the little one generally had my Priapean offering.

I did with them what I find I often do when I have two females together — I wonder if all men do the same, if not, what enjoyment they miss — I delighted to put first into one, pull out my prick, and then put in-to the other, return to the first and so on. I did that with the other two girls whom Sarah once got me. — After my first spermatic ejaculation and my lust was subdued; at my second trial, cooler than both in lust and brain, I could judge of the different qualities or fitting of the cunts, could notice the different feelings which my prick experienced in them. Certainly there is a difference in the sensation on the prick between the fully formed cunt of a woman of twenty-five, and that of a girl of fifteen — tho towards the finish of the delightful exercise within them I could not perceive much; the all pervading pleasure then drowning judgment. Most cunts, if deep enough, feel the same when the prick swells and throbs in its intensity, as the sperm rises up through it. Nevertheless there have been many cunts in which my prick did not feel its fullest enjoyment, even in the height of the pleasure; and even as the sperm throbbed out, I was conscious of a certain unfitness, and of incomplete pleasure. There was the delight of initiating this pretty lass into the art of love, as well as in giving in her sexual gratification, apart from the

enjoyment I had in doing what I liked with her sweet fresh body, which in itself was an in-tense satisfaction which made me almost love her. — Sarah at first hesitated at every suggestion to let the girl participate in our recherche pleasures, but yielded. — I made Liz solicit her. It pleased me to think that the young one was desirous of helping in the satisfaction of my letches, it was like the pleasure of making her say baudy words. One by one, things I had done with Sarah, Sarah, Liz, and I then did together to our mutual gratification. The diary of my erotic enjoyment is complete and copious in particulars about these two. Writing it, and afterwards reading it has given me the solitary pleasure so often told of. I find even a chapter on the subject of that pleasure, but it will be destroyed. This is only to be a narrative of facts.

Sarah had given me the fullest gratification with her mouth. I have gradually begun to appreciate this variety of prick friction and wanted her to do it before Liz, to instruct the girl. It would please me to see the girl looking on. That Sarah held out against long. — One night I said — “Ask your aunt to take my prick in her mouth.” “Do, Aunt,” said the girl trapped into saying “aunt.” — “I'm not your aunt,” said Sarah fiercely, and nothing would persuade her to do it. — Then I fucked Liz whilst Sarah went out man hunting. — My letch was the stronger thro Sarah's refusal, and I told Liz that she'd often put in in her mouth, and that I'd spent there. “Oh you, ain't you story.” — I affirmed it, said that some women loved doing it, and talked so nicely that Liz longed to do it. — But “No, but I will if Mrs. F**z*r will.”

I left when Sarah had not returned, and knowing her usual promenade went there, met her, and asked her to gamahuche me the next night. As she refused, I said I shouldn't go for a week. She knew I would do what I said, and repenting of her obstinacy promised. Getting exacting now I insisted on full pleasure. — “I'll never let Liz see that.” — It delighted me to think and suggest my letches, standing and combating Sarah's ob- jections at the corner of a street, men and women passing and looking at us.

When a letch lays hold of me I can think of nothing till I have gratified it, but could not this one until two or three nights afterwards. — Then I took good sweet champagne there, for I had now found that sweet drink tempted Liz the most. — We all nearly stripped whilst drinking it. Then I laid on the bed, Sarah sucked my prick, and afterwards Liz did the same. Liz was quite serious about it, and evidently liked it in her mouth. She laughingly said so — I did not spend, it was but a preliminary. — Then it was for the first time before Liz that I gratified Sarah with a complete gamahuche. Sarah gave way to her passions openly sighed, talked baudy, felt Liz's quim with one hand, and clutched my head with the other during the

operation.

Then I laid on the bed, Liz kneeling over me with my head between her thighs. — I took the whole of her dear, sweet, coral, fresh washed little split in my mouth and gamahuched her. — She could not see Sarah, who at the same moment began to gamahuche me. — Then for some minutes all was luscious tranquillity. As Liz and I felt our increasing pleasure, I clutched Lizzie's little buttocks harder whilst my tongue played over her cunt, and Sarah's long tongue played round the tip of my prick, now tickling the frenum, now the little orifice, now taking it fully into her mouth where it rubbed over palate and tongue. So we deliciously played with each other for a time, Sarah pausing when my backside would not keep quiet with coming pleasure, and I, when I felt the wriggling of Liz's backside and belly, ceasing to lick, giving tongues, cunt, and prick a minute's repose, and letting the excess of our pleasure subside for a time.

Then my spermatic reservoirs refused to retain their balmy liquid longer, the lascivious play of Sarah's mouth overcame desire for further dalliance, and Liz's little cunt titillated by my tongue to lewed frenzy, agitated itself over my mouth, whilst my tongue responding fixed on her clitoris and licked wildly. On a sudden her cunt clung to my mouth with pressure whilst it moved, and a salt effusion spread over it, her backside quivered in my hands and she sighed softly. I oscillated my rump, my prick seemed on fire, and, almost bursting ing in a cunt, and something more than a cunt, and shot out a torrent of soft mucilaginous sperm into Sarah's mouth. She never relinquished my prick till every drop was drained out of my testicles, and my pleasure slowly subsided, mixed with a slight pain at the last suction. This time certainly Sarah enjoyed her work. She had got more and more lewed during my long acquaintance with her. She loved her meretricious trade and I am sure, altho she says she doesn't like it, that she really enjoys the feel of my prick in her mouth. Directly she had done, she began feeling her own cunt, and shortly afterwards I gamahuched her.

This double gamahuching pleases me much. I certainly like my penis so frictionized in a nice, smooth, cherry lipped mouth, more than I used, and the lick of a delicate little hairless cunt like Liz's is a deliciously erotic tit-bit. I had this amusement again and again on other nights. — Liz (unless Sarah has told her) knows not that her mistress has taken my libation into her mouth, for she has a napkin at hand which ultimately receives it. Now I longed for Liz to gamahuche me completely, for the girl had hitherto only taken me into her mouth for a minute, or so. With a little encouragement she said she'd do it longer, for she little knew my intention. — Sarah then knelt on the bed and I fingered her cunt, whilst Liz operated on my penis. — Her

pretty, cherry lipped sweet little mouth seemed scarcely large enough to take my pego, yet in it went. — “Go on darling put it further in.” “Oh! ain't it stiff,” said she, taking it from her mouth and looking admiringly at it. “Yes, lick the red tip. — Yes, so —now put it in — suck it, love.” “Shall I make it spit,” and she began clumsily to frig it, after she'd again taken it out. Frigging is not learnt in a day, and Lizzie can't do it nicely at all.

I didn't wish that. — “You shall make it spend, so presently, go on sucking it now dear.” — On she went — the crisis was fast coming. — “Go on Lizzie darling, go quicker. — Further in your mouth, dear. — She obeyed, she was now fascinated with the amusement. “Arha — go on — aha.” — My pleasure was complete, and before she was aware of it I had filled her mouth with my love essence. — Then she rushed to the chamber pot. — “Oh, you're a nasty doctor.” Sarah laughed. — “You've done more than me, Liz.” — The girl was a little angry, but in a minute or two, laughed about it. Between man and woman no form of lust, or game of sensual satisfaction is really displeasing. The one sex always likes giving pleasure to the other. Every form, device, or manner of amatory amusement, played with every part of the person, is proper. — Prick, cunt, arsehole, armpits, breasts, mouth, all can minister to sexual pleasure. — Both sexes in time find that out, and enjoy them all. Other forms of erotic pleasure took their turn. One night I fucked Sarah to let Liz see the come-and-go of a prick in a cunt. I had fucked Liz and then gamahuched her, and Sarah had frigged herself. We had all drunk a lot, and it was pleasure to see each other piss. I was intensely ruttish that night. — I again set Sarah to gamahuche me, whilst I gamahuched Liz kneeling over me. It was, as I had already spent twice, a long business to bring out my sperm, for I am not as young as I was; and the lass was not so ready with her pleasure, but she spent long before I did. I find that having my prick sucked is certainly a most luxurious way of finishing an evening when nearly fucked out; there is no labor excepting for the gamahucher. It is a sabyritic way of finishing an evening.

Then I had a return of my micturating letches which seemed to please Sarah, the more so and I think mainly so, as I made Lizzie participate. I streamed against her little quim, and she streamed over my prick, but the letch did not last long and terminated by this erotic whim.

In a shop window I saw some china funnels, such as are used by chemists. The idea struck me at once, being then lewed, and walking along with lascivious combinations working in my brain. I bought one of which the neck was perhaps as large as a small sized prick. “Sally I want to fill your cunt with my piddle through this funnel.” Sarah refused, then examined it, she was not going to have that put into her.

Then she laughed, then joked, and by the time she'd had a little grog, wondered how it would feel, and at last said it would be a lark to try the funnel.

Putting pillows under her head and shoulders, she resting really only on her neck, head and blade bones, she hoisted herself up, and her back almost vertically against the bed, and so that her cunt was nearly horizontal. Gently I inserted the funnel in it, stopping when she told me. Full four inches were well imbedded in its folds. Then I pissed freely into the trumpet end of the funnel, seeing the water rise gradually in it, whilst, not a drop escaped from her vagina. At length she laughed, that moved her cunt, until a small quantity rose out by the side of the funnel. It was one of the most singular whims I ever gratified, but what pleasure it gave to all three of us. There was but one way of relieving her from her position, which soon be-came painful —I withdrew the funnel, and the saline contents ran over her belly and buttocks. She was start naked, and the piddle only spoiled the pillow cover, which she stripped off instantly when she had got up-right. What infinite variety of pleasures a cunt can give to men and women with erotic fancies. Sarah enjoyed this lark immensely. — She kept the funnel. Did she show it to other men and women, and tell? I'll bet she did.

Lizzie, as said, was present with her “Ohoo moi” and was delighted with the exhibition. She was now present at all our baudy rollockings. Sarah was getting her in-to high training for harlotry. She denied that, when I remarked it, and talked of getting Liz a situation so soon as I wished no more of her. — The little fair haired beauty however had pretty well learnt what the profession of Venus was, for she had witnessed all my whims with Sarah, and had performed many of the same tricks with me. I used to sit feeling both their cunts at the same time. Sarah would lie down and we would look at her cunt, afterwards Sarah and I at Lizzie's. So when I said two or three nights after, that I'd like to put the funnel up Lizzie's cunt, Sarah laughed, and the girl only said, “It will hurt me.”

“Why it's not nearly so thick and big as the doctor's prick,” said Sarah taking the funnel out of a cupboard. The little lass prepared to put herself in the attitude, but this time instead of against the bed, against Sarah, who, naked, held up the girl's legs, and brought the little cunt into the horizontal position. Then I inserted the funnel nearly as far as it had gone up Sarah, and ins that little cunt it seemed to go up just as easily. The dilatability of a cunt is truly wonderful. — Then I quite filled the funnel with my golden stream. — “No-body would believe it if I tell any one,” said Lizzie. Sarah looked astounded. — “Tell any one? —You little fool, you'd get yourself and all of us imprisoned if any one was told of the fun we have here, have you told

any of the people in the house?" — The girl said she hadn't, but looked confused and much as if she had, for she now talked, I found, to some other girls in the house. — A woman's a born gossip, she can't keep her tongue still. A secret worries her, and it would not at all surprise me if Liz has told another girl. — She had got to be quite proud of her sexual knowledge, and one day in our tкte-a-tкte said, "Some gals doesn't know nothing about a doin it as we does." — How did she know that unless she'd asked girls?

Nothing pleased me more than putting the two females side by side naked on the bed, kneeling with their buttocks towards me. Then the big handsome hemispheres of Sarah, which always looked larger in that position than in any other, contrasted beautifully with the small but dazzlingly white bum cheeks of Lizzie; whilst the contrast between the dark haired pouters between Sarah's thighs, and the little semi-hairless lips, yet flaxen hue of the split, was cock stiffening. Then I used to slap them alternately, then kiss their backsides, then their cunts, then slap and kiss again till tired, or until I fucked one of them. Sometimes I licked Liz's cunt in that attitude, whilst I felt or contemplated the dark haired pudendal charms of the big neglected one, and sometimes fucked her.

After a time when Sarah treated Liz just as she would another harlot, I took pleasure in making the little one slap Sarah's buttocks. Sometimes we both slapped them together till they were red and tingled. Then Liz slapped them whilst I fucked Sarah, she laying over me, Sarah said it made her lewed. — Certainly she seemed to encourage the girl to slap her, and bore the blows with great tranquillity, but I didn't believe then that she had physical pleasure. — I smacked Lizzie's white little bum, but she didn't like it.

At that time with all my knowledge, I was singularly ignorant of the effects of flagellation, of the heat, lust, and physical enjoyment, that may be generated by judicious bum whacking, flogging, and birching. Perhaps this smacking of Sarah's buttocks was a lewed instinct of mine, leading me up to the higher knowledge of the sexual mysteries, and of the impulse given by the generative organs to the brain, and the entire human frame. I now know they are always at work, and are the great source and actuating principle of human existence, and perhaps of all animal life. — The prick and cunt are the prime motors of humanity, the food but heats and stirs them to action. Tho Lizzie ceased to call Sarah "Aunt" — she let slip that title occasionally, and I should not be surprised if she were really entitled to that appellation. In my youth, the smallest and youngest girl (and still the youngest I yet have had) called the female she was with "aunt." — Another girl, if not two, whose names I just now forget, but of whom I have told called their mistress' "aunt," and I fancy that,

many aunts among the humbler classes make a little money out of their nieces' virginities. — They know well that at about fourteen years of age, girls escape their care, will play with boys and youths, and are pretty sure to be broached before they are sixteen. Aunts often think that a gentleman may as well have the broaching of a little cunt and pay for it, as a coster lad have it for nothing. — Indeed I believe that to be a philosophical way of looking at it, common to a large number of the poor people in all countries. — Camille (the first), fetched and sold to me her sister Louise. — Other girls have got their young female relations for me, and liked doing it, liked the pimping. — The poor, and wisely, and right in their simplicity of nature, see no harm in copulation as those better off profess to do but whether they really see harm is another question). — A girl is not among nine-tenths of the population morally damaged by a little illicit fucking, as she is among those who look upon a hymen as a prize and guarantee, in the woman they seek as a wife.

All said — the female who keeps her cunt hymenized and under seal amongst the well-to-do-classes, only does so that she may get a higher price for it, either in money or position. She sometimes never attains either, and mostly has to wait long for it, wait for years, and frigs herself during her waiting, languishing for want of a prick and spermatic lubricatios, which is health giving to a female. — A poorer girl has earlier the prick up her, and every day, perhaps, has the intense pleasures of fucking, and all the varied amatory enjoyments which a man is pretty sure to give her in all sorts of ways. — Thus the happiness of life are pretty evenly distributed. — Perhaps the woman who follows her sexual instincts, and who is thus the most natural, has the best of it. Fucking is the greatest pleasure of life, and the woman who delays getting it for years, loses much. The woman who waits till she is twenty-six before she is fucked, loses ten years' pleasure, compared with one who has a prick up her at sixteen, and regularly afterwards.

I began at last to be weary of the girl, and at the same time got anxious about her. She, like all others, wanted to go out and show her fine clothes. — It was of no use opposing it, and Sarah took her out. But the clothes were showy and Sarah, being a night bird and only wearing black silk, the girl looked very bright, and men came after the girl, so that they both took to wearing veils. — Said I, “She will go gay.” “Not if I can help it — I like her too well, I'll work for her,” Sarah replied.

Then I advised Sarah taking her back to the country — Sarah said that the girl would not go, and moreover, that it was impossible. The girl soon after seemed hurt for I did not see her or poke her as much. — Circumstances were in fact changing with me and I could not get to

see her, tho I wished — Sarah said she told the girl to frig herself if she was randy, and I know frigged her herself. “That will keep her from wanting fucking for a bit, but she'll be longing for the right thing in her cunt.” — After having had Liz about five months, I was obliged to go abroad. — Sarah was to try to get her into some situation, but where she could watch her — I left enough money to keep the girl four months.

I was away four months. The first night I was back in England I went to P***l**d P* * *e and met Sarah whom I knew a mile off. I asked her to come to the A**a. — Shall I bring her, said she laughing. — By her side stood a girl with a veil on. — I looked. — “Don't you know her?” The girl raised her veil and laughed quite a peal. It was Lizzie.

“You have made her a whore, it's a damned shame,” said I angrily. — “I haven't, let's go to the A**a,” and there we all went.

“It's extraordinary to meet you, for it's the first night I have brought her out. — Look, her things are fresh, the bonnet and dress you gave her are not suit-able for the season for it was the end of autumn) — see her boots, her stockings, her garters and all —all quite fresh.” “What have I done that you did not come to see me,” Lizzie whimpered.

Said Sarah, “We must live, I put her to a business, but she would not stop ten hours a day in a workshop in a close room. Then I put her at * * * and she would not stop there. She would come out, and she'll make ten times as much by my help as she would by herself. — I did not want it, and have been kind to her, haven't I Liz? — I will keep her with pleasure,” Sarah went on, “but she won't stop at home without me.” — Liz, whilst this was going on, was sitting on my knee, my fingers were on her little sweet cunny, but for a minute only, for quickly we all got on to the bed. — Sarah unasked. — She had her old letch on, and frigged her-self whilst I fucked the little one again and again.

The girl had grown an inch, was plumper, had more hair on her little quim, which was more enticing than ever, and was a lovely little creature altogether. I was sorry to think that she would turn out gay, and believed that that was really the first night she was out for the purpose. — A man had already accosted her and the lass had refused him. —, Sarah told her that gay life was gay life and money money. — If she meant to get a living that way, she mustn't play the fool, but take any one who'd pay handsomely.

“I wouldn't,” said Liz, tossing her head. — “He was an ugly little old man with a white beard and I could not a bear the sight of him — a little old man.”

How the girl enjoyed her fucking — and what a lovely cunt she

had. — How I enjoyed her, but circumstances were too strong for me, it was impossible for me to see her much — I made her promise not to be gay, and agreed to give Sarah three pounds a week for her, whilst I was in England. — Next night I saw them at the lodgings. — Sarah said she didn't mind working for the girl, her letch for her she now admitted, but the girl wouldn't be moped up. — She would go out, so what was Sarah to do. The end was clear, that she was to be a gay woman.

For another month or so I had her, then again went abroad, leaving twenty pounds for the girl to live on while I was away. — On my return it was well on in winter. — I went to the old haunts — Sarah was not visible — to her lodgings and she had left, and no one knew where she had gone. — I went to baudy houses and there they had missed her. — One old woman looked queerly at me, and said she did not know such a woman, altho any one who had seen Sarah twice must have recollected her. — “Why I have paid you for rooms with Miss F**z*r dozens of times.” — Then the woman admitted she knew her and me, but had missed her some time. — “I thought,” said the woman, “you was after her for something.” She took me to be a detective I think at first.

Said I, “She used a little time ago to be with a young fair haired girl, where is she?” “Oh yes, but I've not seen the girl neither — there was some sort of a row about her — but there,” said she, stopping short, “I don't know anything about either — there.” —I gave her ten shillings to tell me all she knew, she took it, and said she knew nothing more.

I asked two or three gay women whom I had seen talking to Sarah. — They knew nothing. — One I took to a house, hoping to get some information. — She said Sarah was a bad one she believed. — I never saw or heard of either Sarah or Lizzie again.

My impression is that some one was after Sarah on account of Liz, and that they both had fled from London — I feel sure Sarah had no wish for her to be gay, but Liz had learned to like the red knobbed flesh stick far better than another woman's cunt, and I dare say is merrily fucking about somewhere now, and I hope is happy.

So finished my acquaintance with Sarah F**z*r who, with her substitutes, had mainly amused me for some-thing like four years. I did not however see her usually more than twice a week to have her, and sometime two or three weeks elapsed without my doing so. — At times I was abroad, or away from town for far longer per- iods, and at other times I was virtuous and at home. — But there were often occasions when I was alone in town, and free to dispose of myself and my sperm. — It was at those opportunities that I had my rutting fits, and notably so when I had the man.

[The adventure which follows is singular in its way — for I had, as narrated, an Irish woman some time since, with the same vanity which marks this one. I have however had English women who vaunted their own beauties.]

Chapter X

A light-haired Irish bitch. • Foul-tongued and hotarsed. • Recondite expressions. • "D'ye loike me." • Her bolt from Dublin. • Baggage detained. • A suspicious tale. • My regrets at losing Sarah. • Camille revisited. • Her brothel venture. • About sodomites and catamites. • Buggers' sphincters. • Her friend's catamitic tastes. • Sodomy cum gamahuche. • Lolotte the young Belgain. • On the qualities of different cunts. • Lolotte's gamahuche. • Reflexions on the change in my erotic tastes. • An artist in lewedness. • French, fat, white-skinned, red-haired and thirty-five. • Refined ministrations. • Anal fingering. • A sphincter dilated. • Lingual delicacies. • Kid gloves and cold cream. • The curious chair. • Erotic suggestions. • Dildo buggery. • A second harlot • two pleasures at once. • Anus and pudenda in simultaneous action.

[For continuity of the narrative about Sarah F**z*r, the following little incident was omitted from its proper place. — It occurred about a year before Sarah disappeared. The date on the manuscript proves that. I don't think I ever told Sarah of it.]

I was going along Coventry St. on a muddy evening, and saw a lovely air of feet and ankles supporting a well grown body — it was a liberal display of leg in silk — looking at the female as I passed, she winked in the lustful whorish way which a woman does when thoroughly lewed at the moment, and looks at a man irv-itingly. It is my theory that she communicates at once some lewedness to him. — I don't mean the lewed look of a woman who incites you only to get money, but when she's really randy and wants a male, wants to be fucked badly. — This woman did so, and at once I reciprocated her lust. She followed me up a side street. — "You've a fine leg," said I beginning. — With strong Irish brogue which I can't imitate in writing, nor indeed any way, she said, "Sure and there isn't a foiner in all the town, won't your cock stand for shure if you see a little higher," and she pulled up her clothes to her knees in the dark street. — I can't bear Irish women, having found them liars and thieves, and did not like her manner. — "Corn long." "No, I'm poor and can't to night, but here is a glass of wine for you." "Och! to the Divil with the cash — shure and we won't quarrel about that — corn —shure an I loike the looks of you — I'm close by — come." I followed her and she went at such a pace, as if either the police were after her, or that she was frightened of shitting herself. We entered a house and a comfortable room with a good fire. — A large trunk was on the floor. — Said she, "Shure and I've not been here an hour and not unpacked — I've been a week coming from Dublin — It's God's truth, may I go to the biggest

hell if I've been fucked for a week." — All this rapidly in answer to my questions, and some without my questions. — Then she pulled out my prick. — "It's not stiff — wait a second and it'll be stiff enough, damned if I don't feel as if I'd forgotten what a man is," and in a violent hurry, she tore off her things till she was start-naked, boots and stockings excepted, apostrophizing her parts from time to time.

— "There's a pair of thighs — haven't I a foine shape

— not a foiner by Jasus, and there, feel my bubbs — look at my small waist — and with such a large rump."

— By that time she was naked whilst I had only taken my hat off. — Then she grabbed at my prick again (she had pulled it out), then threw herself at the edge of the bed, and opening her thighs, "Put it up me darling bhoy, fuck me chunt — look at the hair on it, it's foine shure, ah! I envy the pleasure yer prick will have in it me bhoy — fuck —corn on —fuck." — The slut was hot cunted. — boiling with lust — in full rut unmistakably.

I didn't like her manner, speech, or colour, but altho shortish, a more superb form, more lovely white flesh, never was offered to my embraces — I put my prick at once into her glowing cunt, and directly it was well lodged in its folds, she burst out into such a torrent of baudy words, such obscenity, such ribald screeching, as I never heard before or since from a woman in copulation; tho I have known some gay ladies, when their pleasure was on, pretty frank about it, and have taught a few who were not gay to be warm in their exclamations of pleasure. Of late years I interlard my endearments with lewed words and wishes, it adds much to my enjoyment mentally, for fucking is the sublimest mental as well as physical pleasure. "Aha," she began, "aha — oho — fuck it well — begorra your prick's red hot — it's big. — Ahaa — sure me chunt's hot as hell — fuck — fuck hard — piss out your boiling spunk into my bloody chunt — sure that will cool me chunt. — Aha God! aha fuck hard yer bugger. — Aha, Holy Virgin my bloody spendings are coming. — Aha — a lovely prick — stiff — push it hard up me chunt — fuck — split me hot chunt into me randy arse-hole. — Fuck em both — ahar — fuck — fuck — now

— now. — Aha, I'm coming — spend — spunk — fuck cunt — ballocks. — Aha — arseholes — ahra — my spunks — ahaa — ahaa." She was silent, her thighs quiet. She'd spent ere I had half fucked her, for her fierce baudiness and outrageous obscenity at first seemed to stop my pleasure. It made me think for the instant that she was mad.

I went on thrusting, my lust getting stronger as her lewed words wrought clouds of meretricious images in my brain, when after a short silence, with a sudden effort she uncunted me, and struggling up pushed me away saying. — "Sure and I just wanted a fuck — I hope I'll die a fucking." — Is she mad or drunk I thought? — But excepting

for her excitability, libidinosity, and blasphemous obscenity, she seemed sober enough. She smiled as angrily I cried, “Lie down and let me finish,” shut her eyes without answering, and seemed to be feeling her clitoris, sitting at the edge of the bed where I stood swearing, my prick standing stiff in front of me.

“Let me finish fucking, what the Devil are you about,” and I - clutched her as she rose from the bed, but she escaped me. My passion was roused well by the probing I'd had in her cunt. — “Wait a bit me bhoy, thin and shure I'll be after spending agin, by the Holy Mother you're a lovely fucker, you've learned a bit in your time, many's the chunts you've cooled begorra. — No — No — wait a bit and I'll be spending agin with yer.” “Humbug you didn't spend, you lie.” “Didn't I spend? shure and I did, it's God's truth — look.” On the side of the bed she laid down and opened her thighs wide. — “There me bhoy —I'd just have drowned yer prick in me chunt, if ye'd kept it in a minit longer.” —Her cunt was wet enough, it had wetted my piercer and my balls before she'd ejected it, and plenty of pearly moisture was just inside, to run out as she separated her cunt lips to show me. Suddenly down went her legs, she walked quickly about the room, gave her box a kick, and with both hands slapped her buttocks several times loudly. — “Darn it, lay down and let me fuck you, you bitch,” I cried in a rage. — She laughed and continued slapping her backside.

In a minute or so, she laid hold of my prick which had a little drooped. — “It's a fine hot poker, sure and it is —corn on then,” and she laid down on the bed side again. — I inserted my pego, which stiffened up as its tip touched her lubricated cunt —I drove it up hard, and soon her baudy words recommenced. — “Aha — that's it — aha — my arse and chunt are all in one shure — split them with your pego. — Aha. Shove your bloody prick up into my womb — Aha — what a lovely peg — Aha — your spunk a comin — don't — stop — wait for me I'll spend — Aha — fuck, fuck — aha — God if ye'd two pricks ye'd have one in my chunt and one up my arse hole wouldn't ye? — Aha, my bloody hot sphunks comin. — Ahar spunk — spend in my bloody chunt. Ah Jasus — fuck me — now — ahaa — ahaa — prick — ballocks — bugger — aha — aa.” I cannot imitate her manner or brogue, it is impossible; nor give accurately her extraordinary quaint, baudy, and blasphemous expressions — I never heard such issure from the mouth of a harlot, but have between some drunken Irish women slanging each other in St. Giles, and also in the lowest quarters of Liverpool.

Tho I disliked her lewed imprecations they now stirred my lust extraordinarily. She kept me up to her as I leant over her, gently working her quim and buttocks. “Kiss me love — don't pull it out — there shure and I'll stiffen it again in me chunt, if your ballocks are

close up to me. — Can't you fuck just —haven't I spent? the spunks squeezing out. — Begorra ye've spent thick, and lots, and hot, ye spalpeen. — Don't pull it out me darlin — kiss me — you've not kissed me, look what foine teeth I have. — Shove your tongue into my mouth. — Oh keep your prick up me hot chunt — put your finger up my arsehole when you fuck again." "No." "Whoy, whoy won't you? (as I refused) Don't then me darlin. — Don't you never do so when yer fucking? Oh ye spalpeen ye do — I love it, love both me holes full — chunt and arse hole. — There now it's out — whoy didn't ye keep it up me hot chunt." — Thus she went on as nearly as written without stopping, all being said, and acted with surprizing energy whilst still she was holding me tightly to her, as I bent over her standing at the side of the bed, without uttering more than a word or two in reply to her, and, standing wondering, amused and almost silent.

It slipped out, the copulation was broken. "Taken off your clothes and come on to the bed and lie down wid me, and we'll fuck agin ye spalpeen in foive minutes — we will, be Jasus. Look at me chunt — look at your spunk — it's wet — it is — ain't your spunk thick," said she examining her finger after a feel. — I didn't like that, yet she had made me lewed. She had accompanied words with deeds, and as quickly as she had spoken, she had turned herself in all attitudes — on to her belly, then buttocks, had opened her thighs, threw her legs quite high up in the air, and other antics just as before, showed me her armpits and teeth, and pulled the cunt wide open to show' the libation over-flowing from it — all unasked by me; and interlarding her acts, with expressions of strong desire for me.

I now fully excited, stood puffing off my clothes rapidly, and dropping them on the floor by the side of me, silent, unable to resist the fascination of her carnalities and take my eyes off of her. — "Oh look at your spunk in my chunt" said she again. — "Shure and I'm longing for more of it — many a chunt you've filled I'll swear — ain't my breasts beautiful? you shall spend between them some day. — Make haste me darlin — if you don't I'll frig me — I will by Jasus, I'm mad to have it up me agin —come." Then we got on to the bed.

I covered her, I rubbed my tool outside in the over-flowing sperm, and was in a few minutes spending with her, with my tongue in her mouth and trying to perforate her bum hole with my finger. After she had shouted out, "Fill my chunt — fuck it — ballocks it well — bugger. — Now. — Shove harder. — I'm spending — ahrr — arsehole." — "Dams and bloodies" in endless combinations she cried, and it had such an effect on me, that I cried out baudy words with her. Never in my life have I heard such a woman. The words from her struck me as abominably foul and obscene, tho some of the words have not, when sweeter, loving women have murmured them with me

in our sensual paroxysms and yet the Irish bitch excited me. This fuck quieted her — seemed to subdue her — I still laid on her, she still sucking my tongue, or wetting her lips with her spittle, rubbing them on mine, holding my head with one hand, pressing it towards hers, and rubbing her other rapidly, quite rapidly up and down my back and buttocks, as far as her hand would reach; as if she couldn't feel enough of me. — "By me soul and you fuck beautiful — beautiful be Jasus," said she at last. "Sure an we'll do it agin, — a rale man and yoh are shure. Do you loike me? — your hair's sticking to me chunt." — Smack squash — and moving her cunt a little back, our mottes unjoined, and the glutinous exudations which adhered to our fleshy prominences where they had met so closely made that expressive noise as our genitals partly separated, as she moved her belly when my prick was dwindling out of her split.

Her quick movements, and the fanciful but foul things she said, had so heated me, so libidinously excited me, that I scarcely knew what I was about. "Yes," I re-plied, "let's look at your cunt." — I had scarcely seen it in my emotion. — "Look my bhoy" — I rose on my knees, she relinquishing my rump, and I looked. "Your hair's the same color as on your head." "Yes, and are my armpits." — She threw up her arms. — "Don't you like the colour?" — I said — "yes" — but I didn't. — It was a peculiar, sandy red color. — I never before saw an Irish woman with that coloured hair, and told her that most Irish had dark hair. "Shure I'm true emerald." She was, as said, very beautifully formed, and had marvellously white flesh. — I threw up her legs, and saw from her heels to her buttocks. — "I'm beautiful made shure and I am, arnt I?" said she, putting her hands round her thighs to keep her legs up. I looked and gloated. There was her cunt almost foaming with pearly mucilage. — "Lie down me darlin," — and I did. — She laid hold of my prick and frigged it. — "Oh put it in me — do then." — I'll just take a dale of it tonight — I'm wild just. — A bhoy like you will just make her happy — whoy — I've not slept for two nights, I've left one of my boxes at Birmingham —I ran away —I'd no money — I would not stay to be ill thraited — but the first money I get I'll be after it — I pawned me watch to pay my week's lodgings here this very day, sure and I hadn't enough money to pay me cabman. Pay down the first week says the landlady, or it's no good yer laving your box here. — Wait a minute, ma'am, where's a pawn-broker's? and me and me box and the carman went to pawn me watch."

"You've been drinking," I said, thinking at last it must be so. — Not she. "By the Holy Mother. — Divil a drap — you're a queer chap, don't you loike me? — now you don't loike me — I'll wash my chunt and you'll like it better." She was twiddling my cock then, but left off, jumped off the bed like lightning, and began washing — I washed my

appendages also, and was going to dress. “Shure and yer not going to lave me yet, shure and you shan't till ye've don it agin.” “I can't again,” said I — She gave me a rapid push, which sent me on to a chair with such force was it given, and kneeling down began to suck my prick. — “Sure and I'll make it stiff in a jiffey. What a lovely prick, and my first in London — Oh Jesus may it bring me luck — and I haven't had a fuck for a week. By the Holy Virgin I'll have another fuck.” Sucking hard, and jerking out these sentences at short intervals with much in- tensity, and with that and her baudy talk, she in time made me stiff, put it into her cunt herself impatiently, and I gave her another libation. She rattled out the same lascivious cries but less energetically, and I noticed that tho she talked lewedly when we were not in action, that her most outrageous, unrestrained exclamations, were only uttered when she was fucking.

She began again telling her history of running away from Dublin. — “I'd been murdered shure had I staid, it's God's truth I tell ye, and I pawned me watch to pay the lodgings here and me cab.” — Then she wanted to treat me to whiskey and water. — What would I have. — Then she mounted me as I lay tired on my back, kissing me, and rubbing her cunt on to my flabby cock, I could not stop her. — She talked the foulest baudiness, and said her poorliness was just coming on. — Wasn't it unlucky, just as she'd come so poor and wanted to get some friends. —She loved a man about her. “Sure God,” she did, but hadn't had one for a week, she'd had enough to do to dodge them and get away. “Hide and seek and fucking don't go together.” But she was safe now she was in London — I got now curious and tried to learn something more, but she shut up at once. — In her lewed excitement it was pleasure to gabble on and let out a bit of her story, but the fear of being detected, of telling too much, shut her mouth. — I thought, and had no doubt, she'd run away from Ireland to get clear of some scrape.

I couldn't get away from the woman, she sent for whiskey and I drank with her. She frigged and sucked me stiff again, and I fucked her spite of myself — listening — disliking — yet excited. — When fucked out I left. — “Another kiss,” said she following me to the door of her room, and pushing her tongue in my mouth. “Feel my cunt again for luck.” — I did, promising at her earnest entreaty to see her again. “Never mind the cash me darlin — I loike your fucking — sure and yell bring me luck,” said she as we parted.

I set myself afterwards to repeat what the woman shrieked out in her sexual ecstasy, for she was thoroughly enjoying me, and the sayings and baudy utterances rang in my ears — I did not like them, but kept repeating them to myself, laughing at them even — I went with another woman a day or two after, and as my pleasure increased

when my body was joined to hers, I shouted out some of the salacities — it stimulated me. — “Oh ain't you a going on,” said she. — “Say fuck, ballocks.” — “I shan't” — then — “oh don't make such a noise, or they will hear you up stairs.” — But I would. — That giving way to lascivious utterances helped my fatigued ballocks very much. — I'd been with some woman who was out and out baudy, I told this to this woman. I had no reason for hiding it, and told her all. — “A dirty beast,” said she. — Some women are naturally baudy and lewed in talk, others are not. — As among harlots so among ladies. I have known some whom I never could induce to use words frankly — others soon revelled in them.

I saw the Irish woman once or twice in Coventry Street afterwards, but got out of her way. — She always pulled her petticoats up as high as she dared to show her lovely limbs and walked very rapidly. Tho I did not like her, for all that I went home with her once again. She kissed me in the street when I spoke to her, and talked so loudly, that passers-by stared at us — so calling her a fool, I turned away and went up a side street. — She came to me and then I followed her home. — There she again baudied and shrieked out when fucking, the most original salacities and obscenities, and spent with me, and then frigged me up and sucked me to her heart's content; telling me how had got on, and what a man did to her, and what he had given her, how she meant still to get her trunk from Birmingham. She hadn't yet. — Altogether she went on almost like an erotic maniac and I was glad when I got away.

I saw her once or twice in the streets afterwards, but she did not see me; then I lost sight of her. I don't think that altogether she was about the West End a month — I must have seen her had she been about longer. I have never met such a foul tongued woman in my life before, she must have been bred and born amongst the lowest. — I haven't told a tenth part of her original erotic sayings, and combinations of baudiness and blasphemy. It seemed to me that when her sensual pleasure came on, that she scarcely knew what she said; that every baudy and blasphemous word she'd ever heard, came truggling up together to describe and emphasize the pleasure she felt in her cunt. — I told her of it. — She said it was my fault, and that she didn't cry out so with other men, it was the intense pleasure I gave. “I'll swallow your spunk and drink your piss if you like,” said she. I didn't believe a word she said.

[Once since, at a French brothel, I found an Irish woman, who certainly was more highly obscene than her sisters there. One French woman said she was the greatest “Cochonne” in the house, and all the women were afraid of her. [The disappearance of Sarah was a great loss to me as I recollect well. She was a quiet woman and hand-some,

her form good, her cunt gave me the fullest and most complete pleasure, she indulged my lewedness, and when intimacy was established took herself the greatest pleasure in lascivieties with me. — She pro-cured me virgins whom she delighted in fingering, and with two of them in flatfucking, and a man who jointly amused us. In occasional orgies at brothels, she several times got me other free and easy harlots, but about which orgies I have destroyed the manuscript, as I did with the women only what I have done with others. — Her lodgings I could mostly go to, and believe I was the only man who did, and I missed the means of indulging my tastes in those quiet rooms with a willing ministress to them. — Moreover she was not always plaguing me for money — asking me to pay this, or to lend her to pay that — which is the common habit and tricks of harlots from high to low — I felt at sea when Sarah was gone, and recollect that for a month or so I was chaste.]

Then I sought Camille — I had seen her thrice only I find whilst I had known Sarah F**z*r, and had some difficulty in finding her out. — She was not so young, but was splendidly preserved. Tho fatter, her soft skin, soft voice and quiet laugh, in brief all her good qualities were unchanged, and I rushed my eager pego into her still delicious cunt, and clasped her exquisitely soft backside with the delight of former days. She had been away from England two years or so, having saved money, with which in her native country she had either bought or set up a licensed house for whoring. It had not succeeded, she had lost all, and had come back here to harlotry. — She cried as she told me about her losses, then began to smoke a cigarette (formerly she did not smoke). She smiled and said it was fate, that there was always water or charcoal to be had when she was old or tired of life. She was seemingly not so well off as formerly, but said she had a good clientelle mostly of married men who paid well, and didn't stop long. She did not go into the street much, or her friends expected always to find her at home. I spent two or three hours delightfully with her talking over old times. — It was no use disguising her age from me, and one other Monsieur who also knew her when she first came to London, the only two, she said; but she took off a few years to new friends when they asked her age. She now spoke excellent English. [Fifteen years later she was alive, and as nice as ever in manner — but she was old and poor, and very often I assisted her.]

Much as I liked, I didn't keep to Camille. I went there when I wanted a quiet chat and information about sexualities (not that I wanted much of that). I find a memorandum of a talk with her, about the effect that continued buggering had upon the arseholes of the buggerees. She thought it detrimental to them ultimately, and had heard so, but the men were reticent on the subject. — About tastes for

that abnormal amusement — that there were decidedly those men who enjoyed being operated on — catamites by taste, by nature perhaps; she thought owing to some anatomical difference, or sexual infirmity.

One evening being unusually communicative, she told that she had a friend who came to her rooms at times and she procured a man to bugger him. When he had that operation performed, his prick would stand, and he could fuck her and spend. — Nothing else that could be done had that effect; masturbation, suction, flagellation all were useless. — Altho sometimes he shagged Camille after the irritation of his fundament had produced an erection, he preferred being frigged whilst the other man was coupled with him. — It was vilaine, cochonnerie la plus sale," she said. — Mais que voulez vous." — "He pay me sometime five — ten pounds sometime. — When I came back to England, he buy me half my furniture. — He send Bordeaux, I can-not such buy—you shall taste. He is good for me and I do what he likes." — Then she fetched a bottle of splendid Chateau Margaux which he had given her. She had a case of it. — Camille never drank spirits, and didn't care so much about champagne. I used to take her Claret at times, it was what she habitually drank at her meals.

Then I told her what I had done with the man. She would not at first believe it. — "Fi donc — pas vrai — un beau garcon comme vous." — But she added, "It was curiosity, it is not your taste — bien sur — yet why not if you like — it is for you and him to decide, it concern no one else."

Then I asked her to get me a youngish virgin. —No it was not possible, but a very nice young woman she would try to find. Sixteen and not more than seventeen was named by me as the limit of age. — Aha! I was like the rest she observed, she dare say she could find such. — "Mind Camille — I can tell nearly her age by the quantity of hair on her cunt, by its look, and by the look and feel of her breasts. — No deceit," and I left her laughing. — "Ah polisson, I shall try." Soon afterwards she told me she should soon have the girl I liked, a young Belgian expected to arrive daily. She had been seduced, was a governess, and could no longer stop in her town. She had never been gay, but was coming to London to try her fortune at fucking. She was in fact brought here by a procuress as Camille admitted.

Anticipation made me restless. I called every day to enquire, and at length had the neophyte in whoring. — She was dressed in black silk, handsome but quiet, and rose like a lady when Camille introduced her — I hadn't believed about her being a governess nor the other ac-counts of her, thinking it was only said to enhance the price, for I had agreed to pay more than the usual fee for the freshness

of the article; but found that she closely answered the description given of her. — Camille helped her to undress, and Lolotte (the name she went by) had black silk stockings on, and bright gold garters, three quarters of an inch broad; she had dressed or had been dressed tho quite quietly, yet on the road to her cunt dressed so as to stimulate male salacity.

I think now with delight still, of my voluptuous feelings as I got my hand between her partially closed thighs, felt the slight thicket of her hairy motte, and gently running my fingers over her clitoris slipped them down to the mouth of the temple of love, whilst she sat passively tho seemingly upset a little, involuntarily closing her thighs and trying to stop my hand, whilst Camille looked on smiling.

“Lay hold of my prick,” said I in English forgetting that she could not speak a word of my language. Camille laughed and repeated it in French. Gently she put her hand down and grasped it. — Kissing her, holding her round the waist, her hand on my prick, my hand on cunt I pulled her back anglewise on the sofa on which we were sitting, and gluing my lips to hers I burrowed my fingers up her tight little cunt. Thus we reclined in voluptuous silence, she holding my tool, I gently frigging her. — Releasing her, “Let me see you quite naked.” She refused. — But at once I pulled her chemise off roughly, and there she stood in her nudity, and a sweet nakedness it was.

She was well grown, beautifully formed, but thinnish, sylph-like; and had solid pretty breasts tho each was but a handful. From the small quantity of crisp curly hair on her cunt, the little lips, and its general look, I guess was the age she said, not quite seventeen, and she'd been fucked for the first time, not quite a year. — Her hair was very dark brown, nearly but not quite black, her eyes dark hazel. Her face was however decidedly plain tho pleasing. The sight, and the rapturous feel of her naked charms, in a minute made me ramp-ant with desire, I threw off my shirt and jersey, and pressed my naked body to hers, my stiffened prick was squeezed between our bellies as I clasped her to me, and Camille laughed aloud as I drew the girl into the bedroom. She mounted the bed at my request with hesitation and without speaking. I got on to her, titillated her cunt for a minute, then my prick throbbing and nodding, impatient for its enjoyment, urged me to put it into her pretty, pouting, sexual treasure. At the first thrust her whole body thrilled deliciously with pleasure. — What a charm it is to feel that a woman enjoys the prick. Soon our sighs and murmurs mingled, and her cunt was filled for the first time with an Englishman's sperm. Camille entered the bedroom as we were lying tranquilly in each other's arms, squeezing our genitals together, enjoying the mucilaginous bath of sperm in her cunt, whilst our lips and tongues played together, and mingled our salivas. “Elle est

charmante, is she not?" said she. — "Leave us alone, Camille." She seemed in my way then. Away she went laughing. — "Ah polisson — c'est un beau garcon, n'est ce pas, Lolotte?"

Then was the delight of inspecting, investigating with eye and finger, that pretty, red faced gap, now almost hidden by my libation, but I liked its lubricious feel. — Then she washed it, and then I had my first good look at the odoriferous parting. Its aroma was delicious and prick stimulating — it was what I have told, the smell and look roused my prick at once, again we embraced, and both spent ecstatically. Her cunt seemed to fit my prick to perfection, her enjoyment seemed quietly in-tense. She'd only arrived that morning from Ostend, the journey, change, and excitement had perhaps stirred her lust, journeys do; but there was another cause; she had not been fucked for three months, her lover having been sent abroad she said. I saw no reason to doubt this, tho it may not have been true, but certainly she was dying for a fuck; and after our ablutions, and we laid cosily side by side on the bed again, the feel of my cunt stretcher was I'm sure as great a treat to her, as the feel of her tight little cock easer was to me. I fucked her four times, and always she poured out her salt pearly juices, to mix with my glutinous libation in her pretty cunt. She was delicious.

In our talk during the intervals of action on a subsequent day, and when we had a little champagne to- gether, she told me that excepting on the night when she lost her virginity, she'd never been fucked more than once in any day. She and her lover had no chance, they could only copulate in the house or grounds. She was nearly always with the children, and all their poking was done quickly and on the sly. — How like it was to the frolics in my extreme youth, when I had difficulty in getting a clear five minutes, and used to shag our servants everywhere; garden, summer house, water-closet, in the hall, and on the staircase, in every imaginable out of the way place and time. — How hurriedly we fucked too, the pleasure hastened and diminished by fear of its being stopped. — Her love making was done under similar difficulties, indeed greater.

Lolotte I found had nice ladylike manners, and to have had that (which out of a thousand Cyprians whom I have stroked I have rarely found) a good education. —Her hand writing was beautiful. I quite believe she was a governess. The son of her employer, a young man about twenty years old first stroked her, it's too long here to tell how. She got enceinte, delayed it too long, then in trying to bring on her courses made her-self very ill, which led to the discovery. — Her tale seemed coherent and probable enough, for such things occur daily. — Certainly she was no gay woman on the night I first had her. A dozen indications proved that to an old experienced rouй like me. Camille

said so, tho she knew only I suppose what the procuress told her.

I took a huge fancy to Lolotte. There was some quality in her cunt which made my animal enjoyment in her excessive. — Those who say that all women are the same in the dark, are utterly ignorant or deficient in sensibility. — Some women's cunts are exquisite to me, and some are not. — Once a cunt has given me that exquisitely voluptuous, complete delight, it always does so; just as a cunt which gives me but mediocre pleasure, which seems at my first fuck deficient somehow or somewhere, and is wanting undefinably in fitness to my penis, it always remains the same, whether I fuck it burning with passion, and with ballocks boiling over with sperm, or whether with the greater deliberation, which but slight sexual desire at the moment enables me to exercise. — Poke, probe, push, wriggle, rest it, or insinuate my prick into Lolotte's cunt any-where, or anyhow, it always seemed to fit my sensitive pego, and so I lusted for her much, but alas was unable for reasons then existing to see her very often. — Her pleasures were so complete and affected me so, that when fucking others, I generally thought of Lolotte's cunt, even for a long period after I lost her.

Camille would not tell me where to find Lolotte. “I'll always get her for you.” Neither would Lolotte tell me where I could find her. I never saw her in Paphian haunts, nor among the foreign colony of Paphians, [of whom there are now thirty for every one who was in London when I had my first French woman. (Camille)]. At intervals therefore I had her at Camille's rooms, for about three months. She soon learnt the libidinous manners of her calling. — I noticed the gradual change from her modest ways, from her frank lust in meeting my ardors, to Paphian professional modes of exciting me. — She no doubt was well instructed, but nature was also her instructress, for she was a warm, hot cunted, vigorous, juicy one. — She liked the male pendant, and certainly she always and to the last, spent with me. As my glowing prick buried itself in the innermost recesses of her moist, aromatic gap, and when it squirted the hot sperm into her, the way she clasped me to her, and murmured softly her pleasure, and her cunt flushed out its salt juices, and when the violent paroxysms were passed and the pleasure subsiding, the way she clasped me still, and nestled her pretty cunt up to my belly, enjoying the cram and gorge of my still thick prick, and the sperm as it lay balmy within her till the latest moment, was most exquisitely voluptuous, and showed her sexual lust, and, I really think, her liking for my embraces.

Then occurred a most libidinous incident with a red haired French woman, now to be narrated. It had effect of making me wish Lolotte to do the same to me. I had hitherto simply fucked her in one or two attitudes. I called on Camille with the letch on me. — She told

me she thought that the girl had left the country, however she got her for me that very evening. My letch was strong on me. — “Faites la minette, gamahuche me, suck my prick,” said I, using all three terms to ensure my being understood. “Ah my God no.” — “Yes,” she had been asked, but — “jamais, jamais” — it ended by soft devices, by Camille's exhortations [as similar refusals since have with others], in her kneeling over me, with her genteel little backside, and pretty pink lipped, curly haired split, within six inches of my eyes, whilst her mouth gently took first the tip, and then all my prick into it. And then the aroma of her cunt and its surroundings excited me. — I smelt, I kissed it, inserted my finger, and then with my tongue played over the surface of the lips. Then my tongue plunged through the delicate red split, and then up the avenue. — At that last voluptuous moment, when the desire to have fingers, tongue, prick, all of my body in the woman, to join my body in its entirety to hers, to incorporate my body and soul with hers by her cunt, it was invincible. Then she ceased her lingual exercise, whilst my tongue reaching further forward sought her clitoris, playing rapidly on it, till a gentle oscillation, and quivering of her backside told of her discharge. The next instant my libation entered her pretty mouth, and both were satisfied.

The next time I asked Camille to get Lolotte for me, she could not. — A rich Belgian had taken her away and would marry her. Camille had thought she would never be gay long, and I was fortunate to have had her. — How true this was I don't know, but Camille all my life I found to be reliable, which is rare in a courtezan. I never saw or heard of the Belgian Lolotte afterwards.

[A paragraph of my original manuscript, without abbreviation or correction, and just as it was then written is retained here. — It is a clue to my mental condition at that date, and a good introduction to the episode which follows. — An explanation of my tastes.]

My tastes seem for some time past to have been much changed, to be gradually inclining to abnormal pleasures. — Have I seen and done enough with — am I getting tired of common place sensualities — am I on the road to a sensual abyss? — Lustful suggestions come to me more frequently from strumpets, or so it seems to me. —Do they, or do I — take more heed of them than formerly? Pleasures which in my youth I doubted as possible, the whisper of which passed by me like the idle wind, others which I did not like even to hear of, I now think about. The tongue and the mouth more frequently minister to my sensuous joys. — Do I really like that or not? My imagination well exercised in sexual pleasures, now suggests strange forms of fornication. — I find women willing to gratify them, nay more — have evident delight with myself in doing so, when I have suggested them. Whether those fancies are indulged in with other men, or others of

their own sex, and this is not for lucre only, it evidently is to gratify themselves as well as me that they do them.

My lasciviousness has increased by practice and women are similarly influenced. — Is it during the last few years, years which I vowed to consecrate to fidelity, that I have thus changed, or have these tastes been growing on me since puberty? A voluptuous offer from a fair woman, I feel now that I can scarcely resist. — Where will this end, in good or evil?

My knowledge of male and female in sexual matters, in their procreative instincts and sexual vagaries, how large is seems. — Yet there still seems a field of pleasure, of enquiry yet unexplored before me. Shall I yield and gratify it? My former hesitations seem nearly gone, boldly and without hesitation, I now ask women for the satisfaction of letches, letches relatively abnormal. — Perhaps all beyond plain belly to belly copulation may be called abnormal sexual pleasures. Much that is done every hour, every minute by male with female is abnormal. But to what does this lead? — What will be the outcome to this wider range of erotic desires. — Good or evil? — Shall I struggle against it or yield? —Have I not struggled before, struggled against my philosophy, and with what result? — my narrative answers me.

Going along R*g**t St. one night a French woman accosted me. — She would give me such pleasure she promised, pattering on, and walking by my side when she found I did not refuse her advances. She answered my lewed questions readily, as I put them out of sheer fun and curiosity, for I had no intention at the moment of accompanying her. — Yes, give me pleasure such as I had never tasted, — any I liked. —She had nice rooms, — warm, baudy pictures and books. — “Ah oui, vous pouvez m'enculer,” if it were my taste and would pay, or she would get me a youth, a boy — “Un beau garcon — charmant — sixteen years old no more.” — He would bugger me if I liked, for his prick was nice and small — yes, she had seen it, for he had buggered a friend of hers in her lodgings, she had seen him do it, so she knew all about him. Amused with her, pleased with her small soft voice which reminded me of Camille's, a voice so different from the harsh raw voices of most French Paphians, that having an hour or two to spare, I went out of curiosity only to the apartments of the woman.

She had nice rooms, and a selection of thoroughly good, coloured, cock rousing lithographs of fornication. Soon I had looked thro them and sat looking at her un-dressing, for she was the better worth looking at. — She undressed with great deliberation, talking about masturbation, gamahuching, fucking and sodomy, in as quiet a way as if talking about her dress. In these particulars she reminded me of Camille. She said she was twenty-eight. I am sure she was at least

thirty-five, was a well known woman, fleshy, solid, smooth, but square built, and not graceful. In flesh white as snow, with two huge firm hemispheres on her chest. Her hair was dark red (a colour I dislike) her backside big, marbly, and white; her motte and cunt, covered with a thick mass of hair of a darker red. Strange to say it was this very colour, which now I think of it, somehow added to the reasons of my going home with her. It was curiosity — a change. She had silk stockings and boots fitting her to perfection of course. French gay ladies have them, even if they are almost starving. They know the effect of a nice appearance in those extremities which lead up to the cunt.

I turned her about naked, opened her cunt, placed her big white buttocks towards me, saw thick hair round her arsehole, and its true brown tint on the fur-row. Then I told her I knew she was older than she said. She laughed heartily when I mentioned the various indications of her age. What was I going to do? — Was she in a hurry? “Ah no.” “Gamahuche me — suck my prick, and let me spend in your mouth.” “Oh certainly.” — She had stripped to her skin I may add without having been asked. She knew she was worth looking at.

I partly took my clothes off. — “Ah no, take them all off like me, pleasure should always be taken properly.” — So I stripped to my shirt. — “Non — non — naked like me.” — So I stripped entirely. It was a hot night. — Then she sponged round my cock, its tip, and my balls, and anus, most carefully. “Do you like your trou de cul licked?” — “Yes,” I replied, tho I didn't recollect the sensation, nor even if it has been ever done to me, tho I think it has. — “I will do it so nicely you shall feel,” said she. — Then she washed her cunt. — “Do you like washing a woman's cunt?” “Some-times.” “Wash mine,” said she as if she liked the idea of that. — So I soaped and rubbed it. —When dry, she lighted some more candles, arranged a large cheval glass at the proper angle (she knew exactly where to put it). Then getting on to the bed. — “Voila,” said she. — All was done without hurry scurry, it was a tranquil, refined preparation for lascivities.

Tho delighted with the movements of the white fleshed woman, my cock was not stiff. I was amused, a voluptuous feeling stole over me, the sort of feeling I sometimes experience an hour or two after one or two fucks — a feeling as if I needed rest, tho still lewedly inclined — the languid, creeping, half satisfied randiness one has, when laying by the side of a sweet woman whom I have fucked an hour before, and in whose cunt the spunk is still lying. — She took my prick and balls with an easy grasp in an unusually big hand, but it was plump, very smooth, and white. My cock began gently to swell as her hand slipped down under my balls, and I felt her finger pressing my bum hole with a soft, twiddling, insinuating pressure. — Then she

closed my legs, and kneeling over me and sitting backwards on her heels, she took my prick and rubbed it gently against her clitoris, which stood well out from her cunt lips now opened by her attitude. — Then she laid entirely over me, taking off her weight with her hands, and gently rubbed her whole body over mine; her breast rubbed my nipples, her belly lightly glided over mine, the hair of her motte tickled my prick. — It was an infinitely delicate, amorous play, quietly exciting. — “Ah,” said she, “Your pillow is not right, put your head there,” and she moved it. — “There now you can see everything in the glass — there.”

I let her do exactly what she liked, without telling her anything. — Then she stood by the bedside, and kissed me all over from head to feet. At length she buried her mouth in the thicket of my motte, and lifting my prick and opening my thighs, kissed, licked my balls and gradually along my prick, but avoiding the tip. The titillation of her tongue roused my dormant lust, and up swelled my pego to a noble fucking size. She smiled, and now taking it in her mouth, delicately licked the tip, and then engulfed it to the very roots. I felt it down her throat, and it totally disappeared. — It was delicious. — Out it soon came flaming, burning and crimson tipped, her saliva running down it and trickling on to my balls. — Then she desisted and let it go, after giving it a gentle squeeze. “Suck me, go on, let me spend, get on me so that I can see your cunt.” “Don't be in such a hurry for the pleasure,” said she laying down by me, letting me feel her all over but leaving my prick alone. — No, I should not spend yet. — “C'est trop vite, soyez tranquille.”

She talked then about other things so as to distract my attention from my penis, and its lust somewhat subsided. — Then getting off, and bringing me to the side of the bed, with legs hanging on to the floor, she told me to hold my legs up high. I obeyed her in everything. — I had suggested and asked her for nothing hitherto, excepting to suck me, to gamahuche me. When my thighs were up in the air, she gently pulled aside my bum cheeks, and began licking my anus. Every now and then she left off, gave just the tip of my prick a little delicate suck, and then went back to my anus. Her tongue seemed to enter it, a tickling sensation and a voluptuous pleasure spread right up my fundament, and there was a baudy sensation up it which got mixed with the lewedness which came from my prick and my balls. — Again she began gamahuching whilst I lay speechless, tranquilly enjoying the voluptuous treat. — “Aha — what are you doing? Aha.” A new sensation came over me, I felt my anus opening and stretching under a gentle twiddling pressure, her middle finger was up my fundament, and she was gently buggering with it whilst gamahuching me. I trembled now with lewed sensations, I could only see her head at the

bottom of my belly, gently moving up and down, her backside and ample naked body was reflected in the glass, and so on for a minute.

But I wanted to feel her flesh, that desire to feel the flesh of the other sex, which every male and female has when about to spend, came on me strongly — I cried. — “Aha let me move — let me feel you — let me see your cunt.” She rose from her knees, and standing bent forward still sucking me, but now with her thighs straddling open, and I could see her red haired, full lipped cunt, reflected in the glass. It looked as big as a cow's but it pleased me. Then still unsatisfied I made her cease, I got lengthwise on the bed, and she changing her position so as to stand sideways, sucked me whilst I felt her buttocks, rubbing my hand over them, and rapidly thrust my fingers between them, on to her cunt, that cunt which filled my fingers with soft flesh and crisp red hair. — “Ahaaa. — I'm spending, fuck, cunt, spunk.” Just as my sperm began to rise, she left off spite of my entreaties, and laid hold of my hands to stop me from finishing my enjoyment by a frig, which involuntarily I attempted. — “No, no, not yet — prolong your pleasure, don't be in such a hurry.” — She was an artiste, an accomplished artiste in gamahuching.

After a pause she recommenced. This time kneeling over me, her ample white rump and thick lipped, hairy gap, within a few inches of my face. She put two pillows under my bum, to throw it up from the bed and let her suck me more conveniently. — “Ah ma chere, you hurt me,” I cried — but my pain gave way to an agreeable sensation. She had introduced her middle finger which was unusually thick and long, much further up my bum than before, and was poking about gently in my fundament. I felt as if my arse was stretching but without pain — then as if a hot fart was struggling to come out, and mixed with these sensations, a strange thrilling pleasure in the part. A desire to treat her the same rushed thro my brain. I pulled open her buttocks and thrust my fingers up her cunt. — For an instant she ceased gamahuching. “Put your finger up my cu, cher,” said she and resumed her work. God knows whether I did or not, I can't say, I can't recollect for I was nearly wild, — I felt certainly all about her, in every place my hand could reach. I was mad to discharge my sperm which she kept me artfully from spending, till nature would retain it no longer, and with a scream of pleasure, out throbbed my hot seminal mucilage, gushing spasmodically into her mouth, and I lay senseless. The towel at hand got rid of the libation, and when I had recovered from the intensity of the spasms of pleasure, she was still gently sucking my tool, giving me a prolonged lingering voluptuousness for some minutes. Then she got up, rinsed her mouth with eau-de-Cologne and water, and said, “Have I not given you pleasure, cher?” — Indeed she had — never did I get before such prolonged, such varied pleasure, as this

French artiste in sexualities gave me with finger and mouth, by a single ejaculation of my semen.

The prolongation of my excitement, fatigued me I think as much as a couple of fucks, I was temporarily annihilated. She carefully washed my prick and bum hole again, and sprinkled eau-de-Cologne on me. She held my prick when I pissed, then washed the tip and gave it a gentle mouthing afterwards, and advising me to rest, she laid down by my side, talking all about the pleasures. Then she reversed herself, after getting off to shift the position of the lights on the table, and asked me to look at her private beauties, as if I had not seen them enough — wasn't her cunt tight for a big woman, hadn't she a pretty clitoris? “Feel it dear — oh you make me want it when you touch it — frig me cher,” and whilst complying and feeling her all about, every now and then she again took my flabby doodle into her mouth, and gave it a gently suck, and again pierced my bum hole with her finger after wetting it, and I let her do it. Then laying by my side, again she took hold of my fingers to frig herself with them. — Gradually so were my senses excited by her acts and words, that a desire to have her gamahuching me again crept over me, as well as to have my bum hole plugged. — It was only curiosity, but I had a strange feeling there which her finger had left, a lewed irritation there, and I put my finger down to feel if it was open. — “Do you like to be buggered?” said she — I said I never had, and never meant, but, “Yes I liked your finger there.” — I couldn't help saying that. — “You must pay for a pair of white kid gloves, and I will put it over my finger, and cover it with cold cream, and you shall be so pleased.” — “Not tonight,” said I astonished. — “Ah yes, pourquoi pas, you have much spunk in you yet — look at your preeke, it is bigger — why you not bouggare me with your finger when I feel you — shall me get gloves?” She spoke thus in broken English generally, but sometimes in French.

In voluptuous lassitude, almost against my will I consented. She got from a drawer a new pair of white kid gloves and a pot of cold cream; those things ready, she went thro the preliminaries as before. My prick, balls, and bum hole were licked and tongue tickled all over with much deliberation, and with curious delicacy of tongue, till I grew restless with lust and by backside wriggled. Then putting a lump of grease on my anus, she put on a glove, covered the middle finger with grease, pushed it slowly up me and took my prick in her mouth. She moved her finger about my fundament, making me feel as before as if I was farting a hot wind. One of her feet was now on the floor, her other upon to the bed by the side of me, and I could as I lay see in the glass the back of her naked body and her movements. Near my chest was her belly, buttocks and her thick lipped, red haired cunt between them. With outstretched hand I felt her cunt from bum hole

to clitoris. Slowly she moved her head up and down, conveying a fucking motion and feeling to my pego, pro-longing and intensifying my enjoyment exactly as be- fore, but even more deliberately, till now almost with a scream of lewed words I spent again in her mouth. I had immense enjoyment in her mouth, and paying her (quite satisfied) a double fee, I left her.

I went to see her again soon after, solely, as well as I can analyze my reasons and intentions, to find out whether I really liked my bum hole plugged with her finger or not: for my sensations had been so mixed, so complicated, that I couldn't make up my mind on the point. I gave her that night champagne, and so she got still warmer to the work. It seemed, and I really believe, that she delighted in the exercise. After my first ejaculation, she got my pego to rise again, and then asked me if I would fuck her. “A nice tight cunt,” she said. — But I did not satisfy her, tho I had verified by my finger that her cunt had the quality she claimed for it.

Then came suggestions. Had I ever done this or that? I had done many things that she suggested. Then she got to acts a little out of the common-recherchй lusts. — Had I buggered or been buggered? I might bugger her if I liked, for she liked me, and liked the sensation of a man's prick up her “cu,” liked her cunt licked or frigged, when her fundament had the pego up it. There was a charming girl who did it to her. — “When you're being buggered?” said I, “impossible.” — “No it is not impossible, look,” — and she showed what appeared to be a prie-dieu chair, but low backed, large, wide seated, immensely heavy, its back inclining slightly, and most extraordinary in its build. A chair of rough make, and I believe made for the purpose. “It is just the height,” said she kneeling to prove it. I stood up at her back and applied my prick to her bum valley to test that. — The chair was open in the back, and then to verify her statement, I knelt in front of her, as she was kneeling on the chair with thighs apart in buggeree posture, and found that I could with a little pushing forward of my head, touch her cunt with my lips, I could have licked her clitoris. She decalred that when buggered, her young female friend licked her quim in that way. Would I come again and she would fetch her friend, and then whilst I fucked her friend, she would finger bugger me. — Or her friend should gamahuche her thro the back of the chair, whilst I buggered her, or fucked her, which ever I pleased but she preferred being buggered and licked. — Or a nice garcon with a lovely prick should come to me and I could bugger him — or be buggered by him, or I could suck him. So we talked on, and she raised a number of curious desires in me by these suggestions of variety. I did not tail her as she asked, but had another pair of white gloves and its greased finger up my bum again, refusing a dildo which she now offered for

the first time, and again spent in her mouth and quitted her well satisfied.

A week elapsed. What am I coming to? Her manifold, quaintly lascivious suggestions burthened my mind whenever a lewed sensation passed through my brain, whenever a lewed sensation coursed through my pego, and again I sought her. It was mainly to be frigged by a hand covered with white kid gloves, that was now my letch. She kept I found now white gloves in her drawers, no doubt using them thus which was quite her speciality. She at first frigged me with her gloved hand for a time, then greased the entire glove, to let me feel the difference in the friction between the dry and the greased. Really whether greased or not greased, a kid glove hand makes a delectable masturbator. I would not spend that way. When ready to ejaculate bethinking me of her suggestions, and all sorts of baudy desires floating through my brain, “Get the woman who licks you,” I cried, and I thought of fucking my masturbatress from behind whilst her clitoris was licked from before by the satellite.

She feared the woman was not within or might be engaged, but would send. In a quarter of an hour during which I varied our libidinous tricks, she came in. She was a French, dark eyed, dark haired woman, seemingly not more than eighteen or nineteen. — Champagne was to stir our energies, and then we set to work. I saw the young woman's cunt, and when I was quite stiff, and after both women had had my prick in their mouths, and one had licked my balls whilst the other was licking the tip; to the chair we went. — With thighs wide apart the red haired one knelt on it, and the little dark one kneeling on a pillow in front prepared for minetting. — Her tongue reached the other's clitoris, and I made her for a second lick it to let me see that it could be done. — “Come bugger me,” said the red haired one, and putting her hand back, she pulled apart her buttocks showing the brown valley, and the aperture of Sodom.

“You won't! ah yes, you must, I shall spend when you spend in my cu.” — It seemed from her pertinacity in demanding it, as if she really desired it, and was disappointed at my steady refusal. I tried to fuck her from behind, but could not get my prick well into her, her bum was so big; and when she lifted her backside and jutted it out, her friend could not well lick her clitoris, so we ceased trying for the minute.

Then said I (it had been her own suggestion on a previous night), “I'll dildo your arsehole whilst she licks your cunt.” “Tres bien, but you must then give me another sovereign.” — I agreed. From another drawer came two or three dildoes. Selecting a little one which she greased carefully, and instructing me how to use it, I pressed it through the corrugated aperture, and slowly soon it disappeared up

her fundament. I pushed it gently up and down, the little one licked her cunt, the licks sounded and nothing else in our excited silence, till the red haired one wriggled her bum and belly, cried out she was spending, and urged me to move the dildo which in watching the two I had for the moment ceased doing, but had left sticking in her rump. I recommenced, she urged the young one be quicker. “Lick lower” she cried, and with a real or well acted spasm of pleasure, all was over. I removed the dildo from its sheath, she for a minute or two leaned over the chair with eyes closed, and the other went on silently licking the clitoris.

I had not yet spent, had restrained myself, moving about with my pego like a brass rod, but was now al-most spending without hand or cunt to help me, so excited was I by the spectacle. Speaking in French, “Get up, I'll kiss you,” to the younger one. — On to the bed she sprang and opened her red gap. With a look, a feel, and a sniff at it I mounted her, and in a second my pego was up her black haired cunt. The red haired one with-out delay and unasked, inserted her finger in my rectum, I felt the sphincter stretch, and with libidinous images flashing through my brain, in baudy ecstasy I ejaculated my semen, and died away; the lady's cunt clipping and spending with me. “Mon Dieu what a lot of spunk,” said she as I got off of her. — I looked and there was. — The red haired one looked admiringly. “My God! a river,” said she.

Within half an hour I was ready again, either one or other of the women had handled my genitals all the time, and I had exhausted the poses I could think of placing them in. Then I put the little one on my prick as I sat on a chair, clasping one breast, and feeling her motte at the same time. The red haired strumpet seemingly pleased, knelt down and licked the clitoris of my fuckstress, whilst with almost imperceptable joggings of her cunt, and heaving of my bum, we fucked. The gentle friction, the deep plugging soon told, and we spent. Then tranquilly sitting on me still, my prick shrinking satisfied from her cunt, whilst I felt her clitoris, and our spermy mixtures running out on to my balls, we rested a while. — Red hair sat on the floor naked and silently contemplating us. — Out flopped my doodle, ending our conjunction, and washing genitals all round began.

I'd had a couple of pleasures but was not satisfied, the women had so excited me. — We talked for a time, then I knelt over the head of the red haired one at her request, whilst she laid on her back and gamahuched me and she masturbated herself. She made me stiff and lewed, tho I had not wished that, and did not utilize the erection, having reasons for not fatiguing myself then too much sexually. — When her pleasure was over I laid down, she carefully with sponge and towel washed the grease off my thighs and bum, and I left.

That extraordinary chair keeps recurring to my mind. Its design, weight, size and general ugliness, makes it certain that it must have been made for the special object, which she told me it was used for. Did the woman I wonder travel about with it when she moved, or was it part of the furniture of the house?

I never went near the glove woman again, nor do I recollect seeing her. I had satisfied my curiosity, and did not wish my bum hole opened any more. — But cock's suction begins more and more to please me. — Several times I have refused to let a pretty mouth finish when proffered that pleasure, not having wished beyond putting it into the mouth of a woman I liked. That truly is a lovely endearment before putting it up the sweet one's cunt. Is the taste now gradually coming to me? I begin to find it delightful, when I do not stiffen readily, to make women put my tool in their mouths even if not to consummate there. — Suction by a pretty mouth is not such a bad amusement when a man's fatigued. [Nelly L**l*e a year or two afterwards, often got my second spend that way — her cunt did duty for the first.]

[These eccentric letches appear henceforth to have given me pleasure more in a degree, and more frequently I gave way to cries of lust when in the height of pleasure. Formerly I had been mostly quiet, or only used words of endearment to my lovely partner; of late frantic libidinosity has seized me at times, and more rapidly than words can express them, flash though my brain visions of what I have done — of what I should like to do — and the words of lust as they escape me, add to my pleasure, and to those of some of my partners who join their cries to mine. I incite them to use them.]

Chapter XI

Change in style in writing this narrative. • Reckless amours. • Nelly L**l*e and Sophy Sh. • Neophyte harlots. • A first night out. • Madame S***k*n*us. • Cuntal contrasts. • A lascivious evening. • Their antecedents and future. • Nelly's face, form, and quim. • Voluptuous complacency. • Her after life. • My tastes for being gamahuched. • Externals of sodomites. • Fantastic male lascivieties. • Champagne and sperm. • Dildo and arse-hole. • Birching tried on me. • Policemen's forbearance. • One in plain clothes. • Nelly's illness and my aid. • Sophy's face, figure, and colour. • Her sliggery pudenda. • Vulgarity and voice. • Married, mother, and widowed. • Harlotting resumed. • Drunken and degraded. • Love in her armpits.***

[It is evident now, altho it did not occur to me at the time when week by week, or day by day, I wrote these narratives, that of late years I had a growing habit of giving opinions on, and reasons for my amorous, erotic exploits. — This certainly was not the case in the early part of this history. — I suppose the change was the result of experience, and reflexion on that experience, which made me write those opinions. They were doubtless involuntary, they came in the natural course of the incidents, and writing them at the time pleased me as much as describing the events. These opinions and reflexions are an index to my mental state at that time, and it would be well to retain them all. The need for excision and abbreviation is however inexorable, and few can be kept. The desires which sprang up, the thoughts or experiences which led to them, if preludes to my amorous deeds, will however be retained, where not of too great length.

[Not having been found out in my promiscuous amusements with women, and the ailments of Venus not having attacked me, I became bold, and did openly hazardous things, which a few years ago I should never attempted. I longed for women who had never sold their charms, and made advances to some who seemed open to them, some who were as critically placed as I was, and more so, for to them it might have been utter ruin. — With two or three, I had brief amours which we both enjoyed intensely. The pleasure of eating stolen honey is great, and hazardous, illicit fucking, is the finest of honey. Danger and risks no doubt give its charms to such liaisons, but fucking with eyes and ears open at my time of life, was after all not so pleasurable as fucking with a tranquil mind.

[Altho strong sexually, I thought that at my time of life that the strength could not last long, and seemed to desire to lose no opportunity in indulging with the sex, fearing that indifference which sometimes comes with the abatement of virile force. So when I got the

chance I had many charming transient amours. Circumstances indeed a little later on favoured me in these, and gave me opportunities of indulging with less risk than before, but what led to those facilities must not be disclosed. Many of my fugitive amours did not exceed the acquaintance of a night or two — nor did I wish them to last — nor perhaps did my female friends. Mostly they were commonplace, and I only tell of those in which was some unusual incident, tho with my habit then, as now inveterate, I duly recorded in my manuscript each amorous adventure.

The next twenty or thirty pages relate to two young harlots named Nelly L**l*e and Sophy S**h —. I occasionally visited Nelly for many years, the other rarely, tho for as long a time or nearly so. My libidinous amusement with them were all of the ordinary kind, which I have practised with hundreds of the frail sisterhood, and with many who were not frail in a financial sense. They were as usual, described by me at length in my original manuscript, but the repetition of salacious tricks seems tedious now, so I have carefully weeded out, arranged in some order, condensed, abbreviated this part of my narrative, to about one fifth of its original length; leaving only certain episodes worth retaining for their variety, which I shall put in their chronological order nearly.]

Going along L*c**tr Square one evening I saw a shortish female in front of me. She had short petticoats (worn then), Balmoral boots, a small foot, and shapely calf. — The movement of haunches and legs told me she had the class of form I loved; I can tell by the pose of the foot, and the swing of the bum, what sort of thighs and rump are moving underneath petticoats — I passed and looked at her. She had a quite young, modest face, white and pink complexion, dark eyes, and looked healthy, fresh and enticing. I stopped, turned, and she passed me. She is modest I thought. — Bah! what does modesty do here by itself at eight o'clock p.m.? —So I accosted her, wondering at her steady bum swing which looked twenty-one at least, whilst her face looked but seventeen or thereabouts. “May I go home with you?” “Yes if you like,” and she looked back. “Where do you live?” — “I live at — oh I forget, but it's just over there.” “Go on and I'll follow.” — She hesitated, but turned back. — Up came another female, taller, with flaxen hair, and a nearly white face. — “The gentleman wants to know where we live, what's the name of the street?” “Tibble, Tickle, Tish, or something like it I forget, but I know the way.” —Then both laughed heartily. — “Well go on,” I said (for we had stopped), “I only want this lady and not you.” — I never like talking long to gay women in the streets. “It's Pickle Street,” said my selected one, laughing. “Cross over.” — Both crossed, I following, when a short, sallow, Jewish

looking woman there stopped them. — “What is it my dear,” said she. “The gentleman wants to know the name of the street.” “Oh, it's T***f***d Street, sair — I will shows the vay,” and off she walked rapidly with the girls, I following at a little distance behind them. It was the baud who was giving them their first lesson in street walking, and following them in view.

She opened the door with a latch key — “I only want this dark haired girl,” said I, “and I'm only going to give her a sovereign.” “Vel, vel, go in, sair.” — I went in and upstairs to two handsomely furnished rooms — a lamp was already lighted, and she lit two candles, the girls stood still, silent, and staring at me, I stood thinking — I hate making these arrangements with second or third parties — a baud, and a couple of whores are a match for the Devil.

“I only want this lady,” I repeated, “and can only give her a sovereign.” “Oh you must give her two sovereigns — it's her first night in London, she's never been out before. Oh she must have two sovereigns.” “No.” “Vel dare is no harm done, sair, you see vat nice young ladies they be, and these handsome rooms but if you won't, you won't — vel go out again my dears.” — It was all very civilly said. — No bullying. — She blew out the two candles, not a word had either girl spoken and she opened the door. Said the woman as I moved towards the door, “I can't let her for luck's sake start like that, I brought em both to London the day before yesterday, they've never seen London streets till an hour ago.” I paused — I had noticed in the street the girl Nelly staring about in a strange way, instead of cock hunting with the steady glances of a regular strumpet — besides the girl looked so very fresh and so modest, that my prick was standing, and I felt a violent lust for her. — “Well let her stay, I'll give it her, but if I have her another night I can only give a sovereign.” — “All right, sair.” “But I shall stop a long time.” “You may stop as long as you likes, mayn't he Nelly?” “I don't care,” said the girl.

The old woman relighted the candles. — “Have Sophy too,” said she. I never liked fair haired women. — “No.” “Do — it's her first night as well — don't make them jealous of each other, they're friends now. — Do, and I needn't go out again tonight.” — That struck me as so funny that I laughed. “When you see em both quite naked together, you vil say you never see sich fine gals.” “I won't be naked,” said one, I don't recollect which. — “Now my dearee, you must please gentlemens if you vants to make friends — Didn't I tell ye now — didn't I tell ye — I'm not a going to keep yer — you've got to sleep yourself.” Then turning to me, “They will be all right when she knows you, sair; have Sophy, do — she's as white as snow, her thighs and body is, and she is formed beautiful, and her hair's the same color there, one's black and the other yaller,” and the old woman winked at me again

with a leer. The contrast was extreme — “black cunt, flaxen cunt” — thought I. “Well, let her stay too — but I'm not going to pay you.” — “Oh! all rights, all rights, sair, you can stop all night vith dem. I knows a gentlemans vhen I speak vid him, all rights, sair, my name is S***k*n*us, and I've been here five years, I'm a dress-maker, sair.” (I had some idea that I was going to be bilked.) “Now my dearees mind vot I as tell you, and I'm sure he'll be a friend to you both,” and nodding her head at the girls she went out. I bolted the door. She was a German woman I found, perhaps Jewish, but who had been some time in England, actually worked with a sister at dressmaking, and let her upper floors to quiet gay women, and had now by some chance got these two young women, to introduce to the pavй of London.

“Take off your things, my darlings.” — The girls giggling and whispering to each other began slowly to do so; it was perfectly clear that they'd not yet un-dressed as Paphians before a man for pay. Gradually two pairs of splendid calves and lovely white breasts appeared. “Of with your chemises.” “I shan't,” said one, and the other did not obey. — I pulled them both to me, putting my hands on to their fat backsides, and kissed their large white breasts alternately. I hitched up the chemises of both at the same time whilst they struggled a bit, and saw fine round thighs on both; nearly black hair on one cunt, almost invisible hair on the other. “My prick's so stiff,” said I, and getting up I stripped to my shirt, pulled it up to my waist, and showed a red headed magnificent erection.

Both burst into laughter, which astonished me. I pulled dark haired Nelly on to one thigh as I sat down, and began feeling her cunt. Flaxen haired Sophy sat down on a low stool opposite us, holding her cheeks and her chin with her hands, whilst her elbows rested on her thighs, like an old Irish woman sitting on a door step. A vulgar, low look the girl had, yet she was of a most uncommon peculiar style of face, certainly handsome, yet of a class I didn't like. Then I noticed that she had white eye lashes, and very light eyebrows, and for the moment she reminded me of an albino, who to me is very ugly.

Now I talked baudy. “Show me your cunt,” to Nelly, who had been feeling my prick. — “Ho! ain't he rude,” said she giggling and looking at Sophy. — “Do.” “Shan't.” — I lifted her chemise to her armpits suddenly. She struggled and cried out, “No, no.” — I got vexed and swore, for I hate a struggle with a sham modest whore, and hadn't quite arrived at the belief that it was her first night's harlotry. — “Isn't she a fool Sophy?” “She knows best,” was the reply made in a coarse, raw, nasty voice. — I had not heard her speak before. I let Nell go. — “Let's feel your cunt,” said I dragging up Sophy from the stool. — She offered no resistance. Her cunt was reeking wet as my fingers went between the lips, and she opened her thighs to let my fingers up.

I pulled up her chemise, her cunt seemed nearly hairless, there was hair, but the color was so light, and it was so small in quantity, that it scarcely showed. Her thighs and belly were as white as milk, her form exquisite. — Nelly rearranged her tumbled hair, for in a small struggle with her it had fallen, came close up to us and said to Sophy, “You seem to like it.” “I don't mind much, he's a nice chap,” croaked Sophy. [Nelly, I found in after years, was jealous of any woman being noticed before her — even when she had brought the woman herself to me for fucking.] Nelly was jealous now of Sophy's pleasing me by her willingness.

Darkish haired quims were always my delight, so I took hold of Nelly again. Sophy dropping again on the stool not much higher than a chamber pot, looking on stupidly and pulling down her short chemise over her knees as if to hide them. I titillated Nelly's clitoris, made her feel my balls and prick, and lavished obscenity and kisses, till she wriggled her rump voluptuously. I had stirred her lust. She wanted fucking, it was time for emptying my testicles, so I threw her on the side of the bed. — “No, no, let me get on to the bed properly.” — I wouldn't, opened her thighs violently, leant over her, and drove my prick up her fat little cunt, till my balls banged against her arse. Feeling the prick up her, she laid still, for pleasure told on her at the first thrust of my pego. I began to look at her quim as I pushed my tool in and out. Then she kept pushing her chemise down. — “I'll slit your chemise up if you do that,” said I irritated. — Sophy came up and looked on, for Nelly then ceased hiding her charms, and, I saw, soon had voluptuous sensations; and from the involuntary motion of her belly, the opening of her mouth, the staring look of her eyes, saw that they were getting strong. Soon she gave a voluptuous sigh and I fetched her juices out, as I squirted a shower of sperm up her. I was in full blood, my prick stood well up her after I had spent, and I bent over her quiet for a time, then rose, gradually pulling my prick partly out of its mucous bath. — “When were you last fucked?” said I. — For a second she lay quiet as if in her pleasure still, at last, “Two months ago,” said she. Sophie chuckled, “Ave yer done it Nell with him, ave yer?” said she. — No reply. — “Have yer now? — now I knows yer have, and yer said, yer wouldn't with the chaps.” — Nell never replied, seeming to be still enjoying the last sensations of the fuck. “She's spent a cup full,” said I drawing my prick quite out. — “Look — it's not all mine.” Briskly Nell closed her thighs and pulled her chemise over her reeking cunt, from which a rivulet of thick pearly sperm began to run, and she sat up.

“Do you like seeing your friend fucked?” “Never seed it afore,” said Sophy, sitting down again on the stool and tugging down her short chemise. “Well, you've been fucked.” “Why of coorse.” “You've

seen yourself fucked in a looking glass." "That I ain't, there warn't never a glass in the room at all —I never war in a place afore with a man and woman a doin it. — Never with none but my own chap."

"Wash Nell," said I, whilst I was doing so. "When you're gone." "Gone my dear? I'm going to stop hours." — Nellie washed. —I turned to Sophy and grasped her sliggery cunt. — "Shall we fuck?" "If yer like." Her cunt was on fire and reeking, as I laid her on the side of the bed. — What a treat the light flaxen haired motte was by contrast, I had not expected such enjoyment from it. I got my prick in her, but the fucking was much longer, and I fetched her be- fore I came myself. Nelly now looked on curiously, it was her turn. — "You've done it with him Sophy." "And so did you." Then both laughed. Getting off the bed, down went Sophy on to the stool again. "You'll wet your chemise Sophy." "Don't care." — But up she got, wiped her cunt outside with a towel, and threw it down on the floor in a low manner.

There was a freshness in manner, and modesty in both of them, and they had manifestly an enjoyment in fucking, which made me think now that the old woman had spoken the truth. I had thought it all sham. — Neither had ever tasted champagne I found, so ordered some, telling the woman to get it at * * * * * a well known place for food and wine [then]. Madame S***k*n**s fetched it and I gave her a glass. — Was I pleased with the young ladies? Yes and had fucked both. — "They won't wash their cunts properly," said I joking. "I have," said Nelly — "Sophy has wiped hers." "Oh Miss Sophy, you knows what I have tell you." — We had gone into the . sitting room which opened with folding doors to the bed room, and the flaxen motte one now washed her cunt properly. We drank champagne, the old woman left, I ordered another bottle, and soon both girls were quite groggy.

Then they let out their histories. Many times after I heard both, and they never varied. — Certainly it was their first harlotting night, and most likely neither had been fucked for weeks as they said. I warmed them well up with lewed talk, one held my prick, the other the pot when I pissed. It delights me to make fresh women do those little services. I laid them side by side lengthwise on the bed, and then one on the top of the other. The liquor and talk had made them randy. We all stripped quite, and putting the cheval glass to see in it, I fucked one whilst I fingered the other. Then we had more wine, and the girls began to quarrel, which I have often found to occur when I have had two women together and they got lushy.

It really was because I had fucked flaxen motte twice, and Nelly was jealous. I'd fucked Sophy I can't tell why, for I always liked a dark haired cunt, and Nelly's was dark. — I fancy it was that I found Sophy's the nicest of the two cunts, and have since thought so [I

sometimes think now that her cunt was the most delicious my prick ever went into] but I never could bear the girl, tho scores of times I have thought of nothing but her cunt, when I have been stroking Nelly and others. I recollect all this clearly because the evening was a memorable one. They now both blabbed and told me all about themselves but the name of the village they came from. — No, they wouldn't tell that. “Don't you recollect that some one fetched me that night, Nelly?” “Yes.” “Father said he'd throw him bloody soon into the canal if he came home again with me.” “Poor Bet, he never kept her child.” “Yes and he made me sleep with him that night.” — So that sort of talk ran on, telling me bits of their history as I questioned them, and interrupting and correcting, and helping each other in their tales, both talking sometimes at once. Then we all three turned on to the bed again. I treated the dark haired cunt, and fucked each girl quite twice before the evening was out. When we parted I promised to see them the next day.

[This was their history. Nelly mainly made me her confidant after I helped to keep her during an illness at a future day. Both had been caught fucking without a license. — Sophy by a man of her own class caught in a field by her father, who stuck a scythe into her swain's rump. — Nelly was surprized in bed with a gentleman who had promised to marry her, and her father turned her out of doors. — The swains neglected the girls — both had family way sensations in their bellies, and were helped out of the difficulty by a local dressmaker. — Madame S***k*n*us, a German Jewess and dressmaker, knew the village one, who advised the girls to go to London with Madame S***k*n*us. They knew they were going to be gay, tho it was not said so. Uncomfortable at their village, off they ran, and that was their first night in their career of harlotry when I had them. — Both afterwards liked gay life, but neither rose to eminence. — Nell for some years led a comfortable life of indolence, as long as she kept to S***k*n*us. Sophy sank to the lowest depths, was always drunk, nearly naked, and would take men home for a glass of gin.]

Nelly was short, beautifully formed and plump, had good legs, small feet, thick ankles, and large bum. — Her skin was a very dark cream color, her hair nearly black, her eyes a very dark hazel, with a heavy expression in them much like that of a cow's. It was a half sulky look. She had thick eye-brows and large mouth but was really handsome. In after years she was often taken for a French woman by men. The hair on her motte was about the thickest I ever saw on an English woman's, tho at first there was not much of it. The flesh of the motte could not be seen thro it, and just over the clitoris it formed a thick little clump al-most hard, it curled so. Her armpits were thick with hair even at that age. (She was barely seventeen.) She had hair

on her cunt, she said, at twelve. Ten years afterwards when I saw her, it was half up to her navel, but it never grew round her buttocks or arsehole. Her cunt was large at seventeen, and some years after-wards was very large. — I could then put a large dildo and two fingers up it at the same time easily, yet she had even then a wonderfully fine cuntal grip on the prick, it was such a fat cunt inside. She had a beautifully steady walk, like a Spanish woman's, looked quiet, and was proud of walking out dressed simply in good black silk, and being taken for a modest woman. — She was relatively modest, when first I had her. In a week I'd taught her much, and modesty was lost. She said she had had more poking in the first fortnight she had come to town than she had had altogether from her young man, who had never tailed her more than about a dozen times in all. Her cunt then had all the signs of recent rupture. — In after years she was the most complacent creature, and did with me everything excepting bum fucking. Once when I pressed her to let me do that she nearly yielded, but it was out of kindness. — I was only joking, and but asked as a test. She got me three young virgins, two of whom I poked, a dozen other women, and two men to frig or bugger if I liked — I did not like the latter work. She gradually got poor and ill, and disappeared. Her last stay was in one room. An old gentleman up whose arse she used to put a dildo whilst she sucked his cock, she said, then nearly kept her; he was seventy-six years old, yet could spend under that fundamental and labial irritation.

She early made friends among a good class of married men, and was always at home in the afternoon, dressed usually in a blue satin dressing gown, and nice stockings and boots. Her foot was beautiful. She for years rarely went out at night or to public amusements, but passed her time in idling, feeding, dressing, reading newspapers and novels. She said she lost money when she went out at night before ten, so if she went out it was usually very late. She was a very safe woman. Once during what I think was a bad clap, tho she would not say so, and once thro a long illness, I paid her lodgings and some other friend paid for her food. She was on both occasions in the same house (Madame S***k*n*us). She never let me poke her if she had the slightest taint of her poorliness. She was a wonderful frigger. — Her masturbation was most delicate and fetching (some women never can frig), and afterwards she gamahuched equal to any French woman — I have gone to her with my prick as limp as a rag, yet never went away without a spending. She had a wonderful way of pushing my machine if limp into her roomy cunt, and saying “lay still.” — Without movement on my part, and no perceptible movement to her buttocks, she stiffened me by the compression of her cunt — her gripping cunt seemed to suck my prick up into it. When about thirty years old she

began to paint. At rare intervals then I used to talk to her only, and to tip her when I met her, and for years sent her a sovereign at Christmas.

Before I lost sight of her, she used to say that when first out, scarcely any man wanted more than to poke her, but then that half the men wanted to be gamahuched, and some wanted to bugger. She did not al-low that, but got them ladies who did. She looked on at the operation at times, and halved the fee paid for their complaisance. She explained to me the habits of the male sodomites (she had studied and hated them), the way to know them, and how to treat them. It was curious, but I never learned to know them by sight, and never wanted. — To the last of her career so far as I know it, and when she barely had a gown to cover her, she managed to get silk stockings, and tho flabby in her breasts, and with a smaller and flabby bum, never lost the shapely legs. Her heart went wrong, she got dirty, and then I saw her no more.

She rarely drank, tho I have made her tight several times by sipping warm brandy and water with her. With a good fire in the room, her clothes up to her navel, legs so placed that I could see her cunt, we talked and she told me strange baudy fads she had known men to have. One young man, after laying her down with thighs distended and open cunt, used to frig himself into a tumbler of champagne and then drink it, swallowing his own sperm. Another made her run a pin into his balls. One brought small peas, and pushed them down his urethra. — He came with his bladder full — and then pissed out the peas against her cunt, or her arsehole, or her breasts. She flogged some men till they spent, and other erotic whimsies. Many men she said liked a dildo up their arseholes whilst they fucked, or were frigged, or gamahuched. One man only fucked a woman when she had a dildo up her bum; a lady friend she fetched for that purpose. He greased the dildo and put it up the lady's arsehole. It was used for no one else and she showed it me. “That dildo's my old friend's,” said she showing another and larger.

“I don't like it, but do everything excepting bugger, it pleases them and amuses me. If I did not some other would — I should lose friends.” Camille has said the same. — She only once let me see her on the sly with a male friend. I looked thro a key hole at them copulating. Once she got a man to fuck her whilst I looked on, and I frigged him afterwards. He was a big man, and said he was a carpenter. Once she began to birch me, the only time I ever tried it, but the pain was too great and I made her desist. Twice she played at flat cocks with a female before me, and on one occasion a baudy tipsy night we had, with a second woman.

She used to fuck and spend in a quiet way, never swore, nor

raised her voice, nor seemed angry, nor used baudy language unless asked, and chuckled it out then in a quiet voice. She never got into police rows. How she squared the police I don't know. I asked her if she let the constables tail her — “No” — but an Inspector used to have her. He was a married man and came in plain clothes. She never was “run in” that I heard of, when they ran in fifty women a night from the Haymarket and its vicinity.

During one illness I helped to keep her, and meeting then Sophy by chance, went home with her. She was at enmity with Nelly and said Nelly had had a miscarriage, and the father of the child was a labourer. — Nelly afterwards admitted a miscarriage. When she had been launched a few months she got cautious as whores do, and told me nothing; then came her illness, and after as said, she became as communicative as at first. When I was in love with Jessie C**t*s I did not see Nelly for a year or more. I shan't forget her joy when she saw me again. Sophy, with the exception of the young lass Kitty with the yellow hair and motte, whom I had in my early manhood, was the only light haired Paphian I ever had more than a few times, rarely more than once. She was full grown tho only seventeen, her hair was like light flax, her eyelashes white. — She was exquisitely made, had the loveliest breasts, and from the nape of her neck to the sole of her feet was as white as snow. Her features were good, her eyes blue and yet she looked like a fool and when she laughed was like an idiot. — Her laugh was a vulgar, idiotic, coarse, offensive chuckle, she opened her mouth quite wide (it was large with splendid teeth), and she rolled her head about from side to side. — Her hands were coarse. She had slight hollows in her bum cheeks at first, in a few months they were dimples, and she must have put on a stone in weight in the time. — Never was there a woman who handled better all over than she, she was delicious to touch, an exquisite piece of flesh.

She had, when first I had her, scarcely any hair on her cunt; as I threw up her chemise I thought she had none. — But it lay close, and made the lips of the cunt look a little darker than the surrounding flesh, nothing more. The clitoris and nymphae were a delicate pink like a girl's of twelve. The prick hole was small, and also had the look of recent breakage. I've broken thro a good lot of hymens, and know the look pretty well.

Of all the women I ever had, none had so soft, so voluptuous a cunt. — It was quite tight and small, but nothing ever equalled its smoothness. Satin, polished steel, ivory, oiled marble, never equalled its delicious softness to the feel of fingers or prick. It was always moist like any other cunt, tho not sticky or sloppy, but had an exquisite lubriciousness, indescribably as if it was full of spunk just fucked into it. I have made her syringe it out before me, and a minute afterwards

it felt just the same. She was a splendid fuckee. Nelly was nice but one of the quietest, and always when fucking seemed suppressing herself; Sophy shivered, quivered but not noisly, and heaved gently, her cunt went clip, clip, suck, suck, in a wonderful way towards her crisis, and then with a gentle heave of her belly and arse, she seemed as if she wished to get my whole body up her, and with a "Ahaa — my dear man — aha, aha," she subsided. She was full of juice, would often spend twice to my once, and we made a fine display on the towel under her bum when my prick left her. Before the first week of our acquaintance was out, she gave way to her passions with me. She liked me, and used to patter out in her ugly, hoarse, vulgar voice, baudy words, and coarse but loving expressions. — Nelly watching us used then to say, "Sophy — what are you at?" — but it did not stop her. Never have I had more completely voluptuous fucking as far as mere cunt was concerned, but that was all; I was sick of the sight of her directly our bodies unjoined.

I saw both girls daily for nearly a fortnight, and Sophy had my seminal libations more frequently than Nelly — but I could not talk to her, her language was indescribably common and coarse, and whether eating, drinking, speaking, washing or even pissing, her vulgarity and idiocy were intolerable. — She was a cunt of superlative voluptuousness, a magnificent bit of fucking flesh, but nothing more. Tho straight as an arrow, her walk was between a totter and a roll. I could, at a later day, see her flashy, vulgar bonnet bobbing about in the distance wherever she was. She looked, even with good clothes on, the lowest Moll. Sometimes for all that I had a letch for her when I caught sight of her, and for a quarter of an hour to handle her fine flesh, to finger and plunge my prick up her indescribably smooth, luscious cunt, laying on her start naked before putting into her even, was exquisite. — But my liking went the instant my sperm was in her, and I got away as rapidly as I could, resisting usually her seductions of fingers and mouth to reanimate my tool, for she'd never let me go till I had tailed her twice if she could prevent it. She was very fond of fucking by me.

For a year or two (and in after years she returned), she was in the same house with Nelly and Madame S***k*n*us, who dressed and looked after her. There she did well. Then she went to live by herself having quarrelled with Nelly, and I saw nothing of her for a few years. — Nelly then told me one day that she had married an artisan, who was then dying, had two children by him, that they'd lived respectably and she quietly, but that now having pawned everything to keep them, she was going on to the streets again to live. They literally had nothing in their room but a bed, chair, table and pisspot, and would have starved, if Nelly had not sent them food for some time. She could

afford that no longer, but she was keeping one child whom she brought upstairs to show me. — It was flaxen haired, like Sophy.

I sent for Sophy, who came. She had nothing on but a cloak and a gown, I pulled up her clothes to see. It was cold weather, there was a fire in the room, she went out, and in half an hour came in washed with a chemise and stockings on lent by Nelly. She'd still her lovely firm and white flesh, but was thinner. She told me her troubles, we had gin which soon got well into her head, then I got on to my knee, felt her all over and titillated her cunt. When she had had a drink and her sobbing was over, and so soon as she felt pleasure, she rapidly undid my trowsers and grabbed my balls. — "Oh! I ain't been fucked for these three months, the last time my man did it, it nearly killed him and he don't want it now." I questioned her. — "Aye, I do frig myself — he liked me to, and he did use to frig me him-self until he got too ill, poor man — let's do it."

I told Nelly to go out, being unable occasionally some-where about that time (a peculiarity I don't think have mentioned), to poke with another woman in the room, and was taken suddenly so now. Nelly always liked to be present when I shagged a woman she had brought me, perhaps to see what money passed — perhaps because she liked to see the fucking just as Sarah F**z*r did, and to frig herself whilst looking on. Women have baudy fancies and letches like men. — Nelly went out looking sulky.

Never did a woman enjoy a poking more. "Oh! I ain't had a fuck for three months — not one damned fuck; frigging ain't fucking my dear — is it? — shove harder — I'm coming." She'd lost of course all modesty, if she ever had any, but she must have been reared like a pig. The first fortnight after she came to town, Nell used to say, "Do it — put it in, — up my thing," — and so on. Sophy would say "fuck — cunt — prick," to express herself, within a few days of their coming to London. When we were all three together, she would sit looking at the fire quietly, and suddenly mixed it with spittle. She put down her fat white arm, and I fucked between it and her breast from the back. She began to frig herself whilst I did it. — In a glass in front of us, I could see my prick tip appearing and disappearing as I thrust. "Fuck, fuck," she cried as her thighs began to move, and she spent frigging, as out spouted my sperm, and some of it, past her armpit fell on one of her thighs. I then stood with prick in the arm-pit leaning over her, she with her head back against me in silent ecstasy, eyes shut, and fingers on her clitoris.

"You haven't spent," said I. "Haven't I? feel my cunt, look at it," — I did. — "Do it again." I tried, worked away willingly, shoving whilst she helped me by squeezing my prick to her, but it was no go — for me. — She however recommended frigging herself, my spunk

still lay on one thigh, and in the middle of her frig, she put her finger and thumb to it, took the sperm up, put it on to her clitoris and completed her frig with delight when she had got my sperm there. — Oh, how imagination helps sexual pleasure.

"Don't tell Nelly." "Why you fool, you will be the first to tell her or any one else." When with Nelly, and she'd had a little liquor, she invariably began to tell what this man did, how that man fucked, — how much she got — whom she had had — "I didn't have a cove last night, so had a bloody good frig before I went to sleep." — Nelly could not stop her. Flaxen head would tell of the men she had last, and what they did, and whether she'd spent with them or not, and so on. — "He fucked nice he did, I didn't mean to do it — but I gave up." —That was her style of talk, those her very words on one occasion, when she narrated what she'd done the previous night.

Chapter XII

Sophy's lubricious vagina. • My sensitive propagator. • Need for mucilaginous cunts. • In another man's semen. • Sophy's vocabulary. • Her love of the scrotum. • Pissing bouts with Nell, and Sophy. • Both with kid. • Nelly later on. • My procuress. • Miscellaneous and many Paphian peripatetic whores. • Martha. • A female life-guard. • Two little ones on a hot day. • In a cab. • Carry and Sally. • Feeling and felt. • Half-sitting fornication. • Carry in a bedroom. • "Who first fucked you?" • Sally's home experiences. • Brother Jack's onanism. • A trio of mutual exhibitions. • Jack and the pail of water. • Carry cum Jack at 6:30 a.m. • Luck of a lad of fifteen. • Jack's fraternal intentions. • Sally's sisterly anticipations of Jack.

This idiotic, semi-albino faced, wench's cunt, by the perfection of surface and fit, alone attracted me to her. I used to tell Nelly of it. I made Nelly at times anoint my tool with cold cream and unguents, and once poured oil in her cunt and then fucked her, extolling all the time the delicious lubricity of Sophy's light fringed slit, and much to Nelly's jealous annoyance. One day when she had been about two years harlotting, and knew most things erotic, I imagine, she said to me when eulogizing what I called Sophy's sliggery cunt (where I got the term I know not), — "You'd like to poke in an- other man's spunk," and she laughed. "You dirty little bitch, do you think I'd be such a beast?" "I don't see that it is beastly, some men do it" — and after a pause — "at least I've heard so."

Soon after and about this time, my penis seems again to have got the intense sensitiveness of my youth. I began to think of having plunged my procreator into the leavings of Captain Blank in Liz M***d*n's and Nelly ***'s cunts, and what they said about it, and of similar episodes, and to wonder if any man had a taste for "buttered buns" — I seemed vaguely to recollect that the cunts of the women when thus lubricated had seemed very delicious to me, but attributed that to the fullness of my spermatic reservoirs, coupled with the lovely elasticity, and natural slipperiness of their cunts, and not to anything which Captain Blank had left there. I thought fucking after a man, a dirty trick, yet my prick stood at times, at the idea of its having been in the same sheath directly after another. This at times began now to occur to me when fucking Nelly L**l*e. What a number of pricks have been where my prick is, and what does that matter I thought, then began even to like the idea, and then to wonder if the enjoyment was increased by quickly entering a cunt after another man's journey

there. Nearly all my life, as told, I had a most sensitive gland. — As my prick entered the sexual treasures of the dear creatures, I could tell if they had been recently washed out, or had used astringents. At one period I would not let a woman wash her split before I fucked her, unless I suspected that she'd recently had a male. Then after I had had a clap, I made them always wash scrupulously, but paid penance in the diminished enjoyment I had in pistoning, till the natural lubriciousness of their cunts returned under the soft friction and incitement of my prick. At times after their ablution, I covered my prick with saliva, and made them treat similarly their love temples, and sometimes made them moisten my prick tip in their mouths, so as to simulate the natural mucilaginous sur-face of their cunts, a condition which kind nature mostly leaves a cunt in, to be ready at all times and seasons to receive and gratify “John Thomas,” the procreator, propagator, poker, pego, penis, of the male.

Somewhere about this time, the acute sensitiveness of my gland returned, and even increased, and a cunt in copulation without its natural viscosity, at first al-most gave me pain. I used my saliva for lubrication copiously, and if I could wait, and the lady would let me (Cyprians often don't like to be frigged or excited too much at first, and object to a prolonged clitorisation), I would rub and titillate her button till I felt the internal effusion of her cunt was sufficient. Then I embraced her with the energy and enjoyment which is the proper compliment that the prick pays to the cunt, and which the man owes to the woman who permits him. Sophy had a cunt with this perfect viscosity, that exquisite lubricity.

Sophy had a vocabulary picked up in the slums and fields I guess. — She was one of the few women I have known who liked playing with my balls better than my prick; hundreds of women whom I have had never touched my testicles, all liked to play with the stem and prepuce. — Sophy would handle my balls gently at first, then squeeze one stone, then the other, then hold the bag in her fist, and left the rod alone. Her language also had a ballocky tone. — “Let's feel your balls — how's your bolly?” When I began to appreciate more fully the pleasure which a nice pair of lips gave my prick, Sophy took to gamahuching with delight, but always held my balls in her hand when my prick was in her mouth. — She would lick my balls, smell them, kiss them all over. She was in fact fond of the balls.

— A hard, well wrinkled scrotum made her eyes shine with delight, “Your bally's full to night I know,” she'd say.

Of course I had a micturating bout with these two girls. One night I took a large mackintosh and spread it on the floor before the fire, then we took off the sheets from the bed to dry ourselveswith, I laid down on my back, Nelly mounted me, and putting my prick up her

began slowly fucking; Sophy start naked and straddling her legs over Nelly's arse, when we began to get lively in our movements, she half squatted and pissed on to Nelly's bum furrow which I pulled open with both hands. The hot stream came rattling down the furrow and thence on to my balls, making a pond under my arse. — In the midst of the splashing Nelly and I spent.

Some time after — it was a lushing night and I had taken them wine. — When drink had filled the girl's bladders, I mounted Nelly's belly. Sophy at first said she would not piss, it was her turn to fuck, but at length let fly her stream towards my arsehole. Afterwards I indulged Sophy with a bit of cock. How we laughed as we rubbed each other dry. — That night Nell, tho she tried, could not piss over Sophy, as she topped me. Sophy was a wonderful hand at the work, she could hold her cunt lips open and direct her stream like a fireman, in which she resembled another gay lady already told of — I have seen some women unable to do this, and piss quite wildly.

The next night I had them, we all stripped. Nell laid on the floor on her back, I pushed under her rump a foot stool, then straddling over her I pulled up her legs and held them wide open, my arse was turned towards her face, my ballocks hanging almost over it, her cunt about a foot off the ground. — With her fingers she distended her orifice widely, then Sophy in baudy de-light coming close up and slightly squatting, thighs wide apart and holding her cunt open, pissed a perfect cataract on to Nelly's cunt. She hit it as neatly as if she had sent it out of a squirt. Then we put Sophy on her back, she held her legs as high up as she could, and Nelly and I pissed at the same time on her quim. Then on the bed, we fucked all three together. — Later, both girls pissed together over my prick as I lay on the floor, and I fucked again. We made such a mess that Madame S*k*s was angry, but I paid for washing and tipped besides, so all passed off pleasantly. — This was all done in the early days of their harlotry. — It was the pleasure of teaching, if initiating them into the amusements obtainable from their cunts, which gratified me. Their gratification was excessive. We made an awful noise when about it, but there were no other women in the house. Madame S***k*n*us occupied the ground floor, the girls the two upper floors, the only servant was in the floor above.

A month after I first met this couple, Nelly said, “You've got me in the family way.” “And me too,” said Sohpy. “It's other men.” — Both were sure it was I, and that both were got so in the first week. They always afterwards declared that it was so. Sophy thought it was the very first time I'd fucked her. That poor woman afterwards was always getting in the family way. Nelly, in after years, used to say she never had enjoyed fucking in her life in the way she did the first week with

me, and that she was dead sure I'd got her with child within the first day or so.

"Hasn't Nell a dark haired cunt?" said I to Sophy one day when I had them. "Yes, I like black better than my colour." — She had never seen Nell's cunt excepting outside. — Why should she? — It was like her own warn't it? — "Nor you, Sophy's?" — "No," said Nell. — I made them at once look at each other's cunts, and put their fingers on each other's and frig — I had jolly larks with them in the first days, and didn't I astonish them with the tales I told about sods, and flat-fucking — cow-fucking — dog-frigging — and cock-sucking or gamahuching — cunt-licking, and so forth. — They were both wonderfully green when they came to London; plain fucking and frigging was the extent of their knowledge.

To go back, for I have narrated much which occurred through several years afterwards, I had now supplied the loss of Sarah F**z*r, and knew where to go always for a quiet baudy evening, and could get every want gratified. — For two years I had a complete return of the virility of my youth, I renewed acquaintance with my old friend Camille, had again a strong letch for letting women piss on my hand whilst I felt their cunts in the streets, and one night in L**c**t*r Street, must have had twenty do so. — A few times I saw a lovely made woman who was a pose plastique, had her with her tights on, and fucked her thro a hole I cut in them. I fucked also a cheap woman in the Park, and wonder I did not get clapped, but Nelly's rooms were my resting place, whenever I felt weary or worried, or cared not about the trouble of getting pleasures elsewhere; tho later on I did not see her for months, and once, a year or more elapsed between my visits.

I saw Nelly mostly when I wanted a chat and comfortable rooms to sit and talk baudy in, and smoke till a poke terminated the evening. I reverted to my habits of getting peripatetic whores, whose gait, face, or al-lures struck my fancy. I went, tho but occasionally, to the A*g**e, to C**m***e, and other resorts of soiled doves, and had one or two old stagers whom I had tailed ten years and more previously. I called on Camille occasionally and gave her a cunt basting, and one or two other old acquaintances as well. These fugitive amours were all narrated at the time, but this must suffice for an account of the whole group — I must abbreviate.

Two or three years after, I made Nelly procure me other women, and very willingly she undertook the task. A vicious looking, dark eyed, shortish woman named Martha, said to be married, was one; and I think she was a hot arsed one for she took to my fucking con amore. — There was a big, stern looking woman whom I named my "Life-guard blue" — on account of a masculine, stern look she had. I soon had done with her, for altho I had her three or four times, she

never would let me see her cunt, nor even feel it much or well. What was the cause, what the matter with her, I can't imagine. Something certainly was wrong in that spicy nook. Nelly declared she did not know, but had heard that she never would let men see her pudenda. I suppose she was ashamed of it. The last time at Nelly's I said to this "she life guard," "I'm not going to have you unless you let me see your cunt properly." She wouldn't, she would sooner leave. — "Well go then." She went, and I didn't pay her. Nelly had her monthlies on.

Some of my doings with both of those Cyprians will be told in their place.

At mid-day on a very hot day, tho towards the end of the summer of this year, I was walking along one of the main highways which lead to the suburbs of Lon-don, and was at a spot at some distance from the centre, when I passed two young girls who were sauntering idly along. The taller of the two had her arm round the other's neck, and looked not sixteen, the other perhaps a year younger. They were dressed poorly like the children of artisans. The taller was nibbling a piece of hay, which I saw her pull out of a truss on the pavement by a corn chandler's shop, and staring about her idly and rudely. I was voluptuously inclined that morning, was thinking of the charms of youthful cunts, and gave a loving glance and winked at the taller as I passed them. She returned the glance saucily yet half shyly, and instinct told me at once that if the girl had not had a prick up her cunt, she knew pretty well what a cock and a cunt did when they met. The idea fired my lust.

After passing them I stopped and looked back. They had stopped, and the tall one was looking back, but seeing me stopping they immediately resumed their sauntering. I should like to fuck her thought I, for she has such bright eyes, and turning I followed them quickly, and as I again passed them said aloud, "I'd give a shilling each to kiss you two pretty girls." Again I caught the tall one's saucy inviting eye. When I had gone ahead some distance, I returned and met them face to face again. They were half looking in at a shop window, half in my direction. Encouraged, I stopped at the shop, and looking at the window and askant only at them, so as to avoid attracting notice, said, "Come and have a ride in a cab with me." Immediately the tall one said, "I don't mind." The other only stared at me. The taller one then whispered something to her.

I stood without further noticing them, waiting for a four wheel cab to pass, nor they noticing me. At length one came by, I hailed it and it stopped. I half abandoned my intention whilst waiting, for there was a-considerable foot traffic, but it was at a part where the road passed through a poor neighbourhood, the traffic was mostly of humble people, poor girls were hanging about, hucksters were in the

road, the pedestrians (mostly working people) seemed hurrying and probably to their dinners, none of the well to do were out, nor in-deed were there many I expect at any time just there.

Quickly I entered the vehicle, the elder girl needed no further invitation to follow, but the younger hesitated. “Come on Sally, he says he'll gie us a ride,” and she pushed the shorter one in, following herself. I shut the door and told the cabman to drive to * * * * *. It was a long way off, but the road I knew would be a quiet one. The girls made no objection even if they heard, but seemed delighted at a ride. The cabman I am sure knew my game, for he grinned.

Excitement and the broiling sun had made me hot, and for a minute I could only wipe off my perspiration, but lust soon stirred up. I looked at the elder, who sat opposite to me staring half saucily, I wondered what from her saucy look that she was game. “I'm in a sweat.” “Ain't yer just,” said she. “Aren't you?” “Not much.” “Your cunt's in a sweat isn't it now?” “He, he,” she giggled. “Here's a shilling, let me feel it.” — I offered her the shilling and not waiting for her to take it or reply, pulled her rapidly on to my knee, kissed her, and in a second my fingers were on her split. — “Don't do that now sir,” but beyond slightly closing her thighs she made no resistance. My fin-gers were well between the lips, and her cunt felt quite sticky. — Young girls I notice don't seem to wash their quims much, for I have usually found them sticky when I have suddenly felt them. I rubbed it with my fingers, and she seemed to like it, for her struggling was a mere sham, yet she kept exclaiming. — “Oh ain't he a going on Sally. — Don't now sir.” — Sally sat staring at my doings.

I felt her cunt for a minute, then gave her the shilling. She held it in her open hand for Sally to see, before she pocketed it. —Then I offered Sally a shilling to feel her cunt, but she refused and resisted. “Have you got any hair on your cunt Sally?” “Shan't tell you.” — “She ain't, she ain't fourteen, but it's a comin,” said her friend. “Feel my cock,” and I pulled it out. Both laughed and refused, but Carry soon repented, and felt it, with much gratification. “Isn't it big and stiff,” said I. “I don't know.” “You do.” — Seizing her, I put my mouth to her ear and whispered, “You little devil, you know you've had a prick in your cunt, let me fuck you.” “I ain't,” and she giggled. — I went on whispering about fucking. “What's he a telling yer?” said Sally, who seemed curious at the whispering. — “I'm telling her I'll give you a shilling to feel your cunt.” “Shan't,” said Sally. “Feel my prick then.” “Feel it, it won't bite yer,” said her friend. The girl refused. — “Have you ever felt a man's cock?” “No,” said she, boldly and postively. “Oh yer lie — yer have — you've twice felt Jack's.” — Sally made no reply, was shut up, and looked stupid.

In a little time Sally, by my continued requests, and at the advice

of Carry, got her shilling, and not only felt my cock, but let me feel her bum. I had Carry on one side, and Sally on the other, both standing up with their backs to the doors of the cab, both feeling my standard whilst I was feeling their little backsides.

It was delightful to handle their buttocks, but I wanted further satisfaction. “Show me your cunt Carry and I'll give you another shilling.” She wouldn't, she should be seen, but that at length was arranged. Sally stood looking out of one cab window, whilst I with a little resistance threw up the other's petticoats as she sat on the seat opposite to me, and disclosed soiled underlinen, and stockings dirty enough to have shocked my prick if it had had eyes. — But it hadn't, and stood stiffer than ever, when a very little triangular bit of flossy brown shewed at the bottom of the girl's belly. To get a better view I seized hold of her legs, and pulling them up, tilted her back. She kept laughing but asking me to leave off. Then Sally turned her head and seeing my game, uttered a solemn, — “Hoh! ain't he agoing on.”

I had my look and wanted another feel, so got Carry on to my knees again and my finger on her cunt,

— 273 whispering that I'd give her half a crown to fuck her. — “Oh no,” — she couldn't. — “She'll tell perhaps, and the people will see us when passing.” — But she sat feeling my cock, longing for it to be up her, whilst I rubbed at her clitoris till she wriggled her bum. “You rub this till you get pleasure don't you?” “Some-times,” said the slut laughing. “Oh don't — leave off.”

Again I tried it on with Sally, and at length succeeded in feeling her little cunt whilst she kept her legs closed, but nothing induced her to let me look, and as she got noisy — “No I shan't then, I don't care if she do — I shan't, then — leave off” — I desisted.

“Take us back,” said Carry suddenly. “If mother goes out afore I get there, I shan't get nothing to eat — and she'll row me tonight when she comes in.” — She was very much in earnest. — “Let me fuck you then and I'll go back at once.” — We were just then at a spot where there was very little traffic. She refused. Sally might tell — I refused to go back and increased my offer.

At length, promising another shilling to Sally to keep standing and looking out of the window, I pushed my legs well forward to the front seat, and between Carry's thighs, who was standing up in front of me. She was almost too short, her cunt was a small mark to hit, but the little bitch was in heat, and earnestly and silently aided my efforts. My prick was in such a state that it would have pierced a board, and directly it got its tip on her split, with a heave up of my arse, it was fixed as tightly up her cunt as if she'd been pegged. Then I clasped her little buttocks and fairly lifted her off the floor, she came forward, her arms round my neck, her face near mine, and I began fucking with

short thrusts; my prick never moved more than an inch backwards and forwards, the position would not enable long strokes, but it was enough. — “Do you like it Carry?” “Y-hes,” she whispered. “It's up your cunt.” “Y-hes — a-har.” “Are you coming?” “Aha — Y-hes — soon,” and then with delicious short wriggling movements we both spent, and Carry's head fell over my left shoulder.

I thought my pego would never withdraw, and in meretricious thoughts was content to leave it in its soft luscious compress, holding her still round her small backside close to me. She lay with head on my shoulder, silent, tranquil, enjoying the gentle dilation that my prick still gave her cunt, when floating, dwindling slowly in abundant sperm — in the soft mucilaginous bath we had made together in her temple of love — her feet still scarcely touching the cab floor, her cunt squeezing more and more down on to my ballocks, as she felt the rod slowly receding from her. — Sally looked round. — “You'll lose your shilling if you don't look out,” said I just recovering from my pleasure as I noticed her. — The girl then stared steadily out of the window but Carry was roused, I let go her backside, and slowly she sat back on the seat opposite as we un-coupled, looking at me with quite a luscious smile, a smile of delight and gratitude for the voluptuous treat I had given her. Then her eyes settled on my moist pego hanging its head over my balls, for I had still lascivious delight in letting it hang out for her to see, my knees still between her legs as she sat, her petticoats dropping over them could fall no further. Thus for a minute smiling at each other, we sat.

Time was pressing, I covered up my ballocks and sat up, she dropped her petticoats, Sally turned round and sat beside her, staring first at me, then at her companion. The little slut knew, I'm sure, what we had been up to, but never spoke a word as she took my shilling. I told cabby to drive back, and was glad of air, for the sun was beating down, and the cab like an oven, as I had closed both windows to diminish the area thro which people passing could see.

I took Carry on my lap, felt that gluey little quim, kissed her, and kept up a conversation in whispers, much to the annoyance of the other, who every now and then kept jealously asking what it was all about. — I offered her a sovereign, if she would bring Sally out that night, and induce her to let me fuck her. — She'd try but feared she couldn't. “I knows who will do it to her tho.” — Her own mother often stopped her (Carry) going out of a night, but if she'd had a drop she'd be sure to let her go. — Sally's mother wouldn't let Sally. They lodged in the same house, but she would try. — Soon after I got out, paid the cabman, and told him where to set the girls down.

The evening came, I somehow had made up my mind that I should fuck the virgin Sally — if she were virgin — for I couldn't get

her to let me feel her closely enough to verify that. I was disappointed. At a little past seven o'clock at the appointed place, Carry appeared alone. Sally's mother wouldn't let her daughter out. “I think she'd a let yer do it to her if she'd come, she told me she would.” — Carry went with me willingly to a house, and I stripped her. — She had put on clean stockings and chemise, I had told her to do so when in the cab in the morning. — “Shall I fuck you,” said I. “Yes do,” she replied quickly. I mounted the little lass, and gloried in the sweet little pouting, half fledged sheath I fucked when I felt the little lass was having as much pleasure as a grown woman. She was revelling with me in copulation, sighing her voluptuous sighs in that sweetly quiet way which girls do, till they learn to break out into the lewed exclamations of delight, which many do as they grow older. — Then after she'd wiped her cunt outside, and our passions were subdued for a time, we talked.

At first she was reserved, then open, and for an hour I questioned her much, and she me a little. What sweet confidences between a girl of sixteen and a man not far from fifty. The difference in age gave our conversation an additional charm. It was semi-paternal, yet all about fucking. — Of the hour's talk, all worth telling may be soon told.

She had never been in a baudy house before, and had only been fucked two months. Her father died some months ago, her mother was a charwoman and drank. Carry had been a short time a nursemaid, and now did rooms, looked after another sister, and worked with her needle. — She and her mother quarrelled. “Now who fucked you first?” — a young man she knew — “quite a young man” — that's all I could then learn. Sally and her mother lived in the room below, her father was a chair maker, but was a blackguard, sometimes disappeared for a month or two, and her mother got their living principally, and she often was drunk. There was a brother nearly sixteen years old and a younger sister, and all three slept in the same bed, and in the same room as their mother and father.

Sally knew all about fucking tho she denied all, and was so demure in the cab. She had seen her brother's cock and felt it, and he had seen Sally's cunt. — “His cock is a good big one too.” “Then you've seen it.” — Carry didn't deny that. The brother one night tried to do it to his sister “And she'll let him one day I knows, tho she says she won't.” Little by little, I got out that these two youngsters had one day frigged the lad, and he'd seen both their cunts. He was a shop boy at a grocer's.

Suddenly a light dawned upon me from some remark she made. “It's her brother who fucked you first.” — She broke out into laughter, and denied it. — But I insisted, and at last she admitted it.

Carry had to fetch pails of water upstairs, and the lad used kindly

to do it for her — one morning her mother had gone out to work at six o'clock, when the lad knocked at the door as he was going to his work, and asked if he should fetch her a pail full. She accepted and he fetched it. She instead of getting up when her mother left went to bed again, and was in her chemise. He wanted to bring the water in. — "No put it down outside." He said he'd throw the water away. So she let him in, he put down the pail, then began kissing her, she'd already seen his prick, and his spunk, he'd seen her cunt, and a few minutes after-wards, that lucky lad's prick was in her virgin niche, her hymen was but a bleeding split, his sperm was sticking his balls on to her buttocks. — She was in for fucking after that. — When once a female's tasted the sugar stick, it's not long before she gets another taste.

Since then whenever Jack got the opportunity he fucked her, and she let him willingly. — "Why shouldn't I now." She'd never had another man. — But Jack was a blackguard, for tho he'd promised to tell no one — had "took his Bible oath" he wouldn't if I'd let him, he had told a shopman where he was working, and the shopman came after her and told her. But she hadn't and did not mean to let the shopman, she could not bear him — and I was the only one except Jack, who had done it to her.

She didn't think Jack had told his sister, but he'd said he meant to fuck his sister, and Carry felt sure she'd let him some day when his mother was out. "She knows all about doing it bless yer. — Why she's seen her father and mother adoing it often, and has seen her father's prick."

That was the history got in an hour's talking, whilst feeling and finger stinking, and by that time my pego being in admirable condition and she delighted at its size and look. — "Oh yes, it's much bigger than Jack's, — took it up her notch again, and again I wetted its little soft interior with my sperm, and she spent charmingly in my arms, kissing me.

I was in love with the little lass, and fucked her once more but she was in a hurry to get home, her mother would knock her about if she found her out of nights, and unless drunk her mother usually kept at home. She hoped her "mother would be out on the screw." — Couldn't I be where I first met them in the day, then perhaps Sally would go to a house, and let me have her. I couldn't well do that soon, but arranged to be that day week at the same spot and hour if Carry would. She agreed but never came, and I never saw her more.

Chapter XIII

The Great Eastern. • Our first meeting. • Her form, size, and history. • Bottled ale. • A lightweight on the top. • The landlady's daughter Betsy. • Virginity inspected. • Maternal cant. • Two back-sides to the front. • Da capo. • A treat for Betsy. • A spend on a bum. • A bid for a virginity. • The G E disappears, • Nelly L**l*e's help. • Friend Martha. • Her skinny, bare-cunted niece. • A vigorous evening. • Virginity taken. • A trap escaped. • The bare-cunted one again. • A shindy at a brothel.

I didn't of course keep to Nelly L**l*e, and some years after I knew her, on one afternoon about five p.m. in daylight, saw an enormously tall fat woman in C*v**t*y Street. She half stopped and smiled, as if on a sudden she recollected me, I seemed also to recollect her. What a backside, what a cunt she must have, thought I. — Ten minutes later I was in her bed room. — In ten minutes more my balls were banging against the largest arse they ever touched, and few balls have touched such a large one unless against hers. It was the belly of the "Great Eastern," and I was lying up a cunt which at the first glance looked as big as a horse collar, but which clipped me and fetched my sperm out of my ballocks very nicely.

Some years before this, I was passing thro J***s Street on one cold night, when between the H**m**k*t and O*e*d*n Street — then filled with gay lodgings etc. — I saw an exceedingly tall, fine woman standing still at the edge of the kerb, and thought her a quiet woman waiting for some one. Something induced me to return. Still she stood there and looked at me full, but without smile, sign, or gesture. — She is waiting to piss on the quiet I then thought, — the women often did there, I have seen six at a time — and delighted at the chance of seeing a woman piddling, which always gives me pleasure. I turned back again, and now she was standing in the gutter. She'll squat down directly thought I, slackened my pace, and at O*e*d*n Street corner looked round, and saw that she was looking after me. I returned then and spoke to her. "It's a fine night." "Yes sir, but very cold standing here." "Let's go home together," said I, feeling on sure ground. "You can't go to my place." "Where you like." "Anywhere you like, sir, I've only come to London yesterday." "Let's go here," and we went to the corner house. "I thought it was a queer house," said she, "I've been watching it for half an hour." — She had been standing there all that time and no man had accosted her, tho they had stared at her, she told me.

She sat down and looked all about the room, and without taking notice of me. I thrust my hand up her clothes, and fingers between her cunt lips. — She put her hands down to push them away — then as if recollecting, she let me do what I liked and sat looking at me. I felt all about her backside and quim with both hands, then impatiently got up and told her to undress. She did so slowly and hesitatingly. — We were both soon in our last linens, I threw up her chemise, saw one of the most magnificent sights of full sized female form, our bellies met, my cock entered her cunt, she felt its probing at once and deliciously, and we spent together quickly. — Both wanted a fuck, and she more than I did.

When she had washed her cunt, I made her strip completely and had a full look at her beauties. She was quite six feet high, had chestnut coloured hair, lovely soft dark hazel eyes, chestnut coloured cunt thatch and armpits, was big, fleshy, almost heavy, from neck to ankle. Yet she was a grand woman, was beautifully formed, indeed a lovely voluptuous figure. Her cunt was heavy lipped, fat motted, and looked large outside, yet was as tight as a girl's inside. She examined my prick curiously, and when I had felt and seen her all over (we had scarcely spoken) with one consent we turned on to the bed and fucked again. Then she put on her chemise, sat down in front of the fire and stared at it silently. I asked her what she was thinking of, twice without a reply. — Then she turned her head to me and said, “I'm a whore at last.” — She smiled faintly but was dull and depressed, so I sent for a bottle of sherry and biscuits. She drank it very quickly as if to get up her spirits. “Let's chat,” and we did so long, sitting by the fire. — A knock at the door came. — “Shall you be long,” said a voice. We had heard an incessant tramping whilst we were talking. “Be damned,” said I, “I'll pay for the room twice.” We chatted on, I put her on to my knee for a second, so that I might twiddle her quim as we talked. It adds to the charm of a chat to feel a nice cunt, and the women all like it, but I could not bear her weight. I heard her history, which I didn't believe, but heard fully after- wards from her, and in a year or two from a man who knew her well early in life, and it was substantially true as far as her married status, and lapse into infidelity went.

She was wife of a sergeant in the ** regiment which was ordered off somewhere. Whilst she remained at W**c***t*r, a livery stable keeper — I knew his name well — got into her. — Her husband on his return found it out and turned her off. — The stable keeper kept her two or three years, then they quarrelled and she came to London to turn harlot. — She had been in London two days when I met her, and had then nothing of the harlot either in manner or dress. — We adjoined to the bed after our talk, and fingered each other's privates

till we fucked again, and having got her address, with the understanding that it was only to enable me to write to her, we parted.

I got her the next day at a favorite baudy house, for her size, fleshiness, freshness and fucking, roused my salacity; and saw her several times afterwards, and then having fucked her well, was satisfied. She soon disappeared from London, and now I saw her again after the interval of about ten years. — She now weighed twenty stone I'm sure. [I have had a taller woman since, but never such a big heavy one.] — Her arse when kneeling on the bed, with its long slit and hairy pouters was overwhelming, I could only get two-thirds of my prick in that way, her buttocks prevented more entry. She was easy enough to fuck when on the top of her, was a fleshy bed to lay on, and still a tightish cunted one tho it looked so big outside — a horse collar.

We talked over our first meeting and well she recol- lected it, and that she'd not cheek to speak to me that night. She said many men had passed looking at her, and she could not accost them. — "Didn't I like you, I'd not then had a fuck for weeks." — She had been kept, and had been whoring alternately since I'd first had her, and that was all I could learn, certainly she had not been in London during that time. — "Let me fuck you," said she after I had visited her two or three times. — "You'll crush me." "You shan't feel my weight," — and it was true. She did it so to me after-wards once or twice, but I preferred topping her. She was an economical punk, for I only gave her each visit a sovereign, and was still very handsome in face tho somewhat bloated, which shewed up strongly in day light. She did not care about going out too much in day time, for every one turned round to look after her, and good men did not like to be seen following her home, and as she had a good number of "visiting friends," she mostly kept at home unless hard up. — She was always drinking bottled ale or stout, as if she wanted to make herself fatter, which seemed funny. — From her size she had got to be nick-named "The Great Eastern." [A big steamboat at that date.]

I visited her at intervals whenever her size gave me a letch. I was curious in examining her person. The first thing, when seated in her room, was to ask me for bottled ale. — The daughter of the landlady, a buxom and very handsome lass a little over fifteen years old, brought it in. — I took a letch for her, it was a year or two since I had seen an unfledged cunt, and a burning desire to see hers came over me, and I offered the Eastern money to help me. — It was impossible she said. — "But," said I, "I only want to see her cunt and virginity, a thoroughly good look at it mind, I won't do more than open the lips." — My letch increased and I bid from two up to five sovereigns to see

it — “Not a mere glimpse, but a good look of some minutes, mind that.”

Under one aspect, that of a mother's morality, this is one of the almost incredible events of my career, but it is as true as gospel. The house was kept by a carpenter and his wife, who lived in the ground floor and kitchens. On the first floor was the Great Eastern (a gay woman), and above were working people quite respectable. The woman of the house had three or four Children, and at this time was suckling one, — father I never saw that I know of, he was nearly always out in the day time. With this twenty-stone whore the mother associated freely, and the children were always in her room, the strapping eldest girl included. I have seen the mother nursing the baby there. — The mother seemed quite a hard working, respectable woman, and all the children were clean and neatly dressed. But the mother talked about fucking almost like a gay woman - the Great Eastern told me — and she always told the Great Eastern when her husband had fucked her, and how often he did it.

I didn't think there was any chance of getting what I wanted, yet used to say in a joking manner after the refusal, — “Mind, there are five pounds to have a good book at Betsy's cunt.” I used to say it regularly when the girl had left the room after bringing in the bottled ale. I often gave her the change, but never took the Slightest liberty. — One day the Great Eastern said, “I Spoke to her mother about your seeing Betsy naked, and told her you were a surgeon, and you wanted to see the girl's virginity out of curiosity, because she was so handsome and fine grown — they are hard up to pay the rent, and I think somehow it can just be managed, if you'll give her five pounds; but the mother must be in the room, and you mustn't talk baudy or touch Betsy.” — I replied, “I must open the cunt myself.” “Then you must do it like a doctor.” — We talked out the matter, and a week or two further on, it was arranged that as a doctor I was to go one day at a particular time, when she hoped the mother would consent to my seeing the girl's pudenda.

On the day, there was I in the room, expectant. The mother came into us, and talked some cock and bull story about wishing to know if any harm had been done to her daughter, it was a mask to hide her intention — to excuse herself. — Miss Great Eastern had said I was a surgeon, so would I look at the child. I indulged in the sham, as if I didn't, and as if she didn't know it was humbug. Then she fetched the girl, and very delibertely took off her clothing, and I laid her on the bed talking in a soothing tone, imitating a doctor in manner as well as I could. — “Don't be alarmed — I won't hurt you — there, — never mind me,” and so on. I had as told passed often in the character before, and having studied female anatomy as far as their cunts go,

have a good deal of jargon about it ready to my tongue. — The Great Eastern declared afterwards that I was exactly like a doctor. — Gently I lifted the girl's chemise and opened her thighs, she closed them, but then made no further objection. I asked the mother to hold one leg, the Great Eastern the other, and there they stood holding the girl's legs with one hand, each with a candle in the other. — It was dark at that time at five in the afternoon, of a foggy, early winter day.

Trembling with excitement but controlling myself, I opened the clean, plump, little slightly fledged cunt lips, and looked till I thought my prick would burst with lust at the sight of the little perforation of the hymen. It was a lovely pink cunt, small and enticing, with little crisp hair just coming on her motte. She was a splendidly well fed, plump, fat arsed young bitch, her thighs round and close, the legs with ample calves — I longed to put my finger thro the little perforated membrane, which nearly closed the prick hole. I nearly licked it, and sniffed hard at the enticing aroma. — The mother got impatient and nudged my arm. — “Can't you see, doctor?” “But saying I couldn't, I made the girl kneel with her backside towards me, and looked at her cunt from behind — I stroked gently the red surface of her virginity with my wetted finger, and nearly spent; and then unable with decency to keep up the farce any longer, and resist the request of the mother to be quick, I reluctantly let the chemise drop over her dear little bum. She shook down her clothes, smiled at me, and left the room with her mother — I rushed my prick up the Great Eastern's cunt, almost before the door was closed, spent, pulled it out, pushed it up again, laid on her fat belly, pushing and talking about Betsy's cunt till I spent again.

Then I gave the Great Eastern five sovereigns. How much the mother had of it I don't know, the Great Eastern said all. Then I tipped her some gold extra, thinking what I had seen well worth the money, not however believing her statement. The mother came back shortly after and, “You'll never mention this to any one will you,” said she. “Oh, never my good woman.” — She said a lot then about bad times, how glad she was her girl had not gone wrong and so on, I was glad to get rid of her, tho she would have talked ever so long about my investigation of her daughter's cunt, if I had let her — “I don't know what I shall do with her I'm sure,” said she. “People's who's poor and has daughters, has great trouble with 'em,” she whined, “they takes such a lot o looking arter now-a-days, and how is a poor working woman like me to see arter her, but I'm glad she is all right.”

In a week or so I went to see the Great Eastern again, and so much does imagination affect me in sexual matters, that I did so largely thro thinking of Betsy's virginity; and whilst up the Great Eastern, in baudy imagination I was up Betsy, and fucked calling out

what a lovely little cunt she had. — “I'm fucking Betsy, I'm putting my spunk into Betsy,” — and the great Eastern encouraged me. The desire arose directly after the cunt inspection for which the mother was paid. When I had finished my pleasure, I told the Great Eastern that I should like to see their bums side by side, and of course promised what was quite worth her while to arrange for it, and went a day or two after hoping for the sight. But I found that the mother would not let the girl into the lodger's room since the night I had seen her cunt. — She was not allowed even to bring the bottled ale when men were there — the mother bringing it in herself. I expect she never told her husband.

The Great Eastern at length mentioned a time and day when the mother would be likely to be out, and I then went. She got the girl up, and I promised her half a crown. The girl hesitated. “You little fool,” said Great Eastern, “he's seen your cunt — who'll know if you don't tell.” I showed the half crown and she yielded. — The Great Eastern put the girl on the bed kneeling, and lifted her petticoats up over her waist, then she knelt herself with naked backside by her side. It was a most wonderful sight. The huge arse as big as a horse's but white, and the thick lipped hairy cunt between the thighs, looked as big as a cow's; the other delicate little slit looked nothing by the side of it. But I had but a very short sight of both. The Great Eastern was so frightened of the mother coming home, that letting drop their clothes, she sent the girl off quickly. — I was awfully lewed at the inspection, and shewed the girl my stiff prick as she left the room. — She stood looking at it. — “Feel it,” said I, but the Great Eastern pushed her out. — “I'm frightened of the mother, I owe so much rent,” said she, — “I don't want her to know you've been here, I'm sure the girl was going to feel it.” — Those two backsides side by side I nearly kissed.

This voluptuous sight haunted me so, that one night soon after I frigged myself thinking of the two back-sides side by side. Much as I hate self-masturbation I couldn't resist it, so much did the contrast affect me sensuously. — I don't think I have been frigged since little Lizzie did it to me. The contrast between her backside and cunt, and Sarah F**z*r's was great, but the huge size of the Great Eastern's rump and split, made this far greater. — Besides that, Betsy had a little short dark hair showing on the lips, and some-how the sight of the two affected me more voluptuously, tho I was not allowed to touch or open Betsy's little quim for I gave a promise to Great Eastern that I would not attempt that. Again I went and bid so high that the Great Eastern arranged to repeat the spectacle — the girl was not loath, had talked about my prick, and I dare say about every thing else, but both females were in great dread of the parents, the Great Eastern especially. She made me promise again not to touch the girl's flesh if

she showed me her rump. If I did, then she said she would at once pull down the girl's clothes, and put her out of the room. — “Honor bright, don't get me into a row, I can't find lodgings which suit me as well.” — “Well, let the girl feel my prick, and let her see me fuck you.” — I promised still more money for I was mad on my letch, she consented, but the girl wasn't to be forced to do it, or frightened in any way. “Tho she knows a lot, and would like to know more, she's in such dread of her parents.”

The mother scarcely ever went out for more than ten minutes excepting on Sundays, and on that day took Betsy with her. — A month elapsed before the Great Eastern, to whom I spoke in the street, and had named a post office where she might write to me, mentioned a day that the mother was going a long way, to visit her sick sister. I was at the lodgings before the time, and after a short chat Betsy was called, and fetched bottled ale, then the knowing lass locked the younger children in their rooms below (she was left in charge), and came to us looking quite modest, yet with a half grin on her face, for she knew what she was to do and get. “Look sharp,” said Great Eastern who seemed anxious, “for your mother may come back soon, tho it's not likely.” Turning she knelt on the bed, I threw up her clothes and exposed her huge buttocks, which Betsy stared at. — “Show me yours darling,” said I. “Get on the bed quick,” said Great Eastern. In another minute Betsy did. — Great Eastern pulled her clothes up and her tender backside was on view. — How I gloried in the sight of her sweet round bum cheeks, and the little split between them. It certainly was a most unique, libidinous, luscious spectacle to see the two. My prick stood, I pulled it out and thought of frigging but restrained myself, and with difficulty restrained myself from touching Betsy's person as I'd promised, tho nearly mad to look at her virginity again, which I could not see with her legs nearly closed as they were as she knelt, even tho she widened them a little at my request.

I could bear it no longer. “Ain't you seen enough? I can't kneel any longer, the blood's getting in my head,” and so saying the Great Eastern got off the bed, the lass following suit. — “I've not looked a minute.” “You've been five minutes and more.” — I gave the lass money, she kept staring at my prick. — “I'll give you another half crown, Betsy; if you'll feel this,” pointing to my erection. She looked at the Great Eastern and burst out laughing. “Shall I,” said she. “Yes, I won't tell, and no one will know.” — She stood still hesitating by the side of the Great Eastern, I walked up to her, “Feel it my love” and, taking hold of her hand I put it round it. Then female curiosity and nature asserted itself, and whilst encouraging her with gentle lascivious words, she felt it to my heart's content and to her evident enjoyment, laughing in a low tone all the time, getting red in the face

and excited. — “Ah my darling, you'll have one like that up your sweet little cunt one day, I'd give twenty pounds to do it to you, My God I'm bursting, let us fuck,” said I to the Great Eastern. — “All right,” said she walking to the bed, she was in her chemise. I called her Mary, but it was not her name.

The girl let go my prick and walked quickly to the door, and was going. I stopped her. — “Look at us fucking dear and I'll give you another half crown.” — She looked at the Great Eastern. “You may stop this time, but never tell it to any one, will you?” I was now mad for fucking and could think of nothing else, the delight of showing the operation to the girl was in-tense. The idea of her looking at my prick going up the big one's cunt, of showing myself naked to her, excited me madly, and I stripped rapidly. “Look my darling,” and lifting my shirt I showed my tooleywag in its pride. “Come close, you can't see there,” and to the Great Eastern, “Come to the side of the bed.” “You can't poke there well,” she replied.

It was a bitterly cold winter's afternoon, we had but two candles and the room looked dark. I stirred the fire to a blaze and put the candles on a table by the bedside, to throw light on our fucking. The Great East-ern placed herself on the bedside with thighs widish apart, the girl stood far off still. “Come here and look darling.” “Come if you want to see,” said Great East-ern. — Slowly she came to the bedside. Great Eastern then hoisted up her huge thighs, I pulled apart the thick, dark hedged lips, and slowly as my irritated overflowing ballocks would let me, put my prick up her cunt, the girl looking eagerly, her head bent over us. Somehow the fatness and weight of the thighs and bum prevented me fucking. I had never tried the bedside with her in that attitude before. “I told you so, come on the bed, and Betsy will see better.” Uncunting me, she moved herself with quickness (her agility for her size was really great) on to the bed, and then upon her, my prick plunged up her. —We turned when prick and cunt were well joined, slightly on to one side, and she lifted the thigh high up which was nearest to Betsy. — [Voluptuousness is the joy of life, as much to a whore in her heyday as any one else, and I now feel sure that the Great Eastern enjoyed the idea of the lass looking on.] Clasping her gigantic buttocks I fucked. “Hold the candle and look Betsy,” gasped the Eastern. — Her young eyes were good enough without that, nor did she hold the candle, but her head came nearer and nearer to the Great Eastern's backside. Then her dear little virgin notch with the little flood opening for her menses came into my mind and fetched me at once. Plunging my prick deep up the Great Eastern's cunt, “I'm spending, my spunk's coming,” I sighed. “Oh — fuck — go on,” cried she shaking her huge arse, and as the lewed words sobbed out of our mouths, our soft spendings mingled in her cunt, and we wriggled our

genitals slowly in the overwhelming die-away pleasure of the discharge.

"Keep my prick well in you," I said, when my pleasure was over and we kept joined. There stood the girl, her face within a foot of Great Eastern's arse, never moving nor cutting a word, but greedily looking, her eyes staring like those of a waxwork figure, at the side view of the Great Eastern's backside and quim, and my prick stem just showing with its balls hanging out-side the cunt; and so stood still my prick flopped out. Then she drew back. — "What do you think of it, Betsy?" said Great Eastern. — The girl suddenly turned her head and listened. — "Oh my mother's come home," and running to the door, she bolted quickly down stairs. "There will be a damned fine row if it is," said the Great Eastern, anxiously going on to the landing in her chemise and listening.

It was a false alarm. — The girl came back, I believe hoping to see more, I washed my prick, made her feel it again, gave her money, and Great Eastern sent her away. Baudy questions put to her, she only laughed at and made no reply to.

We couldn't get the girl to come up and stop again, tho she fetched us more ale. — I talked for an hour or so, and then asked the Great Eastern to gamahuche me. She had never done so before. — Now my desire was for her to kneel over me and suck which she did, but being so tall, her big rump was too close to my face to see it well. So she laid along the bed at its side, her head on the edge of the pillow, one foot resting on the under thigh, which opened her gap well to my feel. Then standing, I put my prick in her mouth, and with my right hand clasping the surface of her fresh washed cunt — a complete handful and more it was — I gave her my libation, aiding the movements of her mouth, by myself fucking into it. — It was an expensive afternoon, tho Betsy got so little, — but with the young ones, half crowns go as far as sovereigns.

I could think of nothing else, and went there a day or two afterwards. Betsy gave me a saucy laugh, but the Great Eastern would not permit me any liberties; no money tempted her, she was frightened, for the girl's mother was at home, and Betsy could not stay in the room more than a minute. In that minute I showed her my prick at which she looked lewedly. — "If ever a girl wanted fucking, she does," said Great Eastern, "she'll get it soon from some one."

I wouldn't go to the Great Eastern but met her purposely in the streets, and offered her more to get me the girl naked again. Steadily she refused till one night about a fortnight after, when she told me that the parents were going to the sister's funeral. At the time arranged I was there, and all the spectacle was repeated. Standing with prick nearly bursting, whilst the two backsides were before me

— “I must kiss it,” said I, and put my lips on Betsy's little buttocks, spite of Great Eastern's objection. “Turn round again, Mary.” She did, and there again were the two back-sides together nearly touching. Quick as lightning a letch came. Talking to the Great Eastern who, with head on pillow, could not see, and did not anticipate my action, I frigged myself rapidly, put my prick close, and spent over Betsy's bum, some of my sperm hitting her sweet little pouting cunt. As she felt it, the girl turned quickly round, saying, “Oh.” — So did Great Eastern, and seeing what I had done, swore great oaths, and pulling Betsy's clothes up again, wiped off my spendings to prevent her dirty little chemise being stained. Soon after I bum-basted the big woman to Betsy's edification, and departed.

Then I became so wild to fuck Betsy, encouraged in the hope by what Great Eastern had said about her betting it done to her soon, that I offered twenty pounds to get her. But it was of no use. I saw the girl once or twice, but the Great Eastern said the mother would not now let her come in when I was there. — The people could not pay the rent, soon after were turned out, and I saw no more of them. A new landlady came, the Great Eastern still lodged there, but I had had enough of her and -ceased seeing her for a time.

I had a recurrence of desire to see the roly poly big cunt in the huge arse, so called and found she had left, nor could I discover her whereabouts. — As every Palphian knew her well, I asked several, but none knew where she had gone. To one I offered money to take me to her lodgings, she took me to the old lodgings. Some months after I was told she had died of fever in hospital, another said in prison.

I wonder who had that splendid little lass. — She was doomed to be fucked soon. Great Eastern said that the girl had frigged herself, had said she'd like to be fucked, but her father would half murder her if he found it out. — I dare say a lad of her own class did her (and such as they get their own opportunities). What waste of beauty and virginity, which might have de-lighted me.

This treat with Betsy whetted a lustful appetite, and directly I went to Nelly L**l*e who had left Madame S*l*k*s, and seemed poorly off. I told her that I wanted a young girl with a hairless cunt, and what I had seen and done (without giving the slightest idea with whom). — I don't think Nelly believed me. — She was now well up in her profession of strumpet, but did not see her way to get me what I wanted, but she was in debt and in want of money, and after two or three interviews, she told me that Martha's husband was again out of work, that she had a niece with her as a servant, and that Martha would persuade the girl to let me do it — at a price.

I had with Nelly continued my custom of always giving gay ladies their fee, when they told me they were poorly, whether I poked them

or not. — One day she being in that state she had fetched this Martha — who was a bright eyed, dark, shortish, thinnish woman, of twenty-eight or thereabout, was the wife of a working man, and who dressed like a servant. — She said she had not had any other man since she was married, which I didn't believe — but she was modest in manner and reluctant to let me pull her about — I got angry, and Nelly told her not to be a fool. — “Well then, I won't let him if you stand staring at me along side of him,” she burst out. — I sent Nelly out of the room — Martha got more free then, and felt my prick, and then looked lewed, and then we fucked, and a second time. “Have you spent?” said I doubtingly, tho I thought she had. “Yes, but don't tell Nellie will you.” A secong evening I fucked her, tho Nelly was not then poorly — Martha had had other men since she had me she then admitted, she wasn't going to starve, but directly her husband got work, she'd do no more of the “dirty business.”

Nelly said soon afterwards to me that they again were almost starving, and so she'd sell her niece — I thought the girl more than sixteen when I set eyes on her. — “I won't have her if she has any hair on her cunt,” I remarked. “She's not a bit,” said Nelly. — I satisfied myself with my finger, the girl was then stripped, I sat her on my naked knee, showed her some baudy pictures, then laid her on the bed. — She was very restive and would not let me see her hairless quim, but persuaded by the two women at length did. — She was a virgin, but skinny and bony, very plain, and almost ugly. My prick was in prime order, so I told the women to leave the room, and at once covered the girl, but she cried out, made such a row and baulked me. “Aunt, aunt, come back.” — Back came the two women who were listening, there was a little and quite natural scene then, and she declared she would not let me, would rather not have the clothes and money promised.

— Partly persuaded, partly bullied by the women, she laid down again, and the business was over in one or two cunt splitting thrusts, during which she howled. — She lay quiet when fully opened and my spunk was flooding her vagina. I kept a long time up her, holding tight to her skinny arse, and then had the satisfaction of finding my prick and fingers well blood stained.

— Nelly and Martha both looked on at the whole proceeding at the bedside, each looked at the bleeding cunt and then laughed.

The girl washed — I looked at her lacerated split, and then almost directly fucked her again. — I've no recollection of her having had pleasure, but I was so engrossed with my own, and amused with handling her skinny bum, which seemed ridiculous after Betsy's and the Great Eastern's arses. [Great bums were always my delight, periodically.]

I sent out for spirits (they had already drunk my wine) and we talked. Nelly showed her cunt, Aunt Martha pulled her petticoats up and showed hers. — “I don't mind, now Bess (another Bess) knows what fucking is,” said she. “And she won't tell her uncle, I knows.” She was sitting on the bedside, and Bess was just beside her. “Show your cunny,” said I. Martha pushed the girl back on the bed and pulled up her chemise, and I looked. The girl had had drink and was peevish and had refused. — Nearly two hours had passed since I had last put into the girl, and I was randy again, her freshness caused my excitement. “I'll fuck her” said I. “No, no, no, he shan't,” she shrieked.

“No,” said aunt, “you've done her twice and we must go — it's late and my man will be home, there will be a row if I'm not there.” — I said I was not going to pay for nothing. — I had had her firsts and that was enough replied Martha, and the girl was tired. — Nell said that Martha must get home, — I whispered in Nelly's ear an additional tip, she whispered to Martha, who then told the girl not to be foolish. The girl and I again looked at the baudy pictures, I rubbed her clitoris with my finger, taking care not to put it lower down. I must have stirred her senses. “Oh don't sir,” and she put her hands and head right over the baudy pictures on the table, and wriggled her little backside on my thigh. — “Let's look at your dear little cunt.” “Let the gentleman,” said Martha.

I put her on the bed, opened her legs, her cunt was still slightly bleeding, blood was on my thigh. I laid by her side and frigged her gently, then turned on to her, and with a rapid lunge or two I was up her cunt again. — She howled and wriggled as she felt the thrust, but I held her tight to me by her skinny bum and directly she was quite plugged, she was tranquil — it is always so with them I find. The hammer of the prick against the womb neck stuns the cunt for the moment, or else rouses their lust, and pleasure begins to soothe them. Then I fucked quietly, controlling myself and she was tranquil. — “Does it hurt now dear?” “A little, sir.” — I wriggled rather than stroked. — “Now dear?” “No, sir,” — she gasped. Slowly I fucked on, my pleasure increased, my prick got stiffer and stiffer, her cunt tighter still. — “Is that nice dear?” She made no answer, her mouth was wide open, her breathing hard, her eyes were closed, her cunt gripped my prick. — She was spending, and the next minute I spunked in her.

Nelly and Martha had looked on. — “I must get home with her or there will be a damned row,” said Martha again. — I wouldn't move out, for I was actually stiff up her cunt still, and the girl lay quiet. — “Was it nice?” I whispered. She made no reply. — My prick shrunk out, I turned on my side, and she lay quite still looking up at the ceiling, with thighs wide apart. — “Get up, now do, we must be off,” said Martha. — As the girl rose I put my finger to her cunt, there was

slight blood on my finger. The girl pissed, I pissed, then Nelly and Martha pissed. — “We've all pissed,” said I. The women laughed, the girl washed her cunt, and Martha hurried away with her. — Nelly who had sat nearly naked with folded arms until then, came and sat on a stool at my feet as I sat in an easy chair, and began playing with my cock. — She always felt it un-asked when we were together. — She would twiddle it without stopping for hours. — She said she always did so with her friends, she liked the feel of a cock.

We talked about fucking. — “Do it to me,” said she, “looking at you all evening has made me so randy. — It made Martha randy, didn't you hear her say when you were doing Betsy, that she wished you were doing her?” — I certainly had not. “Do me.” “I can't if I try.” “You can, it's stiff now.” “Suck me first.” Nelly obeyed, she had well learnt that art — I revelled in her suction and swelled out stiff, but felt that I couldn't spend. — “If you won't do me I must frig myself,” said she, and leaving off sucking she laid her head on my thigh, with her mouth against my cock and began frigging herself hard. — “Lay on the bed side,” said I. — with alacrity she went there, and laid with wide distended thighs, and gaping cunt. She was beautiful in form then, so plump, so round, so compact, her black motte shewed up between her white thighs and plump, silk clad legs. — I didn't want it but was stiff, so thrust it up her. — In a minute she was spending before I had a sensation. — I fucked on till I fetched her again, and then spent myself. — “I told you you could,” said she. It was the first time I ever recollect seeing Nell lewedly frig herself, and chaffed her about it. She was quite lewed and before I left frigged herself right out, after asking me to fuck her again — which I couldn't, and wouldn't even try to do.

Martha and Nelly had tippled with what I had brought them, and what I had sent out for, and now Nell was quietly boozy. She never was noisy, was the quietest of girls, but was now communicative. — She thought the girl was Martha's niece but wasn't sure. She was an impudent young one — Martha couldn't keep her out of the streets, and had caught her with a big boy, a lodger's son, and was being felt by him. — Martha could swear his hand was up her clothes and she was nearly sure that she was feeling his cock. — She banged her head for it against the wall. — Martha's husband always fucked Martha on Sundays and had said that some ragged arsed young bugger would do it to the girl some night when she fetched the beer, for she was hot arsed like her mother and was safe to be gay.

I arranged to have the girl again. — On the day appointed she never came, tho I went again thinking it strange, for Nell lost money thro it. — A suspicion then kept me from calling there, and I waited for Nell at night in the streets. — She told me it was well I had left

that day, for just after, Martha and the girl's father — or some man who said he was — had come to get money out of me, for the girl had told. — Nell had quarrelled with Martha about it. — I never had or saw Martha after, nor the girl until a year had gone, when about midday, I saw her in C*v**t*y Street with another young bitch. I took her to a baudy house and fucked her right off. She had still a perfectly bald cunt, not a hair visible, and was skinnier and uglier than ever. She told me she was sixteen, and did not recognize me at first.

She had now all the manners of a brazen faced little whore. As she washed her cunt, she all at once stopped, looked curious, and said, “You know Nelly L**l*e.” “No.” Looking at me steadily, “Don't yer — damned if you ain't the man who first fucked me.” “No.” “You are, and you never gave me any money tho you promised, give it me now.” “How long have you been gay?” “Not long, and it's your fault.” — I rang the bell and the baud came. — “This girl's abusive,” said I (she became so), “you'd better stop her.” — She did not know her. — “I believe you do, and have put her up to it, and have a good mind to make it hot for your house.” “What for,” said the girl. “Because you are threatening and want to rob me.” “You lying bugger,” said the girl. “You're a gentleman I suppose,” said the woman. — I went away without saying another word, only throwing down the money I'd promised the girl. — On leaving, the woman was ballyragging her, and telling her she would not let her into her house again, if she was not square with gentlemen. I saw the girl about the streets afterwards for a year or two, whether she saw me or not I cannot say.

Chapter XIV

Females ready, and male opportunities. • Another adultery. • On the highway. • Costermongers and hucksters. • Mrs. * * * met. • Suggestive talk in a quiet street. • The servant sent out. • Myself let in. • On the sofa. • Up the lady. • On the bed. • A flaccid doodle. • A gamahuche. • Penis redivivus. • Alarmed • At a house soon after. • Fears • tears • feeling • fucking • frigging • and gamahuching. • The lady's history. • A middle-aged husband. • Face, form, and cunt. • My liking for gamahuching. • Sequel.

[A year or two before this time as already said, I began again to avail myself of opportunities with women who were not gay, but I had many hinderances in these amatory chases. — The chances were many as I saw with clearer eyes than ever, but circumstances, often the risk, prevented my following them up. Most men I expect get such opportunities, for there are plenty of cunts hungry and athirst for a male; yet men for want of time or money let them slip, or else having one female ready at all times to receive their sperm reservoirs, are content with that.]

One Saturday night about seven o'clock in early winter of this year, walking through a main thorough-fare leading to the outskirts of London, I had a chance of a woman not gay, and acted upon my intention of not throwing away one whilst my virility remained in force.

It was a wide road with a good through traffic, yet near to a poor neighbourhood on either side of it, and where by ancient custom on Saturday nights, the carriageways next to the kerb stones are filled with costermongers' barrows, hucksters' stalls, and purveyors of goods of all sorts for the poor. — The footways were crowded with purchasers, and were bright with gas at the shops, and petroleum lamps of the huksters. The shouting of the sellers, the tramp of feet, and the roll of vehicles made almost a deafening noise. — Amused I watched the crowd, and whilst doing so met a fairly well dressed woman, seemingly about twenty-five years old, tallish and stout, and looking in her winter's garb well off, who slowly moving along, seemed to be also watching the busy multitude of poor people.

At a glance I saw she was handsome, had nice soft eyes, dark brown hair, and a sweet, small, red-lipped mouth. She caught my eye and from her look I saw that I pleased her. She stopped to look at a stall, so did I, and standing by the side of her a voluptuous thrill starting either from my brain or ballocks, ran through me. Was she

gay, or modest, or game, and what chance had I, flashed through my mind.

I moved close to her till my arm touched her, as one may do in a crowd. As she walked away she looked me full in the face, and stopped soon at another stall where they sold toy windmills — I did the same. — “They are very pretty,” said I. “Yes,” she replied, looking at me. “I'll buy one for your children.” “I haven't any,” and she laughed. Then almost trem- bling as I said it, but my prick was rousing my sexual impudence, “Did you ever try to get any?” “What's that to you,” said she, and giving me an astonished stare yet laughing, she walked off. Thought I, that's the manner of a hot cunted one, and I have set her thinking about fucking.

I followed close to her, politely forcing my conversation on her but not on that topic. She willingly entered into it, altho at first quite silent, then looking me full in the face. — But ever and anon she looked round restlessly, anxiously, and on the opposite of the way as well. I began again talking about children. — It was well to avoid having them I remarked “I dare say you have a lot,” said she “I know how to get, and how to prevent getting them.” She laughed. — We were by that time nearly at the end of the thronged part of the road, and where it was darker I told her how beautiful she was, and asked if I might see her home. “See me home? Oh! no thank you, good night,” and she turned down a side street abruptly.

There was something in her manner, which made me fancy that at that moment lust was stinging her cunt, so I followed. “Meet me another night, tell me your name and address.” — She hesitated. “Give me a kiss before we part.” “What next, sir, you, a perfect stranger, I'm surprized at your impudence.” Then she said she was married. — “Ah what a lucky man, what would I not give to be married to you, try another husband for a little time.” — Now I had my rutting impudence on and a stiffening prick. She dawdled now, and I guessed by that, that my talk pleased her.

The streets were here narrower, with small but six-roomed houses in them, not well lighted, no shops, scarcely any traffic. I got to lewed hints which without coarse language were yet unmistakable. She laughed suppressing it, and then, “What would your wife say if she heard you?” “What would your husband say if he knew we were talking about fuck — getting children,” — stopping short at the word fuck purposely, as if it had escaped me accidentally. — “You're not a gentleman, good night,” and she walked on rapidly.

So did I, feeling now reckless, begged her pardon, said that her beauty had made me so long for her directly I had spoken to her, that I could think of nothing else. “Now don't follow me I'm just home, and mustn't be seen talking to a man, my neighbours may see me,” and she

stopped full under a gas lamp, staring at me full eyes. “My God how handsome you are, do meet me tomorrow, your husband needn't know.” “He's abroad,” said she, “but I dare not — pray leave me.” “I will if you'll kiss me.” “I won't sir.” — She walked on, stopped between the lamps where it was darker, and directly a pedestrian had passed us I gave her a kiss spite of her sham resistance. — “Oh let me have you, or my prick will burst.” — Thinking I should not succeed, I resolved that I might as well indulge in lewed utterances as not. I could but lose a chance, and there is always pleasure in saying words of love or lust to a strange woman. — “Oh! you're disgraceful,” said she, in a low tone of voice.

How I wish I could experience a female's cuntal and mental sensations, as desire for a male enters her brain and body. I know that one of the results is a moistening, for I have felt many a cunt when desire was coming on. — Mrs. ***'s cunt I expect was in that state now, for she walked on very slowly, again asked if I was married, then if I lived about there, and at last after a long and seemingly thoughtful silence, “If you come in will you promise never to call again,” said she, in an agitated manner. — I promised everything. — “We live over there, wait here, when you see a servant come out, watch till she's turned the corner, then come, I'll leave the door open, but I'm only going to chat with you mind. — No nonsense mind. If the servant doesn't come out, you must go.” Her manner was nervous, agitated, hurried; before she had been quite composed.

I thought she was going to bilk me, having been hum-bugged thus before by more than one, and asked her name which she refused. Saying again that I was dying for her — she crossed the road, entered the house and the door closed. Five minutes passed which seemed to me a quarter of an hour, for I was in a fever of impatience, wild with lust, thinking of my chance of her hidden charms, then that she now was fooling me, and whilst deliberating whether I should risk knocking at her door, it opened, a servant appeared, turned the corner of the street, and in a minute I was in the house with the lady.

She had her bonnet and cloak off, and was a stout comely woman, at a guess twenty-eight years of age. “You mustn't stop long,” said she, “my servant's only gone on an errand,” — and she sat down on a sofa. The room was comfortable, of the sort which bespoke an income of a few hundreds a year, not a bit of the flash arrangement of a gay woman's rooms. “What did you want to come in here for,” said she with that humbugging sham which a woman can put on, as if she didn't know what I had come for, and what she had let me in for. — She must have known.

No time was to be lost, so I plugged at once. “My love, to fuck you,” and in a second had my hand between the lips of her nick. “Oh

don't," she cried loudly, closing a pair of fat thighs on my hand, but not tightly, "you shan't do that." — But my fingers next moment were rubbing her clitoris, now feeling the mouth of the avenue, in another she had hold of my prick in her little hand, and still saying, "Oh don't, you shan't," our lips joined, silently we were handling each other's fucking apparatus, till her thighs moved restlessly, and my prick was at furnace heat. Then gently I pushed her back on the sofa, and in a not very comfortable position, my prick was shedding its pearly libation into her spending cunt. Ah! what Elysium to grasp the unknown smooth buttocks to plunge my burning pego up to its balls in the cunt of an untasted beauty, to hear her gentle sighs and murmurs, as the hot spunk throbs out into her hot thirsty vagina; and then to settle down tranquilly with prick in the viscosity of our spendings, thinking of what we had done together and what we had done it with, till the shrinking implement of my pleasure comes out of hers, that cunt so tight, but now loose and surrendering some of its libation, as the delicious conjunction of our bodies is broken. — Such was my pleasure with charming Mrs. * * * three nights ago.

Sofas in small houses now are not like those of thirty years ago, on which I have stroked many a woman. — As my prick left her cunt I arose, and she rushed rapidly upstairs. In two minutes she returned. "You've washed that lovely cunt." — She laughed. "Let me see it." "Oh no." — How often I have heard that said, but it availed not the speaker.

She sat on the sofa. "I will see it," said I. — She refused. Then kneeling suddenly, I pushed up her petticoats, and buried my mouth between her closed thighs, kissing them upwards till my nose met the crisp hair of a fat soft motte, whilst my hands mounted to her plump buttocks. Then without resistance I pulled her to the sofa's edge. All felt to lips and nose so fresh, so dainty, so moist from the washing, and smelt so sweet whilst my mouth was there, so did the aroma of her healthy cunt rouse me, that distending her thighs, my lips met the clitoris. Out then went my tongue, gliding rapidly to and fro over the slippery gristly projection. "Oh you dirty man," she cried. All women not strumpets say that at the first gamahuche. But she surrendered herself to the luscious exercise, and her voluptuous sensations. I licked, till feeling a gentle quivering of her thighs and backside, I ceased, not wishing to make her spend. With my prick still hanging out I sat down beside her, and guided her hand to it, still sticky as it was with our spendings. She handled it looking at me with humid lustful eyes. — "Let me wash it," said I, wanting to get her to her bedroom.

"I'm so frightened of my servant coming back." "Send her out again if she does." — We went to her bedroom, on the floor was the

basin in which she'd rinsed my libation out of her cunt. It was a comfort-able room with a large bed, the gaslight burning. I cleared off the evidences of our pleasure from prick and balls, and said we'd do it on the bed. “Oh no — if my servant sees the bed rumpled.” “Don't let her — I will see your lovely thighs and cunt,” so saying I got my hand between her thighs, again standing up as we both were, and she let my fingers take their former place without hindrance.

Mistress M* ** was hot cunted and no mistake, I saw it in her great luminous moist eyes, which looked at me in loving manner. I can tell that expression in them still more clearly, now that I write this. The voluptuous expression struck me strongly. — Pressed by me she mounted the bed, saying that I really must not stay long, but when side by side feeling each other's genitals, I found I was not ready for the encounter, having only discharged my semen a few minutes before. This unnerved me for a minute, for her cunt was ready, and she eager for fucking as it seemed to me.

Spending time in praising her beauty, kissing and feeling her cunt, I thought of gamahuching her, tho my letch for that had subsided. So kneeling between her thighs, kissed her motte, and settling my tongue on her little clitoris, began the lingual amorous game, getting my hands under her backside, to lift it up and facilitate it. — “Oh — don't you dirty man,” she jerked out, but her cunt in its delight silenced her. The lady liked the lick, her thighs widened out, her cunt rose up involuntarily, nature was on my side, restless her thighs got, her belly and bum gave little jerks, then her cunt pressed up to meet my mouth. — “Ahar — rr — oho —aharr — har —,” a tight grasp of the hair of my head, then quietness of thighs and belly, and a salt flush over my tongue, told me she had spent.

Flushed with this victory, inflamed by taste, smell, and feel of her fat full lipped cunt, proudly my prick rose up to duty, and scarcely was her body tranquil after her spend, than dropping on to her belly, my prick was buried up to its root in her, glorying in its power, enjoying the moist soft pressure, but not impatient for exercise it lay enjoying the carnal tingle awhile, and in quiet concupiscence we talked, in the short sentences which alone I can then utter. “Your cunt's lovely, did you like my licking it? Do you feel my stiff prick in your cunt? — how stiff it is. — It will spend in it soon.” “Oh — oh — oh,” she murmured at each lewed phrase. But whilst still dallying with my prick, it was getting less in her. “Oh! if my servant should come home.”

— A sense of this possibility urged me, and thrusting hard, banging my prick tip against her womb, dashing my balls against her buttocks, till responsive her belly heaved up to mine, her thighs clipped mine, and heaving and sighing, “Aha — aha — ahar — ar —

ar," whilst I sobbed out my fucking slogan, "fuck — spunk — prick cunt — c — hunt," I filled her split again with sperm.

She rose hurriedly, excitedly, saying I must go, I really must. "For God's sake don't get me into trouble. I'm married — Really I am — he's abroad. — Well my name's *** — you'd find it out by asking, but for God's sake never come here again. — If you're a gentleman you won't, will you? I will meet you on Thursday next if you'll only go now — go at once. — Do — pray now." — All said so anxiously that I hastily went. She almost pushed me to the door, looked out, saw no servant, and away I went, thinking all the evening I'd been in luck, and that it was one of the quickest bits of fucking I'd ever got with a modest woman in all my life.

Next day I felt proud, yet vexed with adultery, be- lieving her to be really married. It seems my fortune for married women to fall into my arse, tho I object to it and always did. Yet I wrote with feigned hand and false name, time and place for the meeting on Thursmuch visited by me, by which I had not entered for not come. I had paid for a room at a house formerly day, and went there thinking and half hoping she would some years.

She met me and soon we were in s snug bedroom. — There she lifted her veil and was crying. She had not spoken in the street. "I've come, but I won't let you do anything." "Nonsense, why did you come?" "To beg you never to go near my house again, I've been so frightened ever since. How I came to let you in I don't know. — I'm sure I shall be found out," — and much more was said of the same sort, with much excitement and with tears. At first I was upset, but recovering, argued with her, said that I'd never go near her house, that this should be our last meeting, but now we would do it, no one could possibly know. She refused, I tried to get my hand up her clothes, but she resisted strongly. — "Only to feel it, let me, that's not fucking." But she wouldn't. Then standing up, I pulled out my ruby tipped pego, stiff as a horn, bursting with desire, and poked it towards her face as she sat. "Let me, let me, dear, only once, let me rub it and only spend between your thighs, I won't put it in your cunt — feel it, and let me only feel that lovely cunt I've fucked — frig me then." — Thus I went on, raising baudy imagery in her mind, kissing her, endearing her, stimuating her senses, sitting by her side, trying every now and then to feel her quim, but without success.

I had brought no wine with me as I usually do on such occasions, but sent for sherry, the finest they could get and not to mind the price. It came, Mrs. M* * * took two glasses of it, her tears had dried, her fears subsided as we talked. She told me that her husband was managing clerk to a merchant, and had gone abroad to their agency; she'd never been left alone before. He was fifty-five, she twenty-six,

her relatives thought it a good match so she married him, tho he was so old. He was a good man. “He fucks you,” said I. “He does what husbands do,” she replied, “how I came to let you in I don't know, I've been in fear ever since. — You'll never come near me again will you?” If she said this once she did a dozen times till I was sick of hearing it, and at length not getting a feel of her quim, said, — “Why did you come here if you didn't mean to let me do it?”

An hour had gone in begging, and attempting, and at last I felt her cunt. Then she took her bonnet off, then took another glass of wine. — Then I frigged her a bit, then she handled my tool which settled her; her lust was roused, her cunt craving, sensations of voluptuous delight were coursing thro her body and brain, and she mounted the bed. — Up I threw her petticoats, a lovely pair of white thighs parted, my belly met her, prick and cunt joined, and my libation mingled with her liquids in transports of pleasure.

Never did woman enjoy a fuck more, but her anxiety about getting with child was great. She uncunted me soon. “Oh get off — pray do,” and rushed to wash. — She'd never been with child. “But I might — mightn't I?” I couldn't say no when I thought of the many who have ascribed paternity to me; in some cases truly enough. Heavily I have had to pay for that cunt splashing with my sperm, but it was worth paying for. The heaven of life is found between a woman's thighs, women have all the after trouble, we none, and we ought to pay for all the trouble we give, all we beget.

She'd done the deed of darkness with me again, and like all the others under similar circumstances, was ready to let me do it more. For a minute only had I seen her thighs and motte, and now insisted on seeing all in every way. I risked the sheets, induced her to come to bed, and, in chemise and shirt only we laid side by side, limbs interlacing, hands groping and feeling, cock and cunt waiting their next introduction to each other. We talked of fucking, and nothing but fucking and sexual pleasure. Never she declared had she been gamahuched before, knew of it, her sister's husband had done it to her sister, her own husband never to her. He was a widower when she married him, a staid man, very fond of her, fucked her once a week, if twice it was on Sundays after church. — I have an in-tense curiosity about the ways of men with their wives, and never failed to ask about them of the frisky matrons whom I have fucked. — Most of them avoid the subject, this beauty didn't.

She was a fine, soft hazel eyed woman, full, fleshy, and inclining to stoutness, with full breasts, but short ones which didn't hang, with large thighs and buttocks, and thick not very symmetrical calves. — Her belly was large and ample, her cunt had roly-poly lips, yet not the pouters of a skinny woman. The furrow between them was deep, and

with a well defined crimson line down half way from a fullish clitoris, and there the red was lost. The nymphae were small and pretty — if there be such a thing as pretty nymphae. — Dark brown hair, darker than that on her head covered a very full fat motte, it was a handful, a veritable pin-cushion. The hair grew less and less and ceased altogether on the lips towards the lower or buttocks end of her cunt, and not a vestige of hair was on her buttocks near her bum hole, for curious, I pulled the cheeks apart to see, which elicited, “What are you doing?” It was in brief a fat, full, well developed cunt, largish in appearance. I praised it and said I'd seen a thousand. — “Oh! what a wicked story,” said she.

Then, for I was not ready, and somehow gamahuching a nice woman who is not a strumpet pleases me at times much more than formerly — I gave her a spend by the sole aid of my tongue. — Then I fucked her again. Then in bed we both slept a while, then she had fears and cried a bit. Then after repose, I frigged her as still she lay in bed with me. There is something so exciting to my senses in a nice woman who is a stranger to me, that I essayed my powers again. A long job it was, tho for five days I had kept myself chaste. My cock had had enough at the third, my balls kept back their balsam, and I nearly at one period of the exercise thought of admitting myself a failure. However I succeeded and gave her a fourth fucking, tho the lady I think wetted my cunt rammer more than the rammer wetted her cunt. — But the lady was contented.

Talking with her after I'd frigged her, she said her husband had never done that to her. — “Lor — he's quite a quiet man, but he's very good to me.” Then I heard that he'd settled a little money on her when they married, to provide for her in case of his early death. “Oh! I'm in such fear of its being found out. — What made me talk to you and let you, I don't know.” “You'd not been fucked for a month and wanted it badly.” “Oh no, that it wasn't.” — She waited with me till quite dark, frightened of being seen going out of an “improper house” as she called it. When she left we had been there some hours, had drunk nearly two bottles of wine, and eaten nothing. I was quite fucked out and tired, not being quite so young now, and she seemed the same.

Of course I never called at the house again, nor did I desire her, tho the temporary connection had been most pleasant. But I drove past the house a couple of years after and out of curiosity enquired at a baker's close by, if any one of the name lived there. I found that they did. But altho that set my cock stiffening a bit, I should have been a blackguard had I sought her, and had no desire to figure in a divorce case.

This was a nice little variety in my amours. How it came about even now astonishes me a little, much as I know of the unexpected

consequences of mutual lust on a man and woman thrown together by accident. It must have been that a month's abstinence had left her so full, that meeting me just when a wave of lust heated her cunt, she gave way to opportunity and my incitements. Perhaps curiosity played its part, and she longed to see what another man's prick could do. I hope she hasn't tried a third, for that might bring her to grief. But a second prick they say makes always a woman long for a third. A well known baud once said that to me as her experience.

END OF VOLUME EIGHTH.

Volume 9

Chapter I

Introductory. • A thin female. • Plaintive address. • Lodgings. • Thinness. • "I can't do it." • Do it twice. • Suicidal intentions. • A lark in a park. • Alice T*h**l of Middleborough. • Loving couples in the open. • "Let's feel it." • Reflexions on fucking. • Idealities. • Two little sisters. • At a German bath. • An exquisite Austrian Paphian. • Delicious fuckstress. • A forgotten appointment. • Enter male. • Mein schwester's bedroom. • A treat at a peephole. • Up a lubricious cunt. • Mein schwester washing herself. • Fraulein gamahuched. • Groping and fucking. • On my gamahuching tendencies. • A family of harlots. • Two sister dress makers. • Anne and Maria. • Feeling cunts. • Forms, features, and cuntal resemblances. • A fart in a fire place. • On harlots farting. • Cunt farts.***

I find that I have misplaced some manuscript, and that the four following little adventures took place after I had Carry and Sally in a cab, in the summer and in the autumn of which I renewed acquaintance with the Great Eastern.

The narratives of these little incidents are but little abbreviated, some paragraphs not at all — but the past is put for the present, in which latter tense most of the narratives of my amours were written. Late one night in Oxford Street looking at the battalion of harlots walking about, a well grown woman faced and pleased me — I was fit, yet had no intention of having a woman, was simply looking at them, pleased and yet sorry as they often made me feel, when in unphilosophic mood. "Good night," said she. "Good night, my dear." — "Won't you say some-thing more?" — "No, good night" — and I turned to cross the road to B**d St. — "Come home with me." — "No." — "Oh-do-I wish so you would."

There was something plaintive in her voice, and her manner was unlike her class. She had for some time walked by my side looking into my face without speaking. — There was gentility in her manner which pleased me. — "Do you live far off?" — "No only up there." — "I can only give you ****." — "That will do." — "Go on then and I'll follow — and so on we went on and on so far, that I stopped. — "Where is it?" She named the street. — "Oh! that's a long way let's take a cab dear." We did and drove to G***e R**d. — A respect-able looking young man opened the door of a very well and seemingly newly furnished house, and we went into a nice bedroom.

She kissed me several times when in the cab which I don't think I returned, and she felt gently at my ballocks. I had not felt much desire

until she did that. Then my cock rose and the delicious lewedness coursed thro my body. — “Oho!” said she with a sigh. “It's a nice one I'm sure” — and she kissed me lovingly. — In the room she sat down with her bonnet on, then rose and kissed me several times. — “Would you believe that the man who opened the door was my father's servant?” — “No,” I replied bluntly. “I thought you wouldn't but he was, he's just married and opened this house for lodgers, but he knows I'm gay.” — I didn't believe her, thought it brag, tho I did not say so. — “Take off your things.” — She left off feeling my prick which she had got out and was fondling, and began undressing.

She took off petticoat after petticoat — warm weather it was, — whilst I sat looking at her. Her arms were very thin, and I saw that she had the smallest breasts.

— “Go on,” said I for she had stopped. — “What, all?

— I'm rather thin, do you like thin women?” — “I have no objection to them if they are nice.” It was not true but I said that not to wound her. — She took off more clothing, pausing from time to time for me to say enough. But I made her strip to her chemise. — “I'm very thin,” said she, “but I am as good on a bed as an-other woman,” and she sat down on the sofa besides me.

I pulled up her chemise, felt about her, and I have never seen such a thin gay woman. She had scarcely breast or backside. Her thighs were half what they should have been, and below her knees were broom sticks. — My cock dwindled, and all desire left me, so after feeling her and talking for a time I said, “That will do dear, now I am going,” and I put the money on the mantel piece.

“Oh don't go without doing me, you'll find me very nice — do me, I want it so badly, you've not looked at it” and laying down on the sofa she exposed her cunt, a youthful dark haired article. — I went to her and looked at it, not having even wished to see it before. — It was a neat looking cunt, but my prick gave no such signs of vitality as a fresh cunt ought to have caused. “Let's talk,” said she, and I sat down by her. She clutched my prick and my fingers went on to her clitoris; she was a nice clean woman, but no sensation came to me for a time, and we talked on, she telling her history, and kissing me at intervals, and always feeling my doodle.

I was quite cold to her — “I can't do it,” I said — “and often go home with women only to see, feel, and chat with them,” saying this to avoid wounding her. — “You don't like me, because I'm so thin.” — “Not so.”

— “I don't like doing it,” said she, “but I do want it so

— I haven't had it for a week,” and kneeling down at once, she took my cock in her mouth; I had not hinted at such a thing. — The friction of her lips and tongue took effect, it stiffened, desire came, she

rose up triumphantly smiling. “I'm so glad,” said she. Then we went to the bed, and her cunt received it. In copulation it seemed as nice as that of other women's, but I al-most wondered what I held in my hands as I recovered from my pleasure, and moved them over her skinny backside. She spent almost directly my prick went up her. “Oh, it's lovely,” said she “keep it in,” and twining her spidery limbs round mine she held me to her, clipped my cock well with her cunt, and then easing off from me slightly begging me to keep my cock in her which I did pretty well, she got her right hand between our bellies and frigged herself whilst I was still in her. Her eyes closed. — “Lovely prick, lovely prick,” she kept ejaculating to herself as if to excite herself till she spent again, and then her legs stretched out, and she laid tranquil. — My cock was actually stiffening in her, thro her cunt clipping as she spent, but I drew it out intending to leave her, her thinness displeased me so.

But she held me. “Don't go yet — wait and do it again.” — “I can't it's late.” — “Not very, you could do it now if you like — I haven't enjoyed a poke like it in I don't know how long — what a lot you have spent — shall I wash it?” — It was irresistible. — My penis had been getting more sensitive for some time, and a fresh washed cunt even hurt me sometimes, and if washed out with anything but water I could tell it directly. — I like them just as nature has made them when left untouched for some hours, moist, smooth, lubricious; to feel my prick gliding as if over oiled ivory. — “No don't wash.” — We talked for a time. She was from the country, of well to do parents, had been seduced, had a child now dead, was turned out by her parents, and turned gay. — The landlord knew all about her, and would tell me if I asked him, but not her real name, nor where her home was. She volunteered all this, and then to her seeming joy I fucked her again, after she had made me piddle, and wash it, and she had sucked it up to stiffness.

“I dare say you won't see me again will you?” — “I rarely see any strange ladies, there is a lady I see constantly who has all I can do.” — “Tell me what she is like.” — I did and lied eloquently. — “You don't like thin women — men don't, I get on badly, nearly every farthing I get goes to pay my lodging and washing. I can scarcely get enough to eat — I will drown myself — I often think of doing so in the night.” — “Nonsense, go home.” — “Never — I wouldn't show my face there again, it would kill the old people. — If I don't get on better soon I'll drown myself — I go and look at the canal sometimes as I go home.” I doubled her fee, pitying her, and left her sitting on the sofa crying bitterly. She had not been drinking — it was true despair I feel sure.

Passing a park entrance one misty and warmish night at about ten o'clock, I thought I should like to feel a cunt. I had felt many in earlier

days there. I entered and saw couples sitting on the seats close to each other, and further from the walk, couples indistinctly in more compromising attitudes. Moving on to the grass nearer so as to see better, — looking at couples fucking always delights me — there was a man on a seat bending a little forward and a woman standing up in front of him — stink fingering of course. — A little further on was a woman sitting, and a man standing up in front of her. Her arm dropped down as I approached. The man turned round from me, turning again the other way as I passed him, tho it was too dark to see faces or even a prick if out — I know well that the girl was frigging him — most likely — I passed on not looking round, for why should I disturb couples in their amorous play, I should not like it myself. But I should have liked to have seen him frigged, and an old desire returned as I saw this fun obscurely in the misty darkness, a desire which I thought satisfied and gone for ever. — How soft and smooth, tho solid, stiff, yet semi-elastic is the male love truncheon. How smooth and nice to the hand, and I thought I should like to feel one once again. — Alas for my virtue. A square built, shortish female passed me, walking rather quickly. “Are you going, Mary, to piddle?”

— “No, I'm going home,” and she stopped. I laid hold of her arm which was a thick one, and knew from that and her outline that she had a fattish bum. — “Come on to the grass, let me feel your cunt and I'll give you a shilling.” In half a minute I had my hand between her thighs. — “There is spunk in your cunt.”

— “That there's not, I wish there was, no such luck. — I've not had it done to night.” — “What are you going home for?” — “I've been crying at not getting a chance, and going home to bed, for I've not had a mouthful to eat or drink since breakfast.” — “Why?”

— “I've no money and have pawned everything. I'll get something to eat now with this shilling.”

“Sit down here and feel my prick.” She did, and then my baudy imagination was stirred. — “Piss over my fingers and I'll give you another shilling.” — “I'll try, but I can't do much, come further off, for the police may see us here.” — She squatted and poured a little warm stream over my hand. — “Do you like the girls to do that to you?” — “Sometimes, don't you do it to other men?” — “I have only done it once before, Lon-don men are so funny.” She spoke with a strong provincial accent. — There was a frankness in manner, a readiness and ring of truth about her.

We adjourned to a seat near a tree after I had dried my hand on her thigh. It was getting more misty and I felt secure from observation. — She told me her history, perhaps a lie, perhaps true. — Alice T* * * *h* *l of Middleborough — ran way with another girl to London to better herself, the other girl was gay and she knew it but

Alice then was not. — “No I was in service at home, and had put by seven pounds in a saving bank.” — They slept at a coffee house in a street leading out of the E*g*w**e Road, a servant was wanted there and she took the place, but found the pay bad, the work worse than at Middleborough, and the food muck, so her friend advised her to leave and see gentlemen. — She would not at first, but not getting another place went to stay in the lodgings of her friend, and went with her to a music hall. They came home with a gentleman, who fucked her friend before her, they had all been drinking, and her friend then persuaded her to let the gentleman fuck her. “She made me let him. — I'd never had a man before. No, I'd never even put my finger up it — of course I likes fucking now, what gal doesn't? but I don't get on. — I've got my seven pounds away from the bank at Middleborough, she told me how to get it, and we have spent it. I wish I were back at Middleborough. — I did get my belly full there — here I often don't get enough to eat. — Liz says I haven't got cheek. — I've only been in London two months al-together.”

She had a decent little room but a long way off she said, so gents had her in the park — or in houses close by. Would she let me have her for half a crown? — I wished to know how cheap it could be had. — “Too glad,” said she, and she twiddled my prick till I began to feel I wanted to spend badly. — “I'd like it done too,” said she. — “We can do it here, but I'm rather short and the grass is too damp to lie down to night, I do it standing generally over there, there are fences over there to lean against.” — We went still further off, and found a vacant seat near an out of the way walk. — “Here is your money, half a crown — now don't let me fuck you if you are not well.” — “Thank you, sir — I'm all right as far as I know.” — I sat down, and turning her back towards me, she pulled up her petticoats and put her buttocks towards my pego — I felt her cunt, but prudence restrained me tho her flesh felt fat, smooth, and clean. — But I had scarcely seen her face. — “Let me frig you. — I'm frightened to fuck you.” — “I don't like that done to me sir, but you may if you like.” — I turned her round into a convenient position and frigged her. — “Are you coming?” — “Yes, do it a little higher up” — with a little more frigging she spent. — I felt her agitation coming on, felt the quivering and jerking of her loins and buttocks, round which I kept my left hand. — “You haven't spent” — “Oh, I have, feel, I am quite wet — I haven't done it for two days.” — Her tight little cunt was wet I felt.

That grope made me salacious beyond control al-most, yet I feared to fuck in a channel I had not seen. — “I'll give you half a crown to suck my prick.” — “No, I can't.” — A little persuasion did it. — She sat down on the seat, bent forward, I stood up and fucked in her mouth. — She was a novice at it — “Don't I do it right?” — “No —

you hurt," — "Oh don't let it go in-side." — "I must." "It will make me sick." "No it won't, I shan't spend much." — "Oh, don't squeeze my bonnet" — I had put my hands on her head. I then laid my hands on her cheeks, pulling her mouth to me and spent. She retreated it as the life giving fluid spurted, but I pulled her head to me tightly, holding her cheeks till my full pleasure was over.

"I'll have a good blow out before the public's closed, my belly's regular wobbling thro emptiness," said she. — I paid her twice as much as I'd promised, feeling pleased with her, and again sat down feeling her back-side. — "You've a fat solid arse, for a London park woman." — "I was fat when I came to London, but have been getting thinner ever since," said she, and walked off quickly, thanking me gratefully for the much larger gratuity than I'd promised. — Said I — "You know you've been lying." — "What have I been lying about — come to my lodgings and I'll soon make you believe." — "Good night dear." — "Good night sir, I hope I'll see you again."

Strange it is how I enjoyed this prank in the open. — It made my cock stand several times since when I've thought of it, and even when with a lovely woman. But my mind often wanders away from the woman in whom my prick lies, to the recollection of other cunts and their pleasures — I have questioned gay ladies, and find that when being fucked, they also often think of other men and other baudy deeds. For years my mind when poking women, ran occasionally on fucking two short girls whom I met in Piccadilly at day break one summer's morning. Two short girls, — sisters they said, and I had both of them.

Soon after this in early autumn I was at the baths of ******• At seven o'clock a.m. I was on the promenade near the brunnen, and saw a woman looking about twenty-five years old, with whom in form, height, features and complexion, few could compare. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, and unmistakably a whore, tho she neither looked right or left or at any man. I followed her up and down discreetly til I caught her eye, gave her a significant look, and followed her to her lodgings. At the foot of the staircase told her that after breakfast I would be with her at half past ten that morning.

There at the time was she expecting me, in a loose peignoir which thrown off, left her but a chemise of finest cambric, and that removed left her nude, all but blue silk stockings and kid boots. She was one of the finest, most beautiful perfect creatures, that God ever created, yet she was but a Paphian, facile to a degree, and without any nonsense about showing it. Soon she was on the bed, and between a pair of thighs and buttocks perfect in form, smoothness and color, opened a smallish, delicate aperture, fringed sufficiently with chestnut hair. It was of the most enticing description, was indeed one of the loveliest

cunts I ever saw. — Neither clitoris, nymphae, vagina or lips, were too large or too small, — ample crisp and fine hair was around it, and shadowed the mons, but not a hair was on her buttocks, nor near a little tight anus looking too small and close to let a straw through it. The oval buttocks with their gradual elongation into the loveliest tapering thighs was exquisite. In fact, buttocks, belly, thighs, fringe, gap, clitoris, nymphae, color, all were perfectly beautiful.

Tearing my clothes off rapidly in lustful impetuosity throwing myself upon her greedy of her charms, hurrying to pierce her, to fill that divine gap with my spunk, with a plunge up went my prick into her. It was a bottomless cunt, my tip found no obstacle, all was divinely soft, lubricious, elastic, compressive. In a thrust or two it found its place, no thrusts were needed more, it was in a fleshy paradise, needing no exertion to enjoy it, and where it loved for a minute to remain quiet. But the lovely sheath had its own desires, its own way of acting, of evoking pleasure, of getting out from my testicles the emulsion which was to soothe its heat. — With the gentlest heaves, with imperceptible compressions, it received my equally gentle movements, constricted, pinched my pego more and more, and yet with exquisite delicacy, till at length from out of my reservoirs, spurted my spermatic mucilage, and I died off in her arms faint with pleasure, sleepy al-most with sensuous fatigue, clasping her buttocks, sucking her sweet tongue as I lay quietly up her; whilst her thighs gradually sank lower, her belly ceased its heavings, her cunt its grips, and wallowing in my sperm, both prick and cunt lay joined in blessed quietude.

How I wish I'd been younger and at liberty, I think I should have had her night and day till exhausted, but that was physically and for other reasons impossible. But I enjoyed looking at her, and as she appeared in handsome clothing at the various places, sat and looked, or followed and looked at her, and in my mind's eye saw those lovely thighs and belly, that exquisite cunt, as well as if she'd been undressed. Then I began to wonder what other man had enjoyed those charms, and longed to see a man as handsome as she was, giving her pleasure, injecting his semen into her.

Of this divine creature I can say no more than that for some weeks I saw her often. I could have loved her, big woman, sausage eating, beer drinking woman, harlot tho she was. I could have loved her, for she was for sexual pleasures absolute perfection. She loved her profession, yet was not greedy of money. “I can have as many men as I want, I expect a friend at half past eleven,” said she, on the first day, “and you must go.” — How many scores of women I have had, whose cunts never seemed to give me such complete physical pleasure as this woman's did. — To be happy with any woman the cunt must fit the

man's prick. — A subtle refinement of sexuality this, but such is my belief, and then in conjugal life all is happiness.

One afternoon on a blazing hot day, I called without notice, and had not been in her room five minutes, was not undressed nor she, and I had placed her on the bed with her clothes negligently thrown up so that her magnificent backside and cunt were visible. I sat in a chair opposite the bed enjoying the luscious spectacle, when a knock came. “Oh” said she, “I'm so sorry, I'd forgotten. I was to see a man at this time, and he's here, go into the other room for a minute, it's Mein Schwester's room, till I've sent him away.” Quick as lightning came the letch. — “No, I'll wait, let him fuck you, let me see him fuck you, then come into your sister's room, with all his sperm in your cunt and let me see it full of it, make him quite naked, you be so too, and I'll pay you well.” In polyglot language, in half whispers, all this was said, but I was understood. — “Yah, yah, — but you cannot see — the sparm yes — schnell, — go — he is outside.” More knocks were heard, and in a few seconds I had passed through the door into the sister's room, locked it, peeped, and Oh joy! found I could see the lower half of the bed, and a tall handsome fair haired young man standing there, talking to my woman.

Until that moment I did not know my charmer had a sister — I had seen her walking about with a shorter and younger woman, and this was Mein Schwester who began her blandishments in a very quiet way and spoke in a quiet voice. — Did I mind her dressing? — certainly not — whereupon she stripped to her waist and began washing a lovely youthful breast. But I wanted to see a fine couple fucking, and could not take my eye from the keyhole. Finding that, — “If you get on a chair you'll see better” — said the Fraulein pointing to the door; and sure enough thro a natural crack high up in an ill made door, I now saw the whole bed.

He was caressing her, feeling her cunt, sitting on the bedside with her. She had got his prick out which looked like a rolling pin, its tip uncovered, red as crimson, and ready for insertion. They spoke in foreign language of which I understood but little, but from occasional words and from her movements, knew that she was urging him to undress. A blazing hot day it was. All at once he began undressing in haste till in his shirt. “All, all,” said she, and off that went whilst she threw off her chemise. There they stood naked, a splendid couple, he nearly six feet high with clean white flesh without hair, with a stalwart prick full seven inches long, and thick as well. On the bed quickly she laid, her exquisite thighs apart. I could see her adorable gap which he licked for a minute as he stood, then laid down beside her for a second only, she handling his splendid organ whilst he felt hers. But all was too quick, his prick must have been standing whilst

waiting outside her rooms for me to escape, it was rigid when he undressed, and the next second he was on her fucking. Then I could only see his back and a bit of his balls at times, as he thrust and withdrew, which he did with such energy, that in a minute I saw by the move- ment of his arse and his pressure on her, that the libation was given. Then they lay languid and quiet.

Wild with lust, not willing to lose any of the spectacle, I beckoned the sister to me, and pulled off coat and waistcoat as I stood and gave them to her whilst looking still thro the aperture. — Soon I heard her say something, which I knew was that she'd go into her sister's room and wash. Down I got, pulled off every thing I had on but shirt and socks, and just as I'd finished doing so in she came, holding her finger to her mouth for my silence, holding her cunt to prevent the sperm from dropping, but speaking aloud to her sister. — At once she knowing my letch laid at the bed side and opened her thighs. Oh accomplished Paphian! and how they like their trade when they succeed.

There was the lovely cunt, its red surface well nigh hidden by white thick sperm. The sperm hung to the fringe, it lay thick low down on the orifice of the avenue into which the libation had been poured. — My brain whirled with sensuous excitement. I scarcely knew what I did. — Intending only to have seen the copulation and the results, now the desire to have her just as she was, to cover my prick with his sperm, overwhelmed me. Motioning her on to the bed, I threw off my shirt, mounted her, and plunged my prick into the soft semenalized vagina, revelling in baudy de-light as I felt the grateful lubricity on my prick, then felt all round the stem where her cunt lips touched it, and rubbed my balls against her bum furrow, so that all his spendings might be on and about me. Then not so young now, or so full as my predecessor, I lingered quietly up her, thinking with salacious delight of what I'd seen and where I was. — “Have you spent with him?” “No he was so quick,” was all that was said. Then at the idea of giving her pleasure, of fetching out her juices I began my thrusts, my prick squashing the sperm as I moved it up and down. My beauty's passions were roused, I know that this fucking in another's sperm excites women; murmurs of fuck, prick, cunt, sperm, ejaculated in three languages were given, and with our tongues exchanging and mingling their salivas, we spent together, and the essence of two males and her own spendings mixed together in her cunt.

Before my stiffness had gone she uncunted me, washed, and went back to him. I with prick still moist mounted again the chair. There he laid naked on the bed (it was a scorching hot day) feeling his prick. “Have you washed?” said she. — “No, I'll fuck you again,” and pulling her on to the bed he began feeling her cunt.

Tho. tired and reeking with perspiration, I wished to see more, but got down and washed. Silently. Mein Schwester held the wash-hand basin for me. Then I mounted the chair again and watched them at their amourous dalliance. Soon after on looking round, I saw the sister was start naked sponging herself all over. Was it to wash herself, or to show me her charms?

He did only what I have done hundreds of times, and described many times in this narrative of my secret life, but how fresh, ever fresh and voluptuously exciting are such scenes, such amatory amusements. To me this was exquisite. There were these superb creatures in the fullness of youth and beauty, feeling each other's genitals, feeling all over their bodies, and kissing almost in silence, for speech is useless almost in such delights. Then his mouth settled on her cunt and he gamahuched her. How I envied him, for I have already sucked and tongue titillated that lovely gap. Soon her lovely backside writhed, her belly heaved, and as he kneeled I could see sideways his prick, stiff and nodding as his lust got stronger with his delicious amusement. Why did they not consummate? I was impatient to see the termination, to see her thighs around his — his buttocks oscillating with the thrusts of his prick up her cunt, I longed to be feeling his buttocks whilst at the exercise. But he was now in no hurry, wisely delaying the lust destroying crisis. — There I stood peeping, start naked, sweating now with excitement, every now and then looking down at the sister leisurely washing herself from head to foot. Soon she had put on chemise and slippers, and looked up smilingly at me. Another peep, they were talking side by side, his prick lolling on his thigh not now quite stiff. The glorious finale would not be yet, and down I got, for my companion began to rivet my attention.

Questioning her, she declared that she was the sister, was twenty-one, her sister twenty-six. Her eyes and face showed family likeness. “Is your cunt like your sister's?” — “I don't know.” “Show it to me, take off your chemise.” — Without reply she took it off, and laid on the bed. I saw that potential almost omnipotent charm of the woman, that red, central, hairy framed furrow, that scented, red lipped, division of her belly, that orifice which subjugates the male whether emperor or beggar. The gamahuche of her sister was in my mind, she was perhaps being gamahuched at that moment. The letch seized me, and applying my tongue to the Fraulein's cunt, I licked it rapidly, thinking of her sister's gamahuching, wishing we were all in the same room, and gamahuching side by side.

When the Fraulein had enjoyed my lingual treat, when the twitching of her thighs and bum gave warning of her coming crisis, she pushed me off. “Nein, nein, fuck me.” — I stood up, prick

stiffening, and looked at her rosy flesh. Much younger, neither so tall nor so stout as her sister, but plump and fine in form, with solid bubbies was she. She'd such a pretty mouth, that I cried, “Suck me.” — “Wash it then.” — Rapidly I sluiced my injector, heard speaking in the adjoining room, ceased frigging the Fraulein, mounted the chair again, and saw her sister opening wide her thighs for the entry of that grand love staff. — “He's fucking” — I cried, and then with rapid multiplication of desires in my brain, wishing for all things voluptuous, to be fucking both the sisters at once, to be frigging him, cried out, “Suck me, suck me, mein leben.” Without a word or any hestation, she took my penis in her pretty mouth, and so I stood, her tongue and palate ministering to my pleasure, whilst I saw the other two joined into one body, heaving, thrusting, writhing, as he plunged his pego up and down, till one long cry of pleasure, told that his sperm was shooting into her.

Then getting down furious for similar pleasure I mounted Mein Schwester, fucked hard and quickly, and just as my pleasure was increasing, in came the elder start naked as before. I stopped for a second. “Come to the bed,” I cried and moved my beauty and myself close to the wall to make room. The elder laid down, I buried my fingers in her lubricious cunt, put my prick again in the younger, and fucked out my sperm into her in a delirium of baudy desires, and visions of what I had just seen.

The man went away, the two washed their cunts, I spent another hour with them, they and myself naked, for it was a day on which nudity was alone tolerable, and then fucked my favorite after putting my prick first into her sister, then into her. The elder said she didn't know of that natural crack in the door: perhaps not, but perhaps thro that crack some one has seen me, fucking her — what matters?

I could not for health's sake fuck her as often as I desired, but visited her at times solely to see her naked and to gamahuche her, for now I love gamahuching a pretty cunt whether quite a young one or not — love to give a woman that pleasure which few whether harlot or modest can refuse.

She told me she was born at * * * * * and had four sisters. — One was kept by an Austrian nobleman. — An-other was a gay lady at * * * *. She and her sister there made the fourth. They were a harlotting family evidently, all beautiful and open to all the male sex. — Thank beneficent providence for that.

I had returned to England, at the end of the autumn and was going along *** Street at about half past eight one night in early winter, when I saw two, young, shortish women standing at the corner

of a cross street. It was away from any main line of thoroughfare where doxies mostly pick up their friends. I looked hard at the one facing me as I crossed the road. — “What do you think of me? You'll know me again,” said she. — Gay from that I knew she was, I had not before been quite able to make up my mind whether they were strumpets, or not.

I felt larkish. — “You're pretty, and I should know you again, if I felt you as well as saw you.” — “You'd better feel me then.” — I passed up the side street and at a few yards from the street lights stopped. She had followed me, and I offered her a present to feel her cunt. It was refused. I increased my offer, and next minute was groping a youngish quim, as I knew by the feel and the quantity of hair on it. “Come home and see me naked, we are only at number fifteen in next street,” — and she put her hand down and squeezed my ballocks outside my trowsers, whilst I was busy with her split. I agreed her fee for the amusement at her home. Then, “That's my sister and we live together.” — “She's not.” — “She is, look at her, we are like two peas.” — The other came now quite close. “Let me feel her cunt then and if I like the feel I will.” — “What are you going to give me,” said sister. “Nothing for the feel unless I should go home with you.” — “Look if any one's coming Annie,” said she to her sister, and so saying raised her clothes a bit. I felt her cunt and agreed she should come with us. — In three minutes I was in their rooms, which were comfortable enough, in a respectable looking eight roomed house in a quiet street, and with fires both in sitting room and bed room. There was also a small bed in the corner of the sitting room.

They undressed, and whilst doing so we chatted. I'm so fond of seeing women undress. Both had blue eyes, brown hair, and were exactly the same height, they were not good looking. — “You're not sisters,” I said, tho I believed from their look that they were. “We are tho,” both cried out in chorus. “She's the eldest.” — One was nineteen, the other eighteen, they were dress makers, but couldn't get enough to live by work. — “So you both turned out together, who was fucked first?”

— The eldest was, neither had been fucked more than a year.

By that time they were naked. The eldest was a little stouter than the other, but both were slim, well made, and in form, colour and feature unmistakably sisters.

— “Now let me see your cunts.” — At the bed side, and then with their backsides towards me kneeling on the bed, I inspected the divisional slits of their bellies, and really in hairyness and colour, and generally in look of the locality they were wonderfully alike. I have before noticed in sisters a family likeness in cunts. It's a subject I have been curious about. On the contrary I once had two sisters (so calling

themselves) who tho alike in features and form, differed much in colour, and between whose cunts there was no likeness whatever. I wonder whether the pricks of the boys of a family resemble each other, if cunts do, why should not pricks?

The elder had slightly more hair on her gap, and I selected her for my exercise. Undressing myself, I laid beside her and titillated her a good deal. She rubbed my already rigid love staff up and down vigorously and more than I liked, for I was in no hurry. “Leave off, I'm in no hurry.” — “Don't frig me then so much.” — “I'll do it till you're ready to spend, and then you'll spend with me.” — “I shall spend with you, I'm nearly spending now, get on me.” — But I was going to prolong my pleasure, so leaving off frigging her, whilst she relinquished my tool, I cuddled her close to me, and put my prick up against her belly and squeezed it there with mine, and so we held ourselves close, clasping each other's naked arses.

The younger one all this time was standing naked with her rump to the fire looking at us, and suddenly let a short, sharp, ringing fart. “Maria you beast,” said her sister relinquishing me, and turning round (for her rump as she lay was towards her sister and my face was towards her). As she spoke, out from her sister's bottom came another short, sharp, cracking fart. — “'You dirty beast, what are you doing?” — “It's better out than in — we all do it sometimes,” said the girl laughing. — “Go into the sitting room” — she went — I was disgusted, for I hate to hear a woman or man fart, but turned to my companion, mounted her, my prick began its work, and very soon we both spent with much enjoyment of each other, saucy whore tho she was. — Then I dressed and gave the elder more money than the other. — “Oh! give me the same as my sister.” — “I've not fucked you, and it's all I promised you.” — “You may fuck me tho if you like, — do” — and she threw herself on the bed, widening out her thighs and exposing her little crack invitingly. — “You are a dirty little devil to stand there farting.” — “So she is,” said the elder.

The idea of leaving a cunt untasted which was at hand, and a nice, tight, youthful looking one, upset me. I didn't want another spend, yet longed to put into the cunt. It began to make me waver. — “I can't, my prick won't stand.” — “I'll make it.” — “You must gamahuche it then.” — “I won't gammerouss,” said she. But finding I was going she agreed to do it. I undressed again, laid naked with her on the bed, groped the little tight cunt, then had my shrunken pego brought to the stand in Maria's mouth, and fucked her cunt whilst the elder played with my balls, and incited by me (for the idea suddenly came to me as I fucked her sister) pressed my bumhole with her thumb. But it being so soon after my first emission, I took a long time in getting the second, and fucked away in her tight cunt long and

heartily. — “Oh I'm coming,” said Maria, and I felt from her movements that she was. Then sensual excitement came at once to fever heat in me as I heard her words and sighs, and brought me to a crisis, and we mingled our juices in her cunt at the same instant.

“You're a dirty little devil,” said I, laughing after-wards. “I never knew her do such a thing before,” said the elder quite seriously. — “Will you come and see us again, there are no other lodgers, we are believed to be dressmakers, and never go out or bring gentlemen home till it's quite dark, ask for Miss * * * * * if you call” — I never did call.

I've seen a thousand and more females piddle and wash their notches, but don't think I've heard an accidental windy exhalation from half a dozen of them when at those operations. Of one or two of those I'm sure I have told in this history. I have however some dim recollection of a female intentionally farting, and of my disgust, and perhaps it is told of here. But am not at all sure even of the occurrence, and thinking back now more than thirty-five years, don't at this moment recollect the event or the woman.

[But I've heard a woman's cunt fart more than once, a windy exhalation which astonished me at first. I've heard women deny that a cunt could fart, but the worn- an from whom it escaped whilst I was gamahuching her (one of the sweetest, cleanest and loveliest) asserted it, and the abbess who was present at the interesting controversy, said that such ventuosities were not uncommon.

[I find at the beginning of the next chapter, reference to a little hairless cunted bitch, but that episode has been a little misplaced in my abbreviated narrative. It should have come in here.]

Chapter II

Jessie C**t*s. • A male friend at the Argyle. • Big breasts. • Friendly intimacy established. • Her first lodger. • Julia R**ls. • A chubby beauty. • "How many times has he done you?" • At the staircase window. • Two bums felt. • Three on the bed. • Julia pierced. • Jessie's complaisance. • The man in the bed room below. • "Where are you Julia?" • Jessie goes home. • A fuck during dinner. • Full dressed at the bed side. • In the cab after. • Between breasts. • In armpit. • Jessie marries and departs. • Julia R**l***s visited. • At home to no one. • Exercises on sofa and table. • The baudy album.***

One night, soon after I had first fucked the hairless cunted little bitch, being at the A*g**e Rooms, I saw a well grown, dark, sparkling eyes, dark haired woman, who looked four and twenty, tho but twenty-one years old. Her large breasts and general build, told me that her form would please me. I began the mercantile business, and having arranged that was going to leave with her, when a friend whom I had not noticed came up and said laughing, "You've got the finest woman in the room again, you always do, I was just going to her — you took Miss***** away from me the other night." I had never noticed him on either occasion, so we may be watched without knowing it. "I'm not going with that woman," said I lying — (she had gone out). "Oh! ain't you," said he and laughed again. I was surprized to see him there, but had heard he was going it fast. Shortly afterwards he was bankrupt and soon after that died, a fine fellow thirty-six years old and six feet two high. — Jessie C**t*s lived at W**t*n P***e in a house of her own. No lodgers were there. — I was very impatient to have her, and my delight was great on seeing her dark haired cunt. Rapidly I mounted her belly and inserted my prick. — "Ah! you lovely devil," I cried, "I am so sorry it's over, what made you fetch me so quick?" for I fucked like a hungry glutton, so impatient was I to have pleasure in her, to feel that we were but one body.

She was beautifully shaped, but with breasts like those of a woman of thirty-five, they were very large, too large indeed, they hung down a much, tho they were not flaccid but quite hard like those of a quite young woman. She never had had a child. — All her sisters, she said had large breasts quite early in life. Her thighs were superb, and she had the loveliest soft, dark hair, curling over her motte, and down the pretty lips below. Her ankle was disproportionately thin, and the foot a little long, all the rest of her form was lovely. Her face was charmingly bright, the mouth tho long and straightish, had

splendid teeth in it. She came out very badly in photograph. — “Let me have you again,” said I, when I had paid her. — “Come along then,” she said, “you won't be in such a hurry now.” — We fucked quietly and then she spent with me, then I had her again, and stopped till three or four in the morning fucking her, which I rarely have done with women of late. But all the vigor of my youth seemed in me directly my hand touched her thighs. I knew her for more than a year, took a great fancy to her, slept with her at times, and she got so friendly, that she as others have done consulted me about her affairs — I saw her own letters, and those she received at times from men. I visited her sometimes without fucking her solely for the pleasure of seeing her. — “I must get to the Duke's, are you going to have me first, and before I dress?” — “No.” — “Will you see me if I come home at twelve-thirty?” — “You may have a man with you.” — “That won't matter, I can come into the other bed room with you directly I arrive, he won't now, you shall have me before him” — or, “I won't bring one home if you prefer it.” That was the sort of conversation, which sometimes passed between us.

Still more intimate, I used to dine and sup with her

— one of the few Paphians I have dined with in their houses — I could do so, for like so few of the gay ones who are for the most part idle, and not too clean in their rooms, she was beautifully clean, and spent all her time when not with men in cleaning her house. The furniture was her own. Her kitchen was like a new pin, she only kept one servant but a good one, and had a charwoman. When I first knew her she had no lodger

— afterwards she had one on the first floor. Her own bedroom then was on the floor above. She only took a lodger at occasional times, and when they came from her own village. One she got rid of directly, the other stayed some time, leaving, just before Jessie left.

“You don't mind waiting half an hour do you? My dress maker has come.” — “All right go.” — After a time I used to say, — “No humbug, you've got a man

— go and be fucked and get him away as soon as you can.” — I am now quite philosophical in such matters, have come to that time of life when men I expect usually are so under similar circumstances. “Look —I've got a tenner,” said she to me one day showing a bank note after a friend had left her. “And he's coming to morrow.” I could not afford to be nearly so liberal to her, but she was content with me. She had good friends and got much money without me. She dressed very handsomely but with a quiet style. I used to sit at times with her and — when she had one and her lodger a woman from Devonshire like herself, and one who came from the same village, — all three sitting round the fire one evening, they with their clothes up to their

knees, I stooped and by the light of the fire peeped at the lodger's cunt. — “Show it him,” said Jessie, “if he wants,” and she herself pulled the girl's petticoats up. — “Look his cock's stiff.” She unbuttoned my trowsers and pulled it out. — “It's a fine prick isn't it?” — Both women handled it. “I'll fuck her,” said I, for this freedom excited me. — “I don't care if you do.” — But I saw that she did, so turned Jessie on to the sofa and fucked her before the lodger. I never had that lodger, who did not pay and left in debt soon. Jessie said she'd not have another.

But she did after two or three months, a charming, auburn haired, plump little creature whose name was Julia. They got on very well together. Before me, “Oh, he's quite a friend” — and then they'd talk of their men. — Jess always asked the other how many times a man did her, it was quite the regular question between them. When I had slept there the same night and the lodger had a man, the lodger did the same — a charming frankness before me, a delightful intimacy for months which largely increased my knowledge of male strength.

This is how it ran. “Who's your man?” — So and so. — “How many times did he do you?” — “Twice.” — Do you like him — is he nice?” — “Oh never mind him” (me). This of course as said was when I had known her some time, and was often there and the lodger had seemed inclined not to answer. — Then Jessie would in her turn tell. She had met so and so, he wanted to stop all night, but she would not let him. — Indeed like most gay women I have known, she liked sleeping alone best, but after a time, she always wanted me to sleep with her. — When I did, I had to fuck her till I could do no more, and she left off jumping out of bed, and washing her cunt after each spend, as she did at first, when she knew I liked a smooth buttery cunt.

One night when I slept there, the auburn haired Julia had a young man to sleep with her. He stopped in his bedroom whilst she, Jessie, and I, supped in the parlor. —Then we all went to bed. — It was in the height of summer, heat and fucking made me restless, and I could not keep from feeling and looking all over Jessie when not fucking. She got out of bed just as the sun was just rising, saying, “Julia's awake, I can hear her moving.” Then on the landing of the stairs she coughed significantly, and softly out came Julia from her bedroom below, closing the door gently. The two women went to the staircase window on the landing between the two floors, which was wide open on that soft balmy morning, and stood and talked. — “What the devil makes you get up?” — I had said to Jessie as she left me. — She wanted to ask a question. “I'll come too.” — I did, and stood in my shirt with my arms round the two lovely women in their nightgowns as they chatted in a low voice, and looked out of the back staircase window.

Said Julia, “He is spoony on me, I told you he was, and wants to keep me, shall I go with him?” — “Do you like him?” — “Not much, but he's rich, and he'll allow me ten pounds a week he says. — He's an Ox-ford man, quite a gentleman, and he is awfully spoony.” — “How often has he done you?” — “Once when we went to bed, and just now again, he's gone to sleep now, he's not slept before to night, he's been spooning me ever since we went to bed. I got out directly he fell asleep.”

I was feeling both their naked bums at once, of which they took not the slightest notice, then I began rubbing my prick up against them, and both girls laughed. — “Hish! don't make a noise, come to my room,” said Jessie. — We all went there, naked footed all three, and continued talking. — Julia had not spent with him. “You don't like him much then,” said Jess. — No she liked a man whom she named and wished he would keep her, yet this man was rich and a gentleman — Jessie advised her to accept the offer. — She could have the other man for her pleasure on the sly. The man who was sleeping had a small prick, said Julia. They both laughed at that and so did I. They laid down and I said, “Let me see you both naked together.” — Jess consented, they stripped on the bed, and were a lovely pair. I threw off my shirt and stood naked with a stiff prick. — “He wants you, look at his prick,” said Jess — I denied it but I did. — “You've made him stiff Julia, let him.” — Julia laughed — I saw Jess did not mind this woman, and turned on to Julia, who without persuasion let me mount her but resisted poking, “Let him, I don't mind,” said Jessie — Julia's thighs distended at once, for she wanted me. Trying to feel Jessie's quim with one hand whilst fucking Julia Jessie repulsed it, but she felt curiously about under my balls and frigged herself. We all spent together, all outside the bed, quite naked on that hot July morning at daybreak.

All three were still as quiet as mice, and we were enjoying the repose which followed spending, when a soft male voice below cried out, “Julia, Julia.” We started up, Julia pushed me off of her. — “Hush! don't make a noise,” said Jess. — Julia called out — “I'm coming,” took a towel, gave her cunt a dry rub and left the room. — She had been to the closet, and went up to see Jessie, we heard her say to her friend. — “No, Jessie has no man with her, she's alone,” and the bed room door closed. We laughed. Jessie then told me a lot about Julia and her friend. Whilst doing so, we heard voices rather loud and angry for a minute in the stillness of the morning. — Jessie stole down stairs and listened, I stood on the top landing looking over. — After a time she looked up, smiled, nodded, pointed to the door and came back to our room. — “He's poking her,” said she, “but they have nearly quarrelled.” “She has not washed,” said I. — “No, but he won't

find it out." — "I think I must have poked after him," said I, after a little reflection, — for now I recollected her quim felt very nice and smooth. Jessie laughed. — "You have I think, didn't she say he'd just done her and fallen asleep?" — I began soaping my prick in a state of anxiety, yet had at the same time, a voluptuous sort of delight at having fucked just after him.

The man went off quite early to catch a train, and Julia came to our bedroom at once. — The conversation turned on the occurrence and the man — I found that his prick had gone into my spunk, but she would not admit that mine had been in his. — "But I am sure it has." — "Well no one asked you to have me" — I was in fear for some days after about clap, but need not have been.

I quite settled to this Jessie, and for a whole year, she was expecting when I was out of town, the sole woman of her class whom I touched. At times I indulged in a few baudy freaks with her, but usually fucked her in a husband-like style, tho with passion, for I much enjoyed her. She was not a baudy talker or actress, but we sued to prolong our pokes, resolutely keeping cock and cunt together without shoving, but talking and endearing till we could resist movement no longer — then sucking each other's tongues till our mouths and chins were well moistened, restraining no longer, and with a breathless, "Fuck love" - our backsides wriggled sympathetically till my sperm swamped her love cage, and we died away into blissful sleep. She had the loveliest teeth and a full tongue, and used to like to lick my teeth when our mouths were close together, then my tongue met hers and that excited her. — She liked also my finger to lay well up her cunt, whilst we tongued each other before fucking, preferring that much to the titillation of her clitoris, which is the way most men play with a woman when side by side. But she was cool to me till I had known her some time and she began to like me. "I am going home for a week," said she one day, "and want you to give me my railway fare." — "You are going on a trip with a man," said I jealously — and suddenly I found that I had an affection for her. I was astonished at myself, staggered. — Am I in love with a gay woman again, when there is one woman whom I adore? It was true. I was really loving two women at the same time. I loved Jessie, tho I would have slain her for the other. — What a psychological problem! — Her mother's letter, a badly written scrawl, asking her to go to see her as she was ill, was shewn me. — It looked genuine enough. She put on her plainest dress to go in, and took but little clothing with her, but had some fear of the honesty of her servant, there being then no lodger in the house — I suffered a good deal when she was away, and was savage with myself for being so fond of a gay woman, wrestled with myself, said I would never see her again, and

in-deed that nothing but harm could come of it. She was gone eight days and came home exactly at the time appointed. My heart beat loudly when I saw her, she kissed me, then rushed to her drawers and wardrobes (bonnet on). All things were safe as she had left them. — Then I closed on her, and threw her on the bed. — “Wait, wait till I take my bonnet off.” — The next moment I was up her, — “Oh I want it so,” said she. — No, she had never spoken to any man excepting her father and mother since she had left, they believed she was a dressmaker. — “Eight days without a poke, only think of that.” — Was it true? — It's just possible.

She went down stairs to cook the simplest bit of meat. I had taken lobsters and champagne there, and went down with her. — The meat was cooked, and we ate it in the parlor. — She rang for the lobster — the maid took the dirty plates away. “I must fuck you again,” said I. — “Stop, Mary will be in with the lobster.” But I had been longing to be at her all the time we were eating, and said, “I won't wait.” — On the sofa we fucked at once. Mary came in with the lobster but took no notice of our operations. — We sat down to table again, glorying in our moistened genitals and finished the lobster and champagne. — Then we went up to bed to revel in cunt plugging and a jolly evening and night that was. — A fuck with a woman whom a man loves, is better than the baudiest night with a chance woman, but both have their special pleasures. — A night with a baudy woman you like, one who will reciprocate any voluptuousness, beats everything.

We scarcely ever had an unpleasant word, but what annoyed her was my calling just as she was ready dressed to go out. I had a liking for having her just at that time, and used to call when the cab was at the door waiting for her. One night when I did, — “Mistress is just going out sir.” — “Any one with her?” — “No, sir.” — Up stairs I ran, she had her bonnet on. — “Now you can't have me, I'm in a hurry, have got to meet some one and am behind time.” — I would and we mingled. — “Damn it.” — She rarely swore. “You do it purposely, as if you couldn't come a little earlier.” and she threw her bonnet off in anger. — “Don't be in a rage Jess.” — “Fuck me if you're going,” — and flinging herself down on the bed side, she pulled her petticoats up to her belly. — She'd no drawers on, and there lay her sweet naked body on the diaphanous chemise, and a heap of flounced and laced petticoats surrounding her, from out of which showed the beautiful fully white belly and thighs, the lovely dark, soft, curly haired motte, and the small red split with the little curls round it. The combination of flounces, lace, silk stockings and boots, with thighs, belly, and cunt, is in some women more appetizing than nudity, and I gazed long, entranced with the voluptuous spectacle, then stooped, kissed, and smelt it. — “Make haste I must go.” — I plunged my prick in her

glowing sheath, but took my time, prolonging my pleasure. “Spend with me Jess.” — “I shan't, it will bring my poorliness on.” “Do.” Then I probed and wriggled quickly, then slowly and in every fashion which I thought might heat her talked my baudiest, and at length succeeded. Her loins quivered, a tremulous shudder ran across her belly. — “Aharr” — and with exquisite vibrations she spent, whilst a copious balmy injection issued from my prick into her. Then for a minute she lay gorged with prick and sperm, and was tranquil. Then her eyes opened. “Pull it out dear and tell me what's o'clock.” — With prick still in her I told the time. — “My God. He won't wait for me.” Uncunting me she gave her split a dry rub with a towel, put on her bonnet, and in a minute was at the cab door.

“I'm going your way and will pay the cab.” — Jumping in, we drove to the A*g**e together. — On the road she told me who she was going to meet. He was so liberal, and twice she had disappointed him, so was anxious. — “Your cunt's full.” — “I'll wash it at the rooms.” — There was something in the affair which excited me. “Let me feel your cunt.” — “You beast.” — But I did, and as my fingers felt the mucilaginous moisture in her sweet temple, my prick stood hard, horny, almost inflexible again. We were just crossing the * * * * Road. — “Let me fuck you.” She wouldn't, how could she, it would make her in a mess, we should be seen. — I begged, insisted and had my way. She put her bonnet on the front seat, hoisted up her petticoats, and turning her bum to my belly, sat down on my hot stiff love pole — I clasped her round her hips, my fingers just touching the soft curly ringlets of her motte, and as the cab got to the bottom of Rg**t St. out shot my sperm, into her cockpit. She had pleasure with me, and in another minute had entered the A*g**e with her sperm filled quim. I satisfied, went to my club.

Gradually, we got from simple belly to belly jogging, to a few erotic pranks. — She protested, refused, swore that she had never done such things, and never would — I think she'd only been a year gay, but in the end yielded. “You're the most voluptuous fellow I ever knew. — No one man has ever asked me to do so many baudy things, scarcely any fellow wants to do more than poke either on the bed or at the bedside, not one out of twenty ever thinks of any other way, or talks as you do.” — But a Cyprian warms to her work, she likes the variety in time, takes pleasure in it, all human nature does, and after a dinner at her house, a dinner she'd cooked herself of a simple kind, and we had filled up with my generous wine, our brains heated, excited, and suggestive, cunt and cock burning hot and demanding their lewed pleasure, we used to set to work at erotic whimsies.

Her big breasts excited me one evening. — “I'll fuck between them,” said I. — “You beast you shan't.” — “I will.” — “You shan't.”

— “Let me just put my prick there then, only for a minute.” — “You may do that for a minute.” — I had my trowsers on which I pulled off in a jiffey, and tucking my shirt up in a roll under my arm pits, stood between her legs as she sat on a chair in front of the bedroom fire. — She only had a silk wrapper and chemise on, the latter she dropped down, and I laid my rigid pego against her lovely bosom. “Poke me properly first and do that later, I want a poke so.” — “No now.” — In a minute she had lifted up her great and firm white breasts, firm as the udder of a heifer. — My prick was pinched between them, and hidden all but its fiery tip which just peeped out at the top, whilst my balls hung rubbing against her flesh below. I thrust gently up and down in the fleshy channel with a fucking motion, she laughing, then looking down and trying to see, which she couldn't well do, then looking up at me.

My prick happened to be in the highly sensitive state that night, to which I have alluded. The friction on its gland against her dry flesh hurt me, whilst at the same time it had excited and swollen it to the utmost. “Now that will do.” — “I mean to spend between these lovely bubbies.” — “You shan't,” and she pushed me away. But I was hot on my letch and insisted, swore I'd go away unless she let me (I was going to stop the night) so she consented. I took some oil from her toilet table, anointed her breasts and my prick with it, and resuming my position fucked till my sperm was nearly ejaculated between the bubbies. Now she took interest in the frolic. — I was sighing out my pleasure, when made lewed by contemplating me, by its novelty and already hot cunted by a good dinner, she grasped me by my backside, leaving me to press her breasts round my piston. She was again looking alternately up in my face, and down at her bosom as I thrust, and deliciously out sped my sperm. — As I gently moved up and down after I'd spent, — “You beast, that spunk ought to have been in my cunt,” said she, and rushed to the looking glass pressing her breasts together. — “Oh what a lot of spunk” — then laughing she restored her breasts to their purity with soap and water, whilst I did the same to my empty ballocks. She only used baudy words when lewed.

“You beast, you've made me so lewed, why didn't you poke me first,” said she again. When an hour after-wards in bed both start naked, and entwined in each other's embraces, flesh greedy to meet flesh every where, my belly pressing hers as I lay between her thighs and fucked my second fuck. — Then as our mouths moistened each other, she gasped, “Oh — what a lot of spunk was on my breasts. — A — ha — fuck dear — fuck me.” — “Ahar — yes — wasn't there a — har.” Our soft sighs were coming, then our tongues meeting in liquidity stopped utterance; sighs and shortened breaths stopped speech in both, and told that our spunks were blending, that bubby-

fucking had raised lewed ideas in her. How they rush thro the brain whilst fucking.

She heard of this masculine whim, but no one had ever suggested it to her but me she said, when talking it over on another occasion. Whether that be true or not I cannot say. — Talking about it led to another whim. — What a fertile brain mine must be, for I declare I never had heard of such a pose as I'm going to narrate. — As she had already yielded up to me her breasts, she made no objection now to their use for a variation. — Both of us in a state of nudity, she laid on her back, I knelt across her breast, half lying half holding myself upon my knees and elbows, with my rump to-wards her face, and put my prick between her big breasts, which she held up and pressed together, making a comfortable fleshy channel round my pego, enveloping it nearly all round, in which I fucked, whilst she contemplated my backside and wagging ballocks. But cunt, that delicious, soft, red, pouting parting, even then had its irresistible attractions. My head was half way down her thighs which were closed. “Open your thighs wide Jessie and let me feel your cunt — Ah — how I wish I could lick it.” She opened them. Leaning more on one elbow and hand than the other, I managed to put one hand, so as just to feel the clitoris and motte, and thus I fucked on and spent between her lovely hillocks, so soon as my fingers touched her cunt. But somehow this erotic whim neither excited her nor me, so much as the first bubby fucking, which was a complete novelty to her. No woman unless with very big breasts such as hers, could have made a nice channel for my prick as she did in the last posture. I have fucked between the breasts of perhaps a full dozen gay women, and of one modest lady, but it's not every bosom which rouses my lust in that direction.

That led to my using her armpits as a channel for my onanism, armpit frigging or armpit fucking, or what-ever may be its right designation (I am not happy at coining terms) I have asked a hundred strumpets, and not one but owned that men had used her armpits as a cunt. I expect it is a common enough practice to entitle it to a distinct denomination like fist fucking (masturbation) or cock sucking (irrumination) or bum-hole fucking (buggery). (Yet in all my peeps at the happy couples thro holes in baudy house partitions and elsewhere, I have never seen a man doing it to a woman that way, or I don't recollect it.)

One evening talking about various fashions of sexual enjoyment, she consented. “You've done it between my breasts, and I may as well let you do it once this way, you're a good old friend,” (I believe she then liked me much) and sitting on a chair naked in front of a cheval glass, she raised her arms for my operation. She had a good deal of

dark hair in those valleys, which to me was one of her beauties. — I had used soap with the women I had enjoyed in that fashion, but now filled her thicket with cold cream, and putting my prick in its place commenced — but that lubrication or anointment seeming not to be pleasurable, I washed it off, and again had recourse to soap, which I rubbed in the hair till it was nearly a soapy paste. — “Now frig yourself, Jessie, whilst I'm doing it.” — She refused, tho I told her that most of the women in whose armpits I had fucked had frigged themselves at the same time. What a lovely thing it is that man and woman can frig themselves. It's a pleasure when had alone, is such compensation for trouble and misery, and a delectable companionship when tasted with others.

I thrust on steadily enjoying her, now looking at my prick which I pushed to and fro showing its rubicund tip near to her breast at each forward movement, now looking at ourselves reflected in the glass. — She sitting right facing it, her handsome haired motte and the beginning of the red belly slash between her round thighs, just peeping out. — It was her left arm. “Push up your breast love, so as to touch my prick as it comes thro.” Up she pressed it well with her left hand. — It was a luscious sight, but I was not so full of sperm that night, so worked slowly. — Both were silent now till the first throb of pleasure made my frame quiver, and my love of cunt in which I know the supremest enjoyment of the woman is to be found made me stop. — “Oh! I'll fuck your dear cunt instead, it's nicer Jess,” I sighed and ceasing thrusting.

“Oh — no — go on — finish there,” said she, for at the same moment she'd began frigging herself. — That completed the picture, and in silence I fucked on, saw her thighs widen, her hand move quicker. — “Keep your arm closer love and push up your breast.” — In her own pleasure, she had forgotten that part. — Her limbs obeyed, but with my left hand I pulled her breast still closer up to her armpit. — “Aha — cunt — fuck — I'm spending love.” I sighed, and seizing her head, pulled it back and kissed her face, still fucking on whilst she kept on frigging and spent with me in erotic rapture. “My spunk's in your armpit love.” — “Ahar” — she sighed — “aha — aharr.” — Her hand ceased moving but lay covering her motte, her head she'd turned up to mine more, and our tongues were meeting as we spent.

“You frigged yourself after all Jess.” — “You baudy devil you'd make any woman do any thing I believe,” said she still quiet with my prick still in her armpit. I pulled it out, and moving to her side felt up her cunt. I loved to feel the spendings of this woman, for I liked her, nay after a fashion loved her, for she was very charming. These were the only exceptions to the beast with two backs business which we did together. With belly to belly, after all, a woman is best enjoyed

physically, the rest being largely imagination. Altho I knew her some thirteen months, I scarcely touched any other woman during that time, and none of my Palphian regular acquaintances, so she must have given me intense gratification. The ten pounder came again and again, and she got from him lots of money. At length he was always there and much in my way when I called. He was spooney on her and said he would marry her. — What should she do she asked me — I was heart broken and cried like a child at the idea of losing her. — "Don't take on so," said she. "You are a good fellow and I'm very fond of you, but you are very much older than me, and you can't marry me I know." — I told her that the very best thing she could do was to accept, if he really meant it. — After a week or two she said the marriage day was fixed, and their passages taken for Australia. — He had money, (tho only just of age) and thought it best they should quit the country, and in that they were wise. That night was to be my last poke, she had sworn she would let no other man touch her again after that day — I was to be her last free love.

Three days after I longed for her so that I took her a wedding present. — At first the servant said she was out but I refused to leave and after waiting half an hour saw her and gave her the present, which much de-lighted. She did not expect it. Then I begged her to let me have her. — No, she had sworn with the Bible in her hand not to do so — I begged again, prayed, cried, I longed for her with most furious desire. "Once, only once and the last time." — My crying upset her and she began to cry, did I wish her to break her oath? — every man who had called had been kept out but me. Mary had no business to have let me in. — Her mother had come up and was down stairs. — Would I go? — she hoped I would. — "Do. Go and see Julia R**l***s, she's fond of you and will be glad to see you tho she's living with a man now and hasn't seen anyone else."

I kept on begging, entreating, crying and kissing her till she warmly kissed me. — "Don't be foolish now." — "Let me feel your thighs — only that — let me get the smell of your dear cunt on my fingers, that I may take it away with me." — With force I got my hand on to it. She had begun to cry, and now more than ever, and when I pulled my prick out, got angry; then tender.

— "You'll make me break my oath and bring some misfortune on me" — were I think the last words she said before she fell back on the sofa. Then I saw her beautiful dark haired motte, the lovely red lipped cunt for the last time, and in two or three minutes we were spending together. — "My God, — don't — I won't come, — I've sworn." — "Aha — my love, I'm spending." — "So — am — ahrr" — and her spendings mingled with mine.

When it was over she upbraided me, was sure breaking her oath

would bring her some misfortune — her intended had said it would. — We parted in tears. — She was married a few days after, and in a week after that went abroad. — A fine vessel, whose destination was that of Jessie's, a month after was wrecked, all aboard drowned, and I have every reason to think that she and her husband were in that vessel. — No one ever heard of her after, I questioned dozens of women who knew her, and made other enquiries.

[What is remarkable, is that tho I loved carnally this woman, tho she was pretty cunted, sweet, clean and wholesome in every way, and exactly the one with whom I might have indulged, yet I neither gamahuched her, nor she me. — I don't recollect the desire having taken hold of me, nor moreover having mentioned such a thing. But when one night soon after, I made Nellie L**l*e give me that pleasure with her lips, my abstinence with Jessie struck me. But as before said, I never could give reasons to myself for giving one woman that treat, and neglecting others.]

I actually fretted after this woman, surprized and mad with myself at such a state of mind, still loving as I ever shall one woman to the last day of my life. I was continent for a full fortnight after Jessie had left, then one evening an overwhelming desire to see a fresh cunt, to see the nude charms of another woman seized me. I struggled against it, thought what folly it was to desire another woman so earnestly, but the desire was irresistible — Jessie's words rang in my ears, and vanquished off I went to B * * * * *t*n.

"Is Mrs. R**l***s at home?" — "No sir," said the servant in such a manner that I felt sure she was. — "She is in I know, and that she'll be glad to see me," I remarked in a very peremptory tone. The servant persisted. — When would she be home, when the best times to see her, and similar questions I put to get at the truth. — The servant was dogged, but at last said that if she were at home, she never saw strangers, I might leave my card. — "Tell her," I almost bawled out intentionally, "that the gentleman who was intimate with Mrs. C*t*s who was married recently, has called." — Immediately a soft voice called down the stairs. "Show him into the dining room." — In another minute Julia appeared smiling to see me.

Glad to see me, but she was under the protection of * * * * * (an officer of good cavalry rank), was no longer gay, and she laughed. She had I knew left Jessie some weeks previously to her marriage to live with the officer. She had I knew come to London direct from near E**t*r, where she had been gay but a short time, and within four months after had this luck. — She was born close to Jessie's birth place, which was why she lodged her when she came up to London. — "You're in luck Julia." — "Am I not? I'm so glad, I don't like gay life, and intended going home for good."

She was a sweet, short little creature, chubby all over, and with the sweetest modest face. — I'd already fucked her once as told, and with Jessie's concurrence. After that Jessie told me she shouldn't remain lodging with her if I tailed her any more, and as I was enamoured of Jessie I didn't. — For all that I had several times felt her cunt, and once or twice looked at it before Jessie, for the two were always together when alone. I mixed with the two quite familiarly, and they were as free with me as if I'd been one of the sister-hood.

"You're alone (her protector at Colchester with his regiment) we can make love." — "No, he'd cut me if he ever found it out." — She named two or three men who had called. — "But I wouldn't see them." — "Non-sense Julia, you don't make me believe that you only frig yourself." — "It's true tho, since Jessie's marriage, he left the day afterwards, now he's going to sell out and marry me, and we are going abroad, like Jessie." — "I've been like this for half an hour as I drove here," saying which I pulled out my red tipped truncheon. — "Oh don't, put it bye, suppose a servant came in." — I put it out of sight. But the sight and our talk settled the matter. She had wine and cake brought in, the door was soon locked, sitting on my knee we were kissing and tonguing, and mutually feeling and groping at our copulating apparatus. — I put her off my knee and led her unresisting to the sofa, both silent, and in a minute after the plump lipped red inlet was divided by my truncheon, and the soft yielding clinging channel embraced its full length. — Up to the hilt it went, whilst my wrinkled lithophytic bag knocked against her chubby buttocks, my reservoirs of virility opened, and in mutual trans-ports the liquid of love gushed into her sucking thirsty cunt. She wanted it badly.

Then hastily but quietly she unlocked the door, and rang for tea. The house had been inhabited by a gay lady, and Julia's friend purchased furniture and every-thing as it stood, and installed Julia in it. — The servants were not of the usual strumpet following, but Julia feared that they might round on her and make mischief. — "I really meant to be true to him, wanted him to take me to Colchester, and you are the only man who's had me since, I'll swear." — Perhaps true perhaps false I thought, but accepted the statement as gospel. Then we talked about Jessie of whom I learnt more than I knew, but nothing to her discredit. — An hour ran away, I felt her thighs and the cunt still mucilaginous with sperm. That excited us both, again the door was locked, the delicate red parting received my stalwart implement of love, and too soon also both cunt and prick separated, and were satisfied for that night, and I departed.

The pretty little lady met me out once or twice, and we enjoyed ourselves at a brothel, but we didn't like that. — Then things favouring me, both she and I risked sleeping together in her house.

She sent first one, then the other servant out on some pretext, then I slipped in and up to her room, the next morning de-parting by a similar trick, I suppose unobserved. A delicious night we had. What a pretty, soft, red, auburn haired division was that between her nice round thighs. Her shortness had even a charm for me, it was babyish. Fucked out both of us were and I especially. We agreed it was to be the last time, for her friend would return in a week — but it wasn't.

A month afterwards I went again. She was packing up her clothes and was going abroad with him in three days, all the furniture as it stood had been sold. — He was away. — “Now don't, you shan't to night — now pray don't.” — I conquered, the sofa received us twice, I stroked her a third time as she laid with her back on the table. — When I was leaving, “Here, you may have this,” and she gave me a largish, handsomely bound album full of the baudiest prints and drawings. — No photographs but perhaps one hundred fine engravings of well drawn figures, some coloured, some not — (a book I think now worth fifty pounds). “Give it me?” — “Yes, I shan't want it and don't know what to do with it, Jessie gave it me. I've kept it locked up and never showed it him or any one. — He doesn't like baudy books or drawings.”

“Jessie has never shewn it me.” — Then I heard that her first lodger went away in debt, that the book was hers, and Jessie kept it as part payment. She locked it up. Whether she shewed it other men I don't know. — On her marriage she gave it Julia. — What made me refuse the gift I cannot imagine, it was utter- ly stupid but I did, and have since regretted it. It was the last time I ever saw or heard of the pretty chubby baby, Julia.

Chapter III

Alice the unknown. • A street meeting. • Beauty struck. • And cunt struck. • A slip. • The missing reticule. • Walking and talking. • "Are you married?" • Lust rising. • My sister's watch. • A long waiting. • The accommodation house. • Willing, wanting, and fucking. • Submission. • Troublesome drawers. • Copulation in excelsis. • The watch given. • Her secret charms. • A heavenly gamahuche. • Her beauty. • Lovely pudenda. • Good bye for ever.

Early in November of the year when Jessie C**t*s married and left England, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon on a dull, rather muddy day, I was going along F***t Street, and met full face a handsome, fresh looking woman of about twenty-one or -two years of age. I was struck at once with her great beauty, nothing sensuous for the moment entered into my admiration of her. Instinct aided by much experience makes me guess oftentimes rightly whether a woman feels lewed. Certainly I have been generally right, in judging whether they are voluptuous by nature or not. Our eyes met, and I thought that a full sized pego would just then please this lady immensely. She looked at me as if a man was in her mind, and as that passed through my brain, a voluptuous tingle ran thro my prick which began gently swelling. What sort of a cunt has she? next I thought. All these ideas and sensations, did not occupy more space of time than writing one of these lines does. — In a moment I was struck with her beauty, in the next minute cunt struck.

I was so smitten that I crossed the street, went back, and again crossed to meet her face to face. In doing so I saw she had a little foot and beautifully formed ankle, for she was holding up her petticoats from the mud. By that time my pego was stiff enough to be driven through a post, for I had been some days sleeping alone, and it had hinted to me that morning that at its roots lay a cunt lubricating essence which it wished to get rid of. The lady's eyes met mine, and again I thought that a good fucking was just then what her handsome body wanted. But who or what was she? Evidently not a professional of the pave but a quiet, well to do one of middle class — I turned back and followed her, watching the lovely feet and ankles and undulating movement of her haunches, which I knew must be of ample size. — My prick was now throbbing and upright in my trowsers. She stopped at a watch maker's and looked long at the goods. She didn't look round till I went close up to her, and said, "They are very pretty." — She looked at me then for a second, and walked on without reply.

I had not been for some time in such a state of rut, I trembled with lust, and followed her longing for her, and wondering who she was, what sort of cunt she had, if it had ever had a pego up it, and the whole group of lewed thoughts and wishes rose which flood my brain when my prick is stiff. Just then she turned to cross the street, in doing she saw me, our eyes met and diverted her attention, an omnibus approached close to her, the driver hollowed out, — "Take care." — She scared at her peril stepped back, and as her feet touched the grassy slippery mud of the footpath, she lost her footing and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms. "I've saved you an awkward tumble." — "Yes — thank you sir" — for a few seconds we stood close together without further word, till the vehicles cleared away, then she began again to cross, and had no sooner put her foot on the carriage way, than I saw there a small reticule which in her scare she had dropped. — Picking it up, without a word I followed her with it to the other side of the way.

She was there before me. In picking up the bag I lost time, and had to wait to let vehicles pass, and saw her standing and looking about, in the way people do who suddenly miss something — I put my arm with the bag at the back of me in crossing. — "Oh I've dropped my bag sir there," said she in a tone of despair. — "Here it is." — "Oh I am so much obliged to you, I should have been so sorry to have lost it." — "Ah! I wish I'd looked at the love letters in it before I gave it you." — "Not many love letters," said she laughing.

Now we walked on side by side, chatting about her having been nearly knocked down by the omnibus pole, etc. "I almost wish you had fallen, I should have seen more of those lovely feet and ankles, which I've been following for the last few minutes. I don't know what I wouldn't give to see them." — "It's not very civil of you," said she laughing, but she looked me full in the face, seemed pleased, and again I thought that her cunt was hungry, so went on chaffing in the same style. Suddenly, — "Are you married?" I blurted out. — She laughed. — "Guess about it — are you?" — "Guess about it," said I. — "I'm sure you are." — "What do you want to know for," I asked. — "What do you, you want to know about me for?" — "Because I'm dying for you. I fell in love with you the instant I saw your lovely face, and since I saw your ankles I've been scarcely able to walk, I'm lifted off the ground almost by it." This was risky, but I knew if she were virgin and very pure, that she'd scarcely understand my meaning; but if she'd handled a rousing stiff prick a few times, she'd guess what I meant. — She looked me in the face for an instant, and saying, "I'm much obliged to you, but I'm going some distance and must walk quicker, good afternoon" — stepped out quickly. It was a plain hint that she wanted to get rid of me.

But I'd noticed that her face had coloured up, and a look in her eye telling me that she knew my meaning, that she'd had the glorious life giver, working and injecting its balm into her; yes, she'd been fucked I felt sure. But was she married?

"I'm going this way too," said I, still walking on by the side of her, and went on with my talk, making it warmer and more suggestive, but avoiding plain words, and at last asking her to have a glass of wine with me. She wouldn't, was much obliged, but surprized at my asking, and she stepped out rapidly and so did I. But she wouldn't tell me where she was going, and wouldn't meet me anywhere; if I followed her she couldn't help it, but it was useless. — These replies were made among many as we walked on together. — Then I left off suggestive chaffing for a sudden idea came to me. It struck me like lightning, it's wonderful it had not done so before, but now feeling sure that she'd been fucked I was nearly wild with desire, was in my rutting recklessness, and felt that I would give all I had to possess her for awhile. She had so enchanted me, that it seemed as if all the perfections of womankind were hidden under her petticoats, and then her face was so lovely.

I had a few years before given one of my sisters (she is dead now) a silver watch which cost ten pounds; and had that day fetched it from its makers where it had been cleaned. (Good silver watches were much more costly then than now.) "Were you going to buy your-self a watch?" said I. — "No. I was only looking." — "Where did you buy your own?" I asked with no other object than to keep up the conversation. — "I've not one," said she. Taking out my sister's watch, "That's a pretty one." — "It is," — and she half stopped to look. — "I'll give it you if you'll come and have a glass of wine with me." — She stood quite still with astonishment, her eyes staring wide open, and then said quite softly. — "No thank you sir," and resumed her walk.

Then I again begged her to meet me at any other time or place, said what I really then felt, that I was madly in love with her, that if she did not have a glass of wine with me now, I'd follow and would wait for her if I waited all night: that I would follow her home, and much of the same sort, all the time being at my wits' end to know where to take her to if she'd consented, for we had crossed the river, and were at a part of London but little known to me. I thought she would never get into a cab with me, for I'd already offered to take her in a cab to her destination, but she said she liked walking best, that she had that day walked from ****. About to name a place, she stopped short in her remark. I kept looking out as we walked along for any coffee house with the word "beds" on the windows, and at length saw one, which was a chance, when just then she turned off to a side road, and after a few minutes, from one or two indications I knew we

were going in the direction of the same main thoroughfare, in which I first saw Winifred a few years ago, and near to where I had found out a convenient accommodation house.

She had allowed me to chatter on after I'd shown the watch, but was herself silent. At length “I'm going there, good afternoon,” said she. — “I'll wait.” — “You'll wait pretty long then,” said in a manner which stopped my hopes. She entered a largish house in a quiet respectable street, a house built evidently before the neighbourhood had become populous. She never even looked round at me as she entered the door.

Hope then nearly left me but my usual pertinacity in amorous chases remained. I walked about keeping the house in sight for an hour. It grew dark but still I lingered. Tired at length of loitering, I felt my prick, thinking about her hidden beauties, and that if in the dark she would get into a cab with me to drive her part of her way back, I might get a feel of that adorable hirsute opening in her belly, a grope which is in itself a voluptuous lascivious treat with a woman not gay, even if a greater treat does not follow. She did not come out, and then in my lust I thought I'd frig myself. She had told me that her friend or one of her sons, would see her into a cab, and I had noticed one or two young men enter the house as if they were residents there. Still I paced about, thinking of her lovely face, then of her sexual treasure, wishing to possess it, and feeling sure that she was lewed, and dying for the luscious play as well as myself. The second hour went and it was quite dark when out she came alone. In an-other minute I was by her side.

She either felt or well feigned surprize. “Pray leave me, I told you not to wait, why did you?”

“I would have waited all night, for now I can get a kiss at least.” “Don't, there are people coming.” — Before the words were out of her mouth I'd snatched one, and she pushed me off. Then I offered the watch again, and pressed her, still not using the plain language of love to scare her, but she refused. — “Let me drive you part of the way home — you needn't tell me where it is.” — She at last consented to that, but no cab was likely to be in that quiet street, so I led her in the direction I wanted till I got one, then in it I pressed and prayed her to have wine with me. — The cabman stopped at the corner of a street I had named. — “This isn't my way home,” said she. “My lovely girl come and have a glass of wine with me, and that watch is yours.” — “I won't, I dare not” — and so on for a minute or two. — Then, “I can't stop long,” much more was said hurriedly by us both, and in a fairly comfort-able bedroom in three minutes were we.

I ordered sherry expecting poor stuff, but knowing there would be spirit in it to stir her lust and heat her cunt still more, if that pretty slit

happened to be al-ready yearning for a stretch. — Bacchus always helps Venus. She took two glasses of the wine which was very palatable, and then at my request took her cloak and bonnet off. “What for? I can't stop long” — as if she supposed that I had brought her into a bedroom only to take wine. “You told me that perhaps you wouldn't leave your friend before nine o'clock.” - “Yes but her son would have put me into a cab.” — “So will I when we have been on the bed together.” — “Oh! — what next?” — said she hurriedly and looking at me, then at the bed in a restless excited way. Then she turned round, took off her gloves, and put them into her pocket in a way which I scarcely noticed at the time, but which occurred to me afterwards. I produced the watch. — “There my sweet girl, — what is your name? That's yours if you'll let me.” — She took it eagerly. — It was in a case, and whilst looking at it sitting on a chair close by me, I suddenly put a hand up her petticoats, and felt her naked thigh near to her motte, thro the opening of her drawers which unfortunately she'd worn. — “Oh — don't — you shan't,” said she dropping the watch and case on the floor and standing up. I am a practised hand in assaulting cunts, having done this to scores of women, and altho surprized for the instant at her unexpected energy in resisting, dropped on my knees, clutched her round her petticoats with my left hand, and thrust higher that which had been dislodged, till the forefingers to the knuckles were well between the ridges of her split. I felt its heat and moisture, as her thighs closed on my fingers tightly. The next instant she had got away from me, and we had knocked both chairs over in a scuffle. In half a minute all these movements were done and over.

It was no sham, her surprize and struggle, tho she must have known I'd brought her there to fuck her. — Our walk, talk, my delicate suggestions, the offer of the watch, must have taught her that. I expect she'd got her cunt heated, her lust set simmering, — and perhaps also I was pleasing to her — but hadn't counted consequences for she was evidently and truly scared. For the instant I thought her a possible virgin. “Non-sense love, let me feel your delicious cunt.” — The first straight baudy word I had said. — “Oh! I must go, I don't want the watch” — I thought I should not succeed, for she moved off from me as I approached her, keeping her face towards me till her back touched the bed. — Now, wild with desire for her and reckless in my lust, I picked up the watch, put it on the table, and pulled out my prick, which was big as a rolling pin and ruby tipped. — “Don't be foolish my darling” — I tried to allay her fears. — “None can know, but we two” — and so on. A woman with a melting cunt can be talked into any belief which runs with her voluptuous desires. “How lovely your cunt felt, let me feel it again — there's a darling — do feel my

prick. — You knew now, don't fib, you knew when you came, that I meant to fuck you — don't be foolish. — I'm sure you want it." — Thus using all the lecherous persuasions and endearments which nature taught me, which come to me readily and naturally at such times, and I sup-pose to other men — I went nearer to her puffing out my pego further and the whole of my ballocks, so that her eyes might be gratified to the full with the sight of the Priapean glory.

She stood with her bum against the bed, looking at my prick, then in my face, and then away as if ashamed at being seen looking at my tool — then again at the red tipped stiff stander, and so on; motionless, silent at first. Then in soft broken sentences as I poured forth my loving prayers, and lustful incitements. — "Oh — I didn't — no — I can't — I'm frightened. — I'm sorry I came, — I don't want the watch. — I won't let you — let me go" — and still her eyes wandered restlessly from mine to my prick. With male instinct, I felt sure that my prick was exciting her, and closing on her, I threw one arm round her neck and kissed and coaxed, in frank, strong, concupiscent phrases, no longer mincing words. Prick, cunt, fuck, spunk, and the choicest of the vocabulary of love, in undisguised carnal strength I uttered. She still refusing, but letting me kiss her, her voice getting gentler, fainter and fainter, as she said, "No — I mustn't — really." — Suddenly, "Tell me the truth, are you married?" — "My darling what does it matter whether either of us is married or not? — feel my prick, feel how stiff it is, it will spend outside unless you let me put it into your sweet lovely cunt — feel it."

Taking her little hand, I placed my pego in it. Softly but modestly she held it in silence as I stood face to face with her. "Let me feel that lovely cunt again." She made no reply, and half stooping I began hitching up her petticoats, then letting go my prick, she pushed them down gently. "Oh — no — don't" — with a stoop and a grab I got my hand on to her cunt, my fingers well between the slippery pink lipped slit, and edging myself to her side held her to me whilst I began titillating it. "Lay hold of my prick — feel it love." — With-out relinquishing her notch, I took my hand from her waist, placed her hand round my swollen cunt rammer, and again she held it; and so we stood in lascivious talk and handlings, in all the quiet delight which the feel of each other's fornicating organs, give man and woman when under the influence of Venus. What luscious, heavenly play it was, by the light of two poor candles and a bit of fire. Gently I frigged her hoping to intoxicate her with passion till resistance was impossible. Sometimes my fingers slid back, wetting them-selves in her cunt, already self lubricated by its longings for the friction of the tool she held in her hand. Then my fingers titillated her clitoris again, till I heard the sweet significant murmurs which a woman gives, when her

cunt insists on its full gratification, on that delight which a stiff prick and a scrotum full of sperm can give it. That soft murmur of pleasure accompanied by the delicate agitation of belly and thighs, almost like a ripple, which comes with it when the cunt sends voluptuous thrills thro the woman, and urges her to submit and let the prick up it — to let her cunt spend its juices, whilst the balmy liquid throbs out from the ballocks, and the prick with gentle thrusts mingles the love essences of cunt and prick together, in the lovely warm soft recipient. "Come on to the bed darling, get on it," — I knew that she now was filled with desire, unconscious almost of ought but strong sexual wants, ready to obey her eager cunt — to let me fill it. — "No — no — I'm frightened — I am really," was all she murmured softly. Letting go of the moist, hot chasm of her belly and withdrawing my Priapus from her soft hand, I turned her round and gently helped her on to the bed. In silence she mounted it, and by her side I laid myself, pulling up her clothes to see her limbs, much hidden alas by the accursed drawers, then through the opening in the damned white linen, for an instant roved my hand over thigh, belly and motte, my fingers plunged up the lubricious avenue to her womb, meeting no obstacle and expecting none. Then twisting my fingers in the soft curls, then settling them on her clitoris, then rapidly running them over every part, in the portals of her womb, now drew back nearly to the entrance lips. Her lovely moist avenue closed up as my prick receded, its folds stretched out as it plunged back again. Then quicker I fucked as pleasure stimulated me. "Aha." — My sperm was boiling in my balls, my prick urged by them on to furious haste, now plunged frantically to and fro quicker and quicker, too quick alas, but my seething sperm would have it so, her thirsty cunt would have it so. — On it went plunging, searching, probing her lovely tube which now yielded, yet compressed it and more. — "Ahaa — ahar" — I hear her gently sigh, giving first signs of increasing pleasure, her pretty mouth opens, my tongue touches hers, it's the first wet kiss we have had. — "Aha — ar — a." — My prick tip's found the nook of nooks close to her womb, it's lodged, it's buried there alive and keeps there nestling; the frantic thrusts are over, short pushes and nestling wriggles come now. "Aha — my darling — I'm coming — I'm, ha — spending — my spunk's corn — fuck — ahear — ah — ahr." — "Aha," she sighs, gently and sympathetically as she murmurs, her belly heaves, her thighs rise up, a delicate tremor runs thro her belly, burn and thighs, as a torrent of hot spunk rises up from my balls and thro my prick. — Its knob feels bursting with the throbs of pleasure, as it shoots the spunk into her cunt, whilst nestling its tip closer and closer to her womb. Sympathetically, greedily, her cunt tightens, grinds and sucks the tip of my hot stiff member, anxious to let her womb imbibe the

balmy mucilage. Then our pleasure sighs and murmurs slowly cease, our bellies move with delicious tremors, but the climax of our sensuous joy is over, the delirium of the ecstatic gush is gone, the pleasure throes ceased. There, my prick still swollen, lays soothed and wallowing in its spermy bath. Her voluptuous cunt, gorged and flooded with the lubricious emulsion from my testicles, no longer closes energetically on my prick, but every second gives a gentle throb, and gentler squeeze, as if grateful to its pleasure giver. So we lay silent, tranquil in each other's arms, exhausted with our sensuous delights, faint with joys of love, slowly dissolving the sweet junction of our bodies in lubricious liquidity, whilst luscious thoughts on love, prick, cunt, and fucking, float dreamily through our brains.

Her passions quieted, the lustful irritation of her cunt allayed by the soothing injection, now slowly absorbing the soft balmy fluid, she laid motionless, with eyes closed, her bosom yet gently palpitating. She looked so lovely, that desire awakened at once afresh in me. So exquisite had been my enjoyment of her, that as I now looked at her beautiful face, as my dwindling prick withdrew, and as her cunt gave an affectionate parting squeeze, that my lingering pego gave a sudden throb and ceased shrinking. Tightly I grasped her bum, squeezing my pego closer into her lubricated temple, and putting one hand between our bellies, felt the curls of our genitals twining together in the glutinous over-flow of our spendings. — With sudden energy then she roused herself, like one just awakening. — “Oh! — get off — let me get up — do pray now — let me wash — for Heaven's sake do” — and she struggled to get from under me.

A pretty woman never looks more lovely to me, than when just fucked and I lay incorporate with her. The flushed face, the humid eyes, the recollection of the pleasure barely over which she has given me, and I to her endear her to me, filling me with a sense of love and gratitude. I feel this often with the ordinary Paphian, altho I know she may have gratified hundreds and perhaps I may not really have gratified her. Yet I have seen dozens of men spite of their sexual transports, when their pleasure was over leave the women as soon as possible, neither kissing, endearing, or scarcely speaking to them. The cunt had done its work and off they went. The woman was nothing to them.

So Alice looked to me more beautiful than before, and I held her tightly, hating to break our sweet conjunction, my prick enjoying its cuntal bath, and even swelling again in it at the idea of losing it. “Oh! pray let me get up, or perhaps I shall be ruined.” — My selfishness struck me, I might have impregnated her, for never a hotter prick and cunt had spent on each other. So I rolled off, but as I did so grasped the whole surface of her cunt, lewed still, lasciviously delighted in

covering my fingers with our spending. Then I lay handling my prick with semenalized fingers, it seemed almost like feeling her and watched her wash that cunt, which ten minutes before had been refused me, and yet had rapturously spent as it felt the emulsion from my pego. Not a word was spoken. She finished the rinsing, stood up, let her clothes drop, and stared at me. “You've not dried it,” said I. — She stood looking ashamed. — “Rub it dry, or you'll wet your drawers.” — She turned her back and dried it with a towel, then turned round. “I must go.”

Off the bed I jumped. — “No love, I'm going to fuck you again, you needn't go away till nine o'clock, I won-der if the watch is broken, it's yours.” — Taking it up I found it going, the case had saved it. — Giving her a kiss I put the watch into her hand. She looked long at it. — Giving her a kiss I put the watch into her hand. She looked long at it. “I wish I'd never seen it and hadn't met you, perhaps I'm ruined through it — how can I account for having it.” — “We'll think of that presently — sit down and have another glass of wine.” — Saying that, I drew off my trowsers which were falling to my heels, threw off coat and waistcoat, and pulling two chairs in front of the fire we both sat down.

I put my arm round her kissing her, and for the first time got a kiss in return. No woman can refuse one to a man who has just fucked her. I talked about our pleasure in baudiest language, whilst she listened smiling, yet seemingly half ashamed and almost in silence. Then my hand sought her sexual treasure and her resistance was the merest sham. My fingers lodged between the pretty hirsute ridges, tickled by their curly fringe, whilst the tips rubbed gently the satiny nymphae and little clitoris. Then it roved over motte, and belly and thighs towards the smooth haunches, where the infernal drawers caught my wrist and hindered its advance. “Take off your drawers dear.” — “Oh no — I won't — I must be going.” — “Not till I've seen that lovely cunt — let me.” — Now she resisted, but a woman never long refuses a view of her cunt to the man who has fucked it, unless conscious of some defect; but few think that of their cunts. I'm sure that unless they be whores, that women don't know an ugly cunt from a pretty one, they haven't seen many full grown ones, and think well enough of their own. — Whores at times resist a close inspection of their splits, they know the difference in cuntal physiognomies for they've seen many cunts besides their own.

Irritated I pushed my hand roughly, the drawers hitched, stretched and tightened on my wrist. — “Oh don't” — I pushed harder, with a crack something gave way, the drawers loosened, and my hand slipped round towards her buttocks. — “There now — you've broken the string — what shall I do?” — She stood up half turning

towards me and feeling underneath her petticoats. I gave a gentle pull, the drawers slipped down her thighs, that hand went round her backside, the other did the same, and they nearly touched each other on the slopes to the bum furrow, as they grasped two deliciously smooth, firm, hemispheres of flesh. By that time, through standing up and moving, the drawers had slipped down below her knees, whilst still I felt her delicious backside, holding her close to me as I sat. Then she sitting down wriggling her bum, and complaining of what I had done, I helped her to disengage her ankles from their linen encumbrance. One of the strings had come off.

[Several women's drawers I have treated in similar manner, once or twice have violently torn them off and rent them in doing so. It's the only way with a woman who won't remove the useless cunt wipers. Drawers are better not looked at when torn off.]

The field was clear, rapidly I knelt in front of her (always do this) and kissed her thighs up to her notch. What a delicious odour was around the spot; odour of cunt and sweetest young flesh combined. Grasping her buttocks whilst I kissed and inhaled spite of her struggles, the exciting aroma stiffened my pego. When I like the smell of the woman there, it always does. Rising and showing its crimsoning plum shaped top. “Look dear, it's longing for your lovely cunt.” I placed her hand around it, and as before, she held it till I sat down by her side. Then turning towards each other with my arm round her neck, in silence kissing, we resumed feeling those blessed carnal implements of concupiscence, I gently feeling between the plump ridges of her cunt, she nervously feeling my stiff pego, with a soothing but not frigging motion; both now in silent voluptuous reverie.

“Let me see it, you must, you shall.” Vain refusals, words not meant. Gently I led her to the bed, placed her on it, opened full sized, handsome, well shaped, white fleshed thighs, and saw one of the prettiest cunts I ever set eyes on, smallish, youthful looking, with fullish ridges rather than lips, tho lips they were, with a well defined red coral line between them, but without protuberances, and fringed with short curly chestnut coloured hair, which also covered slightly a fat motte. Praising it rapturously, she let me move her limbs to see this delicate bit of nature's workman-ship; but saying, “Don't” (they always say that) yielding, pleased with my rapturous praises, proud of the admiration of her sexual charms. Then by her side I lay, our hands crossed each other's and we felt our sexual organs, till both were ready for another fuck. “Take off your clothes love, let's do it properly, my belly can't meet yours with your stays on.” — Refused at first, yet I prevailed. “I'll only take my stays off” — I helped them off, and then off went one petticoat, for she was warmly clad, and off I pulled drawers.

Then one hand on her cunt, the other round her neck just touching with finger points one of a lovely pair of breasts, talking of love and fucking, how my prick throbbed as one hand roved restlessly from thighs to belly, then to bum, seeking the furrow of its cheeks, feeling her bum-hole, then up her cunt, and into every crack and nook and cranny of her body, kissing and odourous even to her armpits, so enchanted, enraptured, was I with her, so ruttish. Then my fingers settled on her clitoris whilst her hand still held my prick, and whispering, “Let's do it love.” She turned upon her back, and opened her thighs. With one look at the red slit, its lips held wide apart by my fingers; with one gentle lick of her pretty clitoris, I dropped on to her belly now naked, clasped her lovely ivory buttocks, my fingers meeting in their valley, and then midst mutual sighs of pleasure, I buried my glowing prick up to its balls, in her thirsty, longing cunt.

I shall never forget with what delight I began to and fro friction, that oscillation of my arse, that searching of my tool, met by the gentle heaves of her soft belly. Our tongues now met, her bashfulness was gone, lubricious felt her cunt as it yielded to my thrusts, “Ahaa, my love, my prick's up your cunt, isn't it nice?” “Ah — y — hess — ahaa” — quicker moved my prick now stimulated by her pleasure, — now I gave frantic pushes, as my prick got almost painfully turgid — her backside heaved to me, her thighs moved up round mine, as she felt the approaching voluptuous delirium of her senses “Are you coming love?” — “Y — hes — aher.” — Her belly is quivering, her thighs clip mine, my prick settles at her womb, our backsides, bellies, and thighs, quiver together in our spasms of delight, we clasp each other tighter, her hand grips on my naked backside, my bursting prick shoots forth hot spunk with pulsating throbs into her cunt, which tight-ens, grinds, and sucks it with combined sensations of muscilaginous injection floods it, and the soft spendings come out from every pore of its lovely surface to mix with mine. Then again we die away in each other's arms in blissful, voluptuous silence. Ah! what a death to die, if death would come in such a shape.

I felt that I should like to lie within her for ever, but after short repose, whilst our wet lips were still meeting, she got off rapidly and washed away the evidences of our love. She piddled, and had not before done so, and now, our intimacy was complete, by fucking, feeling, cunt washing, and piddling before me. The joy of sexual partnership is only complete when modesty is gone. — Modesty! — a convention. There is none naturally either in man or woman, but the sham has its charm, for it gives the pleasures of destroying it, and yielding it.

Excepting in early manhood when my sperm reservoirs seemed always full, the second fuck tranquillized me, but my recuperative

power always with a nice fresh woman, or one whose sweet body I much liked, enabled me to separate the soft lips of her belly cleft with a rigid pego, a third time within the hour, and then I needed longer rest. This vital power of fucking thrice in sixty minutes I still have (and have now, eight years later). The second combat I find usually tranquillizes the lady, the fucking fatigues a woman less than a man. — Alice — the name she gave me — seemed now quiet and thoughtful, as she sat by my side by the fire. I put her cloak over her, coals on the fire, got two more candles from the baud, took more sherry and gave Alice more. I had still strong desire for the beautiful creature, still had that sense of fullness in my balls, that redness, heat, and lustful voluptuous irritation in my gland; which foretold more fucking soon.

She took the watch off the mantel-piece after sitting silent for a time, looked at it attentively, and then at the fire. I guessed her thoughts. Said she, “What can I tell about getting it?” — I have advised several of her sex what lies to tell under similar difficulties, and nearly always the same lie. The watch taken in a case, had been returned to my hands in a little wash-leather bag. Reminding the maker of that, he found the case, and I just then wanting a leather watch bag, put the one into my pocket. — “Put the watch into this, then lay it in the mud, say you saw the handle shining and picked it up.” — “That's what I have been thinking,” she rejoined. “But if they don't believe me?” — “Stick to it and they will.” — with a sigh, — “I can't say any-thing else, but must keep it a few days first. — I'm frightened tho.” “Name a spot where you found it.” — “I will.” — “Your husband will be glad you've got a watch” (trying to catch her). She smiled, and said she wished she had never seen it. — “But I have, and there's no help for it, now I must go.” — “No dear, not till we've done it again.” — She shook her head. I wish I knew what passed thro her mind just then, but feel sure that the desire for another cunt plugging detained her, tho she wanted to be off. The risk, the baudiness, the treat of the afternoon, the newness of the prick, affected her. In for a penny in for a pound perhaps. So we talked on, trying to entrap each other into telling who and what we were, but in both cases unsuccessfully.

I was going to my club when I met this fair crea- ture, and having eaten nothing since breakfast, my stomach reminded me. I said I felt hungry. — “So am I, they did not ask me to stop and dine.” — Meat at an unknown baudy house was out of the question, so I sent for Bath buns, the only thing I could for the moment think of as likely to be good, and for more sherry tho the bottle wasn't finished. I determined to ply her with wine hoping to make her speak about herself. We stuffed ourselves with buns, she took more sherry, which perhaps

added a little heat to her already hot lusting quim, but it never made her communicative about herself. We went on talking about fucking, she making few replies, but laughing and reprimanding me. — “What do you laugh for if you are offended?” — “I can't help it.” — Nothing is really more pleasing, more stimulating to modest women, than to have a man talk baudy to them.

Her petticoats now covered her legs, for she had again become as modest as she was before her quim had tasted my stretcher, but I could just see her shapely calves and little feet. The street mud, thickish and greasy, was on her boot soles, but had caused no splashes. I love to see a woman sitting by a fire, with petticoats so far up that the flesh of the thighs just shows, and I pulled them up so. Whenever I did she said she must go, but sat down when I told her that she must then go by herself. Some modest women I have found, dislike much going out of a baudy house alone. She hoped no one had seen her come into the house, and if ever I saw her anywhere again, that I'd take no notice of her. I promised, but she must meet me again. She started. — “Oh never — never — never, — oh! my God! don't ask me — never now.” — She seemed horrified at the suggestion. Who and what was she? Fucked she'd certainly been before, but whether wife, widow, mistress or neither I couldn't say (and never could). I am sure she wasn't a gay lady. Perhaps she was married and coquettish, and the offer of the watch had tempted her, just as her cunt was hot and longed for a male, which conjunction made her come to my arms. That is all quite probable, for a randy cunt weakens a woman's moral force. But women are inscrutable in their ways and lusts.

Then I put my hands on her breasts, a beautiful white pair. I could see their upper half, but with modesty still lingering (and certainly she was modest spite of her yielding to me). She tried to hide them; it was instinct, habit, and not sham. But praising their beauty rapturously as I did, and in my excited, lustful admiration of her, she yielded, and quietly I handled the firm globes, and felt the little bush in her armpits, (which smelt as lovely as the rest of her body) talking baudily all the time. Then I tickled her there, which seemed to win her to me more. Tickling increases the lust of some women, when once their voluptuous thoughts have begun, and the randy thrills are attacking their cunts. — Then I sucked one pretty small nipple, which I saw had never nourished an infant, and told her so. Thus our loving familiarity increased, she gradually surrendering to all my wishes, silent, and seemingly reflecting.

As I spoke about suckling, — “Has she had a child?” — passed through my brain. I had been too excited before to notice her belly, so dropped on my knees again, and kissed her thighs, and lifting her clothes, saw her smooth white belly without a sign or mark of

childbirth on it. I don't think she knew what I was up to. Then kissing, and sniffing the aroma from that warm nest, stiffened my pego, and as I got up I showed it to her. She laughed.

Sitting down by her side again, I pulled my shirt well up to let my prick be visible, tho now drooping a bit, and felt her lovely cunt. The fire blazed, the room got hot, the food, the wine, my kissing, my fingering her love trap, and baudy talk during an hour which had run away, had stirred her passions. I praised her cunt, its beauty and sweet odour, and a desire to gamahuche arose in me, for hers was not the cunt of a gay woman, and I wondered if a tongue had ever given pleasure there. So I talked of the pleasure of that lingual exercise and asked her to let me. She refused

— it was dirty talk — she wouldn't. — The more she refused, the more I longed to gamahuche her, begged, prayed, insisted, extolling the pleasures it gave as higher far than those from fucking; kissing and groping her all the time, till at length with my ballocks in her hand, she listened quietly and ceased saying, “No

— I won't let you.”

Then gently I led her to the bed, and tho she still refused it she did not resist me, was passive in my hands, and seemed ashamed and looked away, and not at me whilst she yielded and I placed her on the bed. Next minute I was kneeling on the floor, her thighs laying over my arms were wide apart, my hands clasping her lovely buttocks, her sacred sexual gap, that temple of Venus and love was open wide, and covered by my mouth which revelled in it. I opened my lips wide, so that I could cover the whole of the soft crimson surface of that entrance of the body, for I felt madly in love with her, was beauty struck and cunt struck as well, and delighted with the idea of giving her pleasure. I licked, then sucked, then licked again; from bum hole to her curly covered mons my tongue played lasciviously, I licked her thighs. I licked her navel, intoxicated with her sweetness, then plunged my tongue as far up her cunt as it could reach, and loved the taste, revelled in its odour, and in the sweet salinity of its exudations which lust now caused to issue. Then my tongue settled to the little clitoris, and on it and around it licked, till with a jerk of her belly she asked me to leave off. But holding her thighs firmly, I played my tongue with the agility of a serpent, and in a few seconds more, with a gentle heave up of her sweet cunt, with a shudder of her belly and a murmur of pleasure, she spent.

I arose, her thighs dropped down, the cunt ridges slightly closed, but ridges, motte, and all their curly fringe were soaked with my saliva, whilst opalescent moisture issuing from the furrow between the lips, shewed she'd enjoyed the lingual that I'd given her. Then pushing her on the bed, feeling her lubricious avenue, frigging her quietly so

as to reanimate her passions, and rouse again the lustful heat of her cunt, making her feel my pego and talking my baudiest, for several minutes I lay, whilst she quite silent submitted to all, fatigued with pleasure, yet getting slowly lewed in body again under my titillations. She must have been like me on heat that day. Then when she drew her cunt back with a voluptuous sigh, I knew she would take it up her, and again fucked her. Ah? with what delirium of sexual enjoyment, for I loved her.

It was approaching nine o'clock, she dressed in si- lence, whilst for a time I tried to induce her to meet me again, but uselessly. Whilst listening to my advice again about telling how she found the watch, she put her hand in her pocket, took something out, put her other hand to it, and then with a start as if she had forgotten what she was about, put it back into her pocket. Then it came suddenly to my mind that early in the evening she put something into her pocket rapidly, and turned away from me as she did so. — “You were going to put your wedding ring on,” said I. — “I wasn't — I have no ring” — and she looked confused. — “Let me feel in your pocket,” and I tried to do so. — “You shan't — you've no right,” she shrieked out, and I desisted. — Then we joked once more about marriage, as to which, or whether either of us was married, and there it ended.

We left together. Before doing so I put my head up her petticoats, gave her cunt a parting kiss, and should have liked to have bitten her clitoris off and swallowed it, so madly did I feel in love with her. She had plenty of money (none from me). I put her into a cab, and neither listened to the address she gave, nor followed her — as I had given my word — much as I longed to do so, and have never seen her since. — She said it wasn't likely that I ever should, but not why (many a day since I've thought of and longed for her, and she is one of my most delicious reminiscences).

The watch had my sister's initials and the maker's name on it. I told my sister I had lost it and gave her a new watch. Alice was worth a dozen watches I still think.

She was of an uncommon type of beauty, had light chestnut hair which crimped naturally, blue eyes with heavy eye brows, and long eye lashes. She had beautiful teeth, a small mouth, was well grown, well formed, was neither stout nor thin, and in brief was in that perfect condition, which a healthy woman of about two and twenty years arrives at, after a year's fucking. Her cunt was small, youthful and pretty. — Neither nipple nor belly showed signs of childbirth, yet she'd been fucked before I had her.

[This narrative is almost word for word as I wrote it within a few days after I had possessed this lady. I was so delighted with the adventure that I could think of nothing else for some days, and walked

over the same ground in the vain hope of meeting her again. Writing the narrative gave me the utmost delight, as I recalled each form and feature of the beauty, each voluptuous act, almost each sensuous word I uttered, acts and words I am sure both enjoyed. — Who and what was she?]

Chapter IV

Nelly's servant Agnes. • Sweet sixteen. • Three nights preliminaries. • Tactics. • Baudy pictures and tickling. • Garters and champagne. • Temporary limpness. • Drawers in the way. • Virginity slaughtered. • A week's felicity. • On the wearing of drawers by women. • Some months after. • Two years later on. • She marries.

Nelly L**l*e occasionally had been useful in procuring me other amusements, than those which her own belly could give. Most of my doings with her women have been narrated, others I omit describing. She was just now a little down in the world seemingly, and lived on the ground floor of a house in *** St, had two rooms leading out of each other and a kitchen below. In the upper part were respectable lodgers. Rather a poor lot lived in the street. The street door was always open and in her rooms one could hear the tramp of those going up and down stairs. They could have listened at her doors, tho at risk of being caught, which is as much resented among that class as among others.

One night she said she had a nice girl coming as servant “fresh from the country” where she had been nursemaid, and just sixteen years old. Her mother a poor charwoman quite knew Nell's occupation, but said that her girl was old enough to take care of herself, she could not keep her, indeed could scarcely feed her younger children. That's the usual way poor people push their children off. — Nelly was to take her temporarily till she got another a situation in a tradesman's house. Nelly had given out that she was a dresser at a theatre, so as to get into her present lodgings, she then I know could not bear living in a house with other gay women. She had promised the mother to hide her occupation of harlot from the lass, who when any one called was to go into the kitchen; but the mother unless a fool, must have known that that was useless. — Nell whetted my appetite, I asked her to get me the girl, and tempted enough, she said she would not guarantee a virgin — how could she? for she had been in service at * * * * * more than a year. Her father (then alive) had put her there. She should think she had not yet been fucked, and she was quite modest looking — but who could tell? — If she were not virgin, Nell could not expect me to be so liberal.

I remarked that I supposed the girl would be fucked if I didn't have her. — Nell replied that probably one of her men seeing her, would get hold of the girl some-how, and however she might try, the girl would find out that she was gay. She told her mother she must

take her chance of that if the girl came to her, but she was to get her another situation as soon as possible.

As I can no longer reckon upon unlimited stiff standers, I satisfied myself that night with feeling Nell's privates, and went away with ballocks unemptied, and as arranged, on the following night called. — Agnes opened the door. — Mrs. L**l*e was not in she said. — "I will call again." — "Oh if you please sir, Mrs. told me if you are the gentleman she expected, I was to ask you to wait till she returned. She'll be back soon." I went in and sat by the fire, my heart a little beating, cock a little beating, at the sight of the girl, and the anticipation of uncovering her nakedness, for I had a strong desire for her the instant I saw her.

Agnes was shortish, had dark brown hair, hazel eyes and thick eye brows, a fresh complexion and good features, tho the nose was snubbish. She was so plump and fully developed that I thought her seventeen till I looked into her face. — Oh if she be virgin! — and I felt wild to be at her. — "For God's sake don't be too hurried, don't have a noise," — Nell had said. "Because if any one's at the doors (there were two) he could hear." — Besides I had better try a little freedom first

— she might if alarmed tell her mother, thought Nell.

I stood by the fire in the bed room. The girl began to dust the poor furniture — never looking at me — she was nervous and dusted things over and over again. I stood wondering what sort of thighs she had, guessing at her quim, and balancing the chances of her being virgin or not. — "What's your name?" "Agnes, sir."

— "You're very pretty, can you fetch me some seltzer water?" — "Yes sir." — She'd been told where to go. She fetched it and I gave her the change. — She opened it, letting it fly all over me, and was in a funk.

— "Now you must dry me," and I made her rub me with a towel, my trowsers were wet just about my prick level. "Rub it dry here," said I pointing. She obeyed innocently. — I sent for more, gave her the change again, and she broke into a smile. — "If you let a drop run over you shall give me a kiss." — None was spilt and again she set to work dusting. — Then I made her fetch whiskey. — "Now hot water, and sugar." A kettle was on the hob and I mixed grog. She would take none. The change from the whiskey was on the table. "Give me a kiss and you shall have that." — "No," said she bolting to the other end of the room. — "Never mind, here it is." — She came, I put it into her hand, and caught and kissed her.

The fire in the parlour where she sat had gone out as soon did her candle, but she sat down there whilst I sat smoking by the bed. "Come to the warm," said I, and with a little persuasion she came. I praised

her beauty, said I had never enjoyed a kiss so much before, that I did not believe she was only sixteen, she was more. She wasn't sixteen she burst out. — I didn't believe it. — “Why sir I'm really not quite sixteen.” She had been a year in service as nursemaid to a little boy. The master kept a shop, and she imagined he failed, for she had heard them saying business did not go on. They had packed up several large trunks, and a week before that, had given Agnes notice. One night they told her to pack up her things, early next morning a cart was at the door, her box was put into it with their own, they drove to the railway and came to London. There they put her into a cab, paid her her wages, and gave her a written character. That was about ten days before this. She fetched the character to show me from her box in the kitchen.

Beyond the kiss I had made no progress. I got her to have whiskey and water, sent for more, and a lemon because she said she liked it with lemon, and her late mistress used to give her a wine glass full, made so. — I gave her the change again — “Mrs. L**l*e said you were a kind gentleman,” said she. — “Do you know you have given me so much,” — taking it all out of her pocket. “I'd give you three bright sovereigns to sleep with you” — plunging into business at once. — she looked glum, made no reply, and began dusting the things again. — “You'll dust the legs off at that rate, come here and make the kettle boil.” She did and we went on talking. She had no sweetheart and had never been out at night without her mistress, whose boy was two years old, — “How do you know it was not a girl?” said I. — She made no reply and looked queer. — “What's the difference between the two?” — No reply. “The difference is between the thighs, isn't it, Agnes?” — “I wonder whether my mistress is coming, I'll go and look.” Saying that she left the room, and after a few minutes I found her at the street door. — “I shall go if you don't come in,” said I.

In she came, and I recommenced chaffing. “Tell me the difference between a boy and a girl.” — “I shan't.” — “Tell me.” — She burst into a laugh then stopped' herself. Did she ever see her master and mistress in bed together, how did they lay? Was her mistress fat or lean? — Where did Agnes wear her garters? — “You garter below knee.” — What a lot of women I've trapped into a reply by that remark. — “That I don't” said she sharply. She was then sitting near me, and I put my hand rapidly above her knee and felt the garter outside her clothes. “That's it, I wish I were the garter, then I should see if you were a boy or a girl.” — I pinched her thigh again and gave her another kiss, then praised her feet, (she was well booted). She lifted her clothes slightly to show her boots — but every thing was done in a modest way by her.

At last I got to fucking heat, and felt that I must talk baudily,

although Nelly had earnesly cautioned me not to do so. — “Has any gentleman been here today with Mrs. L” — “Not that I know of sir.” — “Has she been fucked today?” — The girl rose up with face blood red, I never saw such a red face or such confusion, and tried to walk away, but I sat just between her and the bed room door, so she was obliged to pass me, and I caught her. — “Let me go sir.” — “Has any man been on the bed with her and put his cock into her cunt?” — “Let me go sir now.” — “You know what I mean.” — She burst into tears. — “I'll tell Mrs. L**l*e. — I'll tell my mother.” — I thought I'd gone too far. “Don't be so foolish, you know Mrs. L**l*e has men to fuck her.” — Then I let her go, but felt outside her quim as she passed me, and saying, “I'd give a good sum to fuck you.” She left the room, and soon after I found her standing at the street door looking up and down the street. I got her back and went on chaffing baudily, she then sitting in the dark front room, silent.

Nell came in soon after, and sent the girl to fetch something from the public house. I told what I had done. She thought I'd gone too far, said the girl should sleep with her, and she'd talk her over. When Agnes returned, I threw Nell on the bed and lifted her petticoats to her navel. Agnes turned away her head. Nell sent her to the sitting room and closed the folding door, intentionally leaving it ajar, and winking at me. Then Nelly stripped, I unbuttoned, we got on to the bed, and with much lasciviousness and murmurs of pleasure fucked. — “Agnes, Agnes,” cried Nell when we had finished. — After calling her several times, in came the girl saying she had been asleep, but she looked so con-fused that we knew it was a lie. — Said Nell to me quietly, — “Nothing makes a girl want it so much, as seeing a man and woman doing it, I and Sophy often saw them doing it in the fields, and used to talk about it.” — [Sarah F**z*r and other resorted to this de-vice, and it is of all time no doubt.]

Two days after I intentionally met Nell out. She had slept with Agnes, and was going to let the girl peep when another man was doing it to her. She was pretty certain the girl was virgin. She had been talking that day of leaving and going home to her mother. — “Do her tonight if you can, but don't make a noise, there are always people going up and down stairs, and they pass the doors to go to the back yard as well.” She advised me to offer her money. The girl had got hot and lewed enough when told a few things about fucking, Nelly was sure. How like this is to previous similar adventures.

[But fucking — its preliminaries, and sequences, was, is, and always will be the same.]

Next time as arranged Mrs. L**l*e was out — I waited, sent out for this and that, gave Agnes the change, got her to sip the liquor, and at last settled her down on a chair by the bed side opposite to me, as

on the previous night. But I should say that before that, I had visited Nell that afternoon, and that Agnes then was sent to wait in the kitchen.

Nell then had told me that she was a lovely made girl, had a fair quantity of hair on her quim, knew about fucking, and had seen Nell twice fucked. But I thought that Agnes was funky and modest, and did not half like her place with a theatre dresser, for Nell kept up that farce. So did the girl tho she knew better. Now I praised Agnes' beauty till she grinned, and then I kissed her. “This is the second time you have come and found my Mrs. out,” said she.

Then I tried the old dodge, played so successfully with others, an infallible way of getting my hand near a cunt without scaring the lady. “I have brought you a pair of garters,” producing a handsome pair. — “Oh thank you, sir,” said she delighted. — “My pair is just like them.” — “Yours?” — “Yes, only they are old and dirty, my mistress gave them me when she had a new pair, she was married in the pair she gave me.” — I didn't believe it — Agnes became excited, and turning her back bent forward, and the next instant showed me a dirty garter of the same pattern as mine, which were gorgeous in colour, and with gilt clasps and buckles.

“They are yours if you let me put them on.” — “Certainly not.” — “What nonsense — what if I do see your legs — I have seen your ankles and boots. — What harm in showing a little bit higher up?” It was nearer her cunt what of that, I had seen hundreds of cunts. — A cunt was meant to be seen, and felt, and kissed — looked at what Nelly did, I remarked. At the word cunt she tossed her head, and when she'd got the shock I pulled her on to my knees, and said she would not let me because her thighs were not so clean. — That they were. — She had the bath always after Mrs. L**l*e. “Then why not let me?” — “I won't.” — “Then you shan't have the garters, tho I meant to give you half a crown each garter I put on.” — She laughed, I put them on the mantel piece and changed the subject — every minute or so, she then looked up at the mantel piece whilst we were talking.

“I shall go, Nelly's very late” — and I put the garters in my pocket. — “Mrs. won't be long, she'll be angry if you go — it's not my fault is it?” — “Yes, I'll go unless you let me put on the garters.” — She hesitated. — I got close to her where she was standing. — “Now you goose, let me sit you on the bed.” — She half sat on it and I lifted her on to it, she laughing nervously as I did so. — “Don't be rude now.” — Then was the game I have played over and over again with females, both young and full grown, and rarely have failed. — A little variety in the attack, a little in their defense, but virtually all was the same. — Vanity, the desire for the garters, flattery of feet and ankles, pave the way. — Thus it was with Agnes — slightly struggling,

refusing but acceding, bit by bit I lifted her clothes, put on both garters, and whilst she hollowed and resisted, got my hand on her cunt. — “Oh — don't — you beast — leave off.” She escaped me and sat down crying, making indeed such a very loud noise that I ceased, but stood before her with a cockstand showing, begging her in plainest language to let me fuck her pretty little cunt. How stimulating to the passions of a woman, is that desire when expressed by a man in lewed language.

After a time she was pacified — I kept my prick out tho it was now hanging down, and stopped her going to the door. — “I will go if you keep on showing it” — so I put my prick out of sight. Then I praised her cunt, how hairy it was for her age, and what a nice smell it had, what fat thighs she had. — For a quarter of an hour I gave license to my tongue to stimulate her lust. She never made a reply or a remark. — “Come to the bed and I'll give you three sovereigns.” — I kissed her again and she scarcely struggled, but sat sulkily looking at the fire and thinking over I suppose what had taken place; staggered but half lewed by the knowledge that I had felt her privates, and had got the aroma of her quim on my fingers.

“Another night you'll let me, won't you?” and I promised I expect all that I could to tempt her, and in my rutting furor meant it. “Who will know if you don't tell? all girls do it but don't tell — let me.” — So I talked on, so long, standing by her side. — she I saw irresolute, — kissing her at intervals, and every now and then pulling out my staff, then pushing it back again, persuading, and offering money. She at last was sitting silent, sulky, shrugging her shoulders each time she heard lewed words.

Three hours had slipped away, so deliciously absorbing is a cunt hunt. — How I kept in my sperm I don't know — Nelly came in, and Agnes went to the kitchen: Nell when she'd heard me, said she'd talk to her again in bed. — “Perhaps she'd have let you tho had you tried to do it, as she sat still, try her well on Monday” — (it was Saturday). Then she asked me part payment, for services. “Not so green, my dear, not yet — no fuck, no money — no virgin, half price, — I tip you each night I'm here just as if I fucked you, and you ought to be satisfied.” — “Come on Monday, there is more noise in the house and street that day, bring champagne, and try her.”

I restrained myself from fucking Nell, wanting Agnes to have it all, and went away concupiscent. — On the Monday by arrangement Nell met me in the street, said she had called Agnes a fool not to get three sovereigns and a good friend. — “Make her let you, she'll be frightened I think to make a noise, and she's curious to know if it hurts. I've told her that that's nonsense, that pleasure comes quickly, the pain is nothing, the pleasure great.” — So with a determination to

have the girl, I knocked at the door on the Monday night.

Nell had moved an old wardrobe across the lobby door of the bed room, so as to shut out sound, and had told me to close the folding doors — I did that directly, saying how cold the room was — Agnes sat herself in the front room, but there was no fire there, and the lass with a little persuasion came and sat near me. She looked anxious, kept moving her legs and hands about, and then got up and began dusting.

I opened my champagne. “I mustn't have any,” said she. “For Mrs. L. gave me some gin and water before she went out.” — I saw Nell's little game. — But Agnes persuaded took the first, then a second glass, and then began to laugh, and looked lovely — I got furiously lewed, took the pot, and pulling out my prick so stiff that I could scarcely piss thro it, ostentatiously for her to see, emptied my bladder. — “Do you want to piddle?” — A toss of her head. — “Now you're beginning again sir.” — It little matters what remark you begin a baudy conversation with, so long as it leads to thinking of prick joining cunt, which makes both sexes lewed — Dukes and Duchesses, Peasants and Beggars it is all the same. Suggestive conversation must be begun, to heat the imagination and make lewedness creep into the generative organs. Then when it does, the battle is half won. — A randy wench, her cunt sweating with lust, longing for the unknown pleasure, curious about coition which she has so much heard of, and seen dogs, and cocks and hens doing, can scarcely long resist trying it, when a man is soliciting.

She finished the glass, then a third, and soon after began to laugh at my talk but in a shamefaced way. — It was all about Nell and the men she'd seen fucking. — She'd the new garters on for I had left them her. — “Let me see them, you haven't.” — She refused, I began pulling up her clothes, she resisting, and at length said she'd kiss me if I desisted. I did, was kissed but recommenced. — “Oh that's not fair.” — She'd show me one garter, then turning round she took one off quickly. I would feel the other, got my hand on to it, then on to her cunt. — She rose up and dislodged my hand, but I pushed her to the bedside unbuttoning my trowsers as I did so.

My stiff cock was soon made visible to her and I tried to feel her again. “If you don't leave off I'll run out of the house.” — “Let me fuck you.” — “You beast.” — “I'll give you these,” and put three sovereigns down on the table (I've always found three sovereigns a lucky number). — “I won't let you, I don't want the money.” — She got noisy, so I ceased attempting or tempting further. In a quarter of an hour, after chatting on with scarcely a reply, I produced a baudy book and asked her to look at it. — “What's it about?” — “Come and see.” — She sat on my knee, and took more champagne. — “That will make

you want to piddle." — She tossed her head without reply, and I opened a book I have had some years full of the lewedest engravings. She turned over the leaves without any remark, but she coloured up. Then came a print of a girl gamahuching another. "Oh! what a beast" — and she closed the book. The pictures, talk, wine, and the look of my prick had heated her little quim, kind nature helps the man, thoughts stir lust. — suddenly tickling occurred to me, so kissing and talking baudy, I began tickling her, and did so till she kicked, and writhed, yelled and laughed, till almost exhausted. Then I got my finger well on her moist slit, and frigged away spite of her closing her thighs on it, and wriggling her buttocks.

I saw that she was clean upset, that lust was getting strong in her. — Desire in a woman is her weakness. Thro struggling and my frigging, her hair was tumbling down — her breath got short, her struggles feeble. — "Oh — now — don't — oho — don't do that — aha — o — sir — what a shame."

Instinct told me that the psychological moment had come. Kissing her I lifted her on to the bed, she perhaps half unconscious that she was getting on, and all the time saying, — "You shan't now. — I won't let you." — On to her back I got her, throwing myself upon her at the same instant, my trowsers a little unbuttoned, thro which my prick protruded. I hitched up her clothes with difficulty, fearing she would still resist, and somehow managed to open my trowsers more, laying on her all the time. — Then I noticed she had drawers on and tore at them violently. — "Oh don't tear 'em they are new," said Agnes roused. In hot lust, and fear of some impediment, I tugged harder, they seemed slitting, my belly partly met hers, and I felt her cunt with one hand whilst still tugging at the drawers with the other, till they were away from her thighs. For an instant I rose up between her thighs, had a flash of white flesh and dark hair, and down on her belly went again, guiding my prick to its goal.

Then occurred that which has taken place several times in my life, and I think more frequently of late years, perhaps the result of age. As my prick touched her sexual treasure, to my horror it quickly drooped, its tip was at the mouth of the temple, was between the lips of the avenue so coveted, but would not enter, and a fearful nervousness came over me. The girl lay quiet, yielding her person to my will, and I lay feeling her buttocks, kissing, endearing and rubbing my gland up and down the face of her cunt, in a state of a fearful misery at my impotence. — How long my nervous horror lasted I cannot say. "There love — that doesn't hurt does it — that's all" — and other puerilities I uttered, till I recollected suddenly that several times in my life before I had been similarly impotent, and that it did not last long. Courage came with that. Sliding my finger along the lips

of her cunt I tried to put one up. She winced, “Oh! — you hurt” — I felt sure now that she was virgin, and at once my prick sprang into life, into splendid condition, — fit to break through any hymen, young, old, tough or easy.

My clothes seemed in the way, my prick couldn't get to its goal comfortably, tho she lay quiet with eyes closed, anticipating my pego. Rising on to my knees, rapidly I took off coat and waistcoat, tore open my trowsers, dropped down on her again, and my pego touched her notch, I placed it at the orifice, clasped her buttocks and lunged. It was stopped. — “Hoh — don't” — she cried. “Be quiet dear, they'll hear you,” and I lunged again. She cried out loudly. It was a tough maidenhead, in two or three more lunges my tip stuck fast. Another lunge with all the force of rump and loins, a violent lunge, something gave way, and my gland seemed nipped. Another thrust, another sharp cry from her, and my prick was buried in her, her maidenhead was gone, my sperm was jetting out hot and thick into her cunt. Then she lay tranquil, soothed by the emollient my prick had shed in her. — Girls I find whatever their struggles before, all lay quiet directly the prick has shed its balmy fluid up them; sperm is a delicious cunt-soother.

Recovering from my fainting joy, my prick lay still stiff up her — Agnes lay quiet with closed eyes, and answered none of my questions, and so I lay up her thinking and indulging. At last she said, “You've torn my drawers to pieces I'm sure.” — “I'll give you a new pair dear” — and I wriggled my prick a bit in her cunt, for it was dwindling. Now I longed to give her pleasure for she hadn't spent, and pushed and wriggled my prick more, put my hand down to feel it, and my fingers were blood stained. Then I uncunted. — “Let me get up, please do,” she whined. She felt her quim. — “You've made me bleed,” she whimpered. — “Let me get up.” — I wouldn't, but still partially laying on her, lifted up one of her legs, tugged her drawers up, and put them under her cunt. It was a tough virginity, a bloody sacrifice, scarcely any hymen I've slaughtered caused so much blood-letting. Women in this vary much, I've ruptured many a cunt and know. — We lay now talking. How lovely is that chat with the woman who has just been fucked for the first time, whose cunt is full of the man's semen. “Next time dear it will be all pleasure.” — Now and then I took the ragged drawers away from her quim to see if she were bleeding still. — She seemed now apathetic in her quiescence, as I tenderly put a finger up her deflorated hole. — What delight to feel the soft buttery interior, and know it was of my own making; how quietly she let me feel, altho with a few twitches of her thighs. Then I made her feel my prick, it was sticky, had drooped but was again stiff ten minutes after it had left her cunt; then on to her again I turned.

“Oh — no — not again.” — “There dear — the tip's in — there” (a shove). “O-hoo” — I was up her. — Then came the delightfully gentle thrusts as smoothly it stretched her ravished cunt, and glided up and down in the soft channel; it went out to the tip, up to the balls, and then lay quiet plugging her, letting her feel the delicious distention of her sheath. Then it wriggled up against her womb portals giving gentle titillating pushes there — knocking for an opening for the sperm to enter. She sighed, I saw the white of her eyes thro the half closed lids — she was enjoying the fuck now — its pleasure was coming on her — her cunt plugged and already gorged with sperm, was ready for my second libation. Now I thrust harder and quicker — a little sigh, followed by a slight shudder, her hands clasped my arse (a woman instinctively does so when she spends) and her crisis was on — Ah! that marvellous grinding clip, that gentle movement. My spunk shot up her as she quivered with pleasure, and then with eyes closed we laid together tranquilly joined.

But not for long, desire for her began as soon as I had finished, never had I been more continuously and irresistibly randy, and before the hour had run out we were spending again. Two hours later on, I had just had my fourth, last, long, labourious fuck, when we heard sharp raps at the door. It was Nelly.

“Oh! it's mistress, don't pray open the door.” She shook her petticoats when off the bed, and with one leg of her drawers round her ankle, opened the door. I had buttoned up. — “I've been knocking ten minutes - fetch some ale Agnes,” said Nell — the girl who looked ill went out. I told Nell all, gave her her present and left. She said that an hour before she had knocked. We had not heard her.

The next day with a cockstand, I knocked and Nell opened it — Agnes was there. “So you've been poking my maid you bad man.” “Nothing of the sort.” — “Nonsense, she has told me you did if four times, you never did me so often — I'm going out.” — “If Agnes and I like fucking it's our business isn't it?” — “Mine too, for she is my servant” — and out Nell went.

The next moment I threw Agnes on the bedside and looked at her cunt — what a sweet pretty little cunt it looked. I fell gamahuching it with all my might, she was soon roused, and we fucked there.

I stripped her. A lovelier formed girl I never put naked, she had the fullness of eighteen in thigh, bum and breast, but the cunt of sixteen, the sweetest little split of a delicate pink, with slight, silky, shortish, brown hair round it, the lacerated edges of the virginity looked like a cockscomb. — Yesterday — a fight, a struggle to feel it — today I turn her on to back and belly, open her thighs, finger her from navel to arse-hole — I kiss — smell — lick her sweet red little quim, frig it and fuck it, as if her cunt had been my property for years,

whilst she lays quite complaisant, tranquilly and voluptuously enjoying my investigations. — I show her all the curiosities and habits of a prick — its stages of repose, half stand, full stand, tip covered and uncovered — prick changing to crimson as the lustful want gets fiercer and it stands erect. What a treat for her to feel and stiffen it for me, whilst I lay licking her clitoris. I fucked, and sucked, and frigged her that night till she was blue under the eyes. I never left her cunt for hours, and fetched her young as she was, with tongue, finger and prick quite six times. — My prick this night was not so ready, towards the last indeed I had a dry Priapus, tho stiff as any horn from excitement, and kept ramming it up her without emission, tho I felt her young cunt tightening, grinding and wetting it. And then her quiet enjoyment, so quiet but so defined, when her cunt flux came on. Towards the last when I fucked her twenty minutes at a guess without an emission, she in her fatigue sighed. — “Oh, do leave off — I am so tired, — Oh do.” — Nell came back in bad humour, a friend (so she said) had wanted to come home with her and wouldn't go with her elsewhere. I made that all right with money. Then we drank together. — “Agnes has got her cunt full of my spunk,” said I — “Go and wash stupid,” said Nell.

Next time, Nell put on clean sheets. — Being doubtful about her own, she had to borrow a pair, I had then no idea she'd got so poorly off. Then I and Agnes got into the bed start naked. For two or three weeks I was mad for her, I gamahuched her unusually, it was an inciting cunt for that — so youthful. She was a strong, healthy, juicy, little wench and spent freely, but I knocked her up with spending. I taught her everything. Not an attitude in which a woman can be fucked that I did not fuck her in, she knew the whole art of copulation within a fortnight. Then my powers began to fall off and my letch was over, and I began to think of the future of the girl. What did she intend to do I asked. — “Go back to service, but in a respectable house, not like this.” — Unless she was in the family way — she began to whimper at the idea of that. Nell got fidgety and said I was turning her out of her rooms. She said that Agnes did nothing but sit before the fire and think, and was no longer any use as a servant, all thro the fucking, but she would keep her of course if I wished it. All the harlot procuresses behave the same. — With that understanding, and that she would not let any of her visitors fuck the girl, I stayed away a fortnight. When I went again, Agnes had left and gone to her mother. Said Nell, “She would not stop any longer.” Nell was dressed in her best, with silk stockings and nice boots, and threw herself on the bed, and scratched her cunt, and finding that that did not fetch me, opened her thighs showing her red furrow in the way she knew I liked it done — I had written to say I should call and she'd got up herself thus

invitingly. I guessed that. It was useless, I was angry. Then she said she was lewed, it was such a time since I'd fucked her.

"Give it me," said she with her customary virtuous simplicity of speech. She had a lecherous looking, dark haired cunt, which tho now large inside was a perfect sperm sucker, and she had taken a fancy to my fucking her lately I think. I wouldn't give her any cock, and went off saying that if Agnes was not back in a week, she'd see no more of me [I always acted thus in similar circumstances, nearly every woman who has helped me to their servants, got rid of them soon after I'd fucked them, and tried to prevent my having them long]. In a week Agnes was back, and didn't I moisten her little cunt, didn't she wet my ballocks. In a few days (I was at liberty just then) I fucked myself out, and fucked, gamahuched, and frigged Agnes into a similar state of lassitude. [All love ends in fucking, and that delightful exercise and its preliminaries are much the same, excepting on the first nights of a new piece. But what delightful shades of difference with each woman. This makes the variety in women so charming. But with Agnes, one evening was I find from my amatory diaries much the same as another, so I burn those copious records of my frolics, and abbreviate the sequel with Agnes which was spread over three or four years.]

Agnes was in the family way by me. Nelly got that stopped, and I paid for it. A friend of Nelly's saw Agnes and offered to keep her, so Nelly sent her home to her mother. I heard nothing of the girl for some months, when Nelly told me she'd heard she was a shop girl, but didn't know where (I dare say she did). One night at dusk I met her in O**f'*d St. walking fast, and carrying a large parcel. I stopped her, induced her into H*n*v*r S****e, where we kissed, then I felt her cunt and then with much difficulty got her to a neighbouring brothel. "Only to have a talk," said I. Within five minutes after I was fucking her. She to my great annoyance had drawers on, but what a delicious fuck it seemed to me. Then with drawers off we fucked again, and off she went. These chance meetings always are delicious. No one she said had ever touched her since I had, "And now perhaps I'm in for it again." — I couldn't get her address, and she refused to meet me, or let me have her any more.

Again as said she had drawers on, more and more this fashion of wearing drawers seems spreading. Formerly no woman wore them, but now whether lady, servant, or whore, they all wear them. I find they hinder those comfortable chance feels of bum and cunt, of which I have had so many.

Some months again elapsed when I met Agnes in the dark in R*g*t St. Again I got her to a house and fucked her. She had grown, was nearly nineteen, and what a lot more hair she had on her cunt. — I wrote a long description of that pretty article. I fucked her as much

as I could in two hours, she refused to meet me again, and I never saw her more.

Full two years after, Nelly said that Agnes' mother told her, that the girl was married to a man in comfortable circumstances, had one child, and lived at B" * t* *ea.

Agnes was one of the pretty cunted ones — perhaps the rift in a female belly is never so beautiful as it is between the age of sixteen and seventeen; yet I have thought otherwise, have liked the full sized, hirsute furrow which thirty-five gives. — Age has changed my taste in cunts, as it has in wines and other things.

But how singular. How few women I've met again when I have once lost sight of them, yet I have fucked a thousand. — Singular — where do they go to?

Chapter V

Frances the tailor's daughter. • Struck with me. • My indifference. • A Priapean exposure. • Nelly's disappearance. • That night's meeting. • Easy victory, willing virgin. • Her history. • Father in hospital. • The wages of sin useful. • Parental obliviousness. • Frances in service. • In keeping. • H*l*n Mw**d. • Our first meeting. • Her physical perfections. • Money differences. • My promise kept. • A year's interval. • Friendship established. • Mutual meretriciousness. • Unrestrained sexual amusements. • Erotic tastes gratified. • Arcades ambo.***

For two or three weeks after Agnes first left Nelly L, I did not go there. Then I resumed my visits, which led to an extraordinary piece of luck. — Nelly was in the same rooms, and had no servant, perhaps because she couldn't then afford to keep one. Occasionally I when she didn't expect me, and several times found her called between three and four o'clock in the afternoon sitting and working with a shabbily dressed, tallish, pale-faced, delicate, indeed refined looking girl, with blue soft eyes and brown hair. Seemingly she was about sixteen years of age, which indeed she was. The girl was scuffled out of the room quickly, but till she left, she kept as much as she could her eyes upon me enquiring, and as if struck with me. That passed through my mind but without its leading to any other thoughts about her, excepting that she was a genteel looking girl to be sitting with a thorough harlot, for Nelly now looked one and was.

Afterwards the girl was standing in the passage once or twice when I had written Nelly to expect me. I told her she was pretty, to which she made no reply, but looked me full and earnestly in the face. I told Nelly of this, who angrily remarked, “What does she do there?” — “Wants fucking perhaps, get her for me, I suppose she's had the doodle up her.”

I scarcely ever saw Nelly excited but she was now. That she wouldn't. “She's never had it, I'm sure.” — The girl was the eldest daughter of a tailor, who with a wife and four children had the top rooms of the house, they were most respectable people, had prayers morning and night, invited Nelly to join them at prayers, worked from morning to night, but could scarcely live, for all that and permitted their daughter to work in Nelly's room in the day time. Nelly had told them she was engaged at a theatre, perhaps they believed that, at all events knew that Nelly was a quiet woman who paid her rent, and even once lent the tailor a little money when he was hard up. The girl

was working at waistcoats, in Nelly's room.

“You talk about fucking with her.” — Nelly denied that, but afterwards admitted that at times they did, if they talked about marriage, or children. “Why of course you can't help talking about doing it, all girls do.” — “She'll be fucked soon.” — “If she be, it won't be any fault of mine.” — “She's been fucked.” — “I'm sure she hasn't.” “Get her for me.” — “That I won't.” — Mine was mere joking, for I'd no desire for the girl. Soon after I fancied that this girl must have heard from Nelly when she expected me, and that she had taken a liking for me, I saw it in her eyes, and if caught in the room she evidently took as long to get out as she could, yet for a couple of months I thought nothing about that. Then it passed through my mind that a poke into her little quim would not be undesirable.

One evening in my shirt only, and Nelly in chemise, I was going to fuck her and had a glorious erection, when a knock came at the door of the sitting room. Nelly jumped up, saying, “Wait a minute it's the tailor's gal she's got something for me.” — Partly closing the bed-room door, she let the girl in. I went to the bedroom door when they had been talking a minute. — Nelly had her back to me, the girl her face. — She saw me, but gave no signs of it to Nelly. Being lewed, I lifted my shirt and showed my pego. Still the girl gave no signs, but her eyes every minute went to my stiff penis, then to Nelly. Then I shook it at her, feeling delight at shewing it to one who probably had never seen, or certainly never handled a man's pego in that carnally excited state. A minute perhaps this went on, for they were engaged in an animated conversation about some-thing. Then Nelly turning round saw me, — I had just dropped my shirt, — and said, “Ar'n't you coming?” — She pushed the girl immediately out of the room. Whilst doing so and her back was towards me, I again showed the tailoress my stiff stander for an instant.

A week or so after that I called and the girl was there. To Nelly's annoyance I now kissed the girl who quietly submitted to it. Soon after when I called, a man was with Nelly, I went off and came back in an hour, and the tailoress was then in the passage. “You didn't tell Nelly I showed it you,” said I. She shook her head but never spoke. Excepting one day after the cock exhibition night, I'd never heard the girl's voice.

Now came a passing desire for the wench and I spoke about her. Nelly repeated all. Thinking that the girl must know all about Nell's occupation, I said — “She'll soon get fucked I'm sure.” — “Perhaps she will for they are dreadfully poor and she wants to go to service, but they won't spare her, but I won't have anything to do with your having her” — I thought no more about it for my desire was not strong.

About three weeks after this when I knocked at Nelly's door, it was opened by a man who said he'd been in the rooms a fortnight. Standing in the street wondering, disappointed, and much wanting a fuck, and thinking I'd try a French doxy, a girl came along carrying a small basket of vegetables. It was the tailor's daughter. “Why it's you, Miss Frances.” — “Yes sir.” Then she told me that Nelly left in a hurry, why she knew not, neither knew she where she had gone. We stood talking, my pego swollen with want of a woman, and the girl lovely in my eyes. I wondered if she'd been fucked, and a rush of cognate ideas coming, said, “Do you recollect my standing in my shirt?” — “Of course” — she replied quite calmly and without a smile as far as I could see by the light of the street lamps. Questioning her, she said she knew Nelly was gay, didn't think her father did, she'd never seen any one else in a shirt like me, and the placid manner and look of the girl was such, that I thought her one of the supremely cunning ones. She then looked round restlessly, saying, “I hope father won't catch me.” Risking it I asked her if she'd come with me, have a glass of wine, and see me stand in my shirt again. I used no other language. She looked very queerly and earnestly at me. At length, “You're very fond of Nelly ain't you? she says you are.” — “Pretty well, but I'm love with you.” — “Oh you story.” — “It's true — come now, and let me kiss those pretty lips, and I'll give you two sovereigns.” — The girl got quite agitated, she seemed to shake — I repeated it. — “I would but am frightened.” — “Oh come.” — After a few minutes' persuasion, (had sensuous thrills in her cunt any-thing to do with it?) “I must take these up and get a bit to eat, and I'll come if mother lets me.” — “I'll be here in half an hour with a cab, but if your mother won't let you?” — That agitated her more than ever, she reflected looking all the time at me. — “I will run out then, I will whether she lets me or not, I'm sick of home, but if father's at home, I daren't.”

Has the little devil been fucked, and did Nelly fear my taking a fancy to her; that passed through my mind. If she had, it would still be a youthful cunt, one wanting a fuck, and that would be a treat in itself. As it was or would be soon my dinner time, I went to a fish-shop, dined off oysters, bought a cake and bottle of Sherry, and was in a cab near the house at the appointed time. Soon after she came running down the street. — “Mother wouldn't let me, so I ran off, and father isn't at home.” Ten minutes after we were in a nice bedroom.

She was tired, had had nothing to eat since break-fast, none of them had for they were short of work, her father had gone to try to get some. — “I'm sick and tired on it, when other girls get a good living and nice clothes, and they won't let me” — said Frances. Her eyes shone when she saw the cake, she gobbled, she stuffed herself with it, but took wine sparingly. What struck me is the way she fixed

her large blue eyes on me all the time she was eating, without speaking. — Was she thinking of fucking? How I should have liked to have known her thoughts. Was her cunt heating voluptuously? I wished I'd been her cunt to have felt its sensations. I was longing to grope her but restrained myself, talked about Nelly and her fucking, to which she made no reply whatever, tho now and then her eyes blinked, and a flush came over her face.

Her belly full, I got her on to my knees and kissed her rapturously. She returned my kisses as if she'd known me a month, as if fond of me. I got my fingers on her cunt, she closed her thighs. “Oh don't,” said she modestly. — “Let's feel it love, don't be foolish.” — Then my fingers had their way, gently I slid one back to-wards the aperture thro which love enters, whilst she laid her head on my shoulder, and arm round my neck in such a loving way, that I didn't know what to make of it. Her thighs every now and then closed gently as my fingers advanced. — I spoke about fucking — ah! ah! an obstacle. — “Oh you hurt.” — Then gently, delicately, I nearly satisfied myself she was virgin, and was in the seventh heaven. “You've never been fucked?” — “No one's ever done what you're doing,” said she beginning to cry. I comforted her and gave her more wine, ceasing to grope, tho yet not absolutely satisfied of her virginity; it seemed so improbable.

Without any difficulty after a little more talking about fucking, I led her to the bedside, there kneeling, and throwing up her clothes, kissed motte and belly. But she wouldn't open her thighs. — “Oh! — no — don't now sir.” Then rapidly I threw off all clothing but my shirt, and showed my stiff prick. — “Lay hold of it, look at it dear.”

I'm sure that my prick when stiff, is not always the same, nor has it the same rigidity; it is longer, thicker, and stiffer at times, than at other times of its erection. Now it seemed bigger than ever, long, thick and as rigid as a horn, almost painfully turgid was it as I put her hand round it. The girl held it motionless, staring at it silently. Then both of us leaning against the bed, she still grasping my staff, I felt her notch and gently frigged her. Nature impels me to do this with every woman especially with one not gay, the feel of the clitoris to me is delicious, and more so when the gentle agitation of the lady's belly and thighs, warn me that lust is running through her frame, that voluptuous tightenings in her cunt prepare her for erotic ecstasies. “Aha!” she murmured and her hand closed convulsively on my pego. A woman's hand always does that when a strong voluptuous thrill passes from her cunt through her body. “Aha — A — har.” — “Get on the bed love” — unhesitatingly she got there for, she'd come for fucking. — I had not asked her to take her clothes off, fearing delay.

Side by side for a minute we lay handling cock and cunt, her arm

round my neck, mine holding her head to me, kisses alone heard. My pego began to throb. Never more sure of its potentiality I had no nervousness, knew that the stubborn tool would rupture the toughest hymen, would go thro two, would almost split a cunt if it were too small. — “Let me love.” — “You'll hurt.” — “No love.” — “Don't put it far in then.” — “I won't” — saying that I turned her on her back and mounted her, in a second lodged my prick against the little sloping inlet, felt the barrier of her chastity, and with all the force and weight of loins and buttocks gave splitting thrusts. “Hoh — oho” — she moaned. But ere she'd time to murmur more, my prick plunged thro the impeding cartilage and its whole length was buried in her cunt, her virginity was gone, a bleeding ragged edge alone remained of it, and a torrent of semen was jetting into her. I could not wait to give her pleasure, for my sperm was seething in my balls, my prick mad to flood that virgin avenue, to consummate the object of her birth, to open the gates of sexual pleasure to her.

Tranquil, with my pego up her, quietly she then lay answering the questions I always put to a just fucked virgin. It didn't hurt her now, it was not much pleasure. “Not so much as when you frig yourself.” — “Oh! I don't know.” — “Let me get up.” — I withdrew my prick, and with a towel wiped her cunt, which was bleeding. Advising her to keep the towel there she did, but began to cry. Giving her more wine, I laid down by her side again comforting her. Then we sat by the fire, and she — her heart opened by wine, and food, and fucking, — she told me all about their miserable poverty, how they could barely get enough to eat, work as they might. Nelly often gave her some of her food. She wished to go to service, but the parents refused it, she was so useful to them. Then she told Nelly she'd “go gay” but Nelly strongly advised her not. Her parents were kind, but, — “Look what a miserable dress mine is, other girls dress well and get their bellies full, we often can't• get enough to eat, yet we work all Sundays at times, tho father says it's wicked. Father is out looking for work now.”

It was a sad history to hear, but what a bit of luck for me. — After taking her clothes off to her poor dirty chemise, I felt her soft little cunt — such a small one, still moist with my libation, still slightly bleeding, and we talked on, but now mostly about fucking, sexual matters, and her own habits. She answered my questions in a frank free manner, as if we were old acquaintances, but in a resigned sort of way. Soon she felt my pego which had not yet risen again, and I taught her how to frig it up, whilst gently I frigged her almost impalpable clitoris, and we kissed in silence, the delicious excitement of soul and body satisfying us without talk. Her bum moved uneasily and a soft sigh escaped her. “Does that give you pleasure?” — “Yes.” — Her thighs closed on my hand and another sigh came. — “Shall you

spend?" — "I shall do it if you don't leave off." —Then up I rose, found blood upon my thigh, and quick as lightning a letch seized me.

I put her at the bed edge. "What are you doing?" "We'll fuck here love." The next minute my prick was buried in her lubricious cunt. Fucking slowly, I saw the shaft redden as the blood oozed slowly from her lacerated maidenhead, I gloried in it as I saw the gleam of my prick, moistened and shining with the juices from her cunt, reddening more and more as it went in and out of her; the sanguinary sight added to my pleasure and my lust. I told her of it. "The blood and spunk is in your cunt, more spunk's going into your — c-hunt —Aha — sp — unk." — I cried out in delicious rapture as my prick poured out its second libation, and she lay breathing out sighs and soft murmurs and spending with me. Three-fourths of the pleasure of having a virgin is in teaching her, making her for the first time spend with me. She whose fingers alone had given her sexual pleasure before.

We lay side by side on the bed so soon as my prick had left the lubricious avenue, and we talked now only of the way in which penis and pudenda were fitted for each other. — "Ah — yes — heavenly — oh yes — much nicer than doing it to myself." During the voluptuous talk, Frances kept kissing me with strong sighs of affection, and we felt each other's genitals till we had dried up the evidences of our love. But the red stain remained on my prick, and with pride I showed it to her. "It didn't hurt as much as I thought it would, and did you really put it all in?" asked she.

Now she was anxious to get home. With warm water she washed her quim which had nearly ceased bleeding, no blood was on her chemise fortunately, she remarked. I had a hurried look at the damaged little aperture, which so short a time before was virgin, and longed to probe it again, but my procreator was recreant. — In vain I frigged it looking at the pretty decorated cunt all the time, but having done duty twice within the hour, it refused further exercise, and as her anxiety was great I let her go. She agreed to meet me again. If they hindered her she would run away, never go back, and would tell them so. She could write, but correspondence was for the moment difficult, so it was arranged that on the fourth day at seven o'clock she would be near the end of her street. "I'll be there, nothing shall stop me, and I'll get my best clothes out of my pawn." Delighted greatly with my quite unexpected good fortune, I gave her three sovereigns in- stead of the two promised, whereupon she burst into tears, and said, "Nelly told me you were the kindest friend she ever had." — I took her in a cab to the corner of the street, fingering her little cunt at the last minute, and found it still bleeding.

At the appointed day and time she was there, off we drove.

“Father's in hospital, and I've got my best things out,” said she in the same breath and kissing me. We were feeling each other's privates on the road to the baudy house, she put her hand on my prick instantly on my invitation, and at intervals told me what had occurred at her home since the eventful night. She was overflowing with news.

In the bedroom we lost no time, I was hot for her, her cunt moist and ready for fucking, so without undressing I put her on the bedside, had a hurried look at her secret charms, then mounting fucked, and both finished our pleasure in a couple of minutes. Then near the fire we sat without ablution, for I like to know that the evidence of our pleasure remain on our genitals, — and she told everything voluminously, which briefly was this. Of the truth I have no doubt, having taken the trouble to go to the hospital to enquire, and the poor girl was in love with me, and was frankness itself.

Questioned by her mother she'd refused to say where she had been, and whilst having words, news was brought that the father was in hospital, having been knocked down and run over. The mother said they must go to the workhouse, being in debt, owing rent, having pawned all clothes. Then Frances said she'd got money, and would buy food. Another scene. Where had she got the money? not honestly the mother was sure; the children and she would sooner starve or beg in the streets than eat food bought with the money. Frances said that some one had lent her money, but wouldn't say who. After a time when empty stomachs pinched next morning, the end came. The mother cried, and abused her, but they were all fed with what the mother called “the wages of sin” (here Frances cried), and ever since had lived on those wages. Frances paid the arrears of rent, got some clothes out of pawn, and they had their bellies fuller than they'd been for weeks. The mother now was sullen, asked no questions, said she did not want to know, was sure her father would break his heart when he knew, and so on. Frances told her mother that before he came out of hospital, she'd run away, on which the mother begged her not, and so matters stood.

“Then you've spent all your money.” — “Lord bless you sir, I ain't. — The rent was so much, the pawn money and small debts so much. She told me, “I've only spent four shillings a day for food and we've lived first rate and mother's had beer twice a day, it never costs us more than half a crown a day when we've lots of work.” — The girl had about half a sovereign left which she showed me. It was a curious episode, and the way such poor people live interesting, yet it pained me, particularly as this girl began to show an affection for me, I had suspected it, but here I shall give no further account of it.

Then I gave myself up to erotic and sexual delight with a willing partner. What joy a woman must have, when for the first time she

clasps in secrecy and security a good stiff stander, knows that she may handle and look at it, that it will stretch her cunt, and give her the divinest pleasure. What delight to her as she lets the man look at her cunt, that cunt which she has been taught to hide from every one, yet which she has since puberty or before, been longing to show to a man. That was Frances' pleasure. The evening was spent in handling and looking at our genitals without ceasing, unless when they were coupled and we could handle and see them no longer. Thrice we fucked, thrice did the dear lass spend, then able to do no more with my prick, my tongue came to my aid and I gamahuched the lovely little furrow for half an hour, till she begged me to leave off, and I almost lost the power of moving my tongue thro fatigue.

On parting I gave her more gold, telling that another time I couldn't give so much. At that she cried, saying she didn't want any money but only to see me. — “And to fuck, Frances?” — “If you like to do it you always may.” — She cried more when she heard that I could not see her for a week. Some cake was left, for I'd taken a cake and wine again. — “I'd like to take that bit home for the children, only mother will ask questions.” — But she took it away. Then we met two or three times more, but I could not spare her so much use of my prick. Then her father was about to be discharged from the hospital. — During his absence Frances had kept the entire family, “with the wages of sin,” which the mother quite ceased speaking of.

I was about leaving town for a short time and wished to know what she was going to do. She'd go to service if she could get a place, if not she'd be gay. She wasn't going to work at tailoring, to be a slave yet be half starved. I advised service. Nelly had advised that, and she resolved to try service, but feared she'd only get into a small tradesman's house, where she'd “be a scrub,” and work as hard as at home. — This was talked over with many tears because she shouldn't see me. She'd stop at home with her parents and go on tailoring, if I'd only see her, and she didn't want any money, she kept repeating.

Some how this affair pained me, I had taught her fucking, taken her maidenhead, but it had come about without premeditation. Experience teaches me that a girl in that condition of poverty, the acquaintance of a gay woman, with desire for nice clothes, with youthful blood heating her cunt and stirring up her lust, is certain to be fucked soon, good girl as she might have been, so my conscience didn't trouble me. Yet I felt sorry, for the girl had a strong liking for me. The end was however inevitable. I gave her five sovereigns, advised her not to let her parents know she had so much, to go to service at once, and on no account to let any one fuck her. The latter injunction she agreed to indignantly, “I'll never let any one else but you.” She meant it poor girl, but I knew it would be other-wise. A girl

in her condition of life who has had five or six nights' fucking, will never go long without having it again. Tho I advised it, why should I have advised her to forego that which is the better part of life? “Nature will however have its way in the teeth of any advice, fucked she will be again” — so thought I.

I gave her a name and place where letters would await me and her. She was specially to write me any change in her address. I was away a short time and never intended seeing her again, or calling for letters, yet after a few weeks did so. There were three awaiting me. The father hadn't broken his heart but like the mother ignored the circumstance, “the wages of sin” hadn't choked any of the family. She'd gone to service, but had to do such dirty work that she went home again. She meant to try another place. The father had some sort of place offered him where the weekly money was certain, he would take it, and they were going to move. I left a letter for her naming a meeting. She came, and a splendid fucking bout we had. She swore she'd not had any other man, and had not been in the family way.

I gave her gold, and said I was going abroad, not wishing to keep up the acquaintance. — After a time nevertheless I went for letters being curious about her. There were several, all sorrowing at not seeing me again. I'd got her in the family way last time, but a fortune teller had set that to rights. She was in service, didn't like it, but wouldn't go back to her father who'd moved miles off. A gentleman had met her when out on Sunday, and offered to take her to Manchester to live with him. She thought she'd go and wished I'd tell her what to do. I let the matter drop, never answered her, and never have seen her since, thinking that best for both.

She was a tall thin girl but well shaped, with bubbies scarcely showing, with but little buttocks, with one of the smallest looking cunts I ever saw, and with scarcely a bit of nymphae or clitoris, yet of course it took my prick up easily. There was but little hair on it of a lightish brown color. her face was handsomish, and she'd lovely large voluptuous blue eyes. No man could pass without noticing them. I believe if she grew older and got well fed, she must have been very handsome. She was by nature voluptuous, but never was im- modest, and was quite refined for her class of life. The restless way her hand moved about my ballocks, so soon as I'd made her acquainted with it, was unusual. She never relinquished it when we were sitting or laying together. I like to record the different ways of females. She was juicy cunted and spent copiously.

Two months after this I met Nelly on the pave and went home with her. She said she'd been to see her mother. I'm sure that was false, but never got the truth. She now was in better lodgings, and had got very tidy furniture in them. As I believed she was very poor when

she so suddenly disappeared, this added to the wonder. I told her I'd fucked the tailor's daughter. — “I thought Frances would have it before long,” said she.

The year beginning in the previous November with the lady of my silver watch, had more amorous incidents in it than usual, more narrative worth telling.

One night soon after this, I met at the A*g**e rooms H*l*n M***w**d and was struck with her instantly. My experienced eye and well trained judgment in women, as well as my instincts, told me what was beneath her petticoats and I was not deceived. I have had many splendid women in my time, but never a more splendid perfect beauty, in all respects. Of full but not great height, with the loveliest shade of chestnut hair of great growth, she had eyes in which gray, green and hazel were indescribably blended with an expression of supreme voluptuousness in them, yet without baudiness or salacity, and capable of any play of expression. A delicate, slight retrousse nose, the face a pure oval, a skin and complexion of a most perfect tint and transparency, such was H*l*n M. Nothing was more exquisite than her whole head, tho her teeth were wanting in brilliancy, — but they were fairly good and not discoloured.

She had lovely cambered feet, perfect to their toes; thighs meeting from her cunt to knees and exquisite in their columnar beauty; big, dimpled haunches, a small waist, full firm breasts, small hands, arms of perfect shape in their full roundness. Every where her flesh was of a very delicate creamy tint, and was smooth to perfection. Alabaster or ivory, were not more delicious to the touch, than her flesh was every where from her cheeks to her toes.

Short, thick, crisp yet silky brown hair covered the lower part of her motte, at that time only creeping down by the side of the cunt lips, but leaving the lips free, near to at her bumhole, a lovely little clitoris, a mere button, topped her belly rift, the nymphae were thin, small, and delicate. The mouth of the vulva was small, the avenue tight yet exclusively elastic, and as she laid on her back and opened her thighs, it was an exquisite, youthful, pink cunt, a voluptuous sight which would have stiffened the prick of a dying man.

Her deportment was good, her carriage upright but easy, the undulations of her body in movement voluptuous, and fascinating; every thing, every movement was graceful; even when she sat down to piss it was so — and taking her altogether, she was one of the most exquisite creatures God ever created to give enjoyment to man — with all this grace, and rich, full, yet delicate of frame, she was a strong, powerful woman, and had the sweetest voice — it was music.

I saw much of this in her at a glance, and more completely as she undressed. Then the sweetest smell as if of new milk, or of almonds

escaped from her, and the instant she laid down I rushed lasciviously on her cunt, licked and sucked it with a delight that was maddening. I could have eaten it. Never had I experienced such exquisite delight in gamahuching a woman. Scarcely ever have I gamahuched a gay woman on first acquaintance, and generally never gamahuched them at all.

As I went home with her in a cab I had attempted a few liberties, but she repulsed them. — “Wait till we get home, I won't have them in a cab.” — Directly we arrived I asked what her compliment was to be. — No she had never less than a fiver. — “Why did you not tell me so, and I would not have brought you away. — What I give is two sovereigns, here is the money, I am sorry I have wasted your time” — and was going. — “Stop,” said she — “don't go yet!” — I looked in my purse and gave her what I could — it was a little more than the sum I'd named — and promised to bring her the remainder of a fiver another day. Then I fucked her. — “Don't be in such a hurry,” I said, for she moved her cunt as women either do when very randy, or wishing to get rid of a man. That annoyed me, but oh my God my delight as I shed my sperm into that beautiful cunt, and kissed and smelt that divine body, and looked into those voluptuous eyes. I had at once a love as well as lust for her, as my prick throbbed out its essence against her womb. — But she had no pleasure with me. — She was annoyed and in a hurry, she had another man waiting in another room in the house to have her — as she has told me since.

What was in this woman — what the specific attraction, I cannot say, but she made me desire to open my heart to her, and I told rapidly of my amatory tricks, my most erotic letches, my most blamable (if any be so) lusts; things I had kept to myself, things never yet disclosed to other women, I told her rapidly. I felt as if I must, as if it were my destiny to tell her all, all I had done with women and men, all I wished to do with her, it was a vomit of lascivious disclosures. I emptied myself body and soul into her. She listened and seemed annoyed. She did not like me.

Nor did she believe me. Two days afterwards, I took her the promised money, she had not expected it, and then deigned to ask if she should see me again. No. She was far too expensive for me — not that she was not worth it all. — Yea more — but blood could not be got out of a stone. — I had not the money and could see her no more. — “All right,” she replied very composedly and we parted. As I tore myself away, my heart ached for that beautiful form, again to see, smell, to kiss, and suck, and fuck that delicious cunt, to give her pleasure if I could. Tho I saw her afterwards at the A*g**e rooms — even went to look at her there, I resisted. — What helped me was the belief that I was distasteful to her, why I could not tell, and a year

elapsed before I clasped her charms again.

On leaving her that day, I could think of nothing but her, went to a woman I knew, and shut my eyes whilst I fucked her, fancying she was H*l*n M. — “You call me H*l*n,” said she. “You know a woman of that name I suppose,” — I told her it was the name of my sister. Not the only time the same thing has happened to me, and in exactly the same manner with other ladies when fucking them, but thinking of another.

When I had her again she was in even more complete beauty, had more hair on her motte, and a thick tuft just above the opening of the notch. — Her limbs were larger and finer. I was frank, told her what money I could afford, that I never lied nor broke my word to women. She I think began to believe me, but it's difficult to gauge the depths of a gay woman, and difficult for any woman who has been gay long, to believe any man. — But things were changing, I began to see her for my pleasures, and her only — if I had an occasional letch, a chance fuck with another, I nearly always told her, but that was after I had known her a year or so. — If she then asked what I did not wish to tell, I said I should tell a lie or be silent. — So our meetings were pleasant, and I revelled in her beauty, and tho no longer young, have many a time fucked her thrice with-in an hour. — Then she began to spend with and enjoy me, which added to my delight; for in later years, giving pleasure to the woman is almost as great a pleasure to me, as my physical delight in her.

But she would not for long afterwards lend herself to my erotic fancies. She had them in her head, in her mind, in her imagination, and wished for many — I believed most. — She was lewed and voluptuous from only granting a few of my wishes from time to time as the greatest favour. Yet she longed for them at the very time she refused, and in the night and morning by herself in bed, practised them all mentally, her imagination filled with baudy images, whilst with her pretty fingers she frigged her delicate clitoris, for she was sensuousness itself, and a masturbatrix from her child-hood. It was only after I had known her three or four years, and she'd disclosed involuntarily almost in our voluptuous conversations the secret desires of her nature, that she practised with me the frolics she never had done with any other man. — Then we studied lasciviousness in all its varities, for I had conquered all ridiculous ideas she had had as to the sinful usage of her body — of the wrongfulness, of the shame in certain sexual acts. — She agreed with me that cunt, prick, and arsehole, mouth, armpits, feet and fingers, and all parts of the body, men and women might use to give themselves sexual pleasure, and endear themselves to each other — that nothing they did to each other was wrong, that their doings concerned themselves alone, that

all sexual instincts were both proper and natural to gratify.

[This will be seen and the lustful amusements we both enjoyed described — nothing I have done with any other woman which I did not do with her. One fancy begot another, and erotic conceptions crept on us gradually.]

She said that she'd never done such things with an-other man — not even with the man she'd once loved, who had kept her, — nor with those she'd lusted for — for she had strong likings — that men had never suggested strange letches to her. I expect she alone indulged with me in them, because sensuously our temperaments were the same. She matched me in lasciv- iousness, and moreover knew there was not the slightest chance of my divulging our erotic tricks, to either man or woman.

Many who have not tasted our sexual pleasures will call them beastly. They are not. But what if they are? —What are all the physical functions of man and woman, what are chewing, drinking, spitting, snotting, urinating, farting? — What is copulation? is that beastly? — Certainly it is what beasts do. — They will call that natural perhaps, but it's a purely animal act, tho not specially beastly to me. — What is a woman's cunt? — feel it when not recently washed, or when the prick has just left it and the semen is lying thick inside and out. Is that beastly or not? What is the joining of two tongues, the mixing of salivas, the gluing of two mouths together when fucking? — beastly? But there is no harm in these it will be said, it's natural. — Be it so. — So are other erotic amusements equally natural and not more beastly. — What more harm in a man's licking a woman's clitoris to give her pleasure, or of she sucking his cock for the same purpose, both taking pleasure in giving each other pleasure. So if a man plugs a woman's bumhole with his finger when they are copulating or gamahuching, and so with other sensual devices and fancies, they are all equally natural tho many may not enjoy them. — All are permissible if a couple do them for mutual delight, and are no more beastly than simple human copulation, which is the charm of life, — the whole object of life, — and indulged in by all as much as their physical powers permit — yet it's not thought beastly.

Imagination plays a most important part in all acts of love and lust, which are nearly if not quite synony- mous terms. All human affections are generated by the act of copulation and its preliminaries. — It is the dull boor, to whom a woman is warm flesh with a hole for fucking and no more — the man who has no imagination, — who is incapable of highly wrought sensual delights and fucks when his seed makes his cock restive, — only thinking of his woman then, and rumps her directly he has done with her — who is the beast — for he only does exactly what the beast, the animal does, and no more. —

The couples blest with imagination, they who by various excitements of which a mere animal is not capable, bring fucking to intellectual height, make it a dream of the senses, make lust and love in its sensuous elevation ethereal, a poetic delirium, — they are not the beasts. But reduce coition to the mere act, and the inevitable sequel of the seed laying in the cunt, and the prick dwindling out wet and flaccid — at once that couple are brought to the level of beasts, and of those stupid asses who in their incapability of doing more than the horse, the hog and the dog, those who rut and ruddle like every other animal from a louse to an elephant, — such are the beasts, and not those who worshipping Eros, raise fucking by their imagination and sensuous preliminaries almost to a divine level.

H*l*n and I after a time laughed to scorn the crude notions of those animal idiots, who think that all is beastly excepting simply putting a cock into a cunt — which is what beasts usually alone do, — and amused ourselves erotically as we liked. I wholly for love and lust, she for the same and perhaps also a little for money, — all women are alike in that — but at length she indulged with me in Paphian pleasures for love alone — for our mutual satisfaction.

[Now I follow the course of the events, and have done with sexual essays and opinions as to what is beastly or natural, or what man and woman may do with their genitals.]

Chapter VI

A chapter on gamahuching. • The taste cultivated with girls not gay. • A swarthy French woman. • In a Russian bordel. • The red haired French woman. • At the Alhambra. • Miss E*ws met. • Plain face, perfect form. • Our silent supper. • Nudities complete. • Fucking and sweating. • Pale ale in bed. • Gamahuching preliminaries. • Her lovely cunt. • Lewedness. • Double minetting. • I'm deceived. • Her Spanish lover. • Her baudy talk and lascivity. • Friend Eliza. • My narrow escape. • Reciprocating enjoyments. • Frigging herself. • The first floor lodger. • Her opinion of Miss E*w* *s who disappears. • A Saxon Paphian. • A hirsute cunt. • At the sea coast. • The shell box seller. • A very risky poke. • On the beach at night.***

I had early in life and indeed till middle age as told, been indifferent to having my cock sucked or gamahuched, had indeed forbidden French women — who do it as a matter of course, either as a preliminary or finish — to operate on me, altho exceptionally I had permitted it, and of late years even occasionally, sought it. I had gamahuched but little all my life with the exception of my virgins — or very pretty young cunts. — Virgin cunts always attracted me that way, there was scarcely a virginity which I had not licked deliciously before I shattered it, and think I have told in this history, of all those on whom I bestowed that honor. They were nearly all young, but I was not insensible with some women to the endearments of mutual cock and cunt licking, when both I and the lady took a fancy to do it together. — With most gay women I cared not to do it.

But I liked to persuade quiet girls who had never done it, to tickle my pego with their tongues, and finally put it into their mouths. It was delightful to see their desire to comply under an affectation of dislike, and inexpressibly exciting to gamahuche a nice fresh girl, who had no idea of what a tongue could do on her clitoris, and who after declaring it, “Nasty — oh don't now” — began to quiver and sigh, her pretty bum to twitch and jerk, her belly heave gently up with manifest signs of voluptuous delight. — Then that sudden cry of, “Oh — oh my — aha — leave off —I shall do it else.” — The clutch at your head, the catch of the breath, and the sudden escape of salt liquid from her cunt on to my tongue, gave me with such females, the most exquisite voluptuous enjoyment. — But as compared with the large number I have tailed, these were few and far between, for women are not naturally salacious, and there are many who prefer the prick up them to any preliminaries of pleasure — I have I may mention, once or

twice deceived modest ladies absolutely, by treating their mouths exactly like their cunts, when they had no suspicion that I should do so. I found that a very amusing novelty, and they really didn't mind that cheating tho they said they did.

I went home about this time one evening with a French woman, a dark swarthy creature with fine eyes. — After undressing enough to show her breasts, she dropped on her knees and began sucking my cock as I sat — I objected, but she said her poorliness was on, so she finished me that way. — It was done with such art, delicacy of touch, tranquillity and refinement, that when she offered me a second pleasure that way I accepted it, and went away thinking that after all it was a very agreeable variety of sexual pleasure.

Soon afterwards I was abroad, and at a bordel at * * * * in Russia, selected a most delicious, fresh, beautiful creature and quite young. We neither understood each other's language, or but two or three words only. Tho full of sperm, I had one of those nervousnesses come on of which I have told, coupled with a fear of disease, for I was going to travel where I could get no medical help, and fatigue would increase any ailment I might have. — So my cock would not stand.

The house was of its class a novelty in that place and had been newly started by a French procuress, and such a collection (at a baudy house) of lovely creatures of different nationalities, I never saw before or since. They were got together for a special occasion which only occurred annually, and different national- duties were needed. But tho I had been two weeks with-out fucking, I could get no cock stand thro fear or nervousness. The lady laid along the side of the bed, thighs wide open, I stood by her head, could see her all over, and with a little bend could feel her lovely brown haired cunt, and thighs. She was as said lovely in face and form. I made signs for her to gamahuche. “Minette,” said I. — She knew the word, and immediately engulfed in her mouth my penis. — After a few movements thro her lovely lips, it stiffened sublimely. — She made signs that her quim was to be its ultimate receptacle, I nodded “Yes.” — Then on the angel went, gracefully moving her lovely head, till my prick gave me exquisite sensations, and lascivious intentions came that I would do, what I had intimated I would not. My pleasure increased. — Shall I fuck her or spend in her mouth? thought I — I stretched out my hand to-wards her motte, before that I had been feeling her breasts and lovely head of hair. She raised one thigh high up and open, and bent herself so as to help my fingers and I felt the delicate red button which just showed outside the top of her cunt. She looked up at me, I restrained as much as I could my increasing pleasure, and all signs of its advent, seeing that her look reminded me of my promise, till my sperm suddenly jetted out into her mouth.

So quick and strong were the throbs, that the maddening crisis of my pleasure was over before she was aware of my ejaculation. Then she repulsed me, ejecting my libation, hurried off the bed in anger and left the room, — evidently not accustomed to that mode of completion of male pleasure — and came back saying, “Nicht gut! Nicht gut!” But German was not her na- tive tongue. — She sat down, sulked, pouted, wriggled her lovely shoulders, kept repeating “Not good,” then asked in bad German, — Was I an Englishman? — I could make that out of what she said, but she said a lot more.

I have rarely deceived women, and now felt ashamed at having lied to her, so gave her four times the present she could have expected. Delighted and with smiles on to her face she thanked me, in a polyglot of Russian, German and other languages, so we made it up. She was Hungarian I heard afterwards. Then I looked at her beauties till I longed for her again. She fetched another woman as she did not quite understand me. I made myself understood at last, the other woman left the room, then and again I pointed to her mouth. She shook her head, and pointed to her cunt. I nodded, and after a little pantomime she took my pego into her mouth. Its resuscitation arrived between her lovely red lips, and when royally stiff and hrobbing, I placed it between the fat, soft, lips of her cunt which eagerly opened for its food, and spent in her temple of Venus.

[This was a few years after my adventure with the red-haired French woman, who minetted me, and thumb buggered me at the same time. I now fully realized what a variety of pleasure man and woman could give each other with mouth and tongue.]

Soon after was a lady — nameless — with whom I did something of the sort. She liked to be gamahuched but my taste for lickings had not then set in, and was but an occasional variety of pleasure which I had ceased to think about much; but whether it is, that I am now at an age when I naturally drift towards such pleasures, or whether the instinct of the fair priestesses of Venus divines my wants, I at this time fell in with one who satisfied me with her mouth, whilst mine satisfied her.

Two or three nights after I first made the acquaintance of H*l*n M. I was at the Alhambra, and met a Miss E*w***s in the bar room there. I noticed a tall, finely shaped woman talking to some men, her back was towards me, but I saw she was as upright as a dart, and moved with the grace of an Andalusian. The quiet swing of her petticoats told me the sort of haunches beneath, and that no padding or make up was there. — She turned round, and I saw a head of a peculiar character and face decidedly very plain, with lips noticable for their large size — so large that they reminded me almost of a negress. — There was a clear, sharp, clever look in her grey eyes, and

a voluptuous, lewed expression which fetched me. I beckoned her, and she came to my table holding a wine glass in her hand. “Can I go home with you?” — She looked me all over. “I'll tell you in a few minutes” — and she went back to the bar.

I strolled into the corridor, returning in five minutes. — Yes, I could go home with her, but would I wait half an hour, as she wanted to meet some friends — I settled the money arrangements with her, and she went off to speak with the men again. The time expired, I got impatient and went to her. — Would I go to her house and wait for her, she would be sure to be there in time, she asked. — No, if she did not come at once I should get some other woman. — She didn't care she said, and I left the theatre annoyed, but waited outside a few minutes having told her I'd do so. She followed me soon with a short woman who lived in the same house. Would I take her also home? — I agreed, and we all three got into a four wheeler.

On the road I made acquaintance with her thighs. — “Can't you wait till we get home?” But she began to feel my cock. — “Can't you wait,” said I — “I'll feel yours,” said I to her friend, “to pay me for giving you your cab home.” — The woman made no objection, but pushed her cunt forward to meet my fingers. They lingered high up on her thighs, twiddled the hairy thatch, but not quite touched her quim. I kept looking at Miss E*w***s face by the gas-lamp light, wondering how I could have selected such a plain faced woman, but on feeling her fleshy cunt and thighs, it reconciled me to it. I had soon relinquished feeling the other woman's thighs, and crisp haired motte.

On arriving at the house the other woman went to her room. Miss E*w***s sat down, stared at me, and I at her. — “What are you thinking about?” said she. “Where your bed room is.” — She opened the folding door remarking, “It's small,” — and beginning to undress. — “Oh God! how hot it is.” — It was an awfully hot night — I watched her form with delight as she undressed for it was exquisite — I groped between her thighs. — “Wait till I've pissed and washed my cunt, I'm sweating so,” said she in exactly those words, and she did. — “I must have supper first, you would not wait or my friend would have given it to me, and Eliza as well.” — She was then with chemise on only. — “How long shall you be?” — “A quarter of an hour.” — “You've got a man down stairs.” — “I haven't, I'll bring supper up and eat it here. — Give me a glass of champagne.” — I refused. — “You are a queer sort, you like your own way.” — “Many have said that before my dear.” — “Well, give me some bottled ale.” — I consented, she fetched bread and meat and had it with the ale — which she got somewhere — in the room with me. — We both drank the ale which was good, copiously, and I undressed to my shirt. — “Let's fuck now,” said she. — “You don't mince your words,” said I — “And you don't —

just to hear you in the cab, but what's the good of not speaking plain, say fucking if you mean fucking." — She was a very frank, unusual, amusing creature, and her manner began to please me, tho I don't like coarse tongued women.

She ate her supper quite composedly without speaking, but looking at me all the time. I was lolling on the sofa equally silent, looking at her lovely arms, shoulders, and breasts, and wondering at her plain face. At last, "Let's see your legs." Without uttering a word she rose up, and pulled the chemise well up above her knees. — With that exception I don't recollect our saying an-other word, but we stared hard at each other.

She finished supper and then it was that she said, "Let's fuck now" — went to the bedroom and put the basin again on the floor. — "Don't wash again," said I. — "It's so beastly hot I must." — "But you washed your cunt a quarter of an hour ago." — "You don't like it dry," said she leaving off and laughing. — Then she got on to the bed, and without a request from me pulled up her chemise well above her navel. — I was delighted, and stood looking at her, feeling, kissing her lovely form, praising its beauty — and its beauty was supreme. — "Oh! Isn't it hot?" — Rising, she then threw off her chemise, saying, "There — that's nice." — "You're exquisite, lovely," said I. — "I'll take off my stockings," said she beginning to do so — but I stopped that. — Nakedness in bed is delicious — absolute nakedness, — but as long as I use my eyes, I like usually to have a woman with silk stockings and garters on, and all the rest naked.

"Let's feel your prick?" — suiting the action to the word. — I had now stripped to my shirt. — "Take off your shirt and let's fuck naked." — I did. — "You're a fine man, you've nice flesh, and are not hairy." — She then felt me all over quickly. — "Come on and fuck," said she impatiently opening her thighs, then laughing, and pulling apart her cunt lips with her fingers. I stood gloating over her delicious red groove, then looked at her, and never saw such a baudy, randy, lewed expression on any woman's face as was on hers. — "Come on, let us fuck, you can look at my cunt afterwards," she repeated hurriedly, and she wriggled her bottom and loins. I mounted her, and we fucked in nakedness — a glorious fuck. — There is something odd about my memory: Heeps of things I only recollect generally — others I recollect in every detail. We were both hot, perspiring with heat, ale, and strong lust. My breast stuck to hers with perspiration when we had copulated yet her flesh felt quite cool. I recollect that perfectly.

When we recovered from our pleasure — for she spent rapturously — I lay rubbing my naked breast between her splendid bubbies. — "Fucking naked when it's hot weather is nice." "I always like it naked," she replied. Then with cock in cunt, that exquisite

connection, we talked. “Get off, your spunk's running out on to my quilt, and it's quite a clean one.” “Turn on your side and it will run on to your thigh,” I replied — at the same time pushing my prick well up her, and turning and pulling her sideways with me to avoid uncunting. — “You're a baudy devil.” — “And so are you.” — “You are up to a lot,” — said she laughing and kissing me. “I want to piss again,” and she uncunted me then, tho I pressed close to her belly. — She pissed and washed, and I expected she would put her chemise on as a hint that all was over, and having had my pleasure, would get rid of me, but she laid down again by the side of me, and asked me to stop all night. “I can only stop an hour or two, and can't give you more than * * * * *.” — “Nobody asked you — here is a towel.” — “Are you all right,” I asked. — She gave me several hard slaps on my naked rump. “If I wasn't I shouldn't have laid down by you again — look” — and she turned on to her back, opening her thighs wide to shew me her vulva.

I gave my saturated prick and appendages a rub with the towel, then looked her all over, and her cunt inside and out. “Have you ever been ill,” she asked. — “Yes my dear, many times.” — “I hope you have nothing the matter with you now” — and she took hold of my prick, examined the glans, gave it a hard squeeze, and relinquishing it said, “You are a rum-un” — and she laughed.

I had ever a keen eye for beauty of female form, and now have seen as much of it as the world can show. — She let me do what I liked with her, lifted up this limb and that, placed herself on her side, her back, her belly as I asked — her complaisance delighted me, and she seemed pleased as well. — Then she stood up and turned round as if on a pivot. “Put your right arm as high as you can — as if you were puffing a rope,” I said. — She did and turned round in that attitude. — “Are you an artist?” — “No.” — “Doctor?” — “No.” — “I know you are one or the other and you are lying,” said she curtly. — Then she told me that artists had said she was faultless, as I had said. We laid down — “Your flesh feels like a woman's, so smooth and nice.” She kissed it all over and ran her hand over my breasts, thighs and buttocks, laid hold of my prick, glued her big lips to mine. The next minute I had groped her red love avenue for a second, and we were fucking again start naked still, and I sweating like a blacksmith. It was an awfully hot night.

She put her heels on to my rump to keep me up her when I had done. “Let's have some more ale,” said she, and rang the bell at the bed head. — My prick was still in her cunt when in came the lady who'd come home in the cab with us. — “You're enjoying yourselves,” said she in no way disconcerted at the spectacle — tho I was. She fetched the bottled ale. E *w* * *s drank a lot — so did I — so did the

young lady, looking at us laying naked, and then retired. — We had uncoupled, sat up and now lay down again. I wanted to be off, but she kept hold of my tool saying I should do it again, but I got up and put on my shirt, she laying still. — Then I again looked at her lovely form and whilst standing doing so, she caught hold of my prick and played with it, asking when I had fucked last before that night.

What put it into my head then I can't say but think it was the thickness of her lips. I thought of her sucking my cock. — “I should like to do you again but can't.” — “You will if you wait.” — “Kiss it.” — She kissed my prick turning on one side to do so — I felt her lovely haunches, and large firm breasts, yet my cock did not stand. — “You can make it stand, if you put it in your mouth.” — “You beast — do you like that?” — “Yes.” — “Ever had it done?” — “Yes.” — “I won't — I never did such a thing.” — “Do it now then — only for a minute — only just a little in — tickle it with your tongue.” — “I shan't you beast.”

I persisted — “Do.” — “No.” — “Yes.” — “I won't.” “Do, and then we'll fuck.” — “There then,” and she just licked the tip for a second. “Again — longer.” — “There then” — a second lick. — “Now put it in further.” — “It will choke me.” — “Nonsense.” — “I never have done so.” — “Humbug. I'm sure you know how.” — “I don't, show me.” — “There — let it go” — and it went half out of sight between her fat lips. — She shut her eyes and palated it, and then spat on the floor. “It's beastly.” — “Never mind if we like it.” — Then my prick was throbbing, I felt the sperm on her cunt, turned on to her and again we fucked. With me it was a long exercise. — She was passionate now, and kissed me hard when spending.

Then I dressed and left, she came to the street door with me start naked. “When shall I see you again?” — “Tomorrow” — tho I scarcely ever promised to see a woman again. But her splendid form, frank baudy speech, and voluptuous fucking, had caught me.

In the afternoon next day I went, she was having a bath the maid said. In a minute she appeared, chemise and slippers only on, her skin yet moist. — “Did you expect me?” — “Yes, I was sure you would come.” In a minute I had her on the bed, start naked again, I stripped to my skin, and never left her till it was night and I could fuck no longer. — It was fearfully hot weather still. She was five feet eight or nine high and dressed her hair high (a fashion just then) which made her look taller. Her form from neck to feet was absolutely perfect; hands, feet, knees were small, the swell of the calves and thighs, the roundness of the thighs as they grew into her large white handsome buttocks, made superb columns. The solid large breasts like half globes of ivory were faultless, and she had the full flesh of a woman of thirty, yet without a pound weight too much. It was lovely to see her

walk naked across the room, so beautifully did she put her feet down, so exquisitely did her bottom and thighs move, so stately did her body undulate, so voluptuously yet without any bum-waggle or swagger, did her buttocks move.

Her cunt was fledged with dark auburn hair, in quantity only like a girl's of eighteen and looked lovely as she lay with her thighs open. — A somewhat large clitoris like a button or nut of a beautiful red colour shewing between the lips, she'd not large inner lips. The clitoris invited frigging or sucking. The prick hole was small and not a hair was near her bum hole. — Every-thing about her was perfectly young and lovely excepting her head. She had beautiful long auburn hair, fine teeth, and clear skin; but the large lips, peculiar nose, and general largeness and long shape of the head spoiled all. I have her photograph now and when looking at it, wonder how any man could take to the owner of it; but the exquisite form, together with the voluptuous power and lewedness of the woman had only to be known. — I liked soon afterwards, her absence of humbug and sham modesty. — Ugly shaped whores often affect that.

“You are a randy devil,” said she. — “So are you.” — “I am, and I like fucking with a man who knows how to fuck.” That evening she had not eaten for hours, and I had forgotten my dinner. “I must go out and get some one to give me supper, but want no more fucking,” were her last words as we parted.

I soon saw her again. My mind had been running much upon cock sucking, my recent experiences in that line had stimulated me, and there was something about her mouth which made me specially desire it from her. When a letch laid hold of me it never left till I had satisfied it. She was so frankly baudy in her talk and manner, that I had already lost all modesty with her, and as I lay by her, feeling about her. — “Suck my cock again” — said I. — “No.” — “You put it into your mouth the other night.” — Still a refusal — I pressed — insisted. “You gamahuche me then, and perhaps I will.” — Yes, she liked to be gamahuched. — “Gamahuche me first.” — “No you minette me first.”

— Then ceasing our mutual requests, we talked about the pleasure that gamahuching gave a woman.

As I looked at her quim and beautiful thighs, my objection was weakening — “Shall you spend if I gamahuche?” — “Oh shan't I just?” — “Wash your cunt”

— quickly she washed and laid down on the edge of the bed. — I knelt on a pillow, the idea of pleasure, of giving her pleasure had conquered my dislike, the nubbly, cherry looking clitoris seemed begging to be bitten. I put my hand under her ivory backside, put my mouth to her red split, and gave it a rapid lick, spitting out the salt

which met my tongue. — “0 little lower — there — just there,” — said she putting her middle finger on the spot. Opening the lips I placed my tongue there.

— “Ah'r — that's lovely.” — Her backside twisted and wriggled a little. — The clitoris felt smooth and nice to my tongue — her voluptuous sighs and thrills randied me more, — my cock stiffened, I lost all dislike to my work, and licked all over and closed my mouth on her cunt. — “Ah-rr — don't — leave off dear, — quicker, aher — quicker, harr — ha — rr. I'm spending — quicker — a — harr” — she sighed and was quiet. — I wiped my mouth and then her cunt with the towel which I had by me. — But I didn't like the work I thought, when I had finished. She wanted me to do it again, she begged, insisted, and on I went gamahuching — she spent again — and again. — “Now gamahuche me.” — “Not now, presently, let's rest.” — My cock would not rest, into her mouth I put it meaning to spend there, but the attraction of her form was too much. After her mouth had held it a minute I with-drew it, and putting it into her cunt, fucked my spunk into it. — “It's nicer there,” said she, “isn't it now?” I only thought then of fucking, and on the next visit or so it was the same, but the unsatisfied letch haunted me, and one night I went determined to do nothing else to her until I had satisfied it. I oftentimes have made up my mind what I would do to a woman before going to her house, and then forgot it.

After stripping, feeling her all over, inspecting, and the usual amatory preliminaries, “You do it to me,” said I. — “Don't spend then.” — “Yes I must.” — “If you were not a nice man I wouldn't, and you won't tell Eliza” “l ' will you?” — Then I thought of a Serbian woman whom I had that way, and laid E*w***s on the bed in the same posture, fucked in her mouth and was satisfied; gave her then wine and gamahuched her. — I did not care that night to have my pleasure in her mouth again, my letch was over for the time. But I could not escape gamahuching her on other visits. — It was her letch with me, for she made me do it to her first, and then would do anything after. Soon after-wards I heard her using Spanish words, which a young Spaniard who was spoony on her and whom she thought would marry her and had taught her. Her mother kept a small shop at Gravesend, selling there tarts and sandwiches. He had been to see her mother. — She knew the Spanish of every baudy word and I learnt them from her but omit them here.

I called one afternoon, and she had gone away for a few days. — As I was leaving, Miss Eliza **** put her head out of the parlour. I had not seen her for some time, she looked inviting so I walked in to chat. — She told me about the Spaniard. — Didn't believe he would marry Miss E*w***s, but E*w***s thought he would, she was the baudiest

woman she ever knew, all the women said so. — Wasn't it a shame? — She had had her niece up to stay with her, a girl seven years old, and she talked just as baudily before the child — Miss Eliza **** was shocked. — Miss E*w***s was idle, loved to be naked, and from the time she got up till she had her bath before dressing to go out, or to see any one, kept on her night dress or a chemise only, hadn't even shoes and stockings on when the weather was hot. — She let her little niece look at her cunt and play with the hair on it, and once let her remain in the bed room when a man was tailing her. — But she was a nice, kind, generous woman, and had been very kind to her (Eliza). "She is very fond of fucking," said I. — "Awfully fond of it," she replied, and was always talking about it. — "A very lewed voluptuous woman, awfully lewed, most men say so." — "And she's plenty of friends tho she is so plain; she'd fuck all day and night too."

This young demirep had been working all the time she was talking with me about E*w***s, and looked nice, pale, and delicate in her light, loose, clean morning gown. The talk had stirred my lust a little. "Show me your leg," said I getting close to her. — She shewed a bit of her calf — I pulled up the petticoat high, was pleased with the sight, then saw more, then felt, then fucked her.

When I said, "Let's poke" — she threw down her work and got on to the bed in such a hurry, wriggled and jigged her bum and kissed me so, that I told her to be quiet, hating a violent fuckstress and sham emotions. — No sooner had we finished, than she cuddled up to me till I did her again, exclaiming, "Oh! I want you so, — Oh I'm so lewed." — Afterwards she asked me not to tell Miss E*w***s. — "Why not?" — When she came back I did. "Did you like Eliza?" asked she, giving a peculiar laugh, and looking at my prick curiously as she did so. — Her manner was a little strange, but I did not think about it then much. On the next visit, I heard that the young lady whom I had poked had left the house, and E*w***s then told me she had just recovered from a bad clap when I had had her. I had been her first man on her recovering she thought. — No evil effects followed to me from the poke.

I took a liking to Miss E*w***s, but for sensuality only, her lovely form delighted me, her freedom of manner, and way in which she let me scrutinize her charms was to my taste. She would lay in any attitude as long as I liked without any impatience, which kept me in a state of tranquil yet voluptuous delight without irritation. She seemed moreover delighted to be scrutinized, drew up the blind to give light to see her charms (close under the window) without being asked when she found my tastes, and almost invited inspection, looking at me all the while with a baudy smile on her face, which almost asked for copulation, her mouth slightly open shewing a beautiful set of teeth.

She knew her body was absolutely without a blemish, was proud of being looked at. — One day she said it made her lewed to let me look, and she liked feeling lewed. — She was a woman who spent copiously.

But the gamahuching tho at first I avoided it, she often made me do. — When I had well seen and felt her glorious form, her baudy smile came on. “Put your head down I've just had my bath, but I'll wash again there,” I took a towel to wipe my lips and obeyed but did not like it at first. — Again my letch for being minetted came on. “Suck my cock whilst I do it,” said I one day — “or I won't lick you.” She turned onto the bed directly. “I may bite it when I spend, you'd better not.” — “If you do I'll bite your clitoris off.” — Then we went at it, and I shall never forget it. We inverted ourselves on each other, — arsy — versy — mouth to genitals. — I was on the top and spent in her mouth, just as my tongue on her cunt fetched her. She hurt my prick in her ecstasy.

“I love a double gamahuche,” said she. The cat was out of the bag now, I had had no doubt of it before, for it was she who incited me to do all this. Now so hand-some was her cunt, so beautiful her form, so sweet the smell of her body, that I began to take to it. She liked the taste of my pego in her mouth, and always put it there before I commenced licking her clitoris. — “I like it when it's quite small at first, and to feel it stiffen up in my mouth” — was her remark one night when I passed a voluptuous evening with her, for now she avowed all her lusts, and did not care how openly she told them. She said it as she was laying on the bed with thighs wide apart, ready for me to cover her reversely, and lick her clitoris. The next second I was at it, kneeling over her, my backside well over her head, my prick dropped between her eager lips, one of her hands clasping my bum, whilst with the other she held my prick in her mouth, then with my hands under her lovely thighs, rapidly I passed my tongue over her clitoris. — In a few short minutes she spent, but my libation shot over her chin and neck. — “You cheat,” — said I. “I couldn't help it, as I began to spend I let it go” [women in the acme of their pleasure, sometimes do so when in that position, the stiff stander with difficuty keeps in their mouths, and in the spasm of their own pleasure, in the voluptuous after lassitude they frig it for a minute, and let it out, or cease sucking it].

I was annoyed, for part of my enjoyment in this double gamahuching, is in the idea of my sperm deluging my sweet companion's mouth instead of her cunt. — “I won't let you spend next time until my spend's over.” — “You shan't my pet, now let's do it again.” — “I'm not stiff.” — “I'll make it stiff, let's wash.” — Both genitals made sweet and fresh again, and after half an hour's chat

lying side by side, feeling each other's fucking tools, we went to work but in a different position.

I laid on my back, she over me, her knees on each side of my shoulders, and gradually lowering her belly, her gorious white backside came near my face; her bum hole shewed, the crimson cunt opened wide, showing its little inner lips and the clitoris — together looking like a crimson gash in her belly — whilst beyond just a bit of her curly brown haired motte was visible. This for a second, and then it was lost to my delighted gaze, her cunt dropped on to my mouth, and sinking down her belly towards mine she seized my drooping pego and placed it between her big rosy lips. I felt her tongue playing round the plum shaped knob, tickling, and sucking; — a voluptuous feeling shot thro it, it stiffened up and was at once engulfed in her mouth. Then up and down gently moved her head, the friction of her palate and tongue giving me intense pleasure. Out darted my tongue reciprocating her minetting, licking the expanded surface of her cunt, now seeking the full clitoris, now shooting it up the avenue to her womb. So for some time went on this luscious play with mutual delight. Then her backside wriggles, her cunt presses closer to my mouth, my prick stiffer and stiffer, involuntarily is jerked upwards by my backside: With gentle fucking motion quicker moves her mouth up and down it, whilst more quickly wriggles her buttocks as I clasp them or rub them and lick her quim rapidly.

With a moan of pleasure from me the sound almost lost in her cunt, out shot with thrills of delight my pearly libation into her mouth. “Aha.” A fucking wriggling motion of her backside responds at once, as she feels my warm spunk gush, her cunt settles closer on my mouth, my nose is buried up it, her clitoris is between my lips, rapidly shoots my tongue over it as harder I clasp her ivory buttocks, a salt flux inundates my mouth, her wriggles cease, and heavily she now lies upon me, tranquil in her pleasure. She has spent a flood, my prick and its libation still in her mouth, her cunt still emitting its juices over mine.

“I did it first this time,” said I. — “Yes, and it fetched me at once, now give me another gamahuche, I love it tonight, and then we'll fuck my pet.” — I did it to her again and again now kneeling at the bedside, watching her face and quivering belly as she spent and spent again, and we fucked for a finish of the evening's amusement. — Ach Gott! what exquisite delights the cock and cunt give to those who know how to use them.

Soon after luncheon one day I went to see her and took champagne (I had never done so before) intending a voluptuous afternoon. I found her excited, she had been out of luck and not fucked for four days. Night and day she had been expecting her

Spaniard, fearing he had cut her, and that the marriage was off. Now overjoyed she showed me a letter just arrived, written in bad English, filled with baudy words of love. He would be with her that night. She had been drinking with her luncheon, and after my champagne was more screwed tho but slightly so. She quickly unbuttoned my trowsers and got hold of my prick. “Let's fuck pet,” said she throwing herself on the bed, strip-ping herself of chemise and loose gown, — as usual all she had on — and opening her thighs. — It was cooler weather and I would not strip. — “Make haste pet or I shall frig myself.” — “Frig then, let's see you.” — “No, put your prick up.” — Then she began to frig herself.

I wasn't quite undressed, and thought I should like to see her frig. — “Frig away,” said I placing myself in kneeling position between her legs and pulling up my shirt. — My cock was stiff. — “Come nearer and let me feel your prick” — said she frigging on — I moved so as to let her, she grasped it, began frigging me and went on frigging herself. — A fierce lewedness was on her face. — “I haven't spent for quite four days.” — “Not fucked, nor frigged yourself?” — “No.” — “Oh spend pet, let your spunk fall on me.” — On your face?” — for I was now standing near her. “Any where — I'm coming — spend on me.” — With a wrench at my prick which hurt me, she spent and lay quiet — I pulled aside her cunt lips (such a lot of her spending was running out of her like thinnish gruel), threw my-self on her, plunged my prick in it and fucked. — Then our spunk ran over the bed. “Damn the counterpane, let the spunk run on it,” said she, holding me tight to her and kissing me.

We had a baudy afternoon, she kept me up her revel-ling in our spunk, we talked all the voluptuousness which a randy man and woman could, she never let go of my prick for about four hours, fucked me dry, and when she rose to prepare for her Spaniard, what with frigging and fucking, she could have had but little enjoyment left for herself with another man. “I don't care, I like you, he doesn't fuck much, he's a little fellow, but he'll marry me I hope.”

I followed up that letch of seeing her frig herself for a little time, she was complacent, and after calling me a baudy old beast did what I wanted always — one day, she frigged herself whilst I held her cunt lips open, an-other day with my two fingers up her cunt. I did these tricks at the beginning of our entertainments, my satis-faction being mainly in seeing what she spent, tho I watched her face and movements during her enjoyment. — She insisted on feeling my prick whilst she operated on her clitoris, and talked baudily all the time, looking lasciviously at me until she spent with eyes closed. One day I knelt over her, and she sucked my prick whilst she frigged herself; she was delighted with my proposal, but I finished up her cunt. — After

that my curiosity was satisfied — I knew what her spendings were like.

I think I gave that woman full sensual enjoyment, she seemed to have such pleasure in feeling my flesh. — I have had other women take that pleasure in my smooth skin but none more. She had a letch for me. — As far as her hands would reach she ran them over my flesh when fucking, until the supreme moment when both male and female clutch and press to each other. It is the most ecstatic moment of life when the prick can go no further up, when the cunt lips are squeezed up to the balls, belly to the man's belly, the prick pulsates, the vagina tightens and grasps it, and with convulsive throbs the prick shoots out its sperm against the womb's mouth. I wish I could experience a woman's pleasure at that moment. Does she appreciate or understand a man's pleasure?

Soon afterwards she was away. I called there, she was expected, but never came back. There had been a row between her and her Spaniard and she had gone home, he they thought after her. This was told me by a first floor young lady, who on my calling a third time, set my cock stiffening as she stood at the foot of the stairs talking to me. To chat and learn more about E*w***s I went up stairs with her, and there my cock in due time stiffened into the young lady's cunt. She told me all she knew and perhaps more, but nothing unfavourable about E*w***s, who had said much in my praise, but that I was the oddest man she ever had. - Miss * * * thought Miss E E*w***s' *s very ugly but splendid in shape. All the women of that and two adjoining houses had seen her naked — all said she was beautifully made. — But what a baudy woman! I was a baudy man she knew, had heard her say I was, and I gamahuched Miss E. — Miss E. liked looking at the other women's cunts, and she liked them to gamahuche her, but she didn't flat fuck that she knew of. I never saw that first floor lady again. — She was thin, dark haired and cunted, and I believe gamahuched Miss E*w***s herself. I taxed her with it. — Denying it, she laughed, in a peculiar way.

I never could hear anything about Miss E*w***s afterwards, she never returned to her lodgings. I did not know her four months nor see her often, yet missed her — lovely in form, enticingly lovely in her meretriciousness, lovely in fucking, she certainly was. — Had she remained, I am sure she would have kept me as a friend and she liked my lewed ways. She may be living now, and many other of my past ministering angels.

Full thirty years ago I had a woman who in face resembled her, and whose form and movements of haunches when walking naked were the same. She how-ever had I think a tinge of the mulatto in her, and she also had thick large lips. — It was at a time of my life when

straight forward cunt fucking was all I cared about — I think in these memoirs that I must have mentioned that woman.

Miss E*w***s left me with a more developed taste for gamahuching a pretty cunt, for whatever my in-difference previously, it was now vanishing. — I often thought of doing it with women afterwards. Once I did not indulge in it much, young cunts alone I tongued with pleasure, and did that instinctively. It was the absence of hair upon them, which I sometimes fancy was the cause of my taste for their little quims.

After that I went abroad for a very short time, and occasionally visited one or two nurseries of Venus, tho on the whole was true and chaste, which made me enjoy my few furtive amours more, when I had them.

I was at a great Saxon city and went to the swell brothel there, the price per woman was but two thalers, strangers of course paying far above the tariff. — There was music in one of the rooms, and two or three young men smoking and drinking with half a dozen good looking Paphians, who were dŭlcolletŭ to their nipples, but otherwise dressed in silks and satins. Not aware that other men were in the salon when I entered it, and not preferring to choose women in male company, I was a little disconcerted, and selected one very quickly but made a very good choice. — I beckoned to her without having spoken to her, pleased with her opulent titties and massive hair, as she was sitting drinking with a man who looked at me angrily, as at once obeying my summons she left him.

She was a tall, stoutish, light auburn haired German, tolerably well formed, but wanting something in grace, as most German women are. Their thighs taper too quickly towards their knees, their hip bones show, they are in fact not voluptuously moulded tho formed to bear big babies in their loins; this one however was fairly well made and with splendid breasts. When on the bed I looked at her hidden beauties, and found such a cunt as I never saw before or since. — About every five years or so I think I have had women whose cunts were very uncommon in some particular.

This Saxon's sexual trough had roly poly lips, with lots of rather uncurled hair on them nearly down to her anus. — A fairly thick bush covered her mount, but not high up. The hair on the lips thinned as usual until their junction with her thighs where it ceased, leaving a well defined, clean flesh line; but on the thighs it began immediately to reappear, and thickened down about three or four inches forming little beards on each side of her cunt, quite handfuls of hair an inch and a half long. It had a mere tendency to curl, and the tufts reminded me of goats' beards. As she stood up with thighs closed, there seemed to be one continuous mass of hair from the top of her motte,

to the end of these beards.

I remarked it at once, she thought I admired it (tho it was the reverse), and apparently proud of these hairy appendages, knelt on the bed and invited me to look at them from a rump point of view, without my having asked her to do so. I was in need of a woman, stiffened at once, — novelty always stimulates my salacity — plunged my love lance into her love sheath, and consummated. After ablution, with cooler blood I had again a good look at her curious hirsute growth, in-tending to write a description of it, and conversed with her about it, as well as I could. She kept twiddling my pego, and what with that and talking and looking at this strange cuntal physiognomy, I thought I should like to spend in it again. — "What are you going to give me?" quoth she when I suggested that.

The financial question being answered satisfactorily, we set to fucking dog fashion, every now and then I drew my prick so far out that the tip alone remained in her cunt, and looked down at the thigh beards which were however only partially visible in that position, but it was my letch. Strange ideas about fucking goats and hairy arsed women, passed through my brain, whilst ever and anon I frigged her clitoris, withdrawing my pego from her cunt altogether. Then resting on my heels I looked at her backside and pouters, and pulled the little beards. I could do it with fair composure, for tho my pego kept its stiffness, my sperm was in no hurry now to issue from my balls. At last I excited her. "Go on fucking, mein Lieben, I want it so, do me on my belly, I like to fuck that way best," — so I turned her on to her back, and after a final look at the thickets, plunged my prick up her quim and satisfied her and my-self. — I never saw her again, nor wished. — Next day I wrote this account.

[One or two unusual looking cunts have already been described in my narrative. Seven or eight years after this thigh tufted Paphian, I had a woman whose backside was almost covered with hair. — It will be described in its proper order — perhaps.]

On my return to England late in autumn, I went to the sea side on a well known coast. Girls in the streets and more frequently on the esplanade there offer baskets and boxes for sale, made or covered with shells. Pleased with the appearance of a box, I agreed the price and told the girl who hawked it to bring it to my hotel, giving her my name and address. The girl was very good looking and about fourteen years of age perhaps, but I had really taken no notice of her. I wanted to buy the box as a gift and thought of that alone.

At the time named I was alone in the hotel, which I had not expected to be the case, indeed had named a time when I expected to be far from being alone. "A gal's brought a shell box for you sir," said the waiter. — She came in, I saw the box was sound, paid the girl the

money, and as I did so she struck me as being hand-some. — Said I, “I'll give you six pence for bringing it if you'll give me a kiss my pretty lass.” — “All right, sir,” and her face became saucy. She came to me, I sat her on my knees — I was sitting down — kissed her, again kissed, and when doing so desire seized me and I whispered, “And a shilling if you'll let me feel your nice little fat bum, and your little cunny.” — “All right,” said she, and before the words were out of her mouth, my fingers were between the lips of an almost hairless notch. I felt over belly, navel, and mons well, then thrust my fingers back and one a little way up the prick receiver, which she facilitated tho she said, “Now don't yer do that, sir.”

Agitated now with desire for that little cunt, — she now looked beautiful to me, — “Feel my prick,” — said I, pulling it partly out, forgetting the awful risk I ran, for my room door might have been opened at any minute. She grabbed it saying, “Give us another sixpence, sir.” — “I will my little dear, I'll give you half a crown to fuck you.” — “All right, but you can't here, I'll be at * * * * tonight near the beach if you like.” — She was a regular little whore I saw at once now.

Delighted and excited with the adhesive feel of her little split, as I kept my finger rubbing along it, and with prick well nigh bursting, I forgot the awful risk I ran for I might have been surprized at any minute, and not only by a waiter but by others, I would have her at once. And how quick I always have found my decision, how subtle under the influence of lust. Out of the sitting room led my bedroom, the bedroom had another door out on to the stairs. I saw my chance and possible escape, looked up and down the street from out of the window, and then on to the lobby, looked and shut the sitting room door again, pushed the girl into the bed room, locked both doors of that, lifted her on to the bed edge, threw up her dirty clothes, saw plump thighs, a little fat, pouting almost hairless notch, and in a second drove my prick up it to my balls. — “Oho” — said she, “don't you do it so hard.” — But I fucked with haste and fear, my ears open, yet delighted with the little cunt. Her eyes were fixed on mine, mine on hers, she was quite a fuckstress tho young at it, and I saw that I gave her pleasure. But it was only the beginning of her pleasure for my energy and hurry, pumped out my sperm into her tight little cunt too quickly. — No sooner was my spend over than I pulled out my prick still quite stiff, a copious pearly fluid following it. “You didn't spend?” said I. “No I was just agoing to.” — The next minute I had paid her half a crown and she went off with cunt reeking.

Two hours later, I went to the place where she had first offered me the shell box. It was the attraction of her little cunt which took me there. She'd got another shell box for sale — I examined it to blind

passers by, all the while asking her about herself. — Her father was a fisherman. “Does he know you've been fucked?” — “No, he don't know.” — She couldn't be out late, but soon after dark she could, and there were not many people out there, (naming place). At the hour and place that night I fucked her, and made her spend. She was still a little artless, for I frigged her nearly to a second spend before I put into her. — “Oh! I shall do it if you goes on rubbin' me.” So then I rubbed her up and down with my prick, and she spent again with me.

I thought I had done with her, when one day she was in front of my hotel offering her baskets, “Buy another on me, I must sell em somehow,” said she. — I couldn't stand that, I was alone but it occurred to me that the little bitch might have been put up to blackmail me. I told her I'd buy no more, and that if she spoke to me again unless I spoke to her first, I'd put the police on her trail. Saying that I ought to buy something else after what I done to her, she went away and never appeared near my hotel (that I know of) again. At the end of a few days desire for her revived, I stopped, bought some little shell rubbish, and asked her to come to a baudy house with me. She wouldn't hear of it, for her parents might find it out. She knew where the baudy houses were tho.

She said she'd go to the house of a friend when I asked her. I had no gay friend there, but met a full grown harlot, told her my game. (Great risk again.) She met me, I pointed out the little one, who went with her to her lodgings (not late at night this) and there we stripped the lass and washed her, and then I licked her little cunt till she was nearly dead with spending. Then I fucked her and left. She'd never been gamahuched before she declared, never been in a house with a man, she'd had it done to her on the beach, and on the seats, but no where else. Two or three days afterwards I came back to London, and never saw the little damzel after-wards.

Chapter VII

Preliminary. • Initials. • My age, physical force and adventures. • A provincial giantess. • An ugly aperture. • Nutcracking demanded. • Pego evicted. • Cuntal introspection. • Second erection. • Shagging cum bum-whacking. • A dwarf for contrast. • French women on tribadism. • A tribadic evening. • Nelly's rage. • Nelly and Rosa B. • Beef and brandy. • Erotic fury. • "Where's the dildo?" • A volley of farts. • Rosa's antecedents. • Brother with sister. • Rosa's death. • A morning performance. • Pedal exercises on a prick. • A cunt parade. • Three rumps of a row. • A dildoing, cunt licking, cock sucking, frigging, and fucking orgy. • H*l*n Mw**d revisited. • A carnal paradise.***

Henceforth the right initials of my women will not be given always, indeed have not been for two or three years past, as the actresses are probably living. The bagnios will also not be clearly indicated, public improvements and pubic purity!!! have destroyed most of the best central ones, public morals being seemingly not much bettered. — The cosy haunts of Venus, are now nearer the suburbs.

My casual amours with the mercenary fair ones, were also becoming fewer as my intimacy with H*l*n M***w**d increased, for she satisfied gradually every voluptuous desire. Her desires were in fact as comprehensive as my own, tho for a long time she hid them from me; partly thro the habit and cunning of her craft, partly (tho absurd it may seem) thro a strange dislike to disclose her temperament. She however became a willing partner with me in the most erotic frolics. I did not altogether omit my opportunities with women who were not gay, my sexual strength being still good, tho not quite so strong as formerly, and having always taken care of myself, did not look within ten years of my age, and (it must be said) was thought handsome, tho I never thought so myself. Thus I had still good chances of liaisons, tho only able to avail mysef of few of those. After a time she told me of hers. I also had occasional orgies with harlots, all of which freaks I told her of. There was indeed good comradeship between us, that of a man and woman who can freely disclose their lusts, to each other, or say love, for lust and love are synonymous viewed physically, and whatever morality may say about them. The law defines in a degree their relative meanings, but law cannot alter the sexual nature of things, cannot alter human instincts.

After the Saxon Paphian, I had one or two of her class, and a splendid creature at B**l*n, and came back to England quite at the

end of autumn, when after a month's chastity, I had a charming woman who lodged in W**t*n P***e. About ten days afterwards I called just at twilight to see her again. To my surprize she had left and gone they knew not where. Whilst asking questions, an exceedingly tall woman came out of the parlour, and on the servant saying that perhaps Miss * * * * * could tell me (I dare say she'd been put up to that). I followed the giantess into her room, curios- ity set to work, for the woman I'd had there was little, and I began wondering what sort of aperture lay between those very long thighs, what sort of bum and bubbies she had, and so on. I'd seen a thousand women naked but so much does female nudity charm me, that I should still like to see others.

The lady began to talk, and I found that she knew about the woman who had left less than the servant did. But she would enquire and let me know if I'd call again. Said she, “Excuse me, if I put on my home wrapper, I've just come in from a walk.” With that she opened the door to the bed room in the rear and left it open (I guessed her little game), took off her frock, and in doing so disclosed rounder calves and fatter arms than I had given her credit for; big women being usually large boned, angular and with coarsely shaped limbs. I remarked out of compliment only, that she had a good leg. “Yes, I'm well covered.” That set my cock tingling and swelling. I longed to fuck her, curious to know if her cunt would look or feel different from the smaller woman's, and in two or three minutes we were sitting on the side of the bed, I feeling her cunt without lust or desire for her, but simply out of curiosity.

It ended in the usual way. She stripped, I felt and looked her over, found that she was bony rather than fleshy, but a long way from being lean. Her cunt was a full sausage lipped pouter, and I think the notch measuring from anus end to belly end, longer by an inch than it is in most full grown women. It looked immensely long and large, and was set in a quantity of longish, not very curly, somewhat ragged and not nice coloured brown hair. Her buttocks were biggish with hollows in them. It was a gaunt looking cunt, but her length of limb, and size generally, made me desire to have her. — Very soon on her belly I was fucking, and made her lift up her long legs as high as she could over my hips, then to my shoulders, then down straight, and made her roll about with me in various ways whilst my prick was well up her cunt. I first clasped her backside, then put my hands under her waist, then under her blade bones, and all to see what I could do, and have done, with such a tall woman, and I fucked on gently without much desire but with great curiosity.

I had been working in her cunt sometime when I paused, and guessing I suppose from the state of my prick and movements that I

didn't want it much. — “When did you have a woman last?” said she — I told a fib, praised her size and form, and said that I liked a woman quite naked. She was in her chemise. — “Take it out then.” — Uncunting me and getting off the bed, she took the chemise off, and obligingly turned round like a tetotum to show her charms, which humbuggingly I professed to admire. — She'd refused complete nudity at first. — “You're stiff enough,” said she lying down again, — which was true, — so on her capacious belly I laid again, after amusing myself by frigging her a bit, and slowly inserted my penis in her cunt, which seemed now pleasanter to me. The idea of spending in that long, roly poly lipped gap, now affected me lasciviously, I tried to ascertain by careful prick pushing, if her cunt was deeper than other women's, then wriggling my prick up her till it found a snug spot for its tip, I fetched her and she spent, her body much agitated, whilst her thighs were high up in the air, one of my hands under her left buttock, the other feeling the puffy lips of the mouth of her aperture. Curiosity did not leave me, even in the midst of my pleasure.

After my spend I lay with pego up her, rubbing my hands up and down her big thighs, curious about their size and feel, novelty is so stimulating. Then I raised my self on elbows to look at her face, for the room was ill lighted, and all had taken place so quickly, that I hadn't seen her well. — “Tighten your cunt, make a nutcracker,” said I. She gave my utensil a pleasant squeeze with it, but burst out laughing so at the word “Nutcraker” — which she'd never heard before she said, — that she jerked my prick right out of her. — “Oh! I couldn't help it, put it in again.” — I did, but the charm was broken, I had thought whilst fucking, that I'd look at the cunt when I had withdrawn and my sperm was in, and do other things in an investigating spirit. My prick dwindled out, she got up, I lay looking at her whilst her big form lowered, her knees projected, her thighs thickened out, and her backside touched the basin for a wash. After making her piddle in it I began dressing, she put on her chemise, I paid her, and we talked. She had only come into the rooms a day or two, where from I couldn't ascertain, she told where but I thought it false. Her size she seemed proud of, I said I admired it immensely, and just as I was about asking her age, said she, “How old do you think I am?” — as if guessing what was passing in my mind.

I don't like wounding a woman's vanity, yet don't like her to think me a fool, so said I couldn't guess — “I'm twenty-eight.” — “Exactly what I should have thought.” — I believe she was thirty-eight. She had a long thinnish face, light brown hair and good eyes, was not bad looking altogether, and spoke with provincial accent, from that and her ignorance of many things, I think she had only just come to London, tho she said she'd been there some time. I never saw her after

that evening anywhere.

She sitting in chemise after her cuntal ablution, I half dressed doing the same, curiosity again arose in me, for in the voluptuous excitement of the preliminaries of fucking, I had only looked hurriedly at her. I told her about the Great Eastern — that titantic whore had only a year or so disappeared. — She had never heard of her which shewed that she was not a Londoner. It amused her much. She said that men all told her she was the tallest woman they'd ever had, certainly she was so to me. Then as I praised her size and so on, she let down her chemise to show me her form, which was indifferent throughout tho not bad, it was middle aged, common place, and looked as if she had been stouter. It was clumsy, and tho she had a largish backside and thighs, there was a strained sinewish look about it generally, which gave her a fucked out look. Her hands and feet were large, but I praised all, then asked to look at her cunt at the bedside. She thought I ought to give her another sovereign. — “Have me again.” — “I can't manage another rise.” — Indeed she didn't rouse my lust, it was only curiosity to over-haul such a Brobdignagian. — “I'll bet that I'll stiffen it.” — “You'll have to suck it then.” — “All right.” At the bedside with her thighs wide apart I saw the long ugly cunt, with full sized clitoris and thick wrinkled nymphae joining it in a sort of red lump. For all that I felt a desire to fuck it again, as if her sort of gap was unknown to me, but I had no indications of a coming erection, tho I rubbed my prick tip on her thighs, and up and down on her clitoris.

I laid down on my back, and she stripping knelt over my breast, her legs on either side of it, and delicately took my pego in her mouth. The lingual, labial friction was agreeable, but being so tall, her backside was so close on my face that I could not properly either see her buttocks or split, tho I could rub my hands over the former — I didn't somehow care about fingering the latter. This was the case with the Great Eastern. Just then under her titillation, my prick swelled up to proper size, when leaving off her exercise, she asked me to gamahuche her whilst she operated on me. I declined, not in the least desiring to let either my tongue or nose, come in contact with her ugly gross nymphae and gaping aperture.

Altering positions, so that I could readily see her cunt whilst she was giving me pleasure with her mouth, I frigged away vigorously at her clitoris spite of the objection I'd had to it a minute before, till my prick gave a pleasure throb admonitory of sperm rising from my balls, and she'd wriggled her arse a bit. “Don't spend in my mouth — fuck me — do —you've made me want it so.” — A fresh letch then seized me — how rapidly they arise — I put her at the bedside leaning over it, and inspected her gap from the other side of the room. She had

lighted more gas, the contemplation of her in that attitude roused me more, and closing on her (she was at the exact height), I put my prick up her cunt and began slapping her backside. “Slap harder,” said she. I did but still she cried “Harder — harder.” — So I slapped both sides of her arse with both hands as hard as I could, whilst she kept still crying, “Harder — harder.” Her bum was now quite red, I kept my prick up her as well as I could without clasping her buttocks, and with but little movement till I felt the constriction of her quim, heard murmurs of pleasure as she spent, and her cunt drew out of my balls a second libation. “I like to be smacked quite hard whilst I'm doing it,” said she, “and be well smacked before I begin.” — I departed with a half dislike to the giantess, tho glad that I had had so big a woman, and had thereby increased my experience.

A week or so after this, I saw one of the very smallest, almost diminutive nymphs of the pavй, and simply for contrast with the giantess who perpetually had been in my mind, took her to a brothel. In height about twelve, but said she was twenty-two, and her form and cunt were those of that age. — The pudenda was well haired, very small outside, quite a pretty little notch, it took my prick well in, and fucked very nicely. The cunt of the very smallest woman or girl, will I believe take the largest prick.

A month elapsed, during which I was chaste, then I had an erotic fit which lasted some time. Nelly L*** came to my aid, having long learnt the complete art of love. She took my sperm at times into her cunt, which now tho so ample in size, was still a delightful grinder, and she was still handsome, and very beautifully formed. My second libation she at times drew labially, for I had now found it a delicious way of finishing the evening when fatigued, and I had several other concupiscent freaks which she satisfied; but being mostly similar to those done with other women, I omit description, two rather novel ones excepted.

I again had been reading about the sexual tricks of women with women, before that having scarcely thought about flat fucking since Sarah F**z*r had disappeared. Now the Lesbian games dwelt in my mind, and I stroked one or two French courtezans, solely to question them closely about the erotic performances of cunt with cunt.

(Just before what is about to be narrated took place, Nelly had been ill and I paid her rent during that time. She shewed her gratitude.)

French women were much more free spoken than the English, who mostly said they disliked to touch another woman's cunt, which I believed was a lie. One or two only, said they'd had a flat fuck with a friend, and what harm was there? One night a woman threw her-self upon another before me, and with a sham wriggle said, “That's how

we do it."

Nelly one evening in November got me another English woman, and she mounted her and jogged as if fucking, their cunts were close together, but they laughed, — I told her that she shammed, and should go elsewhere where I would see two women really and truly flat fucking. She thought she might lose me and so got serious. The other woman then said, "Nelly does it with Rosa B." — The only time I think I ever saw Nell thoroughly angry was then. She threatened to stick the other for saying so. — The woman who was a little in liquor said, "You do, Rosa flat cocked with me the other night, and told me she did it with you, she likes it, and I like it, I don't care a damn who knows it. Go to the bloody hell and suck her cunt, she says she sucks yours — there." — Nell threw a glass at her head which missed her, and with trouble I pacified them. Another night, Nell confessed that she did flat fuck occasionally with Rosa B. "She came from my village, is fond of me, and likes it, so I let her do it." — I often found two harlots close friends when they came from the same village or place.

Nelly happened then to be hard up — no unusual thing — I promised her and friend a good fee if they'd flat fuck before me. She didn't think her friend would, but after a time a night was arranged for the entertainment. Nelly then said that the girl did not succeed in harlotting, that she often gave her food, that she some-times stopped with her from Saturday night until Mon-day, they had been children together, she wasn't good looking now, and was thin and poorly clothed. She feared I should not like her. She also drank hard and was very fond of brandy, she told me.

One Saturday night I took a bottle of brandy for the tribades, and a bottle of sherry for my own drinking. The girl didn't come, Nell declared she had promised, but she was a funny girl and sometimes would not do it, tho generally she wanted to do it. — Just as tired of waiting, I told her she was humbugging me, she arrived, a middle sized, haggard woman, looking twenty-two or -three years old — with good features, a hectic flush on her cheeks, very thin, sadly shabby, and giving me the impression at once of her being a drunkard, lascivious, and being in a decline. I also recollected her features. She kissed Nell, said, "Good evening sir," threw off her bonnet and, "Oh my God Nell, I've not had a mouthful to eat, since last night — I didn't get engaged, and hadn't a blessed mag to buy a loaf with — Mrs. *** wouldn't lend me a penny as I owe a fort-night's rent, give me something to eat." I gave her money to buy with, and back she came with ham, beef, and rolls, and began voraciously to feed before Nell put it on the dish, it was painful to see her. — "Oh you've got brandy, give me a glass." — "Eat first," said Nell. — No, it would do her good to have some at once, or she should have wind on her stomach. In

twenty minutes she had drunk three or four glasses, some with, some without water, and eaten a pound of meat. Then she began to laugh, be merry, and her face got very red.

I was impatient to see their flat fucking, and said so. Rising she gave Nell a kiss, and felt her cunt — Nell had only then her chemise on. — It makes me lewed to see a woman feel another's cunt. Then Rosa B. stripped to her chemise which was nice and clean. I pulled it off, and saw a very thin creature but straight and well formed, with a youthful looking cunt, darkish haired, and shewing as she stood with legs closed, a clitoris projecting well from it. I examined her notch which was little enough, but the clitoris and nymphae full sized. I then stripped Nell and looked at hers. Then we talked about flat fucking, cunt rubbing, clitoris', large and small — cock sucking, and fucking in general whilst we sat by the fire, we two drinking sherry, Rosa brandy and water, till to my astonishment I found her screwed and she'd emptied more than half the brandy bottle. Nell put the bottle out of her way. — “You've had enough, I don't want you tight again,” said she.

Nelly was friskier with tipple than usual. I made myself naked, we all felt each other, then I set them to work. They laid on the bed feeling each other's cunts. Rosa was randiest yet for a moment seemed hesitating. “Never mind him, — he knows, — do it properly,” said Nell. — Rosa mounted her, her thin thighs fitted in between Nell's fat ones, Nell raised her feet over the other's buttocks and they rubbed cunts together. I put my hand between Rosa's thighs, my thumb up her cunt, two fingers up Nell's, and felt the two cunts joined together. I could even see and feel that they were rubbing against each other. They moved at first quietly with gentle fucking motions, then their arses wriggled, Nell seemed agitated, the other at first noisy, then they breathed short, murmured, and with sighs of pleasure their limbs straightened out and they lay still. Both spent in a few minutes. Encouraged by me, they soon recommenced, Nell again raised her thighs and began moving her legs, but I had been long stiff, excited by the sight of this cunt rubbing, and could wait no longer, so telling my wants and pushing off Rosa, I got on to Nell, fucked her rapidly, and against my will my semen flooded her cunt so quickly, that she had no complete pleasure with me, I had only wound up her lewedness.

Her cunt was running over with my sperm as I slipped off on one side of her. — She was getting up but Rosa rushed at her, pushed her back, and began flat fucking her again. — “Let us do it before you wash,” said she. Their cunts squeezed and squashed together with sound, as my mucilaginous libation was pressed between them. Rosa was noisy and ejaculating broken sentences. “His spunk's nice, — oh ain't it nice Nell? — it's on our cunts — what a lot — spend — dear —

ohar.” — Both now seemed absorbed in lewedness, and rubbed their cunts together furiously till they spent again. I stood with unwashed prick, enjoying the sight, feeling their naked flesh, stimulating their lewedness “Rub your cunts together, rub my spunk up them — spend Nell — fuck her Rosa,” — I cried, till Rosa rolled off exhausted, their two cunts were in a lather of spendings as I opened their thighs to look, their hair was moist and sticking with sperm. I and Nell washed, but Rosa sitting down naked began eating the remainder of the meat, putting large lumps in her mouth. She had got the brandy and was helping her-self, till Nell took it away again. We drank more sherry, Nell put on her chemise — Rosa at Nell's order washed her cunt and sat naked again, eating and drinking, we talked of flat fucking, and prick and cunt exercises of all sorts, for an hour or so.

The Sherry was finished by that time, and Nell had had a little brandy and water which finally screwed her. Rosa was drunk and as lewed as if she had not been fucked for months. Drink seemed to have roused her to lascivious fury. Why didn't she wait till Nell had washed after I had fucked her? I asked. — Be-cause she'd never done it to a woman who had just had a man. — Never? — Why she had never till tonight done it to a woman at all before a man, she replied. Then she told that she did it to two other girls but liked Nelly best, she loved Nelly, and getting up began spooning, kissing, and feeling her cunt, calling it a love- ly cunt — Nell repulsed her but seemed to like it, said she had been asked by men but always denied she ever did it with a woman, and that she hated women. Both their tongues were now loosened, and they told lots about flat fucking until we were all randy again. I put them side by side on the bed, and looking at their cunts prepared to fuck Nell. — Rosa asked me to fuck her. “I thought you liked a woman best.” — So she did, but she'd like to be fucked by me. “I can spend with you, I don't spend with men often.”

Each then for a minute took my prick in their mouths in turn, such a madly lewed woman I don't recollect as Rosa, at that stage, she was ready for any thing. She dropped on her knees, pulled Nelly to the edge of the bed and gamahuched her. Nelly enjoyed that. Then I began fucking Nell. “Where is the dildo — where is the dildo?” Rosa hollowed. — “Hush don't make that row,” said Nell. But Rosa knew where it was, and running to the drawers brought out a largish dildo. — I didn't then know that Nell possessed such a thing — threw herself on the bed half lying, half squatting by the side of us, thrust the dildo up her cunt, and began dildoing violently, looking at us fucking. We spent, and Rosa spent on the dildo, hollowing out baudy words and making such a noise, that Nell more sober, told her not to screech so — for screech it was — Rosa laid back, eyes shut, the dildo still sticking up her cunt, and for a minute or two we all were quiet. — As

I pulled my prick out of Nell, Rosa got up to look at Nell's cunt — took the dildo out of her own, and drawing it thro her fingers and thumb to clean it, large drops of spendings dropped off it. She had put it up her cunt quite dry. — “Let's do it in his spunk Nell, — in his spunk” — said she, trying to flat fuck at the bed-side — but Nell wouldn't, so she laid herself down on the bed and dildoed herself again — pulled the dildo out, threw it across the room, and dozed off, her face very red, her hair dishevelled. “She's drunk,” said Nell.

We roused her by tickling. She got up, pissed and let a volley of farts. — “Go into the other room you dirty beast,” said Nell angrily. The girl laughed a drunken laugh and said we all farted at times. Again we talked, I was not even yet satisfied, my voluptuous imagination suggested other baudy acts. Nell and I were still fresh, frisky and quite devil-may-care. Rosa suddenly got wild again on Nelly's cunt, and they flat fucked, Rosa screaming baudily and lovingly when spending.

We finished the brandy, Rosa then threw Nelly lengthwise on the bed, and gamahuched her for a full quarter of an hour. I knelt over her leaning against the head of the bedstead, and she sucked me whilst being gamahuched. — Then I dildoed Rosa's cunt from behind, and she licked Nell's cunt whilst I did it. Then Rosa sucked my cock — “Spend in my mouth, let it come, I like it.” — She would have liked any sperm then — but I took it out, fearing that she in her drunkenness might bite it. — I finished by being sucked again by Nell, whilst I felt Rosa's cunt, who knelt on the bed to enable me to feel it easily. She began singing when kneeling and suddenly, — “Oh, you've made me want to piss” — and it began to squirt on to my hand. — “Don't piddle on the bed,” said Nell savagely and relinquishing my cock. — “Let me suck him,” said Rosa, still pissing, whilst turning round and trying to get at my doodle. But I finished in Nell's mouth, whilst Rosa was finishing her piddle in the pot, singing and yelling obscenely as she did so. I was exhausted and disgusted.

When I was leaving, Rosa had got into bed naked, but with her boots on, and was snoring, I thought now that I knew all about flat fucking and should not care about seeing it again, but all my letches seem to resuscitate, there is a periodicity in them. This evening terminated my ultra erotic amusements this year, to be resumed early in the year following.

I was with Nelly one or two days after, she was never shy about flat fucking after that night, and talked about it freely, said she liked a good straight poke with a nice man best, that it was only with Rosa B. she ever did it, that Rosa two years before was a handsome girl, but was killing herself fast with drink and libidinous excesses, would frig herself till nearly dead, would dildo herself by the hour. — She was

also fond of flat fucking, there were three or four women who let her do it, and whenever she was dull she flew to her cunt — I never saw her after that night.

Nell some time after that told me that Rosa used to frig her own brother, a boy of fifteen, and he used to feel her, till they made better use of their privates, till her brother fucked her. Regular fucking went on for a year or two, for being brother and sister they got opportunity for lots of it, till the mother found them one day copulating. The story got wind in the village and Rosa came to London. One of her uncles came up to town to take her back, instead of which he fucked her into the family way.

This was likely enough, for among the poor, boys and girls amuse themselves with sexual tricks at an early age. They are thrown together, cannot be watched, and nature has its way. How many women I have known, who admitted feeling their brother's pricks, and having had their cunts felt by their brothers, been frigged by them, have frigged their brothers, and frigged them-selves. — When such become whores, their craft makes them hide this, they sham ignorance, and men have the felicity of (as they suppose) teaching them.

[Rosa B. died two years after.]

Early next year, I went one morning at about half past eleven o'clock, filled with a letch caused by hearing a man tell of having been frigged by a woman's feet. Nelly had not been long up, laughed heartily at the idea, and agreed to try the exercise. To add to the amusement, she sent for Sophy to assist. I ordered Nelly and Sophy to wash their feet (Nelly was a clean woman then), and that done, we set to work, both girls naked as born.

We tried various postures, and found that by Nell laying across the bed with her feet over the edge, and my standing up there, it was the best position for the amusement. Sophy laid by her side with her bum just so near the edge, as permitted her placing her feet on the bed, her heels against her buttocks, her thighs wide apart, her cunt open slightly, and so that I could finger is as she lay by putting my hand out a little. — Really she made a lovely sight of deliciously moulded white flesh, but her head with the idiotic grin, with the mouth wide open, was there to injure the voluptuous, cock stirring effect. Then Nelly opening her knees and put- ting her feet side ways, took my tool already rampant between them, and began rolling it with the soles. There was no up and down friction, she could not man-age that without losing her hold of my machine. She worked me by rolling it into a furious state of lust, but my sperm would not rise tho I felt it almost bubbling in my balls, as I looked at the two beautifully made women and their cuntal fringes so different in colour — it was a most

cock stiffening, spunk fetching sight.

I'd not yet touched her feet, but had handled her calves, and fingered Sophy's quim, she'd done all the rolling business herself. Suddenly she let go my pego with a cry of pain, the strain upon the muscles, caused by turning inwards the soles of her feet for so long a time, gave her cramp in one leg. — “Let me do it,” — said Sophy delighted at the opportunity. I let her, and when my pego was between her feet, laid hold of them, pressed them round it, and aided their action by fucking my prick a little up and down between them. Nelly soon recovered and was as usual jealous, said she was to do it, and recommenced. Her feet now I laid hold of and helped the rolling process, by keeping them tighter against my tool, but it didn't fetch me. I could scarcely keep my bum from oscillating with fucking motion, yet restrained my self, determined if possible to spend by the rolling of the soles of her feet alone.

This baudy exercise I suppose lasted for nearly twenty minutes. I could have fucked twice in the time. When near spending, fatigued Nelly ceased at times her rolling friction, and my sperm then refused to mount up from my balls. — “Damn it, go on, or I must fuck through your feet, or fuck your cunt,” — I cried. “No don't — do it this way.” — Nelly like myself was curious to see me spend between her feet. The rolling went on, but still I could not spend, tho feeling my spunk almost boiling in my ballocks, and I got so excited, so determined to discharge, that I seized her feet, put the soles closer together, and bending down my pego pushed it between them, making her frictionize in that position. — Then pulsations in my prick, heralded the approaching delicious discharge and then she stopped again.

Then came — as usual to me now after long excitement — a rush of baudy ideas and wants each jostling the other in my brain, each on the instant wanting to be satisfied. I pushed my left hand fingers up Sophys' cunt, making her pull the lips apart and frig Nelly with her other hand, whilst Nelly held the lips of her own dark fringed gap apart, and her feet kept on doing duty. “Closer Nell — closer — harder — ahar — ahar — my spunk's coming — higher up — rub the tip. — Ahar.” — By a sudden inspiration, I emptied all the saliva in my mouth on to my prick tip and the soles of her feet, the lubrication refined the friction. “Now Nell — quicker — I'm coming — quicker. Ahar — hr — hr.” — I saw both black haired and flaxen haired splits at a glance, wished I could fuck both at once, all our fingers, thighs, backsides and cunts, prick, and Nell's feet were now in gentle motion. What movement, what quivering of flesh and limb! I grasped Nelly's feet, pressing them on my pego, fucked thro them and out welled my sperm. It lingered after the first throb and gush then squeezing her feet still tighter on the tip, thrusting quickly with fucking motion, the

remainder of the latent life giving essence welled out, the viscous fluid lay between her feet soles, and lubricated my softening pego stem.

As it welled over, “Frig yourselves, frig on, spend — frig yourself — Nell — aha — frig yourself Sophy,” I cried. The girls (who had not been fucked the day before) who were ready for a spend, curious, excited by this pedal onanistic performance, by the sight of each other's cunts, frigged themselves whilst still I cried out. “My spunk's on your feet Nell — frig — spend — Sophy.” — Both their fingers quickened the frig — their bellies quivered, and both spent, whilst still I held Nell's feet round my shrinking procreator.

Sophy, almost before her pleasure was over, got up and looked at the mucilaginated condition of Nelly's feet, then wiped them. Nelly then washed them, each washed her cunt, Sophy washed my prick, and all start naked got into Nelly's bed, where we were squeezed together. — How delicious it felt to me to be surrounded with warm flesh. We indulged in amatory frolics till both had sucked my cock, I had put my prick in and out of each cunt, had fucked each, and at last gamahuched Sophy. Four hours had run away when I left them. [I have never since had similar exercise, tho I have put the soft soles of one beauty's pretty feet to my prick for a minute, when I'd told her what I did with the two girls.

[When about twenty-four years old, I recollect having two sisters named Nelly and Sophy, who were quite young, and one of whom I ravished in a field shed. Strange that I should again have two women together of the same names and thirty years after. But the first were field labourers — the second London whores.] Thinking of the worshipful pudenda, I had a recurrence of my letch one evening for seeing a variety of quims together, and went off to N**ly L**l*e who then lived in an unusually big house, where ostensibly the business of an engraver was carried on on the ground floor, but the house was really full of gay women — mostly French — from roof to basement. After I had seen N's fat lipped, black haired quim for the hundredth time, I said I'd give to each woman in the house a little present, if they would come to her room, and stripping naked show me their quims without sham or reserve. — “No humbug mind, or no pay. — I shall hold the light, in front of their cunts, see them from before, behind, sideways, and in any attitude that pleases me.”

She objected, her rooms were not very good, she only knew two of the ladies, she didn't like French women — and so on — I told her that if she wouldn't do it, I would got to the first floor, introduce myself, and induce that lady to get me the treat. — “Only for about a quarter of an hour each woman, they are just dressing, and will all be glad to come, and get a little tip before they go out prick hunting, it will please them I know.”

Down stairs she went on her mission and called two, who called others, and soon they came to Nellie's room, young, and middle aged and little and big. Nelly lighted her five light standards, all was bright, and naked I saw the women from bum to belly, standing and sitting, kneeling bum outwards lying with thighs open on the bedside, and in other attitudes. I saw cunt after cunt, and studied their aspects. Three women were in my room first, and I compared them with each other and with Nelly. They were all French but one, and liked I am sure shewing their cunts. — All women I believe like shewing them to men when they have been a little time well fucked. It makes them lewed to show them to a man. It's nature in them.

Then came the other old letch. — “Pissez ma belle et je vous donnerai.” — “Oh — Voila.” — Another. — “Mais je ne puis pas — deja j'ai pisse.” — “Try then.” — Some could, some couldn't. — A knock at the door. — “Who's there?” — “Is Mademoiselle * * * * here?” — “Yes.” The speaker was let in and saw my game, she was on a visit, but soon her cunt was exhibited. — Altogether I saw a dozen women, that evening, those who retired sent up friends. There were but five women living in the house. — In this cunt exhibition I spent many hours happily.

My pego insisted on its share of pleasure, and keeping three women with the handsomest backsides, I put them kneeling on the bed bum to the front — whilst with her bum also towards me at the bed side, I fucked N. — who, rather too short, had to stand on two ottomans to bring her cunt to a convenient level. — “Oh — aharr — I'm spending. — Come nearer girls — push your cunt close up to my prick N**ly — Ah, my God” — and as Nelly and the two obeyed, I left off holding her haunches, rammed my prick hard up her cunt, slapped her arse violently for a second, and burying a thumb in each of the other's cunts and grasping all I could of their cunt lips with my fingers, I spent.

I had done much more than I had gone to do, but into my fertile brain came new desires, fresh letches were provoked. Concupiscence reigned supreme in me, neither cost nor consequences occurred to me. The three naked arses, the cunts I had felt were there, and whilst my prick was yet moist with sperm, my fingers yet moist from their quims, “Fetch your dildo Nell, stop ladies longer,” I said.

She took one out from the cabinet, I agreed fees with the three women for further amusement, put the dildo into one's cunt, made one woman fetch a dildo from her room, then laying them on the bed put dildoes up two cunts leaving the centre woman without one. Then turning them with rumps towards me I did the same. With prick still glowing I would not fuck again yet, but walked about the room admiring the different sizes of the buttocks of the three, and the

pouting lipped notches, fledged and hedged with crisp curly hair of different colours between them. One woman's thicket nearly hid her bum furrow, little crisp curls growing up to her bum bones. Then I made Nelly stand on the bed over the center bitch stooping to show her buttocks and cunt like the others, and forming an unique group — one I had certainly not had before, many as are the combinations of postures I have seen women in.

Again I put them with bellies to the front, made them open and close their cunts by word of command, and dildo each other, and Nell as well (the dildoes were not strapped on) and there was no fucking till I was tired of this. Then Nell sucked my prick to a good erection, each one in her turn took it into her mouth, until it clamoured for its share of pleasure — eye, hand and mind, being already satisfied.

Then turning the three rumps again towards me, having first placed Nelly on her back on the bed, I set the middle woman to gamahuche her. She had the biggest pouters, and hairiest notch, more so than I liked, yet somehow this shaggy cunt delighted me, and I drove my prick up it. Then with hands right and left I put dildoes up the other two, ramming them up and down, whilst vigorously I rammed my prick up my woman. Soon nothing was heard but the lapping of the tongue on Nelly's quim, the murmurs of pleasure of my fuckee and of Nelly. “Fuck, — spunk” — I cried, “Say fuck, — talk baudy all of you.” — All in baudy chorus, then, — all but the cunt licker sang out, whilst Nelly spent, my hairy bumholed French woman spent, and I spent up her.

I hadn't even then finished. Fatigued with fucking and excitement, still libidinous wants rose up one after the other, more than it was possible to satisfy. But it was early, and I remained keeping the four women naked or nearly so, sent for champagne without stint and all drank till all were frisky and noisy, ready for any obscenity (objectionable word). We kept up a blazing fire. One woman went out for a friend wanted her, she went to be fucked, promising to return quickly — a promise she kept. “His balls were full, he spent quick, was an old friend,” she said. “Why didn't you come up with your cunt full,” said I. — “You didn't ask me cochon.” — I felt sorry for having missed the sight, it had not occurred to me till that moment to require it.

Four hours had run away, all were tight, all lewed, they'd felt each other's cunts, two had frigged them-selves, one had frigged another, Nelly had returned her gamahuche, my prick had been into every cunt and in every mouth. I laid them on the bed with me, one on each side, one stood upright over me as I lay, so that I could see her cunt, and Nelly gamahuched me, whilst I felt the cunts of the two laying by my side. Then I departed, exhausted, with empty balls, with

empty purse and a headache. The orgy was over, and I shall never forget it. It was unpremeditated. Had I been clapped I should not have known to whom I owed it.

Occasional amusements brought me on to late spring, then one night at the A*g**e rooms, H*l*n M***w**d spoke to me. I had several times been there solely to look at her, each time she seemed more beautiful than ever, yet beyond nodding or saying, “How do you do,” we held no conversation, for she was always surrounded by men. I used to sit thinking of her charms with swollen pego, then either found outside a lady, or twice selected one in the room, so that H*l*n could see, and ostentatiously quitted the salon with her. I felt a savage pleasure in doing so. — A species of senseless revenge.

Sitting by my side, “You've not been to see me again.” — “No.” — “Why?” — “I'm not rich enough.” — “Nonsense, you've got some other woman.” — “None.” — “Come up.” — “No, I'll let no woman ruin me.” — We conversed further, she got close to me, her sweet smell penetrated me, and spite of myself I promised to see her next day.

She had changed her abode, had a larger house, three servants and a brougham. I had a sleepless night thinking of coming felicity, and on a lovely spring after- noon, hot as if in the midst of summer, she was awaiting me with an open silk wrapper on, beneath it but a laced chemise so diaphanous, that I could see her flesh and the color of her motte through it. Her exquisite legs were in white silk, and she'd the nattiest kid boots on her pretty little, well cambered feet. She was a delicious spectacle in her rooms, through the windows of which both back and front were green trees and gardens.

“Say I'm not at home to any one,” said she to the maid. Then to me, “So you have come.” — “Did you doubt me?” — “No, I think you're a man who keeps his word.” Then on the sofa we sat, and too happy for words I kissed her incessantly. She got my rampant cock out and laughing said, “It's quite stiff enough.” — “Let me feel you love,” said I putting my hand between her thighs. — “Why don't you say, cunt?” — again I was silent in my voluptuous amusement, kissing and twiddling the surface of her adorable cleft. “Oh let us poke.” — “Why do you say poke — say fuck,” said she moving to the bed and lying down.

“Let me look at your lovely cunt.” She moved her haunches to the bedside and pulled her chemise well up, proud of her beauty. Dropping on my knees I looked at the exquisite temple of pleasure, it was perfection, and in a second my mouth was glued to it. I licked and sucked it, I smelt it and swallowed its juice, I could have bitten and eaten it, had none of dislike to the saline taste which I've had with some women, no desire to wipe the waste saliva from my mouth as it covered the broad surface of the vulva in quantity, but swallowed all,

it was nectar to me, and sucked raptur- ously till, “That will do I won't spend so — fuck me” — said she jutting her cunt back from my mouth.

Quickly I arose and was getting on the bed when, “No — take your things off — all off, — be naked, it's quite hot — I'll shut the window,” which she did, and throwing off her chemise sat herself at the edge of the bed till I was ready. — “Take off your shirt.” — As I removed it, she laid on the bed with thighs apart, the next second my pego was buried in her, and our naked bodies with limbs entwined were in the fascinating movements of fucking. What heaven, — what paradise! — but alas, how evanescent. In a minute with tongues joined, I shed my seed into that lovely avenue, which tightened and spent its juices with me. She enjoyed it, for she was a woman voluptuous to her marrow, my naked form had pleased her I was sure, not that she said that then, she was too clever a Paphian for that.

We lay tranquilly in each other's arms till our fleshy union was dissolved. She then — as she washed — “Aren't you going to wash?” — “I'll never wash away anything which has come out of your cunt you beautiful devil, let it dry on, I wish I could lick it off.” — “You should have licked me before I washed my cunt, you baudy beast,” — she rejoined laughing.

She then came and stood naked by the bedside. — “Aren't you going to get up?” — fearing her reply. “Let me have you again,” — I said. — She laughed and gave me a towel — “Dry your prick — you can't do it again.” — “Can't I, — look?” My pego was nearly full size. She got on to the bed, laid hold of it, and passed one thigh over my haunch, my fingers titillated her clitoris for a minute, and so we lay lewedly handling each other. Then our bodies were one again, and a fuck longer, more intense in its mental pleasure, more full of idealities, more complete in its physical enjoyment to me, was over within a quarter of an hour after I had had her the first time. — Nor did she hurry me, but we lay naked, with my prick in her lovely body, in the somnolence of pleasure and voluptuous fatigue, a long time, speechless.

Both washed, she piddled (how lovely she looked doing it), put on her chemise and I my shirt. Recollecting my first visit and her hurry, “Now I suppose you want your fiver and me to clear out” — said I bitterly and taking hold of my drawers, for I felt a love almost for her and said that I was only so much money in her eyes. — “I didn't say so, lie down with me.” — Side by side on the bed we lay again.

She was now inquisitive. Hadn't I really a lady whom I visited, she knew that I'd had Miss * * * * * * and Polly * * * I had had, she'd spoken about me to them. — Why didn't I see her. Hadn't I a lady,

now tell her — I only repeated what's already told. — Then the vulgar money business cropped up. — No, she never had and never would let a man have her, for less than a fiver. Going to a drawer, she showed me a cheque for thirty pounds and a letter of endearments. “That's come to-day, and he only slept with me two nights.”

She'd soon again my soft yet swollen cunt stretcher in her hand, and fingered it deliciously, never a woman more deliciously. I felt her clitoris, and kissed her lovely neck and cheeks almost unceasingly. — “Give me a bottle of phiz,” said she after a minute's silence — I complied. — “It's a guinea mind.” — “Preposterous, I'm not in a baudy house.” — “It's my price, my own wine, and splendid.” — Of course I yielded, who would not when such a divinity was fingering and soothing his prick? It was excellent, we drank most of it soon, and then she gratified me after much solicitation, by lifting her chemise up to her armpits and standing in front of a cheval glass for my inspection, pleased I fancied by my rapturous eulogiums of her loveliness — and exquisite she was. — “You know a well made woman when you see one,” she remarked. — then quickly she dropped her chemise, — she'd not held it up a minute, — it seemed but an instant, — and refused spite of my entreaties to raise it again. — “You have seen quite enough.” — Again on the bed we sat, again our hands crossed and fingers played on prick and cunt, — silent, with voluptuous thoughts and lewed sensations.

Then came the letch — “Let me gamahuche you.” — “I won't you beast.” — “You did the other day.” — “Be content then, I won't now” — and she would not. But I kissed her thighs, buried my nose in the curls of her motte, begging, entreating her, till at length she fell back, saying, “I don't like it you beast.” — Her thighs opened and crossed my arms, whilst clasping her ivory buttocks my mouth sought her delicious scented fur-row, and licked it with exquisite delight. She at first cried out often, “Leave off you beast.” Then suddenly she submitted. I heard a sigh, she clutched the hair of my head — “Beast — Aha — leave off — beast — aherr” — she sobbed out. A gentle tremulous motion of her belly and thighs, then they closed violently on my head, pinching and almost hurting me, — she tore at my hair, then opened wide her thighs — a deep sigh escaped her, and she had spent with intense pleasure. [That vibratory motion of thighs and belly, increasing in force as her pleasure crisis came, I have never noticed in any other woman, when gamahuching them, tho most quiver their bellies and thighs a little as their cunt exudes its juices.]

With cock stiff as a rod of iron, with delight at having voluptuously gratified her, wild almost with erotic excitement, — “I've licked your cunt dry — I've swallowed your spending my darling” (it was true), I cried rapturously. “Let me lick your cunt again.” — “You

beast, you shan't." — But as she denied it, lustful pleasure was still in her eyes. — "Let me." — "No, fuck me." — At once I laid by her side, at once she turned to me — grasped my pego, and in soft voice said, "Fuck me." — "You've just spent." — "Yes — fuck me — go on." — "You can't want it." — "Yes, I do, fuck me, fuck me," — said she imperiously. I didn't then know her sexual force, her voluptuous capabilities, did not believe her. But I wanted her, and she was ready. On to her sweet belly I put mine, plunged my pego up her soft, smooth cunt, and we fucked again a long delicious fuck, long yet furious, for though my balls were not so full, I felt mad for her, talked about her beauty whilst I thrust, and thrust, and cried out baudy words, till I felt her cunt grip and she, "You beast, — beast, — Oh — fuck me - - you beast — aher" — and all was done, I'd spent and she with me.

And as she spent, I noticed for the first time on her face, an expression so exquisite, so soft in its voluptuous delight, that angelic is the only term I can apply to it. It was so serene, so complete in its felicity, and her frame became so tranquil, that I could almost fancy her soul was departing to the mansions of the blest, happy in its escape from the world of troubles amidst the sublime delights of fucking.

Then she wished me to go. But only after a long chat, during which she laid all the time in her chemise, her lovely legs, her exquisite breasts showing, she was curious and I told her more about myself than I'd ever told a Paphian. "When shall I see you again?" — "Most likely never." — "Yes I shall." — I told her it was impossible. "Yes, come and sleep with me some night." — Laughing, I said, — "I can't do it more than three times." — "I'll bet I'll make you." — Then with sad heart, and almost tears in my eyes, I repeated that I should not see her again. — "Yes — you will — look — I'm going to the races to morrow" — and she showed me a splendid dress. — "I'm going with *** of the 40th." How I envied him, how sad I felt when I thought of the man who would pass a day and night with that glorious beauty, that exquisite cunt at hand for a day and night.

She was right. I went after a time to the Argyle solely to see her, and visited her twice more, when she let me fuck her till not a drop of sperm would rise from my ballocks. Then I told her that I couldn't (I was then a little hard up) see her again — yet one night (I'd visited her previously in the afternoon) I told her I had no money, would she trust me. — "Come along all right" — so I went home with her and a few days after called and paid her in the afternoon, and fucked her. Then for months I went not near her, not even to places where I could look at her, much as I longed to do so.

Chapter VIII

About flagellation. • A peep thro a key hole at Nelly's. • A lubricious poke in an overflowing cunt. • A little bitch missed. • Two little cunts in a fog. • In a brothel. • Varied amusements. • Juvenile experiences detailed. • By a canal bridge. • A lady in black. • In her rooms. • Frisky and risky. • Twice in thirty minutes. • My luck in winter months. • More manuscript destroyed. • Retrospective and prospective. • Doings at a French lapunar. • Luxembourg Elaine. • The sous-maitresse.

In all my amorous adventures, I up to this time had scarcely thought about the effects of whipping the buttocks of male or female, to excite lust or give sexual pleasure. — About this time, either I had read of, or heard this lustful provocative talked about, I can-not say which, for there is nothing in my notes to tell, altho I began to refer to birching, and find that of Paphians both of high and low quality, I asked if they'd either witnessed or performed the operation, or had themselves been performed on. All, young and old had heard of it — few had witnessed it — one or two said they'd flogged men, and one that she had been flogged by a woman for a lady's delectation. They had birched her till her buttocks bled, and she was paid handsomely for submitting to it. No man was present, it was a lady's letch, and the lady was masked. — This story I did not then believe, but do so now. Thinking much of this erotic device I sought Camille. don't recollect having ever before talked with her bout flagellation, tho it's scarcely possible that I have not done so, — having conversed with her about all things erotic She (now years older) smiled, produced birches, and also bunches of string with knots in them, with which she said she flogged the bums of one or two of her friends. That some of their backsides bled, some not, that they all got good cock-stands and spent freely)y this backside punishment. And she offered to try on ne if I liked, which I declined.

Then not quite satisfied I went to Nelly L**l*e, and asked her. She had clients whom she flagellated with birches, and shewed me the rods. Frank as Camille, he told me all about it, how one of her men never got in erection by any other process but by birching, and hat without any act or volition on his part, without his ouching, or any one touching his prick, he spent copiously under the operation. He was a man between thirty and forty, — and this I didn't quite believe.

All seemed most incredible, so I visited her again one night solely to complete my information upon the subject, and at length stripped,

laid upon the bed, and let her birch my backside — bore a few blows, but the pain became so great that I made her leave off — Nor did have a stiff stander in consequence, tho I waited to see what the heat on my bum would do for me in procuring it. After an hour, at the sight of her fully haired quim, up rose my prick at once, and as usual in that exceptable, roomy as it now had become, and as no doubt I have told — I had a complete pleasure, but not thro birching.

[I did not apparently think much more about flagella- tion then, but in a few years I was to be by chance a witness of many birchings, have seen bleeding male rumps, and have seen the wales on women's bums who had been birched. This will be told hereafter.]

She told me on that night I recollect, that she had seen in her own rooms, a woman, flogged by a man who made wales, on her bum, from some of which blood started. Directly he saw that he ceased birching her, frigged himself, spent over her rump, gave her five pounds and went away. — [That I didn't believe but now believe that lust will breed most extraordinary erotic eccentricities.] That in half an hour after the woman grew wild with lust, the birching heated her buttocks, and then that the heat flew to her cunt, and she frigged herself half a dozen times till exhausted. — If this be true, it shews that birching does stimulate both prick and cunt to action, but it cannot make or store up semen in the male — sperm is the only true source of copulative power.

It was a long time since I had seen a man and woman copulating — nor had I as far as I recollect, thought of seeing any such sight again, when one fine afternoon two or three months after the cunt parade, I called on Nelly, who was still living on the third floor of the house where she had two rooms — a bedroom and an-other which was her kitchen. — Leading out of each other: each room had also a door on to the landing of the stairs. — I knocked. — “Who's there?” — there was a mumbling and a man's voice. “It's I” — a pause. — “Wait a minute and I'll come.” said Nelly who knew my voice, and almost at the same time appeared at the door in her chemise. Seeing me she came right out on to the landing holding the door close.

In a whisper. — “I'm so sorry — I have a friend — can't you come back in an hour?” — “No — send him away.” “I can't till he's had me, he is a married man and so good to me — he was just going to do it as you knocked, and will soon go.” — “Let me see him do it to you?” — the desire came thro me like lightning. — “I can't, I don't like.” — My blood heated to boiling point at the idea, I promised much money, and she consented after hesitation (all said in a whisper). “Wait here.” — Going in and closing the door she went thro the bedroom into the other room, the kitchen, the door of which as said also opened on to the stairs, and let me in. — My brain was now filled with lewedness.

“Show me his prick — I won't pay you unless you let me see your cunt full of his spunk after — don't wash — don't move if you can help it after he's fucked you till I have seen your cunt — make his prick stiff for me to see, — turn him towards me.” — “It will be stiff enough,” — said Nell with a grin. — “But don't look thro the keyhole directly, wait till you hear us talking — go down now a few steps, making a noise as if you were leaving, and then come back here softly.” — I went out of the room and returning bolted the door, — Nell went back into the bedroom to her friend, fastening the kitchen door which led out of it on her side — with a small bolt.

I knew the door well and the key hole also, having more than once looked thro it, and asked if any one (jokingly) was looking at me when fucking. — Clothes usually hung over the keyhole on the kitchen side as well as on the bedroom side — I took care always that there was no peep hole, not then liking to be looked at when fucking, but thro the key hole knew I could see the bed and half the bedroom. — It was a fine post for viewing the operation. It was a bright day and the white blinds in the bedroom windows shut out but little light. — Clothes hung over the key hole, indeed almost covered the door on the kitchen side where I was, and had he been suspicious and looked thro would have seen nothing. My lubricity would not let me wait, and the instant almost that I heard the bolt shot, I applied my eye cautiously to the key hole. There were no clothes hiding the hole now on the sitting room side, she knew my eye would be investigating every thing almost before she'd got back to him.

He was sitting on the side of the bed about eight feet from the key hole, and my eye, his trowsers down, his shirt tucked up, his big prick nearly at cock stand size flopping on his thigh, his finger and thumb near the tip of it. He was a handsome tall man of about thirty five, I could hear every thing they said for there was but little carriage traffic in the street.

Said he, “It was a man wasn't it?” — “Yes, he will come back in ten minutes — I'm so sorry dear, but he is such a good friend, and I thought you would not mind for once going soon — he's going off by rail and I don't like him to go without seeing me.” — “All right,” said the man good naturedly. “If he had been a minute later I should have been up you.” — Both laughed then.

— “Who's in that room? there is some one.” — “Oh, it's the old woman who does my washing — let's do it

— I don't want him to meet you as you go down stairs.”

— She then dropped off her chemise, went to his side, and took hold of his prick. He pushed his hand round her bum and between her buttocks. She opened her legs, and I saw his fingers approaching her cunt from behind. She pulled up his shirt which had slipped down,

and tucked it up in a roll above his navel. — His prick was now standing up like a scaffold pole, — a big one

— feeling her had erected it fully.

Then Nelly pulled the prepuce up and down for my edification. He got up, and his trowsers slipped all down his legs — Nell put herself on to the bed kneeling, and I could see the nick of her cunt in the black hairy setting, as plainly as I could my own fingers, tho but sideways. He opened her thighs more, pulled the cunt lips apart, and looked at it, his prick throbbing violently, rose up and fell a couple inches at each lustful pulsation. — Then up into Nelly's quim he drove it, gave a few quick shoves, then pulled it out slowly just to the tip, looked down, plunged it up again violently and did that two or three times, looking at his prick and opening her buttocks with his hands each time. Then he pulled it out altogether — "The other way," said he

— Nell knew, turned on to her back on the side of the bed, and up into her cunt then went his prick — he holding on to her by her thighs, and pulling her to him.

— A few shoves, a very low sigh or two, and he was done, had emptied his ballocks, and was lying over her bending and kissing her, whilst she was holding his shirt up high above his arse for me to see that — I saw all this side ways — saw every wriggle — heard every word — and every sigh — every murmur of pleasure.

He withdrew it still stiff, and came shuffling along his feet encumbered by his trowsers towards the wash-stand which was quite close to the door. The prick was then within a yard of my eye, and I saw sperm drop from it — Nelly did not get up, but with thighs closed turned herself round so as to lay more easily on the bed, her heels towards the door — "Make haste dear, I don't want him to meet you on the stairs, he said he'd be back in ten minutes — and I want to wash before he comes, you have made me so wet." — He gave his prick a hasty wash — I could not see that, but saw him rub his tooleywag (still stiffish) and a big bag of stones, with a towel. He pulled up his trowsers—he had already his coat on, — gave her a kiss, — said he would see her next week, paid her, and went away. — "Make haste down, I don't want him to see you, turn the key twice

— that's it, — good bye love, shut the door, come next week and write when." — Off he went utterly unsuspecting.

Nelly saying, "Oh I must wash" — as he left, still lay there until the door closed, and we heard the clatter of his feet on the stairs — Nelly let me in then, and immediately laid down again. — Mad with lust I rushed to her. — "Oh lock the door first, in case he comes back."

— I ran and did so, and back to her in a jiffy, she on the bed had opened her thighs. — The man's footsteps were still audible going

down stairs, whilst all this took place.

I had seen fresh fucked cunts before, but never but once saw one like this — from her arsehole to clitoris, it was one thick mass of glairy or rather gruelly sperm.

— Shutting her legs in getting up to open the kitchen door for me to enter, some had squeezed out and her thighs were wet with it. — It clung to the hair round the lips. — It lay in a large globe at the mouth of the prick hole, ready to drop down or roll down towards her arsehole. I stretched her thighs open wide, the cunt lips opened with them — but the whole mouth of the red avenue was still hidden by the sperm — from clitoris to bum hole, from one lip to the other distended as they were, was one mass of transparent viscosity, mixed greatly with opal lumps. The inner lips, — the nymphae, — were almost indiscernible — tho they are distinctly developed in Nell now. — She was older and her nymphae had enlarged since I first fucked her.

My prick was throbbing — I felt as if I must spend even when peeping thro the keyhole, and unbuttoned my trowsers, pulled it out, and gave it ease and play.

— “Did you spend with him?” — “No. I was just beginning to feel him when he finished, he was so quick.”

— “Oh! now don't, — you'd better not — oha — you baudy — beast you.” — I had seen Nelly's eyes and knew the look. Randy and without thought or pre-meditation, I thrust my pego up her into the man's sperm, and fucking violently, Nelly and I spent together the next minute. I kept questioning. — She ejaculating, “Baudy — beast you — oh — yes — he spends always — spends — a lot — aharr — eher — ah.”

When we came to our senses I was anxious and feared consequences, and still up her with prick still stiff, her cunt yet constricting, as if to incite me to continue the exercise. — “I hope he is all right in health,” I said — “I think he is so — but I can't be sure, what made you do it.” — “You know him?” — “I've seen him regularly for a couple of years, he is married and has a family he says, and comes to town purposely to see me.” — I felt then easier in my mind. — Nelly was tightening her cunt still and pinching my prick with it, whilst we were talking. — My pego responded by keeping nearly at cockstand. — “You spent with me almost directly I put into you.” — “Yes, he'd been tormenting me before and made me want it, he always gamahuches me till I'm nearly mad; and leaves off just before it comes.” — “You want fucking again Nell.” — She laughed, pushing my prick out in doing so.

Then Nelly shifted herself lengthways on to the bed, leaving a trail of spunk on the coverlid as she did so, then throwing off my coat,

I jumped on to the bed — saw her cunt still flooded with sperm, — now, mine, and his, and hers mixed — fell on her, and was up her cock exhauster with a dash. — “Oh what a baudy beast you are.” — “So are you.” — “What a lot of spunk's on your cunt.” — “He always spends a lot, and so do you.

— Oh! oh you beast.” — “Is his prick bigger than mine?”

— “Oh — same size — you — bea — fuck — ahr — fuck” — said Nelly who was unusually hot arsed and lewed tongued, and in a minute we spent together again, talking about her friend's copulative qualities, to the last — till our power of talk left us, and we could only ejaculate baudy words, as our seminal juices squirted and oozed and mingled.

Out came my doodle soon — reeking to my balls with spermatic fluids. “You have dirtied the counter-pane,” said Nell. — I washed my prick in a hurry and Nell did the same to her cunt. — Seeing her black motte over the basin, — “Don't soap it,” — I said still feeling lewed — “let's see if the spunk comes out.” — Nelly did exactly what I asked her, she always did, it was one of her great charms. — She obeyed me unhesitatingly like a French whore, without sham or affection. There were now very few sperm lumps I recollect, it had got churned up, and came out mixed on to our genital bushes, had rubbed nearly dry on my balls and her thighs, and all and every where on those surfaces was adhesive. Then for a while we talked and all about the man, his way of fucking, his prick, his balls, his sperm, and everything else about him. — We laid upon the bed whilst we talked. My prick had a soft, lewed irritation on it tho it was not stiff, as if his sperm had left his lust in me as well as my own. Then we moved head to feet of each other lying sideways. — I saw Nell's large, fat lipped, dark haired cunt, under the strong light of the summer afternoon, my head lay on one of her legs, with one hand I propped up the other, which opened the gap, whilst she gently frigged me — she was now a splendid frigger. — Then my prick went into her mouth, and whilst my fingers travelled round her hard smooth bum and thighs, and I gloated on her cunt, titillated the clitoris, twisted the curly thatch, or probed its depth, she gently fetched the sperm out of me into her mouth and at once I fell asleep my head upon her thigh. When I awoke, she was seated at the side of the bed quietly twiddling my cock — she never could keep her hands off of that — and would play with it for hours, twiddling it from the time I first saw her till I left; keeping up voluptuous irritation and desire, even if I had no intention of further pleasure in her charming, soft, pulpy, yet powerful cunt, for its muscularity at the crises merited that description.

There was something in the smoothness of the cunt filled with sperm, a voluptuous lubricity together with the idea of another man's

prick having just been up it, which excited me tremendously — I seemed to participate in his pleasure whilst having my own, and as I thrust, could almost feel his thrusts in her — his prick seemed to be up her as well as my own —there was a maddening voluptuousness about it which sank deeply into my mind, and made me desire to taste such pleasure again. — And I have been able to repeat the pleasure, tho I had resolved for many reasons not to do so, after my frolic with the man at Sarah F**z*r's. — It was now some years since I amused myself with him.

I went to see Nell again to talk about it, hoping for the chance of having her after her stalwart friend, but failed — I said I'd wait for another man, but she put me off. Now she went out at night, which she formerly used rarely to do, and that did not suit me. At length she one day said, — “I can't get a gentleman for you to do it after, but there's a man who has begun doing it before gentlemen, will you have him?” — “Is he a bugger?” — “Oh no. He's a poor man, a workman about thirty years old.” She did not know how he came to be fucking before gentlemen, a girl had told her of him and that he had a very big prick. — I refused to see him.

Then I went abroad and did nothing worth telling about there. — On my return I found Nell had just got a little servant girl. I could have her if I liked she said, but she'd have nothing to do with it — I persuaded the lass easily enough, and she frankly admitted that several had had her. But the extreme smallness of her cunt was a wonder — I tried to fuck her, but getting my prick in was impossible, to get two fingers up her was as much as I could do. I have had many girls as young as she but none with such a small vagina, tho the cunt in its entirety looked large enough. I doubted if she really had been fucked. Two or three days after, going there to try her again, she had run away, and stolen some of Nell's clothes.

Pondering on this, that evening at about six o'clock, I passed some little juvenile punks as I walked thro the Quadrant, and thought I should like to feel the make of one or two. — Three quite little ones passed me together, it was tho early, dark, and so foggy, that it was possible I might be mistaken. — Were they modest, or immodest? — I chirped with my tongue, saying in a low tone, — “Come here,” as I passed them and walked up * * * * Street.

That street was quiet, I walked quickly on in the fog — heard small feet pattering after me — turned round, and there were two of them. — We could not now see across the road for the fog, which had thickened suddenly, at ten paces I could barely see the outline of any one. A suitable evening for feeling cunts on the Queen's highway.

“How old are you?” — “Fifteen.” — “Have you any hair on your cunt?” — Only a little sir, but she has none — have you Louey?” — “No, that I ain't” — “Come to a house with us, it's close by.” — “I'll give you a shilling to feel your cunt.” — “Oh no — I'm frightened of the police, come with us and we'll both strip naked.” — “I can't — let me feel your cunt.” — A little more talk and one said, — “Stand a little off Louisa and see if any one's coming.” — Then I felt all round her bum and belly, and put my fingers well up her cunt. — “You let men fuck you, don't you?” — “Yes, come with me.” — “Do they hurt you?” — “Not if their things ar'n't too big, I won't let them if they are. — Let me feel your cock” — and she began fumbling outside my trowsers. — “Leave my cock alone.” — “Let's feel it — pull it out, — I like feeling them — it won't show under your great coat.” — She made an effort to get it but could not, for I was stooping to feel her notch and my cock was out of her reach — “Stand up, and let me feel it.” — “I won't.” — “Let's feel your prick, isn't it stiff?” said the other damzel.

My letch was satisfied in ascertaining how small her cunt was, and I gave her a shilling. “Oh! give me an-other, you've been feeling a long time.” — The other girl who had been standing near said, “Give me a shilling too, I've been watching for the police.” — “Let me feel your cunt” — she stretched out her little legs and I felt quite easily up her cunt — she had a little hair on it, and was fifteen years old. — “She's only fourteen,” she remarked of the other — “But come to a room with us, there is a nice house close by.” — “I can't, I'll give you a shilling to piss over my fingers.” — “I'll try, but I don't want.” — She squatted and pissed. “I want,” said the other. “Go on then and I'll give you a shilling.” — She pissed a rattler over my hand, placed so as to feel the stream. — “Oh you're wetting my drawers so — don't.” — Then I leaned my unbrella against the wall, and felt both cunts at once, then went to my club and dined. — No policeman had approached. — A woman and man came near but stopped — the man was feeling her I think.

There's a wonderful attraction in cunt, — I'd no sooner dined than I wished I'd gone to a house to see the little bitches, whose impudence and baudiness were astounding, so went to the spot where I had met them, but they were not to be seen — I walked up and down for full half an hour — it was still foggy — when they passed with two youth after them, talking with them. “It's the old bloke,” said one. Chits like those call every man after forty, old. — The youths went off, I found where the girls would go to, said I'd have both and give three shillings to each. — “Will you have the best room, it's five shillings?” I agreed to that, and was soon in it.

They were not badly dressed, nor very dirty, but certainly not

very clean. — Two little nearly hairless cunts were soon under my inspection — both had been fucked a year they told me — I made them wash their cunts and strip naked. “Show us yer prick,” said one boldly. — “Oh! ain't it a stunner?” — Both handled it. — “Who will you do it to?” said one. — “Both.” — They burst out laughing. “That yer can't.” — I sat one on each knee and we chatted. — They said they were not fucked every night, but some one felt them every night, sometimes two or three did. — “Mother knows” — said one of them. — The boys annoyed them, they couldn't abear boys. — “Why? their pricks are as big as mine.” “That they ain't — not near as big, are they Louey?” — “Not as I've seen,” said that young lady. — They often frigged gents in the street they told me. — “Oh ain't it stiff?” I laid them both side by side on the bed and put a middle finger up each of their little cunts, at the same time.

About to fuck one whose cunt looked the prettiest — one had a little down, one scarcely a hair, — I took the hairless when fear seized me. So after pulling open their cunts wide, examining them well, and seeing that they looked all right, yet still fearing, I laid down five shillings for each girl, which was two more than I'd promised, told that I wanted to fuck but had fear, would they tell me the truth? If I liked them I should see them again, if I got ill I shouldn't, — there was their money tell me the truth. — Both sat up and both gabbled together, “Don't be afeared, I'm all right.” — “I'm sure I am,” said one, “I ain't had it done to me for four days, but I've frigged two gents.” — They were complete little harlots.

Satisfied, I laid upon my selected one, almost hiding her little body with mine, and my pego was well engulphed in her cunt in a second (wonderful oh pudenda is thy dilatibility). I fucked slowly at first, then left off thrusting, and asked her to frig herself. Gently easing myself off of her, but keeping my prick up her, she obeyed, put her little hand between our bellies, and frigged her clitoris vigorously, whilst I watched her face. I have been rather fond of making women frig themselves whilst my prick was in them during the last few years, — all sorts of letches have their turn with me. — “Does it give you pleasure?” — “Yes, soon I'll spend.” — Then I fucked with vigor, and the little one spent with me. — Making her spend gave me much voluptuous gratification, she was so artless in her pleasure.

This was an unlooked for enjoyment and my erotic fibres being set, vibrating, I resolved to fuck the elder and slightly haired cunted one. — There was a good lot of fattish sperm in the little one's cunt which I wouldn't let her wash out. — She didn't care about washing it she said. I washed myself, and promised them another shilling each if they'd suck my pego. That both re-fused to do, but in five minutes acceded, tempted by the promised gift. — Being in no hurry, and my

sperm bag not now being quite full and ready for a second libation, for half an hour I chatted with them, feeling and looking at their little cunts at intervals. I got some further confessions from them about male doings. It was quite a treat — never at this moment do I recollect having had two such young strumpets together. — Each had been fucked a year, each had a sweet-heart they said, and evidently those were youths, tho they affected to despise youths. — The eldest had refused to be buggered several times. One man had offered her five pounds to do it to her, another had offered her ten shillings extra only. — “No thankee, — not for Joseph” — said she. She seemed quite to understand what fundamental fucking was. They were young men generally, not old, who went to baudy houses with them. They often frigged men and liked it. These are the most interesting facts I heard, if facts they be, and they are probable enough.

By that time ready to begin work, first one took my prick into her little mouth, and then the other. I laid the biggest along the bed on her side, making her gamahuche me, whilst I frigged her. My pego rose up, voluptuous sensations crept thro my ballocks and spreading through my body, letches of all sorts arose in my brain. — “Frig your friend,” said I withdrawing my pego from her lips, and I'll give you each another shilling — a shilling procured me the gratification of each fantasy. — Now short of silver, I took theirs back, giving each of them half a sovereign instead. — The eldest began to frig the younger — “No I'll frig you.” “No frig her whilst my sperm's still in her cunt — no sham — frig properly.” — They began the cuntal titillation.

Whilst she was fingering the little one, I changed my mind, and set the little one to frig the other. They made no objection, the friggee took my prick in hand whilst the smaller lass titillated skilfully the other's clitoris. — Feeling certain of it, from the businesslike way they surrendered themselves to the masturbating exercise — “Do you often frig each other?” I asked. — The elder whose cuntal sensations began to show themselves in her face and body, yet replied, — “Not often, sometimes if we sleeps together we does it.” — Stretching out her other hand (my prick was in one) she felt the little one's cunt, and tried to frig her whilst being herself frigged. The idealities were on her, her eyes closed — “Frig — faster Milly — ahar,” — she cried — and the next moment was quiet. — “Have you spent?” — “Yes” — I opened her thighs, and intruding my finger, found that the little devil had wetted her cunt well inside.

Then came another letch. I made them both lick my glans at the same time. Sitting down on the bed edge, the two little naked ones did it kneeling, their noses nearly meeting, and laughing heartily at the fun. They had never done or heard of such a thing before, nor do I think I had. This lingual amusement roused me well. — “Oh ain't it

stiff and big now?" said the younger with the tone of a connoissieur. Then making them stand up rump to rump I frigged with both hands for a little time, both of their cunts simultaneously, whilst my prick I pushed between their naked backs as they stood, and their flesh pressed its tip gently. There were no looking glasses in the room to increase my pleasure.

Then I put both on the bedside, and first put my prick into the spermatized cunt, withdrew it and put it into the other, half finished there, then wishing a change of position withdrew it, put her along the bed, fucked her laying on her belly, and spent whilst with my right hand I felt the little one's gummy quim. — I had had a most voluptuous evening, and departed leaving the two little jades pleased with the fun, and the money they had gained. I have played these games, with women, but never with such a young couple of harlots.

Most of my adventures with married women, or women who were not Paphians, have occurred during the winter months. — Darkness is favorable to risky amours — I was going soon after this to visit a friend one Sunday evening, the road at one spot was over a canal, beyond it the canal was open, with roads on each side lined with houses of good class, and having gardens in front and rear.

It was just before church time, and the bells were ringing. It was a pitch dark night, bitterly cold, had been snowing slightly, and the wind had driven the snow up against the walls and railings, leaving white lines there, whilst all under foot was black. The piercing wind I expect kept people at home, for there were scarcely any out. I stood for a minute looking over the parapet at the canal, watching by gaslight the ice forming, then walked on, and at the corner of the road by the canal, saw a female standing, and clothed seeming- ly all in black, who looked at me with eager dark eyes, as I fancied, then turned round and walked down the canal road. There was a gas of this lamp at the end road by which I had been able for a second to see her face. — A gay one, thought I, and of good class — for I had seen she was well dressed, so stood and watched her.

When at about twenty paces off in the darkness, and I could barely see her, she turned back, slowly approached the high road again, stood still at some feet from me, looked as I thought at me, and again turned round.

A lustful curiosity arose in me, for she now did not seem to me to be an ordinary trull, and slowly I followed her. She went further down into the darkness without looking round, then I conjectured she was waiting for some one and stopped. She turned round again, walked back towards me, and would I believe have passed me tho she walked very slowly, when a sudden letch for feeling her cunt seized me. — "You're waiting for a friend," said I. — "No I am not" — and she stood

still. — “Let me feel it,” said I. — “My — God — no,” — said she with emphasis as if perfectly astonished. Then afterwards, “You may come home with me if you like, if you'll be quick” — her voice was tremulous and nervous, I noticed.

“Where do you live, is it far?” — “Close by, but you must be quick.” — There was something about the affair which now excited me. — “I'll go with you, but I'm not a rich man mind.” — She made no reply but laughed slightly, pulled down her veil, put her arm through mine, walked with me quickly on, stopped in front of one of a pair of semi-detached houses fronting the canal, went up a flight of stairs to a portico (the house I should say was about eighty pounds a year rental) opened the street door with a latch key, and we entered the house. Silently and quickly she led the way to the first floor, and we were in a well furnished pair of rooms, parlor in front, bedroom leading out of it, — then raising her veil she stood looking at me and I at her. — “We must be quick,” said she. — “They've only gone to church, and I let the other servant go out for an hour, telling her I didn't mind being in the house alone,” her voice was tremulous, but her manner firm and decided.

I felt a little bewildered now with the woman. — She relieved me by saying, — “Take off your hat and coat,” which I did, putting them on the table, whilst she did the same with her cloak and bonnet. That done she sat on a sofa, I by the side of her, and commenced my courtship by a kiss, which she returned three or four times, saying, “We must be quick.” — She was clad very handsomely in black silk from head to foot, I now noticed.

She was a handsome, dark eyed woman of about thirty, but her face was most unnaturally white, whether from agitation or what I cannot say. I asked if she'd been there long. “No, we must be quick.” Again our mouths met and kissed, then I put my hands under her petticoats, well between her thighs and touched her cunt. — “You've no drawers on,” said I pleased (for every dirty little whore as well as servants and ladies all wear those cunt swabs now). — “I never wear them.” — Her thighs opened to receive my fingers, to invite their titillation on her cunt, and she put her hand on to my cock outside my trowsers. Aid- ing her I pulled it out, and she grasped it feeling from balls to tip eagerly. — In a minute it was stiff, silently we lay half back upon the sofa, handling our genitals in quiet delight, till with a voluptuous shiver and, “Ahar — we must be quick,” she arose and walked to the bed-room, where gas was burning and the room very bright. I followed with prick standing out.

I had scarcely time to think, all was action, “Is she gay — a wife, mistress, or what?” — These passed through my brain. Her manners were not those of a gay woman, yet as she threw herself on the bed,

partly lifted her clothes and said, “Make haste,” there was a freedom and lustful impetuousity about her, more like a lewed, half screwed harlot who wanted fucking than anyone else. — “Let me see it dear” — said I, throwing up her petticoats above her motte, and saw a dark haired cunt set in handsome thighs and belly. — “Open your thighs.” — She opened them wide, for she'd nothing to hide. The gas shed a strong light on all, and her cunt looked handsome, — perfect to me — who had now a well roused standing prick; and throwing off my coat and waistcoat I laid myself by the side of her.

For a moment I groped her sexual treasure as far as I could reach, and frigged her button whilst she handled gently my prick, and we kissed until I mounted, and plunged my prick to its very roots up her cunt, then lay in that exquisite consciousness of possession, which I have when well within a woman for the first time. She breathed hard at once, moving her buttocks gently, and murmured, “Oh — go — on — aha — go — go — on — ah — r” — I had not made a dozen thrusts, before she spent, her cunt relaxed — my prick felt drowned. — “Ahrrr,” — she sighed with violent passion as her cunt gave its final grip, and loosened as the flux of juices came with her spasms of pleasure.

Ceasing to thrust — “You've spent,” said I. — “Y — hes,” — she whispered, holding me tightly to her still, and raising her thighs to clip mine — alas in trowsers. — Then on I went fucking — but tho I wanted her now, I was not so impetuous, my ballocks were not so full, so urgent to be emptied of their sweets as they are at times. — At once she joined in the exercise. “You'll spend again with me,” I murmured thrusting slowly, pulling my prick out quite slowly to its tip, and then ramming it back violently. — She liked that mode — “Aharr” — she sighed at each stroke of greater force, and sought my tongue with hers. Tongues rubbing languidly together stopped further words. — Now my sperm-holder sent its delicious thrills through me, as warning of the coming jets of life — nature had all its way — “Aha — fuck” — our backsides now oscillated fast and in unison, now rapidly my prick drove up and down the lubricious channel. — Its tip found its nook, and nestled against her womb portals. With loving murmurs choked by our mingling, dripping tongues, we spent with passionate transports.

We lay quiet till the junction of our bodies nearly ended. — Then, “You wanted a fuck,” said I. — “Ah! yes” — she replied with a sigh. Then she wanted to wash. — “Don't, and I'll do it again.” — “No, you can't — can you — but you mustn't. — Wait. — I must, — I will wash” — and throwing my prick out, she sluiced her cunt, a reeking cunt, — for she was a juicy one, and our spendings were issuing fast on to her thigh, as she lay on her side facing me, struggling to get up, whilst I

tried to hold her down. I washed as well, and then she begged me to leave. “Now do — for God sake.” — “I'll do you again.” — “You know you can't — do go — I've only let the servant go for an hour, and the rest of them are at church

— I suppose.” “Where are the rest of the family?”

— “Now never mind, ask no questions.” — “Are you married?” — “I shan't answer you — do go.” — “You'd like another fuck wouldn't you?” said I chaffing. — “You can't do it if I should, — now go.”

There was something about the lady which now made me want to have her again. — I'd no desire when first I saw her. — Now the affair excited me and stimulated my lust — I showed her my prick which was large, hanging, but not stiff. — “Feel it, you'll make it stiff enough if you try.” — She looked earnestly at my machine, went to the door and listened, then stood looking at me. I went up to her and frigged it. — The lewed but agitated look came over her white face again. — “I'm so frightened. If you are caught here I'm ruined, tell me exactly what the time is.” — I did. — But before I looked at my watch, put my prick in her hand. She held it handling it softly in a nervous way, it grew larger and larger, and a slightly voluptuous thrill shot thro it. “Let me look at your cunt well and it will be stiff,” said I — Without a word she went back to the bed, and laid on it, I threw up her clothes to her navel, had a good look at her notch and its neighbouring charms. — “You've had a child,” said I. — She pushed down her clothes and sat up. — “Are you going to have me?” was all her reply, and fearing hindrance I mounted her. It was a longish fuck, for my prick was not quite rigid at first, but I managed it. She was voluptuous and charming in her caresses, her cunt fitted me, and I spent with delight in her, feeling her big smooth buttocks. She was a well fleshed woman.

I uncunted from a cunt which seemed as wet as before. She didn't wash — all she seemed to want was to get away — her anxiety seemed extreme. I wanted to talk, was curious. — “Ask me nothing, — won't tell you. — Go for God's sake — if you're caught here I can't tell the consequences.” — “Here's a sovereign.” — “Oh! put it down” — said she laughing as if it were a good joke. — “I'll call next week.” — “Oh! — my God, — do nothing of the sort, — but I shan't be here if you do.” — Then kissing me, permitting me to feel her cunt in the passage way, yet almost pushing me out of the street door whilst I did so, I departed. — I was not in the house half an hour.

A fortnight after in the day time, I went to look at the house. — On the first floor window “apartments” was written — I did not call to ask questions, thinking I might get the lady into trouble and perhaps myself as well. — Who and what was she who wanted fucking so badly? for I'm sure that's why she had me — I fancy she was a lodger

there, and either married or kept. — I have an impression married. This adventure terminated the year.

I have had most of my adventures with half and half women — widows, wives or others, who hot arsed only get a bit of strange cock on the sly — in the winter months. This piece of luck occurred quite at the end of this year, during which and the preceding one, I had certainly a large variety in my amours, and erotic amusements.

[More manuscript must be destroyed for mere abbreviation will be useless. — Eighty pages must go to the flames. — The narrative thus curtailed cannot show clearly the gradual development of abnormal excentric tastes, and necessitates an epitome of some years to supply the hiatus. Some of the most conspicuous incidents I shall keep as originally written or nearly so, and they will take their place chronologically.]

[Some years before I met H*l*n M***w**d, I had been frequently at * * * * * and more frequently at bordels than for many years previously. I principally visited one where there were (and still are) about twenty women on the establishment, who sit nightly nearly naked in the saloon, a bewildering, voluptuous sight. Idealities becoming an increasing source of delight to me, and abnormal erotic letches and fancies coursing through my brain whenever I was in rut, variety in form and color of my women, and in their postures, being to me more charming than ever, I sought this lapunar. There I had one, two, or three women, or more at a time and got much voluptuous enjoyment — had all those voluptuous preliminaries which a stiff prick suggests, and never hurried myself to the delicious crisis which for a time destroys desire.

[It is doubtful however whether I got more pleasure, from having three women together, than I got by one alone; so soon as my prick had stretched the cunt, and fucking had begun. But idealities in the preliminaries, and even during the consummation of love, are much — perhaps almost every thing in love. — Is it not the beauty, the taste of the eye the thoughts, which more frequently than otherwise make the sole difference in the pleasure between fucking one woman and another — makes the difference between a cunt which a man thinks pretty, and one which he thinks ugly?

[There was one woman at the lapunar whom I selected often for her exquisite form and sweet face, named Elaine — a Luxembourg woman. She took a fancy to me, and after a time told me much of the inner life of a brothel, of its internal economy, and the habits of the inmates. She told me of those who were much sought after and always had five, six or seven men a night. Elaine saved money, and in three years be-came sous-maitresse, and was then supposed to have ceased fucking there; yet I had her there once or twice, on the sly. She then

left and set up a bordel of her own. One named Hortense succeeded her, and then Alexandrine.]

Chapter IX

H*l*n Mw**d revisited. • Curiosity and plain words. • Confidence begun. • Fucking on trust. • Cuntal essentials to a sensitive penis. • Nelly's assistance. • The cabinet maker naked. • Masks. • Masturbations and copulations. • The naked steel pen hawker. • Nipple and quim. • Sophy's white shoulders and onanism. • Pudenda's piddling. • A fuck for a half crown. • A cuntal purse. • Twin sister harlots, Cissy and Amy. • A fuck for champagne. • My confessions to H*l*n. • On cuntal physiognomies.***

Then the attraction of H*l*n M***w**d took me to her again, and I revelled in her voluptuous and expensive charms. She complimented me by saying, there was plenty of stuff in me and seemed to enjoy my em-braces. — On my remarking that, she said curtly, — “I didn't say so.” — After that I went at times to the A*g**e to look at her, and she came to me leaving her group of admirers, and actually asked me to go to see her. I refused that — “You're the strangest man I ever had, but I like talking with you. Come and see me, to-morrow, and you can stay as long as you like.” I fixed a day a little later, yielding to her fascination spite of myself. On the day, I thought that I wouldn't go. — “It's only a gay woman.” But I keep my word even with them, and went there. It was cold weather, large fires were in her rooms, she was but slightly clad as becomes courtesans, whose beauties should be easily seen and felt. — Before the fire I felt her perfumed cleft, whilst the grateful warmth played on her lovely thighs and belly. “It's cold, I wish you'd let me get into bed with you.” — “All right.” — In three minutes our limbs were inter-lacing between the sheets — I was silent, thinking of her manifold beauties, feeling the juicy folds, twisting my fingers in the soft curls of her mount, kissing her sweet lips, anticipating the climax. What she was thinking of I know not, but curiously she felt me all over which she'd never done before, and settled on my prick with a handling peculiar to her, which I recognized more fully afterwards. Soon my glowing rod was buried deeply in her warm lubricious cunt, and with frantic thrusts my sperm flushed into her. Soon after that we fucked again, but she annoyed me by getting out to wash after each emulsion which my pego gave her.

When I wanted to inspect closely her pudendal charms, she was capricious, partly refused me, said hastily, “There, that's enough” — closed her thighs and covered herself up. She was not yielding, was inclined to have her own way in everything. — Then said, “I'm going to have a glass of champagne.” — “I don't want any.” — “Nobody's

asked you to" — but I did. — She got curious about me. — "Don't ask me I shall only tell you a lie." — "I don't want to know." — "What did you ask for?" — "Something to say, — you're the oddest man I ever had." — Again we cuddled in the warm bed, in delicious silence I felt all over her lovely body, playing with the ivory hillocks on her breasts, roving over her soft belly and bum, gliding my hand between her smooth thighs till I felt that soft silky fringe, and the lovely aromatic grove it circled round. Then a finger plunged far back in the grove and curved up-wards, wetting itself in the warm avenue to her womb, then drew back to the sweetest little clitoris and titillated it. Again, she seized my prick, handling it with her delicate squeeze and motion, and up it sprung to full potentiality. — Without a word she suddenly threw off the bed clothes and looked earnestly at the erection, covering and uncovering its ruby tip. Then hurriedly. "Fuck me," said she. She was a plain speaker in sexual matters. I thought her in a hurry to get me over and away, tho it was but a thrill of lust which made her impatient to satisfy it. She was ever I found impatient to spend directly her lewed sensations began. I did not know her physical forces then, or that spend after spend was easy to her, without fatiguing.

Fuck her I did at once, she joined her tongue to mine, enjoyed my prick with a luscious quiet enjoyment, in a manner which left me pleased with my own performance and with having fetched her. She did not uncunt me after this libation, but kept me longer in her lovely sheath, whilst it drank up my semen, and she squeezed her cunt and moved it gently around it, as if with the intent of prolonging my sexual delight. She had never done so before I fancied, but I had been too excited perhaps to notice these voluptuous details of her copulating. "My love you spent with me this time." — "This time? I've spent with you every time you've fucked me." — "Really?" — "Can't you tell?"

Soon after I got up. — "Are you going?" — "Yes, — I can't poke again." — "I bet I'll make you" — but I could not wait, so bid the voluptuous siren adieu. — "When shall I see you again?" — I would not promise.

— "Come in the afternoon the day after to morrow."

— "I can't, and if I do, you'll have to trust me." — She thought for a minute, then said, "I'll trust you." — On that day I went, and she would have trusted but I paid her — having the money, and not intending to be in debt. — Two or three months then elapsed before I clasped her charms again.

The delight at the sight of Nelly's overflowing cunt after her married friend had tailed her, some months before this — its exquisite lubricity as my prick glided up it, the soft voluptuous sensation as its

tip enveloped itself in fat sperm, the absence of hard friction and irritation on it which I often feel when I begin fucking, and in addition to this the lascivious delights roused in my brain, at the idea of my prick being in the temple which a man had just enjoyed and left, haunted me spite of myself. After a month or two, I asked her if the cabinet maker was still to be had, and two nights after she said he was, tho now at work. I arranged to have him. Then I resolved that we were both to be masked. I was to take his mask off if I wished, but I really neither wished to see his face, nor him to see mine.

On the evening I was anxious, but got over it by drinking champagne. — The masks helped also to steady my nerves. — I don't know the manners of sodomites, but expect they have more confidence than this man had. I had him strip and handled his tool, it was thick and soft, and nice to feel, seemed nicer than the feel of a cunt, but it did not swell till Nelly shewed him her pudenda, when it roused itself. It was an extra sized one, long, thick, and much thicker as it neared the balls — I felt it in silence long, wondering if he had much sperm or not, then put him in various postures to see how his stiff tool looked as he moved about, scarcely speaking a word, and only in a whisper when I did.

Then I laid him on his back on the bed, and turning Nelly's rump towards him as she knelt, so that he might have the excitement of proximity to her cunt, began frigging him. — “Damn it all, let me fuck her” — cried he with a loud voice, as he felt pleasure coming on. — But that was not my game. Frigging on gently, my own prick sympathetically became rigid, then undressing to my drawers, I watched him and his tool whilst doing so, and he fingered her quim. Seeing my pego standing, he laughed and she chuckled. Then a desire to fuck her, came over me — for she is still beautifully formed and good looking, — for an instant I forgot him, and cunt resumed its natural sway. But his great stiff prick recalled me, and I frigged on, and my own prick at the same time. — Soon his was throbbing with lewedness. “Oh — a — h — r. I'm coming — I'll spend” — he cried. Then wanting to see his face, and watch his emotions, I pulled off his mask — “Pull yours off” said he. — I didn't, but stood gazing at his face, then at his nodding prick which for the instant I let go. Then my mind reverted to my object, to let him fuck her first — so ceased frigging and saying, “Fuck her.” He began to get up.

But again I altered — “No — no —lay — there” — Again I seized his tool, to frig him was now all I wanted, and in a minute whilst he felt her cunt, out spurted on to his belly a copious shower of semen. - An aberration, a lustful delirium came over me, — had never intended, never thought of it till that instant

— I wondered if my sperm was as thick as his — for I hadn't

frigged myself to see for sometime — wondered how my sperm would look by the side of his — and the instant that the idea flashed through my brain, I frigged myself rapidly. — Nelly looked on. — “Lay still” — still he lay — my ballocks were full, and I spent over his belly, my sperm falling by, or mingling with his. — In the wild excitement of the crisis, I laid hold of his prick again, whilst with my other hand I finished my own onanistic performance, standing by the bed side with eyes closed, and frigging both pricks at once, till sense slowly returning I found both hands moist with our generative fluids.

He washed, put on his mask again, and we sat down.

— I thought of what I'd had him for, was sorry for what I had done — annoyed — and asked if he could fuck Nelly. “Not for an hour,” said he. Then I was going to leave and told him he could dress. — He'd no sooner put on his shirt than I altered my mind, said he should wait and fuck her. — “All right, she's a rare good fuck”

— said he in a loud tone. “Let me take my mask off.”

— I wouldn't. I had a dislike to see his face tho a hand-some one.

I didn't want to talk, or to feel him. He and Nelly talked and drank, I occasionally said a word. She after her custom played with his prick, and what with her feeling it and his feeling her cunt, before the hour I saw it swelling. — “You can fuck now.” — “That I can.” — Nelly put herself on the bed side, soon I saw his big tool going to and fro up her cunt, and put my hand under his balls, feeling its movements till his liba- tion was given. I didn't disturb him whilst he bent over her, until from under his balls I felt his prick uncunting.

Nelly lay still with thighs wide apart as his tool left it, her cunt glistening invitingly with clear thin albumen, and beginning to yield up its liquids, for he had spent well. Then plunging my prick up her, it revelled in the grateful lubricity, and my libation mingled with his. — Then rapidly I washed, dressed, and went my way, throwing off my mask only at the door. — He was still masked and naked, sitting on a chair feeling his prick. He fucked her again when I'd left, she told me afterwards.

The excitement during copulation suspends judgment, — almost thought — except baudy thought — reflexion comes afterwards. Next day I felt delight at the mode in which I had made my offering to Venus, in that one of her many temples which lay at the bottom of Nelly's belly, I was sure that the lubricity of her cunt, that softness prepared by the semen of my pioneer, added highly to my pleasure in coition with her, had made it perfect; yet I disliked myself for liking it, and vowed that none but Nell should ever know of my sexual whim [yet now I am narrating it, and have told it to other women — never to men].

Going to Nell's solely to talk about it a few days after, to my

surprize she said she'd got another man for me if I'd like one, quite a young respectable fellow who had been a clerk, lost his place, had got down in the world, and now sold steel pens, calling at shops, offices and so on, to sell them. She fired me. “Get him, get him,” said I. The idea of copulating after the man in the same female receptacle, again overwhelmed me with lascivious desire.

He was brought, was a short, dark youth, slim and almost boyish. At the first minute almost, he asked me what I was going to give him, and when told, said, “But you'll pay her.” — Nelly in vain tried to stop him talking about that. “Pull out your prick,” said I quite boldly finding him to be, or seeming to be a novice. He hesitated as if ashamed, and Nelly pulled it out for him — a little one — I laid hold of it. — “What are you going to do?” said he. — “What he likes” — said Nelly answering for me. — “Oh — no — what? — nothing at the back” — he remarked.

He undressed to his shirt, was clean, had a small prick growing out of a thick but small bush of jet black crisp hair. — His eyes and hair were very dark. — Talking with him, he said he'd been a clerk, but I couldn't get from him why he'd left clerkship. By selling pens, he made such a poor living, that as soon as he'd got twenty pounds, he meant to go to America. Miss * * * * (naming a gay woman) a friend of Nelly's told him he could get money if he'd let gents frig him, and bugger him, but he wouldn't do the latter at any price. — He was to have Nelly wasn't he? — he hoped so, she was a nice girl, but he'd never done it to her, tho he had to her friend.

My lewed whims, likes and dislikes are so unaccountably curious. — Somehow I didn't care about his lubricating Nelly's vagina, the very idea of going where his prick had been gave me offence, tho he'd been hired for that purpose. — I frigged his little prick twice, he sitting on my knee whilst I masturbated him. Then I fucked Nelly and left. [Then for a time my dislike to another male being even near me, returned. — Curiosity was I thought at the root of all I had done, yet the pleasure of a lubricious cunt still dwelt in my mind.

[I nearly burnt these episodes, yet why should I? — education, prejudice, how powerful are they — what more harm can there be in feeling a man's prick than his hand, his prick, is the noblest member?

[I was certainly wildly erotic after this, and went to Nelly L. for all my satisfactions. — Whenever I thought of H*l*n M***w '*d my prick stood, but I avoided her, fearing to fall in love — into that infatuation of lust which leads men to ruin. — How with my voluptuous temperament, and my adoration of the beautiful in women I kept from her astonishes me. Perhaps my erotic whims and Nell's economical facilities, saved me. My purse was impoverished just then also.]

I saw flaxen haired Sophy in the streets one night and had again a letch for her. Nelly got her, and my desire to see light haired and dark haired cunts to-gether, was again gratified. She had grown stouter, her breasts were very large, but not flaccid, her nipples were very prominent, which perhaps suggested what took place.

Comparing their cunts belly upwards, side by side, then with their bums towards me, we talked about the difference that age had made in them since first I had had them; how it had plumped their rumps and bubbies, and thickened the hair on their mottes. — Sophy's motte had swelled up, and was now thickly covered with crisp pale sandy colored hair, indeed was a very fine handful. — She was formed every where for fornication. She had kept a paler tint on her cunt's inner surface than Nelly had. — Dark hair was just shewing round N's bum hole, and we agreed that on her motte — where it was wide spread and thick, even when she came out — it had wider spread, had bunched out and was quite horse hairy. — Putting them on the top of each other I wanted them to flat fuck — Nelly refused, tho Sophy was ready for it, half screwed when she came and more so now, for I'd taken a bottle of gin with me. However they laid belly on belly with thighs wide apart, their mottes touching, cunt wigs entwining, but clitoris did not touch clitoris. Whilst fingering, I pulled their lips apart, admired the different crimson tints of their notches, felt their smooth slippery surfaces, saw the fullness of the pouting ridges which closed up the inviting red dells, and the difference in color of the crisp curls. It was a charming sight, a wonderful contrast in two cunts only.

N-y still refusing to rub her cunt against Sophy's, I put them on their backs on the bed, and examined their cunts as they lay that way. — “Lay down with us” — said Sophy. Naked I laid between the two (bed not large enough) and with middle fingers frigged both cunts at once, till their bums wriggled. “Frig faster, I'm coming” — said Sophy, grasping my cock and kissing my naked arm. “Leave off now,” said Nelly. Tho lewed to my very arsehole, I got away from them, and pulled away Sophy's hand from her cunt, for she with that reckless lustful abandonment which now characterised her, feeling the want of complete pleasure which I had roused, had when my finger left her clitoris, began frigging herself energetically.

Then noticing her nipples. “Yes, thems growed big thro suckling the brats so long — ain't em?” — said she in her hideous lingo, and voice. — “Put one up Nelly's cunt.” — “Oh, you baudy old bugger” — cried she. “What?” said Nelly laughing. — “How is it to be done?” — “I must piddle.” — The gin had done its work, both women pissed and began my trick. I didn't know how to manage it at first, but lewed desires soon work themselves out practically with two well trained doxies. Both women now were lewed, excited by drink, and ready for

any baudy trick, for a novelty in lust is enjoyed thoroughly by a whore whose cunt is hot, as I have proved many times.

I put Nell on the bedside, and Sophy kneeling in front of her on pillows, to bring her to a convenient height, which wasn't done in a minute. Then standing at Sophy's back, I held Nelly's legs up in the air as wide apart as I could, holding them by the heels, my arms distended, which brought her buttocks to the bedside, her cunt gaping. Then Sophy holding up one breast, pushed the nipple against the cunt, and squeezed her breast flat up against it, hiding all the hair encircled gap but the tip of the clitoris, whch just showed itself above her breast. I stood with legs apart straddling over Sophy's fat white back, my balls touching it, and my prick soon erecting, almost buried itself in the hair of Sophy's neck.

“Move it about.” — “I can't, it will come out if I do.” — “Do you feel the heat on your nipple?” — “Yes, it tickles it.” — “Squeeze it backwards and forwards.” Sophy obeyed, her breast squeezed up fuller and fuller, then receded, but never quitted the cunt. “Frig yourselves.” — Sophy obeyed. — Nell refused, but commanded again angrily did so — her finger rubbed between her clitoris and Sophy's white milk bag. They didn't mind me, they were both too lewed and screwed, were both in a minute well off on the frig. Stooping for a moment I put my finger up Sophy's cunt from be-hind, could feel her finger agitating violently, the whole of her cunt seemed moving with it as my finger buried itself in its folds. Then again straddling across her white fat back, wanting to fuck, to be frigged, be sucked, all at — once — that irresolution as to the act, that desire to have all the sexual pleasures in all ways at once was on me, and intoxicated me with lustful ideas.

Then the loveliness of Sophy's deliciously white skin struck me. Spitting on her back, I rubbed my prick tip up and down on the soft moist surface, frigging the stem with my wet fingers at the same time. I saw Nelly was coming by her looks and manner, that the frigging of Sophy was fetching herself also. She never hid her joys, had become a baudy screecher when her pleasure came, and now sobbed, “Oh — my — dear — fuck me cunt — oh fuck” — I spurted a shower of sperm on to her white back as she ejaculated her lustful cries of delight. Nelly who had herself kept up both legs, when for the minute to frig myself I had relinquished them, was quiet, had spent, and dropped her legs over Sophy's shoulders, and there we all remained, Sophy's breast still squeezed gently up against the other's quim, my prick slowly drooping on to its own semen, whilst my hand rested on Sophy's shoulder.

The excitement had been very great to us all, tranquillity followed, but my erotic imagination never ceased working. Sophy's nipple was wet from Nelly's cunt. Both stood then in front of me, both

cunts wet, both almost running with their spending. Then we washed, they drank more gin and talked about our letch — a lascivious triad — the nipple and cunt work amused us all.

After a time, Nelly put her breast on to Sophy's cunt for a minute, just for the sake of doing it once, and immediately washed her breast. But the excitement of the novelty was over, I didn't enjoy the sight as I had the first act, when the caprice had just struck me. I was most pleased with having spent over Sophy's back. I have spent over women's breasts, thighs, bums, cunts and faces, but upon a back never before, and the novelty was delicious.

Afterwards I wanted to fuck Nell, after putting my prick into both alternately. She positively refused, and wouldn't have my prick put into her, after the other's cunt, until the prick was washed. She was snappish with liquor. The fair haired one was ready for any-thing, and it ended in both gamahuching me to a certain stage of pleasure. Then in Sophy gamahuching Nelly at the bedside, and whilst doing so her bum to-wards me, I made her stand up, and pushing between the thighs towards the flaxen hair rift, my prick entered her deliciously lubricious cunt, that cunt which retains all its exquisite qualities — fucked by hundreds as it has been, and had three babies thro it — and spent with my hands on her white buttocks, listening to the lapping of her tongue on the other's cunt, who was spending again.

In another hour Sophy had gamahuched me, taken my libation in her mouth, and departed muzzy enough. — Nell then told me that she wouldn't let her cunt touch Sophy's, for she'd heard she'd had a clap lately. I took no harm. An hour afterwards the theatres were closed, I had had a lobster supper, was still lewed, tho not wanting to fuck, and strolled along a street where I knew women pissed freely, and felt the wet cunts of half a dozen. Tired of that and still loitering about, talking baudy to every woman I met, I saw Sophy going along with a young man, followed them to a low broth-el, loitered about till she came out, found she was quite drunk, asked if she'd been fucked. “Yes, and the bugger only give me half a crown — no more,” said she. She could scarcely speak for drink and scarcely seemed to know me at first. Then all at once, “Oh! Oh! it's you, come and fuck.” — “No come here.” — At a dark spot I felt her cunt again, it was mucilaginous. — “You haven't washed your cunt,” said I. — “Ain't I? — I thought I did when I pissed” she mumbled out. I left her standing there, and soon turning round, saw her going with another man towards the baudy house.

The following incident occurred I find two years ago, but the manuscript got displaced. Altho I did then see her often, I seem to have relied on Nelly L. to satisfy my erotic whims, and indeed now only went when I had some unusual letch to gratify. She was

complaisance itself, I often wondered how it was that with that willingness in pimping, and her personal charms in form and face (she'd shown no signs of fading) she didn't get better rooms, and a better class of men. — Some women have no desire to rise, the lower stage suits them. She was indolent, was not poor, and was content.

Talking with her about a woman who had been taken up for robbing a man, and had kept the stolen trinket in her cunt for two days before it was found there. (This was told in obscure language in the newspapers.) I doubted the possibility. — Nelly averred that it was easy, and it ended in my going out to get the silver, putting forty shillings up her cunt, and seeing her walk up and down the room naked, holding the money in that feminine receptacle. Then she squatted over a pot, and the money dropped out.

I thought much of this, and a few weeks after, re-solved to try her pudendal capacity and tenacity. Taking five pounds all in shillings, I talked with her about her cunt which I knew to be very elastic and distensible, altho its muscular action in fucking was so delicious, as before I must have said in this narrative. Telling her the silver I had brought, she entered into a compact at once. Up to forty shillings if held, the money was to be hers, if sixty, fifty hers, if eighty, sixty hers — after eighty all was to be hers, till the silver fell out of her cunt as she walked across the room. She was to walk once up and down if I wished it after each shilling that was inserted. — If she held eighty, I was to fuck her on two other visits without payment. I stipulated that, tho not however intending to act on it, I never like to have a woman without making her a present.

Putting the silver into a basin, she washed and dried it, washed her cunt, dried that well and the insertion began. Shilling after shilling I put up. — After the first twenty — about holding which there was no doubt — until forty were embedded in the elastic gully. Then she walked up and down. “I'm quite sure I can hold twenty more,” said she and I put them up by fives, the last five she herself squeezed up in some fashion. — “You've put those up your arsehole,” quoth I joking. “Don't make me laugh, that won't be fair.” — In a business-like way she now put up shilling after shilling as I handed them to her, till seventy were in her, and triumphantly she walked up and down the room, none falling out of her cunt.

Then I went on slowly, not believing she could hold any more, adding shilling after shilling, and making her walk after each addition to the load, till at the eightieth I put her at the bedside standing, then pushing my finger up a little distance only, felt the mass of coin seemingly but about an inch up from the mouth — I now laid her on the bed for introspection of the infundibular cavern, pulled open the lips for investigation, and could see the silver. Then triumphantly she

promenaded the allotted distance, and said, “The money's mine.”

Then shilling by shilling others were engulphed in her capacious receptacle, which held them firmly till the eighty-fifth, which tumbled out. Then the game was over, she laughed heartily and more fell out on the floor, her cunt relaxed its grip, I threw her on the bed-side, pulled rudely open her cunt, and a dozen rolled out, she laughing almost convulsively, and at each jerk of her belly more silver was ejected. Then over a basin squatting she relieved her cunt of the coin. The last being got out by aid of her fingers, it was then washed and dried, she washed her cunt out with a syringe, we counted the silver, and eighty four shillings were her gain. — “I wish some one would do this every day,” said she elated.

The bulk and weight made it seem incredible that any vagina could have held it. But she had done it, and thought that had it been all in half-crowns, she could have held more.

I put then three fingers up her smooth red cul-de-sac, then four up to their knuckles, and believe I could have got my hand nearly up, but she would not allow that saying it hurt. Then my manipulation having brought the avenue to its natural state of lubriciousness, she feeling randy and my prick being ready, we copulated. The clench of her cunt was delicious, and it seemed impossible that ever it could have dilated, and held eighty five shillings a quarter of an hour before.

[I never tried this trick again with her nor with any other woman but one — four or five years afterwards but told several free mercenary lovers about it. — None had ever heard of such a letch, which was evidently a very original one of mine, and came to me suddenly.]

I did not keep to H*l*n, could not afford to see her often, and one night from the Argyle went home to W**t*n P***e with a sweet faced, dark eyed girl, quite young (wasn't eighteen), a man opened the door, and objecting to his look I nearly left, paid her, and said I had forgotten an appointment. But she pressed me so — “Come and have me first” — that I went up to her rooms. She'd the prettiest little, chestnut haired cunt between plump thighs, and had a sweet form. We stripped to shirt and chemise — it was very hot — and with great mutual pleasure fucked. — Her manners were nice, modest, yet voluptuous, and I lay with my prick long up her, all the time kissing her — her teeth were beautiful. Our tongues played in silence till our carnal union was dissolved. Then I arose, saying, “you have a lovely cunt.” — “You're a lovely poke” — she replied. Just at that moment a knock came. I started, somehow thinking of the sinister looking man who'd opened the door. — “Never mind, lie still, it's only my sister come home” — said she going to the door

With a ridiculous modesty, I covered my tool with my hand as the

sister entered, a girl shorter, but in features closely resembling my woman. — She was very handsomely clad in bright yellow silk (as had been the other), a color then fashionable. Whilst getting some-thing from a drawer, the two began talking. “Yes, he never came, it's the second time he's humbugged me, — So and So wanted to come home with me, but I lost him thro waiting for ***, I'll serve him out.” She was angry. Then she asked if her sister had supped, she hadn't, and was hungry, should Mrs. * * * * get any thing ready? and off she went. I had noticed this girl at the Argyle that very evening, but don't recollect seeing either of them before that night. They'd not been long gay, my woman had told me.

I dressed, and just as I had finished buttoning my trowsers, a voluptuous throb shot through my prick. “You're a sweet girl, I'm longing for you again,” said I, kissing her and feeling her breasts. I'd been stimulated by seeing her wash her cunt, always to me a pleasurable sight. She kissed me. — “Come on then.” — “I can give you no more money.” — “All right” — In a minute we were on the bed, she grasping my tool, I twiddling her quim, our tongues meeting — “Do it, I want it,” said she. The next second my prick was buried up to my balls in her tight little cunt, and with prolonged pleasure we spent. How tightly she held my bum I noticed, how she pressed up her cunt to me whilst we spent together. This time we had stripped entirely, and our flesh was in exquisite contact every where. Then we lay and talked till came another knock. “It's only Amy” — saying that she got up and let her in again.

Amy who was eating laughed at our nudities. — “Go and have supper Cis, Mrs. **** wants to put the things by and go to bed.” — “Go, it's a man waiting to have you,” said I, jeeringly, and really thought so from the manner of her sister, knowing a bit about the dodges of harlots. “There's no man in the house but Mr. ****. — My rooms are above, and I and sister the only two women in the house.” — “You may go up and look,” said Amy. — “Are you her sister?” — “I should think so” — and she laughed. “You are alike in face, are your quims alike?” — “I don't know, they ought to be for we are twins, would you like to look?” — “I can't afford it to night, shew it me for nothing.” — “Oh likely.” — Then after a pause, and having heard my woman affirm their being twins — which I had thought a hoax. — “I'll let you look for a minute if you'll give me a bottle of phiz, I've had not a drop of anything to day.”

I agreed, saying I'd not pay more than ten shillings a bottle. — She didn't think that the landlord would supply it for that, but going to ask, returned with the brute of a man and the champagne. He took the money for it and departed. Then we drank and talked. They had not been long in London I heard, and that was the only house they

had lived in. — My woman had been born only three minutes before the other. The champagne, - which was not bad — was finished. Again my lady washed her cunt. “Now show me your quim” — Amy laid on the bedside, pulled up her petticoats, and I saw a cunt as much like her sister's as possible. — Neither girl had drawers on. — I put my hand to feel her treasure, when she pushed it away and got up laughing, “I didn't say I'd let you feel it.”

Just then came another knock and a female voice, — “If you're going to have any supper Miss Cissy, you must come at once.” — Asking me to wait only five minutes off she went. “You stop,” said I to the sister. — She did, and I talked with her till her sister returned, but she wouldn't show me her cunt again. — “How do you like my sister?” she asked — I said I'd fucked her with the intensest pleasure. “He is a baudy man,” said she to her sister as she entered the room. — “I told you so” — was the reply.

I longed to see Amy's quim again, and said I'd have another bottle if she'd show it, and let me open the lips. She wouldn't agree to that at first, but she'd show it. — I agreed. She then stripped to her chemise, the champagne came and they got frisky with it. — “Shew me your prick,” said Amy. — “It's a nice one, and he's a lovely poke,” said her sister. I wouldn't shew it, unless she'd let me feel her cunt. She did, and it was a beautiful little split much like her sister's. She caught hold eagerly of my tool, which swelled largely in her hands, but didn't stiffen, quite.

All was most luxuriously inviting. The two sweet girls close to me in their chemises, with bubbies shewing — dark patches every now and then peeping from their armpits — lovely shaped legs in silk stockings and natty boots, formed a delicious sight. Every now and then I felt the elder girl's quim; she lifted my shirt, and gently handled my prick, and our talk got baudier. The champagne was finished, it had got into their bladders, both pissed, and so did I — Amy again felt my prick (not any stiffer) and said, — “I shall go to bed, I wish I'd some one to sleep with, I've not had a poke for two nights.” — “I'll give you another bottle of champagne if you'll let me fuck you — if I can — if you can stiffen me.” — “Have him,” said Cissy. — “All right,” said Amy going to the door and hollowing down stairs for the wine. — “He's gone to bed and I can't get it” — said a female.

Up stairs clattering ran the lass, roused the man who came down grumbling (she'd left the door ajar). Soon after the parlor door opened, a champagne bottle was pushed thro, the hand remained. — “The money,” said he. I put it into his hand which disappeared. The next few glasses screwed the girls, who had been somewhat chaste in language till then, but now returned my lewed talk. — “Fuck me,” said Amy, laying hold of my tool. — “It's not stiff” — “Come on the

bed and I'll make it stiff, but it's stiff enough to get into me now." — "Suck it — you must." Both refused, nor would they. — "Mind, I can't give you any money." — "All right, come on." — "Pull off your chemise." — Off it went, off went my shirt. — She laid on the bed thighs wide apart, I investigated her cuntal charms, and my cock then stiffened gloriously; but not feeling pressed by my sperm I still laid by her side. — "Why it's quite stiff, put it in," said she impatiently, and tugging at my prick vigorously.

Who could resist such an eager, loving, invitation? I plunged my pego into her thirsty sheath. She was dying for it, and worked her cunt vigorously, but my tool tho now as rigid as the most exacting cunt could desire, had no libation ready at its roots. Fucking on vigorously to meet her ardor, soon the clip and grind round its tip told me she was coming. The soft, moist relaxation of cuntal friction, her murmurs of pleasure, and tranquillity of thighs, bum and belly, told of her spend. Directly after, "You haven't spent, go on fucking, go on," said she.

On I went fucking with pleasure, grasping her bum, kissing the delicious creature, pleasure in my gland, my mind filled with visions of women, of her sister's cunt, and other exquisite meretricious reminiscences — but without that all pervading voluptuous pleasure, which runs thro every fibre of my body and heralds the advent of spunk, as it prepares to issue from my balls. — She sighed, — she kissed me. — "Aha — you fuck lovely" — I plunged harder and quicker, up and down the lubricious avenue, and sweated copiously with my exercise on that hot night. — Then her cunt gripped and tightened again, then came a voluptuous thrill thro me. — "I shall spend love — it's coming from my balls" — "Aha — so — shall — I — Aher — Aher" — and my spendings mixed with hers in the lovely sheath, and we were tranquil. There sat her sister watching us. — "He's a lovely poke isn't he?" said she. — "Yes." — "How often did he do you?" — "Twice." — "Aha" — said Amy laying with my prick up her, I on her belly, which heaved up.

Then I left. — Many a year was it since I'd fucked a Paphian for a bottle of champagne. It was near day-light when I got home.

A few days after I had the elder in the afternoon. She was fresh as a daisy, looked handsomer than at night. What a long look I had at the little cunt, with what delight I fucked it twice. She then told me she should leave London soon, a gentleman was going to keep her. I gave her champagne as we sat and talked. She said they really were twins, lived not far from Lon-don — had been fucked not quite a year, that the same gentleman had the virginities of both of them and of one not long after the other. They had known him since they were little girls, and their parents as well. He'd helped their parents and had dropped

down dead just before they had turned gay. — A curious history if true, yet not improbable; for I know of a case intimately, where a very rich man fucked first two sisters, and left them each small fortunes; some people said he'd fucked their mother as well. She was a remarkably handsome woman. He died suddenly.

Again I called — Amy appeared, said her sister was engaged with a friend. — “I wish I were fucking her instead,” said I. — “You might if you'd been ten minutes earlier, but I am glad, for it's the gentleman who's going to keep her.” — I examined Amy's charming form, and her little pretty quim was very like her sister's, with but a small quantity of silken hair on it. I fucked her and departed, not liking her as well as her sister, but why can't say. — Calling a few nights after, the sinister looking man opened the door, and said Miss **** had gone away. Off I went to the A*g**e, saw the sister, took her home and had her. Her sister was in a nice house of her own with a great swell she said. I questioned her more. — Yes. One gentleman had had both their virginities, and he was dead, “So much the worse for us.”

A day or two after I visited H*l*n. She had now become very curious about my doings with women, and always questioned me. Generally I told her truly what women I had. It pleased me to tell her, especially as I saw it annoyed her when told what the cost of my pleasure had been. She averred that they were not sisters, tho they'd given themselves out as such. — She knew them by sight, they had only been seen a few months, and one had recently disappeared. She had enquired about the sisterhood.

They however resembled each other immensely, had voices alike, and cunts wonderfully alike. Out of a hundred cunts, not one is quite like to another, there is al-ways some difference noticable in them. — In my belief, there is as much difference in the look of cunts as there is in noses. — But sisters' cunts I think are generally somewhat alike. — One sister often makes an-other a harlot. All this I've remarked before.

“You say you're fond of me but see other women much more frequently.” — “Yes but don't give them your compliment.” — “But you spend much more money.” — “Perhaps, but have three or four women for what I pay you once.” — “Well — I won't let any man have me for less than five quid.” — But she was annoyed.

Soon after calling on Amy, I found she had also left, both had disappeared from London. They were lovely young harlots, had the sweetest cunts, and each would have let me fuck them as much as I liked — which was less than they wanted. Sweet as they were I gamahuched neither of them — why?

Chapter X

A dancing demirep. • An admiring crowd. • The landlady's bonnet. • Flight prevented. • Miss B**h*m. • The effects of smooth flesh on her. • My confessions to H*l*n. • Financial proposals. • Aboard. • At peepholes again. • The English woman bathing.

I then went to the A*g**e three or four times, disguising myself a little, to look at H*l*n, (who looked lovely in her superb dresses) and perhaps a little be-cause I had found women well dressed, handsome and young, who readily accepted a couple of sovereigns or less. About to enter late one night, I saw a crowd in the road and a little woman evidently drunk, yet steady in her limbs, dancing with her clothes up to her knees, and singing. The mob — mostly of common men applauded, making smutty remarks, “Pull 'em up higher and show us yer cunt.” — She made some reply and pulled them up higher, asking if her legs were not beautiful.

There was something about her exhibition which made my cock horny. — I'll get her into a cab, and feel her cunt thought I. — “Here's the Bobbies.” — “Hook it little un. — Here's a Bobby,” cried out the men. — The crowd separated, the girl dropped her clothes, and quickly ran up * * * * * St. — I followed. “Come into a cab.” She clutched my arm. “Don't let em lock me up, they did last month — Oh — don't — come away.” — She was wild with fear, tho there was no need for it, for the circle having broken up, the police interfered no further. In a second into a four-wheeler we had got.

“Where to?” — “Oh they won't let me in I think.” — “Where to?” — “I don't care, I live at * * * * but they won't let me in perhaps, I got out of the window — they've locked up my things.” — “Well, I'll leave you.” — “Oh — no — don't — take me home with you.” — She was thick in voice, very anxious, but coherent and didn't stammer even. — She seemed a little out of her wits, I began to think. — With difficulty I got her exact address which was at the extreme end of F***h*m.

In the cab my lust rose higher — “What lovely legs you have.” — “Haven't I?” — Saying that she stood up in the cab, pulled her petticoats nearly up to her back-side, tried to dance, knocked her head up against the roof, then sitting down, put her legs upon the opposite seat. “There, ain't they beautiful — feel my cunt — let me feel your cock.” — She tore my trowsers open violently, and seized my pego. — “Oh — oh — oh it's a beauty — let's fuck — but ain't my legs beautiful.” — All this in a breath hurriedly. — Thought I, she's randy mad drunk. But vanity was stronger than her lust, for relinquishing

my prick, she again pulled up her clothes to call attention to the beauty of her legs, — and beautiful they were — then again grabbed my pego eagerly, begging me to fuck her. — “We can't.” — “Oh we can — I've done it in cabs” — and so on. — She gabbled on in a half cracked, half drunken, lewed manner, every now and then feeling me and asking me to fuck her. I felt a fat, well haired cunt, and rump and thighs quite solid. She once so handled my prick — for I liked her doing it — that I resolutely withdrew it from her, not wishing my letch to die away in masturbation. — “Haven't you been fucked to night?” — I enquired, for it occurred to me that she had got tight with money received for her favours. Tho tipsy, she answered steadily enough, “I've not been fucked for three days, they have locked me up, I owe a month's rent, they took away what my friend gave me when he called, they said they'd give me in charge if I didn't let 'em.” “O fuck me” — laying her head on my shoulder. Then suddenly, — “Oh — that's * * * * St. — what shall we do if they won't let us in?” She then was quiet, evidently fearful of something at her house. Her talk raising all sorts of suspicions, and not wishing to be mixed up in a baudy house row, I felt inclined to pay her and cut — just then the cab stopped at a small house.

I knocked and rang several times, bolts and locks were withdrawn, the door opened, and a coarse looking, middle aged woman stood there candle in hand, who looked savagely at my little woman as she closed the door. — The demirep was going hurriedly to her rooms on the ground floor, when the landlady called out, — “Here, take the light, and give me my bonnet, you'd no business to have taken it.” — Hastily the girl gave the bonnet, took the candle, opened her room door, and when inside locked it, and said, — “Oh ain't she a beast? — but she can't get at us now.” I heard the street door bolted again, and the woman tramping up stairs. I felt uncomfortable, but the feel of the cunt had set me longing so, that I resolved to fuck it quickly 04d get off. — She tried to mount a chair to light the gas but reeled and nearly fell. — I lighted it, and found the rooms comfortably furnished. — She was now more intoxicated, and thoroughly lewed, grabbed at my prick, and then chuckling, undressed rapidly saying, “She's listening to us perhaps, don't talk loud — look at my legs.” — It occurred to me again that she might be cranky.

But I had no time for reflection, for dropping all her clothes on the floor, mounting the bed, throwing up her chemise and opening her thighs wide, “Come on — fuck me” — she cried. I've known gay ladies screwed and lewed behave similarly, and urge me with their impatience for my cock. Modest females indeed have cuddled up to me, and without baudy words hurried me up their thirsty cunts. I threw off my coat, pulled her to the bedside, looked well at her cunt

— which was roly poly lipped, fat, hairy — as I had guessed by my feel — and her bum and thighs large and solid. She had beautiful feet and legs from her knees downwards, above them a little heavy. I then put her lengthwise on the bed, laid besides her, and pulled out my cock. — “Pull off your clothes and stop all night.” — “Impossible.” — Raising herself she took unasked my prick in her mouth for a second only, saying, “I like to lick a good stiff un first.” Then I mounted her, and she being lewed and my sperm simmering, her cunt was soon overflowing. She spent with violent demonstrations of pleasure, and a minute after clasping my backside tightly, and putting her short legs up round it, she re-commenced oscillating her buttocks. “Fuck on, I shall spend again.” — “I can't.” — “You can it's quite stiff — fuck on.” — It was unusually rigid, but during her random talk whilst undressing and also in the cab, she'd said that when she was ill she'd never had a fuck. occurred to me that she might have had pox or clap. So spite of her I withdrew my prick.

When I'd washed and buttoned up, off the bed she jumped. “Fuck me again.” — I told her I must go, but she closed with me, said I shouldn't till I'd done her again, that she hadn't been fucked for days, damned if I should go till I'd fucked again. “Look at me naked.” Stripping off her chemise, she put her arms round my neck, pulled my head down and kissed me, praying for a fuck. It was irresistable, I laid on the bed with her, and as my cock was not ready, she frigged herself and spent. In a quarter of an hour she'd minetted my pego to full penetrative size, and my second injection was given.

That seemed to have cooled her arse, and her manner changed. In a whisper almost, — “Let me dress, and when you go out let me go with you” Said she had got out of the window that night (it was quite easy to do so) with the only things she'd got, the landlady had the rest — It was her own bonnet, not the landlady's, who'd taken it, and she'd got it away on the sly, be-cause she couldn't go out without a bonnet. “Oh take me away do — I'm so frightened of her.” — She clung to me evidently in fear of some one in the house but she was now incoherent. She managed however to keep me an hour or more after I'd paid her, till she'd put on her clothes. — “Go softly — I will go out with you.” — In vain I persuaded her not, she insisted. — I was embarrassed, went softly to the street door, she following me, found it locked and the key taken away. “Oh she's locked us in,” said she in terror.

I called out and knocked with my stick till the woman came down, saying she thought I was going to stay all night. Then to the little woman who stood close to me, — “You go away Miss * * * *” — quick as lightning she ran into her room and slammed to the door. The next minute the street door closed on me — I was glad to be

clear, yet very curious, waited outside for a minute, and heard women's voices hollowing at each other, then I went off.

A few days after seeing the dancing demirep, I was at the rooms quite early, and noticed a tall, black haired, dark eyed woman of Jewish type, with a small delicate nose and pearly complexion. She looked five and twenty and was elegantly attired in a black silk dress, very decollete, showing a lovely pair of exquisite breasts, which together with a breadth of hip, and easy undulations of her body as she moved swelled my pego with desire; but thinking her price would be too high for me, I stifled my lust.

She came towards me slowly, looking at me, and then concupiscence suddenly overcame prudence. I thought of nothing but fucking her. “You're very lovely, I'm longing to have you.” — “Why don't you then?” — “I can't afford to pay for such a beautiful dress.” — “Some can if you can't.” — “I can't afford more than a sovereign” — all said in a very low tone of voice. She looked me up and down for a second of two — then, “You may go home with me if you'll go directly, I must come back.” In five minutes we were in a cab, in twenty minutes in her rooms at P**l*co.

She took off her bonnet, sat down, looked at me scrutinizingly, and remarked that a sovereign was very little. At once and without reflection, I thought I should be bilked unless I paid more to have her. The hurried feel in the cab of her smooth thighs, and extreme crispness of the curls on her motte had so excited me, that had my purse been filled I should have payed anything, but there were only a few shillings and one sovereign in it.

“I've not deceived you — I'm a gentleman, here is your money.” — Angry and scarcely knowing what I said, and putting the money on the table. She looked at me without speaking until I put on my hat, and then, “What are you doing, aren't you going to have me? come along” — and she went to her bedroom.

I followed, thinking that I'd rather made a donkey of myself. “Undress,” said she smiling. “I thought you wanted to get back.” — “So I do, but take off your things.” — She was soon in chemise, and as I watched the disclosure of her charms, my prick rapidly erected She laughed directly she saw my horny procreator, which propped up my shirt tail, and she manipulated it gently directly I laid by her side. I fingered her lovely cunt, every now and then intruding a finger into the red avenue as herald to my carnal king. She passed one ample thigh over my hip, opening her delicious furrow, giving free play to my fingers, glued her mouth to mine, and tongue to tongue we lay in silence, excepting for her soft murmurs of pleasure; all this surprizing, delighting, and stimulating my lust. — It was so delicious mentally and physically, that tho my semen was near to ejaculating itself

without the friction of her pudenda, I restrained myself from fucking. “Leave off dear, or I shall spend.” — “Don't put it into me yet” — she replied, relinquishing my tool. — I'd stirred her concupisence — and many a Paphian have I done the same to, — they have said it — who enjoyed my embraces, and stimulated me to further enjoyment of them — and this has occurred quite as frequently in my middle age, if not more so than in my youth.

How exquisite is the touch of the soft hand of a woman as it glides about my prick, soothing yet exciting, moving gently, slowly, restlessly up and down the stem — without the vigor of the masturbating friction. — I missed Miss B**h*m's hand so much, and liked so much my fingers smoothing over her soft, pulpy feeling vulva, that for the moment I regretted we had ceased manipulating our heated genitals. But either overcome by her concupiscence, or a desire fully to gratify mine, she turned on to her back. The invitation was irresistable. In my strong desire for her, desire to join her exquisite body to mine, to spend my seed in her, I had scarcely yet looked at her cunt, so overwhelmed, so satisfied entirely with the beauty of her form was I, as it disclosed itself whilst undressing. Every garment she took off one by one added to my fire, and I had followed her on to the bed, without that investigation of her centre of love and bliss, which so much delights me. Now as she lay with thighs apart, showing the jet black, crisp curls, umbrageously hiding the soft lipped division of her belly, my prick gave a violent throb, nodding its adoration of the avenue it was to travel up, and my sperm seemed beginning to rise from my testicles.

Then impatiently my fingers divided the curly covered lips, my prick now shaking with desire, then a rapid glimpse of the red opening, and delirious with beauty of her sexuality, I dropped on to her, our bellies met, my thighs enclosed by her plenteous columns, and ere my fingers were there to guide it, my prick had struck the crimson aperture, and with one thrust splitting the lips, buried itself up it, plunged up to its roots, my balls rubbing themselves on to her lovely buttocks. — I could not repose even a moment in the delight of possession of her body — of our being joined as one in the flesh, and in the mind — that exquisite pause which comes when my prick can go no further up — but with sperm seething and ready to ejaculate into its lubricious recipient, it urged me on. With frantic thrusts, up and down moved my prick in her cunt, which sympathetically heaved to meet it, grip-ping its ruby tip, and whilst she murmured, — “Don't hurry” — hotter and hotter it grew, lodged itself in the innermost folds of the channel, and with gentle movements a flood of sperm poured into it. — So soon as she felt the warm mucilage, her cunt discharged its glairy juices to mix with mine. Then with lingering

vitality, my prick still gently moving, her belly gently heaving, our spendings churned together and slowly we sank to repose in each other's arms — our mouths and tongues still glued together. Ah! the bliss of those few minutes from conjunction to dissolution.

My pego shrinking drew out some of our spendings. Still keeping my motte pressed up to hers, I felt the genial juices cooling on my scrotum, felt voluptuous de-light at feeling it there. She did not move, but rubbed both hands up and down from bum to neck on my naked flesh in silent pleasure; then remarked, “You have spent a lot, what lovely flesh you have.” — Vanity gratified, yet doubting — I replied, “Humbug.” - “Humbug, what's humbug? — your flesh feels lovely, by God.” — Then after feeling and praising her solid backside I turned over from her my pego dripping with lubricious moisture, and got up to wash. She lay quite still looking at me, thighs apart just as I left them. — “You've a lovely skin for a man — let me see you quite naked.”

I drew off my shirt and stood naked, the love essences glistening on my drooping pego, hairs on my motte glued to the flesh, she with thighs just as I'd left them, the black curls on her mount drenched, sperm showing on the little red line visible — for she like me had spent copiously, and our mutual desire to continue our loving connection, had squeezed out the essences from her flooded cunt. — After contemplating for a minute, she said, “You're a fine man,” and got off the bed holding her cunt to catch any mucilage. Washing and squatting over the basin, she looked at her fingers covered with the lustful emollient of my testicles. “Haven't you spent?” said she, and laughed.

Both were washed. — “Let me see you naked, I haven't done so.” — In my lustful impetuosity, from feeling to fucking had not occupied a minute, all was hurry to mix with this goddess of pleasure. — I didn't expect she'd comply as she was in a hurry, but she said, — “Let's look at ourselves together.” — Taking off her chemise, she laid hold of my waist and we turned towards the cheval glass, she rubbing her hands all over my flesh, and at last kissing one of my nipples. It was startling to see these evidences of pleasure, after the cold, hurried beginning of an hour scarcely past. Then I felt her breasts and cunt, she laid hold of my prick, we turned belly to belly, contemplating ourselves as Adam and Eve might have done if they had had a looking glass, then saying, “You have lovely flesh” — threw herself languidly on the bed as if fatigued, put her fingers on her clitoris, and remarked, “We needn't be ashamed to show ourselves.” — This Jewish Paphian seemed to enjoy my skin and nudity immensely, as other women have done. — I'm sure she was Jewish, tho she had scarcely a marked feature of her race.

Then she let me see her secret charms, and turned about readily to show them — accomplished Paphian as she was — and exquisite they were. — Every now and then she caught hold of my pego, squeezed, relinquished it, and smiled. It had not left her cunt twenty minutes ere lustful thrills shot thro it, then my fingers fastened on her black, thick, wiry haired — how crisp and curly they were — notch, and instinctively rubbed her button, — that button made for frigging, — and when I had frigged it a little time left off, thinking I saw from her silence and a certain manner, that she wished me away. So I ceased the titillation and took up my shirt. — "Fuck me again," said she.

Astonished. — "You wanted to get back quickly" "Never mind." — Then, for I can't bear to have my pleasures without paying, can't bear to leave a woman dissatisfied unless I find her out to be a harpy, — "I've no more money, you may look in my purse." — "Oh damn the money lie down." — In a second I was beside her, we were lying side by side, one of her thighs passed over my hip, she handling my prick, I her cunt, our lips kissing, and so we lay concupiscently playing and coaxing each other's genitals. — Now and then I ceased to feel, then turned to look at her black haired temple, then resumed my place by her side and probed her cunt with my fingers, till our lusts were assuaged by a second fuck. Then she asked me to take her back. We dressed quickly and I took her back to the congregation of cock-huntresses. I felt her all the way there, she me, and my prick was again stiff as we parted at the door of the saloon. — I gave a half promise to see her again, but did not.

It has not often occurred to me to have had two gay women in five days, worth telling about. In my youth I have had dozens without any thing specially notice-able, tho in my diaries most were mentioned.

A week after this I saw H*l*n and told her all. It was then that I mentioned having poked one of the twins for a bottle of champagne. H*l*n seemed much irritated, which pleased me; said again that they were not twins, it was a sham to entice men who liked the idea of having sisters, that the little one was a little beast who would let any man have her for any money. — Miss B**h*m was dangerous, let men bugger her, did not care who knew it, and liked that bestiality. A man lived with her, and she'd heard that together they got money out of gentlemen who went home with her. — She knew I'd gone home with her, for a woman had told her so, but it was nothing to H*l*n, I'd a right to have any woman I liked. — As to the terpsichorean harlot, she did not recognize her from my description. — H*l*n cooled down after I'd fucked her twice and had given the fiver, and on telling that I was going abroad and might not see her for months — said if I liked

to come as a friend, and give her a bottle of champagne I might have her; but if money passed, it was a fiver and nothing less.

I set all she said down to spite, and to hinder my again seeing B**h*m. — In a few days I visited H*l*n again, she was voluptuous to perfection, wanted me to fuck her again and again. I fancied indeed that she was determined that my precious, life giving emollient, should go into no other woman's cunt that day. — We had the champagne and I might have enjoyed her for that, but gave her some gold when leaving. She said she didn't want it but accepted with very little pressing. “When I return I will always give you that, if you cannot accept it I must keep away from you.” — She made no reply, and soon after I went abroad.

Of late years my opportunities of using peepholes at hotels have been but few, this season chance gave me more. Owing to the limited accommodation at hotels in the travelling season, friends cannot always get bed rooms close together, and this was the case just now with us, which gave me the chances.

Alone in a large bedroom, in an ancient hotel in a mountainous district, I went to bed early and slept at once soundly. Soon after daybreak a sudden noise in an adjoining room roused me. Instantly my old curiosity came on, for from the shuffling of feet, and movements heard thro the ill fitting doors between my room and the next, I knew it must be a woman there. Instinct tells me that sometimes before I know there is one. My sensuous temperament I have at times thought gives me a presentiment that a woman will be visible to me — absurd tho this may seem. — It is the sympathetic transmission of lust to lust, an ethereal inter-change, which I believe in, and which has rarely deceived me.

Jumping out of bed, stealthily going to the folding doors, I heard water splashing, and directly found a hole just above the top of my washstand, big enough to put a large quill through — so large that it is a wonder it had not been seen and plugged up by the occupant on one side or the other. — But my experience is, that half the travellers fatigued and preoccupied, either are in-different to, or don't suspect these subtle means of inspection. — A washstand was also placed against the door on the other side, and there was a woman in night dress washing. — I couldn't see her face, or anything but about half of her body.

Shortly she moved off to the middle of the room, poured out water into a large sponging bath then stripped, and naked in it began sluicing water all over her. Sometimes she stood with a sponge letting the water run down her back, then down her front, then she squatted and bathed her cunt, in doing which she luckily faced me and I saw her twats fairly well and the hair on her motte and armpits, both of

which were visible every second. — Her sluicing was mainly in her cuntal regions, where she sluiced so long, that I concluded she had a weakness there. After drying her-self, she opened a window, threw her night gown loosely over her shoulders, and stood looking out with naked bum towards me. Then she began to dress, and I lost sight of her. — I was ravished with the spectacle which lasted some minutes, set my pego swelling, and with difficulty I restrained an onanistic performance.

She was a tall, thinnish English woman, seemingly about twenty three years old, with blue eyes, lightish brown hair, with but little hair on her motte, and less in her armpits. I longed to be nearer to her, for when-ever I secretly see a woman nude, I desire to get near her and talk to her, thinking about her charms, whilst I converse. I feel as if I liked her, as if she were some-how bound to me and I to her, and that I would do any-thing kind or useful for her. Such is my sensuous temperament, such the amiable state of mind which seeing a pretty woman naked puts me in. This sexual longing, this feeling born of the urging of the prick to-wards the cunt for conjunctive copulation, or in plainer language fucking — is that which directly or indirectly, determines the whole course of human existence.

I dressed rapidly and got to the breakfast room. A few minutes after, there was the lady with her relatives who were going off early by carriage. I spoke to them about the weather and their journey, with the familiarity which travelling engenders. Then it was that I saw she had blue eyes and was English. I thought how I should have liked her to have seen my prick though that peep hole, as well as I had seen her charms, and delicious thrills ran through that carnal tube as I thought of her nudity, so soon as she had gone. Fucking is the real bond of union of the sexes, what interest would a man have in a woman who had no cunt, — beyond mere curiosity?

Chapter XI

A big Kellnerin in the mountains. • The privy in the barn yard. • Her bedroom at midday. • A sleepless night of love.

Three weeks later I was travelling alone in a higher mountain region. — My Lohnkutscher set me down at the best of two hotels in a primitive village, a rough place it was, tho clean. — Soon after day-break next morning I was up (like the rest) and wandering about the village which contained perhaps a hundred houses, till I reached the other hotel, seemingly a poorer place than mine. On the opposite side of the road to it was an adjunct. A female carried to and fro coffee and bread and butter, and some dozen or so well clad farmers, peasants, and their like, were breakfasting there. It was about six o'clock.

The building where they were eating seemed like a huge two storied barn — the front on the ground floor forming this eating place, the rear half abutting upon a yard in which were empty vehicles, the yard having been got by cutting away the rock. — By the side of this building was the church yard with a public pathway thro it, which continued in the rear of the barn yard, and was about fifteen feet above it. From it, the interior of the back of the building on the ground level could be seen thro big folding doors which were open. — There were little windows on the floor above. In the yard was a privy. Whilst looking in at the people breakfasting, an exceedingly tall woman crossed the road. — She was quite six feet high, and stout in proportion. Her arms were naked far above her elbows, till covered by a white chemise, her petticoats were half way up to her knees, she'd strong laced up boots, — the peasants' costume — and a little covering of some sort on her head. Her face was bronzed and handsome, her walk stately. As she passed she smiled, and said, “Good morning sir” — a salutation given to all in that country. — She had a bunch of keys hanging from her waist, and a leather bag for money, which proclaimed her a Kellnerin.

I watched her for a minute, thinking what thighs and bum she must have, then strolled through the church yard, and along the pathway mentioned, and looking down on the cart yard, the Kellnerin appeared, saw me, but taking no notice walked straight to the privy, barely closed the door, and in a minute came out again having evidently gone there to piddle. My prick then tingled as naturally I thought of her cunt, and a train of voluptuous thoughts followed. She looked at me, I nodded, she nodded, walked to the barn doors, again looked up at me. I kissed my hand as she disappeared. There was

nothing rude or lewedly inviting in her. My prick was standing now, I had not fucked for a week.

It is delicious to look at a woman and to think about her hidden charms, even when I have no expectation of sexual gratification. Going on a little further, I again got to the main road, turned towards the restaurant and entered it. The farmers stared at me but not rudely. Passing to the rear of them I ordered coffee, and the Kellnerin fetched it. Almost directly afterwards a rough diligence appeared, some went off by it, two or three others carrying guns went off also, all saying "Good morning" to the Kellnerin, and she and I were alone. Then she sat down near me, — mountain custom — and remarked that it would be a hot day. I didn't understand her language, thereupon she spoke in German, but with a patois which made it difficult to understand each other.

I wondered if she were the daughter of the proprietor, —they often were in such hotels. She was not, she lived with her mother in the winter, and "now here, and up above" and she tossed her head up to the rough flooring overhead. Then I wondered if perchance I might knock my balls against that big bum. My lust rose high, I thought of the Great Eastern, and of the big woman I fucked in W**t*n Place not quite two years ago, comparing the Kellnerin mentally with them. She was bigger, better proportioned, and younger — twenty two she said — then my passion grew stronger — I was reckless and resolved to try it on. — There was a quiet look and manner about her which made me hesitate, but I knew that in her country, sexual love with-out priestly permission is common, is readily pardoned and thought no sin, that the state charged itself with illegitimate infants, and that women were not thought to be degraded thereby.

I began praising her size and perfect form, was sure there was padding, chaffed about sweethearts — how old was her baby? — Ah — she had none — I should like to be the father of one. — Should I indeed? — all was suggestive of fucking. — We looked in each other's eyes laughing, knowing well each other's thoughts - paid for my coffee, giving her all the change, she caught my hand and kissed it (the custom of Kellnerin then). Then I caught and kissed her without difficulty. "You don't sleep in this barn." — Yes she did — there were many sleeping rooms above. I promised a florin if she'd show me hers. — She said after looking funnily at me, that she would, but, "It isn't worth a florin to see that." — Still we sat, she on the other side of the table, with the simplicity of manners which is found in primitive places in that country, then went to the front of the eating place, looked out, said the diligence was late, and sat down again. I ordered more coffee which she fetched, sat down, and began counting out money from her bag. — I resumed our talk. — Where did she garter?

How absurd this repetition seems — but it's a fetching question, — one which makes a woman laugh in all Christian countries. — Lets her know that her questioner is thinking of her secret parts. — Then if she's game, if her carnality is in the ascendant, her cunt be-gins to heat, prick enters her mind, desire rises.

Was it so with this stalwart Kellnerin? — Her eyes, mild, quiet, without a bit of the Paphian in them looked softly into mine, before she answered me, — “Above knee of course.” — “I wish I were the garter then I should see all.” — “Ach Gott — you're a funny gentle-man.” — “There are no rooms above.” — “Yes, a dozen I say, and full often in summer, but the weather's been bad.” — “Show them me, and yours, and I'll give you ten florins to show me your garters.” — “What — ten florins? — I will show the rooms, after the diligence has passed.” — Then I kissed her, pulling her to me and trying to pinch her bum. — She took the kiss but repulsed the pinch. — “My God, how you have set me wanting you.” — My German was vile and I knew but little baudy language in it, but she understood me I saw. She was staring at me kindly when a jingling of bells told the approach of the diligence.

A man and woman from the diligence had breakfast, — which was over in ten minutes — and departed. Said she, — “There will be no one here now till dinner, and I must go to the hotel.” — “Leave this house with-out our seeing them?” — “Show me your garters.” “Nein — I'll show you the rooms” — joking with her, she went forward to do so. I followed, and found that the big, wooden, barn-like structure, was divided into three parts, — that next the eating place was boarded and clean, with a large coarse wood staircase, and on mounting, that on the first floor was quite a dozen, common looking bedrooms, and on one side an enclosure, which I knew from the smell was a bogging place.

The rooms tho large and rough looked quite clean. “Where's yours?” — “There.” — On the other side of the staircase were two rooms where she and a fellow servant slept. She showed me her own room, holding the door half open, I pushed by her and sat down on the bed. — “Come out, I must be off,” said she laughing. — “Come in” — and I pulled her gently inside, sat her on the bed and began kissing her, trying to feel her garters, murmuring all the baudy German I knew, offered her the ten florins to — “lay down with me.” Just as I had managed to touch her flesh above her garters, — she strongly resisted, but begged me not to make a noise, — the house master might come over. — But the mere touch of her flesh had made me reck- less, and repeating that I'd give her ten florins, I took that money out of my pocket and laid it down.

She was evidently staggered by the offer, tho not quite an English

sovereign. — “Nein — nein — zehn florin? — Ach nein mein Herr” — but she'd sat down again at the edge of the bed, whilst she seemed reflecting. In a minute I'd pulled my prick out and my fin-gers were between her notch. — My German language left me in my excitement, all was physical now, it was all kissing. — “Nein — nein” — “yah — yah” — and cunt fingering. — At last quietly she got up, listened, bolted the door, the next minute I had pushed her unresisting on to the bed, and her petticoats were up to her navel. I saw an expanse of deliciously white flesh, a triangle of brown hair enclosing her belly rift, and instantly divided it with my pego. — Never before did I seem to have had such exquisite delight, as when my prick opened those soft lips, and my semen gushed copiously out into her midst her pleasure sighs, and belly heavings. The five minutes struggling with me, and the touch of her cunt by my fingers had roused her lust, which as I pierced her was as strong as mine. She was young and hearty.

We lay embracing, kissing, whilst my pego was re-tiring. When it had slipped out, and I felt its tip touching the cunt wig, she whispered, “Be quiet” — told me to stay there till she fetched me, went down stairs, and in five minutes returned. — “Go now, and by the way of the cart yard” — I wouldn't go till I'd had her again, and played with her sexual orifice in its unctuous state, till nature again permitted me the exercise of conjugal rites. She retired first and washed her cunt somewhere, and I had a good look at it, before we fucked ourselves into Elysium again.

Then she went to see if the coast was clear, and by the rear of the building, and a narrow path up into the Church yard I got to my hotel. It wasn't eight o'clock when I arrived there.

I had intended leaving, but now was overwhelmed by lust for her, wanted her again, to see her charms more fully, to revel in them, to sleep with her if possible. So at midday went to the tavern and took a meal there. — Stalwart peasants were feeding, and I rested long, wondering if any of them had tasted the Kellnerin. She didn't look like their sort of meat, but who could tell. — I waited till all had gone, then ordered a chicken which I knew they'd have to roast, and waiting for it talked, and, said I wanted to sleep with her. Whilst talking, in came the hotel keeper, and asked if I wouldn't go opposite where the room was better fitted for “Mein Herr” — I declined and away he went.

In half an hour I'd offered her twenty florins. With much fear and hesitation, — for she was to be married in the winter she said — all was arranged — not for that night, but the next. She hoped there would be no travellers, for if the hotel was full, some might come to these barn rooms — if not she'd be quite alone, for the servant who

slept in the room next to hers was to have “her night at home” — I was at dusk to go through the barn yard and the back part of the barn to the first division — the door of which was usually locked at night, but she'd leave open, and go up to her room. If any one chanced to be still in the dining room I must wait, but nearly all went away when it was dark.

The next day I had breakfast at the eating place, it was raining hard. — “If it goes on raining there won't be any travellers.” — “I hope it will for I'm so frightened.” Rain it did to my great joy, only clearing up about the time of my visit. At dusk I went down the rough steps to the barn yard, and fumbling along thro the outer part — filled with lumber and straw — found the door which opened to the staircase portion, and thence into the dining room — saw lights thro the chinks, crept softly up to her bedroom and found the door locked, and the next door locked also. Then a traveller's room door was open, and I sat upon the bed awaiting her in pitch darkness.

In half an hour I heard doors locked, and up she came with an oil lamp. That wasn't sufficient for me, so she went down in the dark to bring up a candle — With the two, all was bright enough. She sat on the bed, said she was frightened, that it would be her ruin if she were found out, and begged me to go. I pressed the twenty florins but it was of no avail, she'd rather not have it — if it were ever known she'd never get married, how came she to arrange this meeting? She'd never done the like before — her intended was away for military training. — She'd let me have her the next morning as she had done the day before if I'd go now, and much more. — She wanted fucking and I dare say the money, but every action, bespoke a woman who didn't get her living by her cunt. She resisted my feeling her till she drove me wild with desire.

I refused to go till I'd had her — would I go if she let me? — No — I'd stop all night. — With that I threw off all but my shirt which I tucked up, shewing my persuader in magnificent erection, sat by her side, and she seeing refusal was hopeless, my fingers were on her notch soon. So for a time twiddling her clitoris, kissing and persuading we sat, she dressed, and still refusing till I made her feel my prick. That weakened her resolve, for she kissed me and began undressing — the feel of the prick makes every woman yield. Her chemise she wouldn't pull off, nor let me look well at her charms. — Women not gay, are so whimsical in their behaviour in love matters — at first.

Too impatient to dally longer, and throwing off my shirt, I got into the bed — one so small that it would scarcely hold us. — Soon she followed me I pulled her chemise up to her armpits, then laid my body on hers. — At last I got her to let me take the chemise off, and both start naked, I folded her magnificent frame in my arms, laying

between her glorious thighs, distended to help my entry to her, my horny ruby tipped prick rushed up her cunt, and we were one. With slow movements I probed its depths, but the tightening of the glowing sheath, its soft compression round my pego, and her thrills, hurried me on; my thrusts soon were quick, then grew frantic, our tongues met, her thighs tightened against mine, and as our sighs and murmurs of pleasure mingled, my prick with violent pulsations of heavenly pleasure, throbbed out from its reservoirs copious jets of sperm, whilst the ambient streams from her cunt mingled with it. Then we dozed off, still holding each other in loving embrace, prick and cunt still united, and in healthy slumber for a short while lay sideways face to face, our naked bodies touching everywhere, clasping each other's haunches, my arm under her neck, uncovered both — for our fucking movements had thrown off the bed clothes. — Soon that slumber was over and next instant lasciviously I grasped her sexual orifice. She caught my hand. — “Ah — don't” — “I will.” — “Nein — nein.” — “Yah.” — Thrusting my knees between her big white thighs turned her on to her back — or nature made her turn so — rose on my knees, saw motte, and thighs, and cunt lips covered with our spendings. At once my prick with throbs rose up potently, down came my belly on to hers again, up into her lubricious avenue went the pro-creator, up and down in the soft mucilaginous compound it churned. Her “nein, nein” ceased, her luscious cunt began to heave to meet my thrusts, our tongues met, all was delicious silence till the moist interior partially dried by the prick gliding to and fro, in it, tightened closely, our tongues met, quick now my thrusts, my arsehole gripped, my prick tip found its home, and again we spent, again dozed off in tranquil pleasure. But we slept not for long, restless, sleeping by snatches still in full rut, with prick still hot and lusting, wanting enjoyment in her yet not ready for the duty, at each awakening putting my hand on to her motte, slipping my fingers into the soft notch, awaking her if asleep — not meaning to do so, — turning bum to bum, then face to face again, placing her hand (nothing loath she) on my doodle, inviting her to rouse it, her cunt willing to receive me, we passed long hours. A clock not far off loudly struck each hour. Then out went the lamp, the candle I had put out before. Then she laying on her back went fast asleep, even with my fingers on her notch and snored vigorously. Soon after I slept, awakening by falling off the narrow bed on to the floor. — “Was ist?” — cried she loudly with fear as she awakened.

Instantly she left the bed, and lighted the candle, We talked. — Nein — never had she had such a thing done to her — “Never, never — my God — never.” — Then little by little I got her to the bedside, and kneeling with her legs over my shoulders, I gamahuched her for

an hour as it seemed and till my tongue could scarcely move, till she groaned in her spasms of pleasure. — Then exhausted, subdued, yielding to my every whim — as women at last do — I placed her leaning over the bed, her lovely buttocks towards me, and licked the hairy notch as well as I could. It was but a mere passing of the tip of my tongue along the furrow, but in my meretricious fury that seemed divine. — Then my pego rose to its work, I plunged it up her, and as I did so out went the candle.

At once my rigidity gave way, she grew restive in the sudden darkness, out slipped my tool. — “Let me go to bed I'm so sleepy,” said she. — On to the bed she got. — Then furious to have her I mounted her, her willing thighs opened, a rub of my gland along the slippery notch stiffened me, but it took me long before I left the last drop of my sperm in her lovely cunt — my prick and arsehole aching as the sperm sped out. — “Ach Gott let's sleep,” said she and bum to belly we both slept now — exhausted by amorous delights.

The clock struck loudly as again I awakened from restless slumber. — She was awake and turned towards me. — Lewed talk again, for I could talk of nothing but sexualities — I was cunt struck, had most of the talking to myself. It was a polyglot of English, German, and *****. — I tried to talk baudily and fingered her cunt, but no erection followed even from her soft endeavours on my pego — I made her try her best and she tried well, but clumsily. — I thought of the delicate manipu- lation of many sweet fuckstresses whom I'd slept with and compared her frig with theirs, but all was useless.

Then suddenly — for so do letches come to me — the lingual play on her vulva again occurred to me. I couldn't make her understand my want at first, so kissed rapidly down from breasts to motte, then pushing open her thighs, my tongue touched her clitoris. She closed her thighs on me as she felt the sensation it gave, and spoke I know not what. — She'd had it done before, I tried to say in German. — Whether I did or not, can't say — but from her nein — nein — again inferred that she never had. There is a fascination in any voluptuous novelty. — Gradually I got her thighs well apart, my tongue touched her clitoris easily. — “Nein — gehen sie weg — gehen” — I heard; then came a clip of the thighs. — “Ach — haaa” — her buttocks moved upon my hands which lay beneath them, her belly heaved, her cunt came full on to my mouth, oscillated a little, and then was quiet. The gamahuche was over. — Habit does wonders. — At day break she got up and I with her, — both haggard, I still with desire, and I fancy she also, and that thinking it would be our last embrace, readily she laid down to receive me. I frigged my lazy tool, — sore, with its previous exercise — and long in vain, — till once more I fucked her. — Quickly we both dressed, and at the foot of the staircase kissed and

parted. Thro the yard and foot-path I sought my hotel (it was not six o'clock). Mine host was up and said, “Good morning sir.” He must have known that I'd not passed the night in his house. — I gained my bedroom, laid down, and slept eight hours without a break.

Then I went to her eating house, ordered food I didn't want, went just when I knew but few would be there — it was still raining pitchforks. — She had the other servant with her, and sent her to fetch my order. — Kellnerin said she was all right, and not a trace of fatigue was now on her face. — Such is youth — I put my tongue out as if licking, she knew my meaning, colored up strongly, turned away her head and then looked round — I repeated the lingual motion, she laughed, said, “Ach!” and lifted both hands rapidly. Then I put my hand up her clothes, and got the smell of her cunt on my fingers just as the other brought my food.

Then the Kellnerin helped the other in various works. — On an opportunity, I begged her to go up stairs again with me. — “Ach — God — nein — she sleeps there” — would be about all day. In vain I tried, sent over for beer, wine, and mineral water. Each time when absent I felt the Kellnerin's notch or motte — a momentary pleasure. — Peasants came in, I went to my hotel and stopped the night. — Next morning the fever in my prick had gone. — Away I went, kissing my hand to the Kellnerin as I passed her hostelry — wondering who'd fuck her next, and if her intended would ever know of that night's amusement. — It was her affianced who had fucked her she had told me amidst our amatory amusements. — What opens the cunt, oftentimes, opens the heart, and loosens the tongue of a woman.

Next day I stopped at * * * * and rested, much fatigued. — It will probably be my last great effort — five times in seven hours is much — and enough even for a young man — I am dilapidated as I write this narrative — but how delicious is the reminiscence of that night of love, that small cunt in that huge woman!

Chapter XII

My sensitive pego and consequences. • Wanting yet revolting. • At P*r*s. • At the lapunar. • Alexandrine the new chambermaid. • Her useful information • An erotic evening. • Sappho. • A limp doodle. • A second Paphian suggested. • Raffaella in the adjoining room • In my room after-wards. • The German's semen. • My dislike to it. • Dislike forgotten. • Tribadic exercises. • The Paphian's opinion of me. • A lewed triad. • Flat fucking and gamahuching galore.

[Many a page of manuscript must now be burnt, a mere outline given instead, tho some erotic episodes will be retained as written.]

[The irritation in my gland about this time increased, and came on quite once or twice a week, in fact directly I wanted the love of woman. In coition then, a freshly washed cunt such as gay ladies like to prepare for their visitors, became to me more objectionable than ever. My first thrusts in the warm red avenues at the period of these visitations, were positively painful to me, and I thought incessantly of the pleasure I had, when the spermatic softness had just been given to the pudenda, by a pioneer on to the road which was open and ready for me to enter. Strange it was however, that at that time, a dislike at the idea of following an-other of my sex there, sometimes came over me, a dislike mingled with fear. — Foolish tho it was for the time — a short time only — it restrained me from giving myself the fullest pleasure, and I contented myself in preparing pudendas by lingual and digital friction, so that natural lubrication might be got before we fucked — if permitted.]

A month after being in the mountains I went to the lapunar at P*r*s already mentioned. At various periods, many of the Paphians there knew my tastes — I usually saw the saloon when full of women, and each was anxious for my selection, for I was liberal.

[A new chambermaid soon after came to that part of the house in which I usually had my chamber — for I had a favorite room — who was quite unlike her class. She was not thirty years old, plump and not bad looking. I tipped her handsomely got very friendly with her, kissed her when I arrived and left, and tried hard to in-duce her to let me fuck her, for she was appetizing, but which she would not permit. — Nor would she let me feel her cunt, nor even her legs. Her name was Alexandrine. The one before that was Hortense, but further reference will be made to these aids to my pleasure.

She told me after we got friendly, that she was married, had never been gay, nor kept, nor in a bordel before, nor did she seem to

me as if she had; and from enquiries made I believed this to be true. — After Hortense left, she became sous-maitresse and our friendliness much increased. — She had more time to talk with me, and she carefully instructed the chamber-maid who replaced her, about my whims and letches, and how to minister to them. I increased still more my tips to her, she got more and more communicative, showed me the women's bedrooms, the medical examination chairs, whips, birches, straps, dildoes, and the whole paraphernalia of artistic whoredom; told me from time to time what woman had just come in the house, and when one came who was new to her occupation there, which women loved each other and flat fucked, in fact put me up to every dodge, and completed my knowledge of human nature in its erotic phases, and of the internal economy of the lapunar. Of course all this was under pledge of secrecy. — But this is looking forward too much.]

I went to the bordel early, the women had only just left the coiffeur's hands, few had been fucked that night, tho some no doubt had during the day. — About twenty of them were in the salon, some quite naked, stockings and shoes excepted, others with diaphanous gauze around them, thro which all their charms were visible. Some sitting, others half reclining, one or two standing. — Breasts, arms, fat thighs and backsides nude — mottes shewing like charcoal set in ivory, some women exhibiting hairy armpits, — an indescribably voluptuous scene.

“Salon mesdames,” said the sous-maitresse opening the door. — For a second the chatter ceased, then re-commenced, limbs moved, eyes flashed, many spoke and all at once. — “Ici, Monsieur.” — “Monsieur c'est moi.” — “Moi Marguerite.” — “Ohe.” — “Ah cochon.” — “Vous ne vous souvenez pas du moi” — etc. etc. — Some put out their tongues lasciviously. — Some opened wide their thighs. — Some put fingers on their clitorises with frigging movements, — others pulled their cunt lips open. — It is one of the most marvellous sights in the world, but the excitement renders selection of a woman difficult. My eyes roved from one to another of the Paphians, dazzled, bewildered by sight, sound, and lewed suggestions.

I selected a woman, who went upstairs naked, step-ping up daintly, I following just so low behind her, that I could see the dark furrow between her buttocks, which moved with a wriggle as she went prancing up step by step — a cock standing sight, but mine didn't stand — “Marie, est ce que la jaune est occupee?” Her hand was on the handle — I had asked for that room. — “Si, si, Mademoiselle, pas la, — ici donc, — ici.” We entered another room, rich looking and hot — they are all kept hot, so that the women who are naked for hours should not catch cold, and can strip themselves. In fact, a fucking atmosphere is kept up.

I did not like my choice, she was thinner than I'd thought, but was beautifully made, had dark brown hair on her cunt and not too much of it, — a pretty cunt. Her face was Southern, her head dressed in Oriental fashion was hung with sequins, large gold bracelets were on her arms, gold coins round her neck. She was she said twenty two. “I'll make my toilet,” quoth she. I don't know what made me say it or what passed thro my mind, for I had come to be gamahuched, and on those occasions like to feel a quite clean cunt — for all that I objected. “Have you been fucked to night?”

— “Not yet.” — “Don't wash, I don't like a dry cunt.”

— “Tres bien, je le rafraichirai seulement.” Out she went, in a minute returned, I put my fingers up her cunt and felt its natural state, it had not been washed inside. — Then I wished it had been but did not say so, looked at it well but was confused, saw a cunt and nothing particular about it, and had no desire to fuck.

I had travelled much two days previously, felt tired — and worse — that I should not like her. I had felt my cock whilst she was washing and there was no stiffness in it. — “I shall give you trouble, am old, may not be able to fuck you.” — “Old? not so old — I'll make you do it.” — “No, I am old.” — “How old then?” — I told. “Quel mensonge — what shall we do — faite l'amour?”

— “Let me see your cunt more.” She threw herself on the bed, her legs invitingly apart. — It was a pretty and fresh cunt but it did not stir me. — When I had done amusing myself with it, “Suck my prick” I said. — “Tres bien.” — Taking a wet towel she washed the top, pulling down the prepuce and looking carefully at it — I took off my clothes and laid on the bed, she began running her nimble tongue all round the roots, over the balls, and finally taking the tip into her mouth, gave a preliminary lick, spat out, and then went on quickly rolling her tongue over the tip, moving her head up and down. One moment the tip came into sight the next it was hidden to the roots.

For a moment it stood stiff under her delicate tongue friction — She gave it a gentle frig, and down my prick sunk again, — to my shame — “I told you I was tired.” “Never mind, I'll make it come up” — and she re-commenced.

I turned her about in many attitudes, her lithe form twisted any way I felt her cunt deeply whilst she gamahuched, then put her over me kneeling and looked at her cunt, but all was useless. — Ashamed, “I told you so.” — “You are fatigued” — I was glad of the excuse which was true tho. — “Let me feel your finger.” — Finding the nails short, — “Put one up my bum, gently, oh, gently.” — “Open your legs wide.” Wetting her finger with spittle she gently drove it up me, irritating my fundament, sucking my cock all the time, giving me voluptuous sensations — but no cockstand came. Then she tickled my

bum hole with her tongue, then up went her finger again — but it remained limp.

"It's of no use," said she, — "Shall I get you another girl?" — "Have you a dear, dear friend?" "Yes, a fine woman — superb — dark — oh dark, such black hair on her cunt. — You'll like her." — "Will you play at minette with her, voulez vous faire la tribade avec elle?" — "Oh yes, we often do it, shall I get her?" — I wanted some excuse, yet for some intangible reason said, "No." — "Do, — you have made me randy," — said Sappho. "Whilst she minettes me, you can fuck her." — "What's her name?" — I did not want a woman who knew me. — "Raffaella — so lovely, — the finest woman in the house — and si chic, si polissonne, je l'aime la petite cochonne" — and she kissed the air and wriggled her backside. — "She is si fraiche, only been galante deux mois — ah! je l'aime."

I did not want Raffaella, had come to be gamahuched, wanted to feel my prick tip rubbing in a pretty mouth, my sperm gushing into it, to feel the peculiar sensation which gamahuching can alone give the prick when it spends — to feel it shrinking — yet retained and sucked — no cunt can do that quite, tho, it does much better. I felt angry and ashamed. "Suppose your friend won't." — "But certainly she will, let me fetch her, she will minette you, and so will I her."

Just then I heard a woman coming up stairs singing, and the tread of a man following. They went into the adjoining room, and we could hear them indistinctly through the partition. — Lewed thoughts now came. I had many times seen the cunt of my handsome H*l*n M***w**d covered with the sperm of her lover, had gloried in its viscid glistening, had seen and heard her in her throes of pleasure, whilst a magnificent prick was jetting out its essence into her, and afterwards had put my own prick up and added to the libation; but had then no desire to see any other cunt in similar state. Yet now the letch seized me. "Fetch her directly she's been fucked, and before she washes." — Out went Sappho, knocked at the next door, there was a low toned conversation, and she came back. "It is she, she who is my friend, she will come, you shall see she is the finest woman in the house. — Yes, she'll come with foutre in her cunt."

Laying half naked, thinking and frigging my prick, a voluptuous sensation ran from its tip thro my balls, but no stiffness came. I heard laughter in the adjoining room, and a screech like that which a randy woman sometimes gives when a man baudily assaults her. Sappho was standing by the door "Why stand there?" — She wanted Raffaella to come in quickly without being seen she said, to bilk the landlady by not letting her know she had had two men. All was quiet now. "They are making love," said Sappho shutting the door and beginning to play with my cock, which had shrunk to the size of a walnut again.

A door slammed, mine opened, and in came a fine tall young woman. — Jet black she looked in hair and eyes as she entered, one hand on her cunt, pinching the lips to prevent the spunk dropping on her legs. On the bedside she laid at once and opened her thighs, shewing a cunt surrounded with hair black as charcoal from motte to arsehole, where the thick growth hid the buttock furrow. The lips opening, shewed a dark crimson lining where thick sperm did not cover it; the bright light fell on her cunt. Sappho soon leant over her, sucking her nipples, muttering I know not what in an endearing manner.

Raffaella pulled open her cunt lips with both hands. It was dark crimson colored, shining and with little lumps of opaque sperm laying near the prick hole. — “Do you like looking at a cunt so?” she asked — “Yes.” — “Fuck me cheri, fuck then.” — My prick stood now. — “Has he spent much?” — “Oh! yes much — look.” — Raising her thighs and buttocks but keeping them wide apart, she then gave a tightening, and a mass of gruelly sperm rolled out slowly towards her bum furrow, till caught by the crisp black, curly, hairs. — Did you spend.” — “Nearly, I want it now, fuck me and I shall.” — My cock stood stiffly, but I did not insert it. “I am frightened,” I said.

She moved sideways on to the bed, closing her thighs, grabbing my prick as she did so. — “It's quite safe, he is a friend, and I often see him, a blond with a fine beard, his foutre is good, fuck me cheri, put it in.” Again she distended her thighs and frigged my prick hard. Her thighs had now got spermy thro her moving. There I stood I looking at her, Sappho recommenced kissing her, and every now and then feeling my balls, whilst Raffaella sometimes twiddled the tip gently.

Tho this was yesterday, I am confused about my thoughts and sayings at this juncture, then all is clear again. Raffaella looked lovely, her body was gloriously formed, large globes with small nipples, black arm-pits, large creamy colored thighs, joining her belly in a thicket of black hair. The cunt slightly open and fuckingly aromatic, smelling like the cunt of a woman, soothed by male sperm which had not mingled with her own. I wanted her, yet did not accept the invitation of, “Baisez moi donc!” But fear and disgust at the male sperm came over me — my nature is so curious.

All at once I thought of H*l*n's cunt. “Faite la minette,” — Sappho dropped on to her knees and began. I laid my head on Raffaella's thighs and smelt the sperm, my bum began to oscillate as I fucked in Sappho's mouth. She held my balls in one hand, whilst her finger penetrated gently my bum hole till I spent. Raffaella was frigging herself when my pleasure came on.

Raffaella saying she must go back to her friend, left, but she would soon return. I laid on the bed tired, Sappho sponged and wiped

my prick, and wanted to know if I always was gamahuched. “No.” — “Why not fuck now?” — I did not want the man's spunk on my prick. It was all right, she knew also the man, besides Raffaella had wanted me to fuck her. — “Nonsense,” I remarked. Sappho was sure she did. Then we heard laughing in the next room, the door opened and champagne ordered. — “Ah mon Dieu, they will be some time, he will fuck her again.” I would wait, and Sappho remarking that I should have to pay the house for her, I consented, was now indeed ready to pay anything to see that fine black hair cunted, woman naked, and her semenalized cunt again.

I laid on the bed fatigued, languid with voluptuous anticipations. Sappho chatting and playing with my cock, at times sucking it. At times it stood, but fell when she ceased I played with her bubbies and cunt, then noticed that her clitoris projected much, tho not very large nor ugly. I frigged it till her bum wriggled and she pinched my prick hard. “Do you like gamahuching a woman?” she asked. I had done such a thing. — “Do it to me” — I declined, was too old. — “You look better than half the young ones,” said she.

I told her I'd had many women in that house. — Had I seen women flat fucking each other? — I mentioned women I'd had, some were there still, others had left.

— Said she, “I never had a man who wanted a woman just when she has been kissed, and I thought you wanted to fuck her so.” — I replied that when the de-sire seized me I scarcely knew, quite what I wanted, but now wished to see them two flat fucking together. “What will you give us?” — “A napoleon each if you flat fuck properly, spend together, — faites la tribade.”

— Laughing in the adjoining room ceased. “He's fucking again,” I said. She went outside the door again. — “The chambermaid's there and says you must pay the house as well.” — “I have already said I will!” — Sappho again went out and coming back, “She will be here directly — he is going.” — “Let me see him.” — “No.”

— Gentlemen did not like to be looked at and it was the chambermaid's business to prevent it. — I heard, “Monsieur descend” The next instant Raffaella came again into the room smiling and with fingers on her cunt as before and at once threw herself on the bed and opened her charms to my gaze, the cunt looked much as before, but less wet. The spunk was in the roots of the hair and on one of her thighs, but her cunt was less inviting.

“Did you spend with him?” — “Ah yes, now I had my pleasure.” — I stood enjoying the sight, and again she pressed me to have her. — We kissed, she shoved her tongue in my mouth, used all her incitements. — “Kiss me cheri. — Ah? fookee moi donc, c'est anglais, n'est ce pas? fookee me — fookee me, n'est ce pas. — Ah pollisson.”

I wanted to feel her cunt, yet could not bear to touch the man's sperm — strange inconsistency — but amused myself by squeezing the lips together and letting go, they opened with a slight noise. She every now and then heaving her rump, sighing, and asking me to poke her, took hold of my prick. Sappho then began sucking Raffaella's bubbies, and cooing her in an affectionate way. — Rail got more energetic, grasped and licked my prick, begged me to do it — it was delicious with the sperm of another. “Mais que c'est donc delicieux” — “Faites la minette avec Sappho.” — “No do me — fookee me donc.” — “Don't you like Sappho?” — “Perfectly, yes” — I, weary of Sappho had been tippling my champagne, and suddenly sprang on the bed, put her legs across and knealt over the mouth of the other, the dark one put her hands round Sappho's buttocks and licked Sappho's cunt. I saw her tongue go up and on it, saw Sappho's arsehole, on the left side of which was a little lump as big as a pistol bullet — I had felt it before. The dark one's legs closed up now. I only saw the wriggling of Sappho's buttocks — and in the large looking glass on the wall against which the bed was placed — the movement of her breasts and belly. The sequins on her head shook as she moved, she sighed, murmured, her buttocks wriggled, and Raffaella's fingers buried themselves in bum furrow. Then Sappho crying, “Suck then, suck quick — quick,” — and jogging her backside on Raff's mouth rapidly — leant forward over her head, then reeled off by her side, and lay panting — legs slightly apart — the hair of her cunt drenched with spittle

Sappho soon got up, gave champagne to her friend, drank herself and asked for another bottle, then pissed. The two were getting noisy. French women soon get lively under champagne. They rarely piss before a man unless asked, most of their arseholes I expect have been stretched a little, and farts then escape easily I have been told.

More champagne was brought. — They questioned me. — Raffaella asked me to lie down — I did. — She moved more on her side to let me, then began frigging my cock, which was quite limp. — Sappho again stood by the side of the bed, and told Raffaella she had put her finger up my bum hole. Raffaella laughing asked if I liked that, and why I wanted, to see her without having “made her toilette.” — French women don't use the strong expressions, unless lascivious with desire and really wanting a fuck.

The room was very hot. — There I lay on the outer edge of the bed — the dark one by my side — Sappho standing by the bed. I slipped one hand on to Raffaella's cunt, and the other on to Sappho's, which was still wet with her friend's saliva and her own spend. Raffaella's was moist and I longed to feel up it, yet had the dislike to put my fingers into the man's sperm. Raffaella went on handling my doodle. — “Kiss me” — said she. “Let Sappho kiss you.” — “I'll wash

first," said she. — "No — no — just as you are." — "I can't." — "Yes, I don't mean minette, but tribadez — rub your cunts together — clitoris to clitoris — till you both spend."

Both laughed long and loud. — "We never do that — jamais." — "You lie, — Sappho said you did." — "Oh, but isn't he a villainous old pig." — "Oh the old rogue," said one. "He has lived, hasn't he?" said the other. — "Do English women do it? — tell us then" — said Sappho. — I told them all I knew, and how I had had my thumb up one woman's cunt, and finger up the other's whilst they lay flat fucking.

"My God! — he is fit for a school teacher or a professor," said Sappho. — "I'll wash — yes, — it's not healthy," said Raff. — But I pushed her back — "I wish not that, but with the sperm." — I had got off the bed, was pulling wide open the dark one's thighs again, and now the sperm attracted me. — It made me stiffen as I saw the still glazed cunt. — I was longing, yet disliking it. Then Sappho laid herself down by the side of the black haired and kissed her, began sucking her bubbies, put one hand to her cunt and frigged it. "Was it the German?" asked she. "Yes" — "Which." — "The tall one — he is coming tomorrow, he likes me," —this all said in a low confidential tone. — The other slightly then turned round, quite closing her thighs as a woman sometimes does, when a voluptuous randy thrill goes thro her. Sappho put her tongue into Raff's mouth then turned on to Raffaella's belly, who opened her thighs, and lay on her back.

Sappho nestled her belly to her friend's, put her hand between them, seemed to be feeling their cunts, then clutching Raffaella's backside, wriggled — Raffaella raised her thighs and crossed her legs high up over Sappho's loins, then they both wriggled, sighed and kissed, their tongues were joined, I heard the slobber of their salivas. — Then furiously Sappho began to move somewhat like a man fucking, Raffaella's hands slid up and down Sappho's back, then clutched her bum. — "Ah! quicker! — Ah! God" — cried she. Again their mouths slobbered and smacked whilst their arses heaved, their bodies moved all over, both sighed, then gently subsiding lay quiet in each other's arms.

I saw every movement of their arses, their heads, their eyes and mouths — not one escaped me — they were reflected in every direction, and every wriggle, twist, thrust, grip and thrill was visible. — I stood by the bed feeling Sappho's bum, then got my fingers between the cheeks till they were buried in wet hair, and then my fingers slipped further into a mass of wet cunt — for both cunts were close together — I could not touch one without touching the other. I thought they had done, when Sappho again began wriggling, and for a quarter of an hour was more kissing and wriggling, then murmuring

their delight, and at last loudly, they again lay tranquil, but with bodies palpitating, their limbs straight, the red silks of Sappho between the white silks of Raffaella. Again I pushed my fingers between the cheeks of Sappho's arse. She distended her thighs to let them thro as if she liked my groping. Their cunts were still touching each other. “Sappho,” said a shrill voice outside, and a knock came at the door — Sappho went out quickly. I looked at Raff's cunt, as Sappho got off from it. It was wet, the hairs were sticking on her mount. — She caught hold of my prick. “Foutez moi donc, cheri — fookee me —c'est anglais n'est ce pas cheri? as que vous etes mechant.” — She liked a fuck after a flat fuck she said. [Some women did I find.]

My prick was stiff now and I was about to put into her, when the dislike and fear of the male spunk again overtook me. “No, suck me.” — She wriggled to the bedside pulled me to her till my prick touched her thigh, but I got away from her and wouldn't fuck. — Sappho returned, and I put her on the bed with knees up, and one leg so that her foot rested on the pillow, thus her thighs opened, and I saw sperm on her cunt, she'd been fucked when out of my room. Ralf put her head on Sappho's leg which lay nearest, turned on to her side, her face close to my belly, and raising herself on her arm took my prick in her mouth. “Put up your leg, let's see your cunt.” — Up one went, and there in front of me was the brown haired cunt of Sappho open, and glistening with spunk, her clitoris jutting out, and the large white thighs of Raffaella distended, her black haired cunt, gaping and shining.

Then I fucked between Raff's beautiful red lips — glancing first at one cunt, then the other. — “Aha — aha — I'm coming. — Je decharge.” — Withdrawing my pego — I thrust one hand's fingers up Sappho's cunt, the other up Raffaella's, forgetting now the male spunk, both cunts wet with it and their own spendings. My hands out spread were covered with it, my fingers glided in and out of the prick holes, and then I felt the whole of their cunts at the same time. Suddenly the sperm which I had disliked excited me, made me lewed, I wanted to fuck in it, one hand was wet to my knuckles, the sperm squeezed between my fingers, it was the outcome of the spending of two lewed women and two men. — “Oh you hurt,” said Sappho. —The idea of that fetched me. — “Christ! I'm coming.” Putting my pego again into Raffaella's mouth, I half fainted with pleasure, — my body drooped over her — and still I kept my fingers in the cunts — When I came to, Raff was still gently sucking — Oh! the delight as it drew the last drop of semen in a way that no cunt can, — dragging it out from the roots of my balls, my anus tightening with the throbs. — I almost dropped down with voluptuous enervation.

Then I staggered to the sofa, half stupefied. In a few minutes came to, my hands still sticky, and I lay feeling my fingers with eyes closed, and thinking of the voluptuous delights. There was movement, sighs, a sob of pleasure. Opening my eyes, there was Sappho on the top of Raffaella again. — They were cunt rubbing hard, sucking each other's tongues, backsides agitating, they moaned, kissed, sobbed, then shrieked, their thighs and buttocks moved so fast together, that the spring mattress heaved them up, they were almost glued together. Then all was silent.

Sappho rolled off her backside towards the looking glass. Raffaella's cunt had every hair of it soddened, Sappho's was the same — I opened Raff's thighs, she still panting. Sappho opened her eyes. — “Have we done well, vieux cochon.”

Sappho's head dress which she had begged me at first to take care of during our frolics was now in dis- order, gold sequins had tumbled off. Raffaella's hair lay loose about her neck. — Both mechanically put a hand under their cunts as they got off the bed. Both took up the champagne bottle. — It was empty — I'll order another. — “My God! if I have more, there will be a row” — said Raff. — “Never mind I have you both for the night.” — “Are you going to stay? — do — sleep between us naked.”

I was done up — my long journey — the heat, excitement, and spends had finished me; had a violent pain in my head, my eye sight seemed to be going — it was exhaustion. — But I could not bear to leave the naked women, sat feeling my prick without desire, yet in a state of baudy pleasure looking at them. — Sappho went out to wash and came back. — “Let's see your cunt again Raffaella before you wash.” — “Look at him feeling his old prick.” — Saying that she put one of her feet upon my knees, and pulled open her cunt lips. — “Tchec,” said she with her tongue. — “Is not he a baudy one?”

Both then sucked my cock, and got it stiff again — but throbbings in my temple warned me, just as I was about to put my prick into the thicket of Raff, so I left. Ten years ago, I would have fucked each of them twice.

I am paying penalty to day. Writing this, whilst fresh in my memory, how unfit I feel, and almost hate cunt. [Next day I left the city.]

Chapter XIII

H*l*n again. • Financial arrangements. • Mutual erotic tastes. • Hers for gamahuche. • Her sexual strength. • Baudy books in bed. • Varied amorosities there. My smooth skin. • Animalism cum idealism. • Needless repetitions in this narrative. • On a metropolitan railway. • Female costermonger in wrong class. • A stern guard. • My aid and recompense. • At the terminus. • In the half formed road. • Against a wooden fence. • The voice in the dark. • Rapid flight. • Voluptuous sensations in a lusting quim. • White stockings in a fog. • "Ain't you got cheek." • Favours in the mews. • Fucking con amore solamente. • We separate as strangers.

Returning to England, H*l*n M. seemed much pleased to see me. After visiting her a few times, she agreed to accept what I could afford, and I became a regular friend tho I did not see her frequently. — What with presents, and years after assistance when she was in difficulties, the cost of her charms increased rather than diminished, but I was content and saw her when-ever the troubles of life made me miserable, and then her intense beauty, and most exquisite sexual inter-course relieved me. By degrees it was that we got to confidences. She left gay life two years after, and gradually each understanding the erotic tastes of the other, our sensuous temperaments being similar, we gave way to all our devices, and she did with me and others, and saw done with me and others, acts which when regularly gay — she had never seen or done. — The incidents as written would have disclosed this gradually, but this preface is now necessary, so much manuscript having to be burnt.

As said, — since my lingual amusements on Miss E*w***s pudenda — gamahuching had become a greater pleasure to me. — Formerly at the sight of a lovely woman, my first thought was of her cunt, and my first desire to fuck her; now quite as frequently, my first desire is to give her cuntal pleasure with my tongue, — what the special attraction in a woman is, which makes me desire to gamahuche instead of fuck her, I can't say, have often tried to solve that problem without success, but certain it is, that this gamahuching is not generated in me by every woman.

This letch was roused in my be H, the first time I had her. On subsequent visits she refused it, and anxious to please her, satisfied by the exquisite pleasure she gave me, I contented myself with fucking her only. But as she learnt a little of my secret life and told me hers, gradually disclosed her erotic tastes and letches which all gay ladies

have — for lust increases with the knowledge of what lust can do — I found she liked it. Towards the end of this year, one afternoon being in bed together and I ready to mount her, she said looking at me voluptuously, “Put your little head down first.” — For the moment I didn't understand, but in a minute my tongue was on her clitoris, she spent under its delicate irritation, and I was delighted. Subsequently we nearly always commenced our active pleasures with lingual play, and I found out in time her extreme sexual force. She could spend two or three times under the gamahuche, and then enjoy my prick three times, as well as if she'd had no spend before. — Generally she did all this amorous work without a sign of fatigue. I never knew a woman of such sexual strength.

We used at times to lay in bed reading baudy books. Then I would gamahuche her, and she liked the lingual exercise continued almost directly after her spend. A few minutes' repose only and I'd fuck her, then we'd go on reading. Sometimes she'd read until suddenly she'd frig herself, laying back, grasping my prick hard with one hand, even hurting it sometimes, with eyes closed, more frequently looking me full in the face eyes wide open, with a wonderful voluptuous expression, till her breath shortened, her lovely thighs and belly quivered, then her eye lids drooped till her body was quite tranquil. — Then with the remark, — “We are beasts,” — our reading was resumed. So we went on for hours, fucking, gamahuching, and she frigging herself at intervals — both drinking champagne from time to time — for I always at last took that exhilarating, kidney stimulating liquor to her. H*l*n was made for fucking.

The feminine softness of my skin was always ad-mired by gay women, whose lust often times seemed stimulated by feeling it. Many a one has desired a second poke on account of its nice feel. Now in my maturer years it has the same effect on women, which I should not have expected. The narratives of several incidents shewing this have been destroyed, but enough preserved to prove it. H*l*n by feeling it, found it increased her liking for me — mere lust that perhaps — but what voluptuousness is added to fucking, when a man and woman like feeling each other's bodies. If only mere animalism this, why speak slightingly about that, why not accept it philosophically. Our brains work with our bodies sympathetically in the physical junction of cock and cunt, and for the time the couple love each other, love till the ecstatic crisis is over. Man and woman can both intensify their physical pleasure by thought, can fancy any one or anything, when fucking. — When the carnal exercise is finished, the libation given — all is over.

As I read this later manuscript now, I come upon opinions and scraps of conversation on sexual matters, which altho apropos of the

event, seem to me to have been said before on many similar occasions, on exactly the same subjects. — If so it is needless repetition, but it's now impossible to refer back — Better perhaps repetition than total omission.

I had been to my stock brokers one day at the beginning of November this year, had luncheon in the City, called at a friend's office, and at about half past five o'clock got into a first class metropolitan railway going to the north west, where I was going to have a friendly dinner with a man. The carriages were full, in ours but one place was vacant, when just as the train started in rushed a woman and took it. She saw at once that she'd made a mistake, and smiled at no one in particular, looking anxiously, about, and as if she'd never been in such a carriage before. She then looked at every one of us in turn, with an expression on her face of, — "You know I'm in the wrong carriage and so do I." — They were mostly elderly men, tired perhaps with business, and beyond giving a glance at her, took no further notice and read their newspapers. I kept my eyes on her for she was coarsely handsome, was opposite to me, and our knees nearly met. Soon I put foot and knee against hers, and a thrill of desire shot through me directly they touched. A desire to see, to feel her cunt, to fuck her, which like lightning goes thro me at times, and almost immediately when I see certain women, I believe that feeling creates a secret sympathy between us, and if the concupiscence in one or other of us be strong, that it is communicated to the other, if he or she be physically in a receptive state which is only if the blood be warm, the organs charged, and cock and cunt be ready for amourous endearments.

She was a well grown, good looking woman about twenty-three years old, of the costermonger class. She looked like one who sold goods from a barrow, or a very small shop. She was commonly but comfortably clad, not warmly enough perhaps for well to do people, but enough so for her class who don't feel cold as we do. She had a vulgar hat — half bonnet — on, yet not a flashy one, and a good, bright, short woolen shawl, over her shoulders. Her face was coarse but good featured, and a little browned (tho winter) by exposure. Her eyes were dark and full, her hair dark brown. She had a full bust, and I knew at a glance had a good fat bum and thighs, from the room she occupied on the seat. — Her hands were discolored with working, a color which would not readily wash off, the color of healthy labor, for she didn't look unclean at all; her nails were quite short and she'd a wedding ring on. I sat looking at her, and she at me at last, till leaning back, purposely I pushed forward both my knees, and touched hers, of which act she took notice, not being accustomed to such refinements. Then my prick began to swell, and she to fix her eyes on me. — Did

she feel lewed at that moment also? — how I should like to know.

I began to scheme how to have her. How many times I have done so in public vehicles without fixed intention. It seemed absurd, but such seemingly improbable successes with women have fallen to my lot — and thro perseverance mainly I think — that I gave reins to my wishes. — Nil desperandum. Pushing myself more forward still, as if better to read a newspaper which I held in my hands, I got her legs well between mine and very gradually closed them on hers, till I could feel the warmth we gave each other. I watched her over the edge of my paper, and fancied I saw that she was conscious that I pressed her limbs purposely. A soft uneasy look came then into her eyes, and she looked round anxiously at the other travellers, twiddling at the same time her third class railway ticket nervously. I felt certain — instinct told me — that she knew I wanted her, and that I was kindling; in her desire for a prick, if not for mine; for lust is stirred in a woman, by knowing that a man wants to fuck her. Ostentatiously I put my hand under my great coat on to my ballocks, and moved it there restlessly, looking her full in the face whilst doing so. She turned her eyes away, — she'd not done so before, — and I felt then sure that she was thinking of my prick — I wonder what she thought.

Two or three stations were passed, passengers got out, and at length the carriage was empty all but the woman and myself. As he closed the door, the guard eying her, asked for her ticket, and then, “Wrong class — four pence extra — come out.” — She preparing to leave, said she'd got in in a hurry. — “Oh yes — come out — four pence.” “I haven't a farthing, I paid all I had for my ticket.” — She was quite agitated. — Interposing, I said that she got in as the train moved off, asked where she was going to, paid the collector the extra fare for her, and off went the train.

We were now alone in the carriage and the next instant I was by her side, she volubly thanking me. — Plunging at once, I said I'd give a hundred times the amount to sleep with her. “Oh I dessay,” said she laughing. “But I'll have a kiss.” — I took one without resistance. “It's very kind of you.” — “What, to kiss you?” — “Oh no, not that” — and she laughed heartily. I took another kiss. — “It's nice to be gentle-folks and ride in such carriages,” she remarked.

The kiss inflamed me, no time was to be lost, for in fifteen minutes she would be at her destination — far beyond mine — and other passengers might come in. Placing one hand on her lap, — “I've been rubbing your leg with mine, have been mad for you since you entered the carriage, you are so well formed, so beautiful, get out at the next station and let's have a glass of wine together.” — “Oh I dessay — no thankee sir — but you're very kind.” — “Let me have another kiss then.” — “No — leave off,” — but I took a dozen. - “Give

me one," and she gave it. — "There now I've paid you, leave off." — "You've a lovely leg and foot (she'd thick ankle jack boots on), let me see a bit more of it, don't mind me, I'm old enough to be your father." — "Oh I dessay." — But she seemed pleased at my praise, looked confused by it, and as I put my hand down didn't resist my lifting her petticoats a wee bit up. I pinched the calf of her leg. "You've a fine thigh I'll swear" — pinching it outside. — "I'm pretty well covered" — laughing. — Certain that she was randy now, — "Let me feel." — "Oh! I dessay, not for Joseph." — Bending I put my hands up her clothes and just touched her flesh, vigorously she pushed her clothes down. — "Now — no nonsense sir — or I'll get out — I'll tell the guard" Just then we reached a station.

But she didn't get out, or tell the guard, and no one got in — so alone together on we went. I now tried to feel her notch, she resisted but laughing always. Several times I touched the hair of her motte, and felt firm fat thighs, yet but for a moment, and never felt the cleft. "Now you're not a going to, I tell yer — now — I'll get out." — "You won't get out — don't be so cruel, I don't know when I've seen a more lovely creature." — "I will tho." "Feel this before you go." — In a state of reckless libidinosity, I threw open my great coat, and exposed my prick in glorious erection. — "I won't you old beast" — I stood up with it in front of her. — "Feel it." — "I won't you beast." — She pushed me away gently, and in doing so touched it. — Again I stood so — "Oh don't pray. What will they think if they see you?" — Then I hid it demurely, and took my place in front of her, reading my paper, just in time — for at the station some one got in.

We both looked at the intruder who stared at her, wondering I suppose how she came to be in a first class carriage. Soon after I pushed my leg which was nearest the cariage door well forward, and pressed her thigh with it. She didn't move hers away. The other passenger ceased looking, then I put my hand down and clasped my scrotum so that she could see me do it, and a suppressed smile broke over her face. I dropped my glove purposely and picking it up, ran my hand up the calf of her leg. The other passenger was then looking out of the window, tho it was pitch dark. At the next station he got out.

The train next stopped at her station, which was nearly at the end of the line in the western suburbs, a district then only half built over, but with plenty of new roads laid out. I stepped out first not taking any notice of her, waited at the top of the steps till she appeared, followed her till well away from the station, and then went up to her. — It was pitch dark. "Don't follow me now." — "I must, I will, till you let me — come to this coffee shop and have something to eat." We passed one and I guessed there were beds there. She wouldn't — I kept on walking by her side, begging her to let me feel her, only feel her,

nothing more, ex-tolling her beauty, saying I'd never felt such firm flesh as her thighs. She turned down a dull new half lighted street, newly formed roads without lights and building land enclosed by fences leading out of it, were soon approached. “Give me a kiss you sweet creature, and just let me feel it once only here, and I'll go.” She'd been begging me to go, and I was beginning to think I should not succeed. — “I'll kiss you if you'll go.” — “Turn down here then and no one will see us.” — Not a person was then in sight in the road we were in, we went down the side road about fifty feet, in the dark I kissed her, she me, and next minute my fingers were between the lips of a thickly haired quim. I was enraptured and longed for more. — “I won't let you” — but she stood still — I would go if she'd feel me. — In a minute she held my stiff stander. — “I'm frightened — suppose we're seen.” — A minute after we were fucking up against the railings, and never had I a more delicious embrace. What a clipper her cunt was, — how she wanted a prick, how she enjoyed it, we even put our tongues together voluptuously as our bellies pressed each other, a lingual embrace which I've not often done when having a woman in the open, or in-deed when having uprighters any where, that at this moment I can recollect.

My prick wouldn't leave her, for I was lascivious, she lustful — I'd roused hers, and she didn't hurry it out. So we stood conjoined, both my hands round a large solid backside. We talked in a low tone. “If any one passes it will amuse him,” said I. — “These side roads don't go through yet, and there's no houses in them,” she replied. No one was likely to pass. I was hoping to fuck again without uncunting, and perhaps she was hoping the same, so tranquilly did she stand keeping her belly to mine, but my prick at last came out, her petticoats dropped. With my handkerchief I wiped my dripping doodle, she standing still just where she'd been tailed. “I've done a pretty bit of marketing in the city,” said she laughing. “Have you been to market?” — “Yes, but the price wouldn't do.” — “You told the guard you'd no money.” — “No more I have expecting what I took to buy with — I must be off — let me go first — don't come further with me, will you now?”

But my passion was not satisfied, I longed to have her again, the adventure so like those of my youth stimulated me. Besides I can still at times fuck twice or thrice within the hour. “Let's talk a little longer and we'll do it again,” said I, holding her shoulders. — She couldn't, she was late, they'd wonder where she was, yet there she stood in the cold, talking with me in a subdued voice. I asked her where she lived, how she lived, what she'd been to buy. “Oh them's tellings,” and I could get no information, nor indeed cared much about it, all I wanted was time for my prick to recuperate and stiffen again, but it didn't. —

“I must go, I really must” — and she walked towards the road, out of which we had turned, I with her, no word about money had passed yet.

It was a dreary half built neighbourhood. Scarcely a person was in the thoroughfare, but she begged me to leave her as she was near her home, and feared being seen. “Now do go, you promised. — Oh, impossible to tell you where I live, or meet you again.” — “Turn up here then.” We passed and now on the other side of the way — what looked like a similar half formed road. I said I could do it again to her. — She now went willingly up the place with me, and soon her back was up against some railings. I found however that I wasn't quite ready for duty, but the feel of her gluey cunt — she'd not piddled since the fuck — and fat firm buttocks, together with her feeling my pego — all of which took place in silence — reanimated it, and before it was thoroughly rigid I put it against her notch. She held up her clothes to aid me, my prick tip touched the spermatized gap, and rose up stiffer, then clasping her bum I gave it a cautious push, and with a throb, to full size it erected, we were off again, and had an exquisite second pleasure — almost greater than the first. — She responded to my thrusts and aided me voluptuously.

My prick had just left her cunt, when a voice not far off, and as it seemed to me on the land behind the fencing, cried out — “I see you. — I'll tell” — and then laughed. — “Oh! God!” — said she, and rising up

— for she had just squatted to piddle, — took to her heels and ran off as hard as she could, unheeding my, “Stop, stop, it's only a blackguard.” — I lingered to button up my trowsers, saying to the voice, “You go to hell.” — The voice made no reply, all was dead silence.

— In my flurry I buttoned my trowsers somehow on to my coat, then had to undo it, then buttoned my trowsers to my drawers, then couldn't find the button holes, and so lost time, altho whilst arranging my trowsers I walked slowly towards the main road, thinking she'd wait for me there. But I could see nothing of her, and after walking all about the street and side streets for half an hour, went home, never saw her since, and know no more about her.

What a delicious adventure, beginning and ending in an hour and a half. What led up to it — my lust or hers — or did we both want fucking when we met — or did I communicate the lust to her — or she to me? — I know my evolution of desire, beginning with pleasure in looking at her face and form, then guessing at the sort of cunt she had, then desire, then a voluptuous tingling in my tip, then a stiff prick, then an attempt to possess her, then recklessness. — Did she go thro similar phases of lust? — How I should like to experience a woman's

sensations as her cunt heats and moistens, and desire for the man gradually rises till it overwhelms her, and she yields. This woman was not a Paphian class, which made fucking her nicer. Yet how delightful is the facile manner, the frank lewedness, the desire to gratify her lust, which marks the Paphian when in rut. Both in their way are charming, the modest and the immodest, the variety is delightful. This woman was, and will ever be, unknown to me, which makes the episode doubly charming now, when I can rarely avail myself of my chances. It is well that I seize them when I can.

[Once or twice in my life I've been scared when in amorous play — more than once have lost my chance thro scares — I have also scared others, tho I've not told of that here. I should not be so cruel now.]

Legs all my life had almost a greater attraction for me than faces — and distinctly so since I was about twenty five years old. I can now pardon an ugly face even, if the body be beautiful in form. Much as I love a beautiful face, I am sure that my prick has risen more quickly, and lust has thrilled thro me more instantaneously, at the sight of a fine leg and good foot, than it has at the sweetest face. A fine face says to me, — “Am I not beautiful?” — Good legs say to me, — “Fuck me.”

One night near Christmas, going along a big, wide, silent street in the suburbs — streets where the houses are detached, with gardens in front and rear — as I passed a gateway, two women — servants evidently — were talking. A tall woman one of them, went off in front of me saying, “Good bye,” just as I approached, and I saw that she had thickish ankles in white stockings, and held her petticoats high up. It's strange what simple things will rouse my amatory passions at times. Those white stockings did, and after following her a few hundred feet, I thought I should like to feel her cunt. I'd not seen her face, didn't know whether she was twenty or forty — but she stepped out briskly and I guessed her thirty, and from what I saw at the gate, that she was a servant.

It was a pitch dark night, muddy, and all of a sudden became foggy, and scarcely a person was out. — I'd allowed her to get about thirty feet in front of me, so that I might see the white stockings, and now owing to the thoughts which following her and looking at them had generated, my prick began to throb. If she's game, I can have a kiss or a baudy chaff, which is agreeable; if she's offended, I can but beg pardon, cross the street and leave her. I have done so when I've made such mistakes. Thinking thus, I hastened my steps, and when by her side said, — “You've a splendid pair of legs, I wish you'd hold up the clothes a little higher, and let me see a bit more of them.” “They are quite high enough to keep off the mud, and it's like your impudence,” said she — laughing heartily tho. — Thought I, she's

game, and now knew by voice and manner that she was of the servant class. We just then passed a gas lamp, and I saw that she looked thirty years old if not more. “It's your fault if I'm impudent, for showing your legs so.” — “You need not look at them.” — “I could not help it and it's set me longing for you.” — “Oh in-deed.” — I got a little suggestive now. — “Do you live about here?” — “No,” — I replied, and telling her where I was going. — “It's the other way, not this,” said she. — “I don't exactly know where it is, you come and show me.” — “Oh I can't, I must get back.”

— “Give me a kiss, you're a fine woman,” said I. — She made a sham struggle but I got one, and then an-other, then I felt sure she liked it. — “You're a rude man.” — “You've made me rude, for my cock's been stiff ever since I saw your legs. — Let me feel them.”

— “You're a very rude man.” — “Where are you going my dear.” — “Oh — ain't you cheeky.” — “I'll see where you go, and won't leave you till I've felt your lovely legs.” — “Oh! ain't you got cheek?” — “Give me another kiss, you've splendid thighs I'll swear” — and again I attempted one. Just then some one approached us. “Leave off, you'll get me into trouble, I live not far from here.”

This sort of game went on for a quarter of an hour, she slackened her pace, or else I did, and I went on chaffing. At another gas lamp I thought she looked forty. The houses were now further apart and with larger gardens, the fog got thicker. “I shan't be able to find my way home,” said she. — “And I'm sure I shan't find my friend's house.” — “Leave me now please sir,” — said she seriously. — “I won't till I've felt your legs, come here, this is your way home, let me give you a kiss.” — “I shan't.” — I laid hold of her arm and led her up what seemed a muddy grassy place, which looked like an entrance to a field by the side of a garden to a large house which we had just passed, or else a mews, the fog prevented my seeing clearly what. She permitted me to pull her but it was really only leading her, and when we were in utter darkness and in perfect silence, I kissed her, and held her close round the waist, my belly against hers, telling her about the excitement her ankles had caused me, she saying, — “Now let me go, I really must go.” But instinct told me that she knew I meant fucking. I slipped my hand up her clothes, felt big thighs and a fully haired notch, with scarcely any resistance. — “Now I wouldn't have come if I'd thought you'd be so rude.” — Then I put my pego into her hand. “Let's fuck my darling — let me do it.”

She at every advance I'd made said, — “Oh! no — ain't you got cheek.” — But she was randy and meant to let me. When we were both feeling each other's privates, she asked me to promise not to follow her home, for she was in service. — Two minutes after, my hands were clasping a pair of big buttocks and we were fucking. —

She'd had many a fuck in her time I'm sure, and enjoyed it immensely. She'd taken off one glove, and felt my pego before she consented, and I'd introduced it to her quim.

The fucking over, we kissed and parted, and I agreed to meet her the following Sunday. She went out of the dark turning, first. — No money was given or promised. Had I seen her ten minutes after I shouldn't have known the woman. There was something about the business which made me fear a clap, but nothing of the sort occurred. — It took me half an hour to find my way to my friend, — it was my second visit — tho really it was not ten minutes walk from his house, where I'd fucked this amorous domestic. I fancy that by a little flattery and persuasion, both of which I'd used, any prick would find an easy entry to her. Sure am I that she'd been well fucked long before I had her. I enjoyed the unexpected adventure immensely.

Then again I went abroad for a couple of months, and amused myself with foreign women, the well kept, well drilled whores, of a French lapunar.

These last two episodes are wonderfully similar in character. There is nothing in that, but it is singular, that they should have occurred so soon after each other.

Chapter XIV

An error in dates corrected. • H. and I get confidential. • Her voluptuous abandonment. • Our erotic philosophy in practise. • My sensitive pego avowed. • My seminal ejaculations. • H. likes a big pego. • A big one up her. • I up after the big one. • Mutual delight in a semenalized vagina. • Reflexions thereon.

[I find that the narrative about Sappho and Raffaella has been placed more than a year too early. What immediately now follows and more should have been placed before it. — This error no doubt is caused by sorting, selecting, and destroying manuscript, with the object of abbreviating.]

H*l*n and I now began to understand each other (tho not yet perfectly). She knew I was not easily humbugged, so abandoned largely Paphian devices, treated me as a friend, and her circumstances compelling her to avoid male friends, and not liking females much, and it being a human necessity to tell some one about oneself, I became to some extent her confidant. She then had a charming, well furnished little house, replete with comfort, and her own. I at times dined with her there. She was beautifully clean, you might have eaten off her kitchen boards, and the same throughout the house. She was an excellent cook, cooked generally herself and liked it, was a gourmet. It was delightful to see her sitting at table, dressed all but a gown, with naked arms and breasts showing fully over a laced chemise, with her lovely skin and complexion, eating, and drinking my own wine, she passing down at intervals to the kitchen. We eat and drank with joy and baudy expectation, both of us — for she wanted fucking. — Every now and then I felt her thighs and quim, kissing her, showing my prick, anxious to begin work even during our dinner.

Afterwards adjourning to her bedroom, we passed the evening in voluptuous amusements — we had then but few scruples in satisfying our erotic wishes. — Soon after had none. — How she used to enjoy my gamahuching, and after a time abandoning herself to her sensations she'd cry out, “Aha — my God — aha — fuck spunk” — and whatever else came into her mind, quivering her delicious belly and thighs, squeezing my head with them, clutching my hair, as her sweet cunt heaved against my mouth when spending, till I ceased from tongue weariness. Sometimes this with my thumb gently pressing her bum hole, which after a time she liked much. Then what heavenly pleasure as I put my prick up her, and grasping her ivory buttocks,

meeting her tongue with mine, mixing our salivas, I deluged her cunt with sperm. — Never have I had more pleasure with any woman, with few so much.

Resting, we talked of her baudy doings and mine — of the tricks of women. — We imagined baudy possibilities, planned voluptuous attitudes, disclosed letches, suggested combinations of pleasure between men and women, and woman with woman — for Eros claimed us both. In salacity we were fit companions, all pleasures were soon to be to us legitimate, we had no scruples, no prejudices, were philosophers in lust, and gratified it without a dream of modesty.

One day I told her again of the sensitiveness of my pego, that with a dry cunt the friction of fucking some-times hurt me, that my prick at times looked swollen and very red, unnaturally so. — French harlots — more than others — I found washed their cunts with astringents, which my prick detected in them directly, so when I was expected, I wished H. not to wash hers after the morning, her natural moisture then being so much pleasure to my penis. — No saliva put there, is equal to the natural viscosity, mucosity of the surface of a vagina. — But from her scrupulously cleanly habits, I had great difficulty in getting her to attend to this.

That led one day to her asking, if I had ever had a woman who had not washed her quim after a previous fucking. She then knew my adventure with the sailor, that at Lord S's, and at Sarah F**z*r's — but not the recent one at N**l*e L*le's. — I told her that I had not with those exceptions. — “I'll bet you have without knowing.” She told me of women where she had lived, merely wiping their cunts after a poke, and having at once another man, and of its not being discovered; of she herself once having had a man fuck her, and his friend who came with him, insisting on poking her instantly afterwards.

We talked soon after about the pleasure of fucking in a well buttered cunt, and agreed that the second fuck was nicer if the cunt was unwashed. I racked my memory, and recollected cases where I had had suspicions of having done so. H*l*n who always then washed her quim, again said it was beastly. — I said that if more agreeable to me and the woman, there was nothing beastly in it; nor cared I if there was, fucking being in its nature a mere animal function, tho in human beings augmented in pleasure, by the human brain. “So why wash after, if the two like it other-wise?”

About that time I found I had not quite as much sperm as in early middle age, testing that by frigging myself over a sheet of white paper, and wished to see what a young man spent both in quality and quantity. We chatted about this at times, and one day she told me she had a man about thirty-five years old, who visited her on the sly, but very occasionally; a former lover who had spent a fortune on her (I

know since his name, his family, and that what she told me was true). She let him have her still, for gratitude. He was very poor but a gentleman, and now he helped her in various ways. It struck me she liked him also, because he had as she told, a large prick. I found she had a taste for large pricks, and described those of her former friends who possessed such, in rapturous terms. This man spent much, I expressed a desire to see it, and after a time it was arranged that I should see this cunt prober, him using it, and her cunt afterwards, but this took some time to bring about. In many conversations, she admitted that she had not more physical pleasure from a great prick, than from an average sized one. “But it's the idea of it you know, the idea of its being big, and it's so nice to handle it.”

I went abroad as said, the incidents there will be given hereafter. On return, I went soon to H. and told her what tricks I had been up to, and our conversation went to the subject of my sensitive prick and semenalized quims, those I'd seen, and what she had promised should come to pass.

One afternoon — this was some months later what I shall soon tell about — I was in her bedroom as arranged, he was to have her in the adjoining room. She placed the bed there, so that when the door was very slightly opened, I could see perfectly thro the hinge side. We were both undressed, she with delight de-scribing his prick, repeating her cautions to be quiet, and so on. — A knock at the street door was heard. “It's his,” said she, and went down stairs. — Some time passed, during which I stood on the stair landing listening, till I heard a cough, — her signal — then going back and closing my door, I waited till they were up stairs and I heard them in the back room. Opening mine ajar again I waited till a second cough. Then in shirt and without shoes, I crept to their door which was slightly open.

They were sitting on the edge of the bed, she in chemise, he in shirt, feeling each other's privates. His back was half towards me, her hand was holding his large tool not yet quite stiff; but soon it grew to noble size under her handling. Then he wanted to gamahuche her, she complied, being fond of that pleasure as a preliminary. He knelt on the bed to do it, tho he'd wished to kneel on the floor. — She insisted on her way, to keep his back to me. So engrossed was he with the exercise, that when her pleasure was coming on, I pushed further open the door (hinges oiled) and peeping round and under, saw his balls, and that his prick was big and stiff — I was within a foot of him. — But he noticed nothing, all was silent but the plap of his tongue on her cunt, and her murmurs. When she had spent once, he laid himself by her side, kissing her and feeling her cunt, his stiff, noble pego standing against her thigh, — she puffing the prepuce up and down, and looking at the door crack. After dalliance prolonged for my

gratification, he fucked her. She pulled his shirt up to his waist when he was on her, so that I might contemplate their movements. I heard every sigh and murmur, saw every thrust and heave, a delicious sight; but he was hairy arsed, which I did not like.

Then said she, “Pull it out, he'll wonder why I have been away so long; you go down stairs quietly, and I'll come soon.” He uncunted, they rose, I went back to my room. He had been told that she was tricking the man then keeping her, and knew that a man was then in the house, and he there on the sly was happy to fuck her without pay — for he loved her deeply —and not at all expecting or knowing that his fornicating pleasures, were ministering to the pleasure of another man.

Then on the bedside she displayed her lovely secret charms — a cunt overflowing with his libation. — It delighted me, my pego had been standing long, I seemed to have almost had the pleasure of fucking her as I witnessed him, and now to fuck her, to leave my sperm with his in her, came over me with almost delirious lust. “I'll fuck you, I fuck in it.” I cried trembling with concupiscent desire. — “You beast — you shan't.” — I will.” — “You shan't.” But she never moved, and kept her thighs wide apart whilst still saying, — “No, no.” — I looked in her face, saw that over- powering voluptuousness, saw that she lusted for it, ashamed to say it. “Did you spend?” — “Yes.” — “I will fuck.” — “You beast.” — Up plunged my prick in her. — “Ahaa” — sighed she voluptuously as my balls clasped, and fucked quickly for my letch was strong. “Ain't we beasts,” she sighed again. — “I'm in his sperm dear.” — “Y — hes, we're beasts.” The lubricity was delicious to my prick. “Can you feel his spunk?” — “Yes dear, my prick's in it. — I'll spend in his spunk.” — “Y — hes — his spunk. — Aha — beasts.” — All I had just seen flashed thro my brain.

— His prick, his balls, her lovely thighs, made me delirious with sexual pleasure. — “I'm coming — shall you spend H*l*n?” — “U — hes — push — hard — ahar.”

— “Cunt — fuck spunk,” we cried together in baudy duet her cunt gripped — my prick wriggled, shot out in sperm, and I sank on her breast, still holding her thighs and kissing her.

When we came to, we were both pleased. — “Never mind H*l*n if we are beasts — why say that if you like it?” — “I don't.” — “You fib, you do.” — After a time she admitted that the lasciviousness of the act, had added to the pleasure of coition greatly — to me the smoothness of her vagina seemed heaven. — I was wild to see all again, but circumstances did not admit of it then, yet in time I did, and one day after he and I had had her, “Go down to him,” said I, “Don't wash, and let him have you again on the sofa.” — The letch pleased her, he fucked her again, and thought he was going into his

own leavings. When she came up, I had her again, I was in force that day. Her taste for this lubricity then set in, and stirred her lust strongly, — she was in full rut — I gamahuched her after she had washed, thinking where two pricks had been, and half an hour after she frigged herself. Whilst frigging, “Ah! I wish there had been a third man's spunk in it.” — “You beast — ah — so — do I.” — She rejoined as she spent, looking at me with voluptuous eyes.

We often talked of this afterwards, and agreed that the pleasure of coition was increased by poking after another man, and we did so when we could afterwards with her friend and others. Sometimes it is true she shammed that she allowed it only to please me, but her excitement when fucking told me the contrary. She liked it as much as I did, and it became an enduring letch with her.

Whether H*l*n or any other woman — I've known several who liked it — had increased physical pleasure by being fucked under such pudendal condition, it's not possible to say. — With me owing to the state of my gland, no doubt it did. But imagination is a great factor in human coition, and by its aid, the sexual pleasure is increased to something much higher than mere animalism. It is by the brain that fucking be-comes ethereal, divine, it being in the highest state of excitement and activity during this sexual exercise. It is the brain which evokes letches, suggests amatory preliminaries, prolongs and intensifies the pleasure of an act, which mere animals — called “beasts” — be-gin and finish in a few minutes. Human beings who copulate without thought and rapidly are like beasts, for with them it is a mere animal act. — Not so those who delay, prolong, vary, refine, and intensify their pleasures — therein is their superiority to the beasts — the animals. What people do in their privacy is their affair alone. A couple or more together, may have pleasure in that which others might call beastly — al-though beasts do nothing of the sort — but which to them is the highest enjoyment, physical and mental. It is probable that every man and woman, has some letch which they gratify but don't disclose, yet who would nevertheless call it beastly, if told that others did it, and would according to the accepted notions — or rather professions — on such matters, call all sexual performance or amusements beastly, except quick, animal fucking. But really it is those who copulate without variety, thought, sentiment or soul, who are the beasts — because they procreate exactly as beasts do, and nothing more. — With animals, fucking is done without brains — among the higher organized human beings, fucking is done with brains — yet this exercise of the intellect in coition is called beastly by the ignorant, who have invented a series of offensive terms, to express their objections. — Their opinion of the sweet congress of man and woman — which is love — is, that it should be a feel, a look, a sniff at

the cunt, and a rapid coupling — very like beasts that!!!

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

Volume 10

Chapter I

Letches for spermatized quims. • The French Lapunar. • Selected amusements. • Six feet high, eight inches pego. • A broken capote. • A jocular man. • Two using condoms. • Frenchmen's habits. • Stripping for fucking. • Tonguing with tongue. • Marguerite the favourite. • One scrubby and big bellied. • A hirsute male. • Blonde Martha. • Broad handed, cunt frigging. • Against a thigh. • I, on her, she on me. • Salon des dames. • Martha re-appears. • Fresh, hairy-arsed Carmen. • Her curiosity. • Knows my letch. • Her enjoyment. • Muscular motions when copulating. • Fat, tall Egyptienne. • Mignon the little. • Vertical and horizontal. • H*l*n and her lover. • Four libations without washing. • H*l*n's lubricious letch.

After I'd poked H. with her pudenda full of her friend, and found that she also liked it, all idea of its being nasty vanished, and altho at times, a dislike arose to it the squeamishness didn't last long when I had had Sappho and Raffaella. — The desire to fuck directly after another man continued, not only for increased physical pleasure, but also for the sensuous visions which floated rapidly thro my brain as I operated, rendering this mode of coition the most exciting, supremest, and almost killing pleasure. At the lapunar already named and others, I gratified this letch. — The peep-hole gave me endless amusement, women were sent to me in an-other room directly they had left the male, sometimes on the same evening I saw four, five, or more, and fucked one or two whose cunts had the most sperm in them. Of course of these evenings, I retain the narrative, those telling of anything usual both at the lapunars, and with H's lover.

At * * * * * and with the intention of going no more to the lapunar, I nevertheless tho out of health found my-self there forty-eight hours afterwards, and in a few minutes was at the peep-hole. Such is my weakness in amorous affairs — such my inability to keep seemingly the firmest resolutions.

After seeing one or two couples enjoying each other in the ordinary way, a big fine Belgian woman whom I knew last autumn and had stroked, came in with a man six feet two or three high. He stripped quite naked and I never saw a finer fellow. He had a dark brown beard, curly hair and cock trimmings, but no hair upon his flesh anywhere. As far as I saw, it looked like that of a woman, my own is not whiter, fairer, or clearer of hair. His prick as he washed it within a yard of my eyes, did not seem proportionate to his size, but no sooner had the Belgian handled it, than it rose proudly to one of

the grandest I ever saw, and stood up eight inches from his belly I should say, and longer from the balls side but had a ridiculously small knob. She could only get it half way down her throat at her first amusement, and it looked whilst minetting it as if it must choke her. He wanted to finish there, tho at first he didn't wish that at all, but she knew that I wanted a semenalized quim, for which I paid liberally, refused the libation there and coaxed him to poke her. He would only do so with a capote, and I saw the wetting and fitting it on to his bowsprit. — Then she knelt on the bed with her rump towards me, he at her back to fuck her. I could see the dark haired motte and dark cunt furrow as she posed, till his belly was against it, but almost directly afterwards he turned her on to her back, and himself on to her belly.

It was a fine sight to see him cover her with his grand form, his ample arse jogging, his balls shewing out below his arse cheeks, and every part of their bodies in gentle motion; both silent, tho the brain is so active then, and the tongue quiet usually till the finish. With a soft cry and a sob suddenly given he spent, and soon out came his big prick flopping down. “Ah! the capote has broken.” — “So it has,” said she, as if surprised, and laying hold of his moist tool near to the root, round which was the capote like a ring of wet skin. — “I must wash” — said he anxiously. — “Have no fear.” — “Fetch me soap.” — With soap and water he slopped away at his tool uneasily, complaining that the letter — the capote — was bad, and then departed. She kissed his machine before he went, it was hanging flop-ping, but big still, the little red tip was within a yard of my eye as she kissed it, the whole of his balls and tube in her hands. She only handled and kissed it to show it off to me. I knew that, for it's unusual for a woman to do so such after a fuck. He seemed much pleased with the politeness. She came to me laughing, saying she'd purposely broken the capote to let the sperm into her, because I liked that. “Has he not a noble prick, a splendid fellow isn't he? — he is married and timid about gay women” — she remarked. She shewed a well-filled pudenda into which I poured my own sperm. I had only intended to prepare in it for the next woman, but the lubricity and its clip fetched me, and I fetched her. She had unusually large dark nymphae to her cunt, which is not to my taste, but was handsome faced, breasted, and bummed.

Directly I was alone, again came in another couple. He was a jocular man who repeated his words rapidly and laughingly. “No, no, no, no. — Yes, yes, yes” when he answered the girl. He would have a French letter also. — “Why not kiss without,” said she. — “Ah, no, no, no, no, — savez vous, c'est l'habitude.” — Did he always put a capote on?” “Yes, yes, yes.” — He was a handsome middle-aged man, only wanting cunt and a spend, cared nothing for the woman, got into and

out of the cunt in a business-like way, and never spoke to the girl after he'd fucked her. — He wasn't a quarter of an hour with her. — I had her to chat with me directly after, and she gave me a gamahuche for a few minutes, then I inspected her privates, then off she went. There was of course no spunk in her quim and the sperm letch was on me. I wanted the lubricious feel to my sensitive prick if I fucked.

Two men, one after the other had used condoms. I have seen during the last few years dozens copulating in the same room, but as far as I can recollect only three used condoms before.

Another thing I note whilst it occurs to me is that nearly all the men are scrupulously clean in their linen, and look as if it was just put on, that nearly all divest themselves of much of their clothing, that fully half strip nearly to their skin, and not a few till naked all but their socks, before they begin their play. The women of course are invariably naked all but stockings and shoes. It is the costume of that bordello. The men are all gentlemen.

Then in came Marguerite, a nice, handsome well-made, dark-haired creature. She has been long in the house and I have fucked her several times. — No woman has so many friends. Rarely have I been there peeping or waiting, without her coming in to me with a cunt full. A nice young fellow now had her, he was full of sperm, eager for a woman, up her in no time, but talked such a time with her afterwards that I feared all his spunk would be gone, and was angry, for I had a letch for her that night. But her cunt had got lots of sperm in it when she came to me after his departure. I had a prolonged fuck up her with much enjoyment. She is one who gives you her tongue, few of them do, their lips and faces being often painted. It is one of the worst things in a French brothel. Besides, every woman gamahuches and men finish in their mouths, which does not make one anxious to tongue them, and few Frenchmen I notice do. Yet how one misses it. They compare so badly with the fresh-faced, clear-skinned, tongue-sucking, luscious-mouthed Austrians, Hungarians, — and English even — but few of whom will let a man semenalize their mouths, tho not averse to voluptuous play with a man's tool before fucking.

I had that night one or two more sights not worth telling about and having seen six pricks, felt five spermatized cunts, put my prick into four, and spent in two, I went home. Not a bad four hours amusement. Next night at the peephole. A man who scarcely spoke, but fucked with his trowsers on, was the first. A scrubby young man. The girl grumbled at his present but took no good by it. I didn't care about looking at his sperm for he offended me by his looks and manner. Then came a man full fifty years old, stout, bald headed, and big bellied, who produced a good large stiff-stander. He also knelt the

lady on the bed, her bum towards him, then kneeling in her rear, he for a long time contemplated her split and neighbouring charms. I could see fairly well his prick throbbing as he did so, for his shirt was up well. Then into her he thrust it, his shirt dropped and covered his rump, and the play of his buttocks was hidden. He soon gave a quavering half sigh, half groan, and I could see that he drew his prick out to the tip, rested, then drove it up again hard. After once or twice at this movement, he gave a loud baudy scream, and ramming with short thrusts quickly, shouted loudly "ow — ow — ow — ow — howour — ow —" like a dog barking — and wriggling, shoving rapidly, and quivering all over, spent in her. He then bent over her back a long while enjoying her, then carefully pulling his shirt up first, he took his prick in the palm of his hand and backing again, for a long time contemplated her spermatized orifice. She opened her thighs widely to let him see better, turning slightly her rump towards the lights so that I could see the sperm on it. Then bald head departed, she came in, and after I had bathed my doodle in her cunt and brought myself half way to an emission, she stopped me, suggesting my waiting for another woman, which advice I took — had another woman brought to me with a vulva in a most lubricious condition, fucked her, and left.

A few days after I was at the peephole, saw a woman tailed in commonplace fashion, and not worth keeping the narrative of. The next was a novelty.

A fine, fleshy auburn-haired woman came in with a shortish, dark young man. I could see they were acquaintances from the way they kissed. He stripped, and tho well shaped was so hairy about breast, arms, and legs, that he was ugly, but he made a wonderful contrast with the large-thighed, lovely white-fleshed woman. I can't recollect her name tho it is only two days since this occurred.

He began pulling her about — then kneeling on the bed between her legs — she on her back, to lick her cunt. Few men at the French baudy houses do much of this, I observe. He licked till she wriggled under it. His bum furrow and balls were black with hair and towards me. Then the two played at sixty nine, his head being then hid from me by her magnificent buttocks which looked like ivory. Then side by side they kissed and he frigged her, slipping a little lower down on the bed to do so. He made her open her thighs as wide as possible, and then with all the fingers of his hand he frigged rapidly. I never saw such peculiar frigging, his fingers sometimes closed, sometimes distended, moved over the whole surface of her vulva at the same time. Then he wished her to hold her emit lips open to let him do it. She only pulled one lip aside. He was on her right side, her white thighs were slightly raised to open them better, and let him operate.

When she closed them a little as if fatigued, he pulled them open again, and again all his fingers moved like light- ning. — “Oh put it in, put it in,” — she said. He took no heed, made no answer that I could hear, soon her belly heaved, her thighs quivered, and with a sighing cry she spent. I felt sure she would, no woman could have stood such long frigging without spending.

His prick as he lay by her had been hidden by her thigh, now he knelt between her legs, with his buttocks on his heels and cock very stiff, looking at her. Then he resumed his position and frigged again till she grumbled. — “No — no” — but he frigged on. He was laying now more on his left side, and I could neither see his left arm nor his prick. Martha (her name I now recollect) resigned herself, and in ten minutes had another crisis. Then he clasped her right thigh closely to him with his right hand, agitating his body slightly, wriggling and half shoving as if fucking, till his head drooped, he let go her thigh, fell back, and both were still, she with her eyes closed and thighs open. In a couple of minutes she got off the bed, putting her hand over her right thigh, for he had spent against it, and held it there till she wiped it with a towel. Then taking up his prick — he had turned on his back now — she skinned and wiped its tip. “You always do it so and you don't love me,” she said. — Ah! yes he did. — Then he left and she came in to me. “I'm no use, and he never fucks, he always does it the same way, but says he loves me.” I threw her on the bed, her cunt was wet with her own spending. “He'd frig for hours if I'd let him. No woman could help spending, I often try not but I must, he finds out if I sham, and he's very rich. Then he frigs his cock against my thigh just as you saw him, and not with his own hand.” — Then she added that when his left hand was hidden it was under her bum, and he was fingering her anus, that he kept it there all the time he was frigging her cunt, and also kept gently wriggling his prick against her thigh. — He didn't look about twenty-five years old. — Men have strange fancies. — What delight could he find in rubbing a dry cock against a dry thigh — for he never wetted it, — when a soft cunt was at hand — I have frigged between buttocks, and thighs, but always lubricated them first.

She was a splendid creature. I love a woman with large thighs in my arms, as I had her then at the side of the bed, thrust my prick under her auburn-haired motte, and spent in her cunt with rapture. — “I can't understand a man frigging himself always,” — said she “sometimes of course it's reasonable, but always! Ah! my God. — What are women made for. If men do that — what's the use of their having cunts?”

She went off, the chambermaid had just adjusted the bed etc. etc., when: “Hush there is Martha again, shall she come?” — “No - I don't

wish to see the same woman twice one night" — which Alexandrine knew. — She stopped her at the door but coming back whispered, "She must come in here, no other room is empty, but you need not have her again." So in Martha came. This time it was another novelty for she fucked the man laying over him — What a size her white arse looked as it rose and fell, shewing his cock stem. — I thought his pego sometimes would come out, till a tightening of her buttocks and her short movements shewed that she'd spent, and she was squeezing his cock with her cunt. She got off of him and went out as if to wash, he meanwhile sat playing with his tool. He wanted it again. — "No, there's someone waiting for me." — He departed quickly then, and she came in to me.

I had had her not twenty minutes before. "I've now got foutre, shall I stay?" — "You need not have her unless you like" — said the chambermaid, coming in. "Monsieur (turning to her) never has the same woman twice one evening." — "Have you much spunk?" said I. "Full — look," said she. Her cunt and fingers testified to her truth. — "On to the bed, my dear." — She opened her thighs, there a glut of manhood was in and about her cunt, the oscillation of her buttocks, and the sight of his prick had moved my lust to its depths, the sight of sperm finished me, my prick stood stiff and up into her it went. — The chambermaid said, "You're fortunate Mlle. Martha."

I shut my eyes, and thrust, fancying I saw her on the man. — "Mount me" — I said pulling my prick out. — "Volontiers." — Then the fair-haired, white-arsed bitch covered and fucked me. In the glass on the top of the bed I witnessed her movements — a lovely sight but it took her long — I had pain as well as pleasure now, hollowed as I spent, and could not move afterwards. I had a splitting in my temples which alarmed me. I've had it at times lately.

My letch for her was strong indeed, for I washed her cunt myself, cleaning every fold and cranny in it. — Many a day is it since I have done such a thing to a strange woman. Then on my back again I put her over me to suck my cock, whilst I fingered her bum and quim, but I didn't spend. — After she had gone, I saw two more couples fucking mother and father fashion, then left. I had on me one of the lascivious frenzies before alluded to, — tho fatigued could think of nothing else, and wended my way to the bordello a few nights afterwards, having recovered slightly from my exhaustion.

I entered the salon this night. There was a chatter and buzz at once. "It's he! he" — I heard mixed with "Cochon, foutre" and other sympathetic, knowing words. — Many women, I noticed, were anxious to look at me. — With twenty naked beauties before me I was again dazed, could do nothing but look round and round at the dark patches between thighs, scarcely recognizing any woman. "I'll send for

a lady," said I, turning to the sous-maitresse and went to my favourite room. When there I ordered ladies to come to me who had just been filled by the males. — Some came, but neither pleased me. — Strangely — how account for it? — I did not desire to see, still less to bathe my penis in their flowing pudendas. — Then I went to my peephole to see if that would rouse my concupiscence.

"Martha est en sociйtй," said the chambermaid. — "Will you have her?" I consented but she did not come, had minetted her man, had a clean cunt, and Alexandrine, knowing my taste, had sent her away. Then at the peephole I saw a woman poked. — There was nothing unusual. He was a fine man, who thumbed her cunt whilst she kneeling sideways on the bed pleasured his cock with her lips. — Her rump was nearly towards me, and I could see his thumb up her split, and sometimes up her bumhole. Then he laid her down and finished in regular fashion. — I put my prick into her afterwards but had no desire, no real stiffness, was still indifferent thro past amatory exertions, and after a few thrusts withdrew without emission.

Then I saw two couples at belly to belly grinding, re-solved to depart without a spend, was talking with the chambermaid when she went out and returning asked me if I would see Carmen who had just left a gentle-man. "Let her come in, I've never seen her." — "No —she has only just come to us, she's not been gay before."

In came Carmen, tall and stem faced, looking as if she wanted fattening everywhere to my taste yet was not skinny, she only wanted two stone more flesh. She was dark, had dark eyes and hair, was not handsome. There was a hard look in her face till she said as she threw herself down on the bed, "You like a lady with spunk in her cunt, don't you?" then a soft look of invitation came over her face.

I was struck with the immense hirsuteness of her cunt, the hair being half way up her navel. It shadowed and filled lower down, so that I couldn't see where the split began, it quite filled the hollow between the cunt lips and the thighs, growing thick and long lower down even, in that part where that hairy ornament usually grows thinner. The cunt region presented in fact the appearance of a frizzy wig, and so hiding the line of parting, that is was barely visible and only for about an inch — I held up her thighs and found the hair thick, tho short, quite round her arse hole, and up to the bum bone. Struck with the density of the curly fuzzy thicket, turning her about so as to see this wonderful hairiness, which more resembled a Negro's head than anything else — only the hair was longer and looser. — At length I said, "You've not been fucked."

She had, and puffing aside the lips, I saw the spermy streak, which was hidden again by the thick hair directly she let go the lips. It then looked as if there were no cunt there at all — hair only.

She began at once questioning. — Why did I like a cunt with foutre — was it nicer — how many women had I seen that night, — had they all been fucked — had I fucked either or put my prick up either — All was hurried, energetic, spoken in a curious yet lustful manner, not the usual manner of the Paphian.

I told her briefly that I'd not fucked and didn't want to. — “Fuck me — do” — said she energetically — “look, your prick is stiffer, — baisez moi” — all of course was in French. “Come, I want you to do it to me. — do it in the sperm — come — baisez moi — look at the sperm,” and she opened the thickly fringed lips again looking at me with eyes which were fierce and lustful — I think of that, now as I recollect their expression, and write.

My prick was beginning to stand, I put her on the bed kneeling, and kneeling in her rear, inserted my penis between the hairy furrow, she impatient, murmuring, — “Do it — do it.” — Her buttocks were just the height, her cunt felt tight but lubricious and she began to wriggle at once, turning her head towards the side glass so as to see our movements. For an instant she then frigged herself, left off, gave some shivering jogs with her rump and sighing, her cunt tightened strongly round my prick, soon loosened, she was quiet, and my balls got wet.

“You've spent,” said I. — With a cuntal squeeze of my prick she sighed. “Yes go on, fuck on cheri” — perhaps the constricting power of her cunt had stirred my blood, perhaps her discharge had irritated my prick, for I now wanted her, pulled my pego slowly out to see its state, and then had a very long fuck before my sperm came up. It fetched her again, and my prick kept in her without shrinking in an unusual way.

She was so exactly the height, her cunt so well placed, her bum not too big, so that I could have kept my prick in her longer. I felt all round our point of junction and under her cunt, glorying in my dabbling, talking with her, till the chambermaid knocked. — “Mad'lle — Mad'lle Carmen — the gentleman says he will go if you don't go back.” — I uncoupled. — “I'll come back again,” said she — I followed her to the door, saw her wash her quim at the lavabo, and disappear. I refreshed my article and talked with the chambermaid, who said that Carmen had only been in the house four days, had never been gay before, she believed. One gentleman had called to see her every day, it was he who was with her then. She thought she had been kept, and would prove a salt-cunted, — a hot-arsed one

— from what she had seen of her.

I had thought from her manner that she was a fresh hand — would have no other women and about to leave. “I've not paid her,” I said. — “Give me her money.”

— Nearly an hour had gone, I had my hat on, when in Carmen came again — I had told her I wished to see her cunt when washed. — “Shall I wash, or will you have me again now?” — “Ma biche — no more fucking to night” — yet I couldn't resist looking. — “There is foutre now, isn't there?” — There was. “Have you before had a man put into another's leavings in your cunt?” She replied, “Never. Quelque cochonnerie, but it's nice.” — To be fucked so now was her letch, I'd inoculated her, she sucked my prick stiff, and was a long time at it. “I can't give you more money.” — “Very well, hick then.” — With a long lingering hick, bum to belly kneeling, we both spent. I waited to see her cunt when washed, — caressed the wonderful growth of hair, then went away. For a night or so I was quiet, and vowed to myself to have no more such larks, yet had not the moral courage to restrain my-self from women, and occupied one evening in seeing women washing their cunts before and after. The chambermaid told them that I was looking, and I saw perhaps twenty squatting over the bowl, washing their quims, their piddle rattle out, and the dry rub and scrub afterwards. I only gave a trifle to the chambermaid for this. — I selected one or two women for the size of their backsides and saw them after their exercise with the men, and felt the spermy cunts, but did no more — a wonderful restraint — then again I stopped away some days from the temple of Venus.

Then very fit I went there and to the peephole. It was so enchanting to see the beautiful female forms twisting lasciviously about the men, enlacing them with arms and legs, their continuous movements, first bum then belly side visible, the flash of the dark mottes and hairy armpits, glimpses of open cunts between distended thighs, the pouting lips with the red stripe between them when their bums were towards me — these sights fascinated me even more than the jogging of their bums, when prick and cunt were joined — the movements of a woman's thighs when a man lays on her belly are not really pretty, and few seemed to fuck poetically and lasciviously at the same time. I saw of or two commonplace fuckings — the huge-arsed Egyptienne was one, whose cunt would now take a so(water bottle up it. She has grown so fat, potbellie bladder-breasted, shapeless, that I cannot bear he Then came little Mignon, whom a big fellow tailed a most hiding her as he laid on her. She came to n directly he had gone.

Mignon was a sweet-faced, lightish-brown-haired litt creature, about four feet nine inches high, but with the roundness and fullness of form of a Venus. Not a bit of needless fat had she, yet every bone was covered to perfection. She was simply perfect, exquisitely am voluptuously made from neck to ankle and about eighteen. I longed to fuck her the moment I saw her with the man — and when the lovely cunt, looking in size tho not in fringe that of a girl's of fourteen, wit

thick sperm just showing outside it between the delicate nymphae, I put my prick up her at once.

Then with one of my sensual vagaries and chang I pulled it out, made her kneel on the bed with bum lo, down, and put up her cunt from behind, then gradually made her fall with face and belly flat on to the be (keeping my prick in her) and pulling up her thigh gradually round my waist, I finished in her so, standing upright at the bed edge, she laying horizontally o: the bed, I holding her legs like a wheelbarrow.

I have some recollection of having stroked a woman that way, tho I can't recollect name or occasion nom Mignon's position seemed when I fucked her a delicious novelty. She was as lithe as a serpent. — When she had washed and came back clean cunted, I examined he beauties, and she repeated the horizontal posture which amused her, but I did not poke her again. She was a great favourite, the chambermaid told me. I did not recollect seeing her before as she usually went to an-other part of the house. There are two staircases there, and in fact two houses, tho combined.

On returning to England I visited H. and told her all. She wished she'd been with me, always had longed to see a brothel there, would have gone with me there. She seemed excited about the lubricious cunts, yet calling me a beast all the time. I fucked H. within five minutes after I'd entered her house, then laying, telling her these things, she began to frig herself, and almost instantly spent crying out — “spunk,” and grasping my prick. — She'd finished so quickly that I believed her emotion a sham, on but feeling her cunt — washed not long before — it satisfied me she'd spent. She then told me that several times when she'd a great letch come on her, and thought about it, that she'd spent involuntarily without touching her cunt. It's not impossible, for in my youth I have spent involuntarily, at the sight of a female whom I wanted — when I was very randy.

One day the following week she'd be alone and would get her “poor friend to come.” He was usually smuggled in. “Then you can see him fuck me.” — She didn't say what after. “He'll want me, for Mr. Blank has been staying with me, but is going away on Thursday, — you mustn't come to the house till you telegraph to * * * (a female relative). — If Blank's not left town she'll meet you at the end of the street, and you mustn't come.” — Such arrangement in fact had existed for some time. — I didn't like it, but would have risked anything to have her. “You want me to fuck you after him” — said I. “I don't, you beast, you shan't do it any more.” — “You like me to see his prick and to see you fucked.” — She laughed — “I like to know you're looking at us, and that he don't now.” — “We men are easily cheated.” — “It would take a clever woman to cheat you,” she re-

plied.

The day came, the coast was clear. In my shirt I stood waiting for my treat, had kissed and gamahuched her, and with difficulty restrained myself from fucking her. Her friend was an hour behind time. H. was fidgety and feared her letter hadn't reached him. A ring, followed by a peculiar knock at the street door was heard. — “It's he,” said she smiling baudily. before that, talking about him she said as if she enjoyed the idea, “Won't he have his cock full, he hasn't fucked for a fortnight.” — “Perhaps he has.” — “I'll swear he hasn't, he loves me, he'd wait a month for me and would marry me tomorrow, but what's the good, he can't keep himself, his family only allow him a pound a week — he'd wait to have me any length of time, and he cannot afford a woman.”

She had thrown a gown over her chemise, so as not to seem too ready — and ran down stairs to open the door to him herself. One of her servants had been sent out, and she had let me in herself — much maneuvering was now needed in her domicile. Fear of being caught out in intrigues is one of the miseries of ladies who play these pranks. — Leaning over the banisters I overheard much, he explained his delay, they kissed then. “My friend has just come.” — He was in her secrets and knew some one visited her. — “He is in my bedroom — don't make a noise.” — “I'll take my boots off.” - He did. — “There,” said she, “wait till I beckon you, I'll go up and see if his door is closed, he is fearful of Blank coming back.”

Upstairs she came, saw me on the landing and nodded. — In I went, closing my door and soon he was in the back bedroom. A few minutes after I was at their door as before. She was exciting him, feeling his prick, both sitting on the bed, his back to the door. Then they nearly stripped. — She said — “Stand up there, let me see it stiff.” — He complied like a child, obeyed her always I'd found — lifted his shirt, and I saw his powerful machine standing like a prop. — “You have fucked since you did me last.” — “I declare to God I haven't.” Then — “Oh let me do it, dear.” He went towards her, when a powerful gust of wind (it was a very windy day) blew-up the staircase, their door slightly moved, and caught his eye, he came and shut it, I retreated in fear seeing him advance, for had he opened the door he must have caught me. — I had I thought lost the spectacle of his fucking her.

But nothing exceeds the cunning of a Paphian. — Soon I heard her loudly calling out, “Mary, Mary.” — Up came the servant, who was told something and went down stairs. It was a dodge to open the door without his noticing it. Cautiously I'd opened mine and peeped. H. was just retiring and winked at me. Her door was now left ajar. — Again and almost directly after, I heard “hem,” as if clearing her

throat — her signal; the next instant, I was at the door. He was laying on his back, his big prick stiff as a poker shadowing his navel, his left hand feeling her quim as she stood by the bedside and looking up at her affectionately. He thought not of the door, or of any thing else but her cunt. She handled his prick, then his balls for a minute. “Let's fuck naked” and she threw off her chemise, then he his shirt. She laid down beside him for a second, the next he mounted her, and I heard his sigh of pleasure as his prick went up her sex. Then on he went thrusting. — “Don't hurry,” said she — but he fucked hard. — “I must,” he sobbed in a gentle voice. — I was mindful of what H. had often said in our conversation, and what I now knew from experience, that a man in the full tide of sexual pleasure thinks of nothing else. — I opened the door slightly, then more, and entered the room as his thrusts grew quicker, saw in H's beautiful face that she was spending, heard, — “Aha —my darling — love — aha” — from him, then both were quiet. — I stood there till H. opened her eyes. Then closing the door ajar and standing with my prick nearly bursting, listened.

“I must go to him [me], he doesn't like to be left long — I'll tell him some excuse and come back soon — put on your shirt, stay here, don't make a noise.” — Out she came, shutting the door, smiling at me, holding her cunt as French harlots do — and I suppose all do under similar circumstances — and the next instant was lying on the bedside with thighs wide apart. Her quim over-flowing with thick sperm delighted me, the sight made me wild to enter the lubricated sheath, my prick bursting, yet I restrained myself, had sufficient control to do that which whilst waiting I'd resolved. I pulled open the lips, frigged her spermy clitoris, whilst talking baudily. “Did you see his prick?” — “Yes.” — Isn't it a fine one?” — “Yes.” — “He never fucked for a fortnight, look what he's spent, how thick it is.” - “Wash it and I'll fuck you,” said I, not wishing any-thing of the sort.

I'd caught her. She'd before often said that she let me fuck her thus solely for my pleasure. — “No — fuck me — put it in.” — “No. — I'm frightened.” — “What of? what nonsense — put it up — he's a gentleman.” — (He was) — “No, wash — you don't like it so.” “Yes I do, fuck me, I like it so, fuck me.” said she impatiently. “Get lengthwise on the bed then.” She did, I mounted her, my prick plunged up and revelled in the grateful lubricity of her sheath. “Ain't we beasts? — oh — I'm coming — fuck.” — Our tongues joining, stopped further utterance, till my sperm gushed out in-to cunt. I was as quick as he in spending, certainly his prick hadn't left her cunt seven minutes, before my prick had done its work and quitted her also, tho I lay long up her after my spend.

“Pull it out dear, I must go back to him, I told him I would.” — “He'll fuck you again.” “That's certain.” — “Let him fuck in my

sperm." — "All right, he'll think it's his own, but I must go downstairs first, don't you come out till you hear me cough." — She went downstairs, and soon returned to his room again. — My door was ajar, again I heard the cough, and looked thro the aperture of the door.

She was just placing herself beside him, he was on his back handling his tool which was half stiff. At once she manipulated it, they kissed and talked. — "What did he say?" — "I told him that my dressmaker was downstairs etc." — "He's easily humbugged." — Both laughed. — "You must be quick, I mustn't keep him longer. Your prick's quite stiff." — He felt her cunt. — "You've not washed." — She said that she'd not had time "but must do so before she went to me." — "Will he do you?" — asked he in his quiet gentlemanly voice — so they talked for five minutes, kissing and dallying. Then her legs were in the air, thighs clasping his, and the rhythmical oscillation of their buttocks began. He was leisurely enjoying a longer job now. Soon as I heard him sigh and saw his thrusts were quicker, I opened the door, knelt at the bed foot, saw his prick moving and balls as they shook with his thrusts. Had I stood upright he'd not have noticed me in his paroxysm of pleasure. — H*l*n did — I heard soft murmurs, saw his buttocks quiver, her eyes close, knew the spends had come, and went back to my room, closing their door ajar.

This back room was only partially furnished — no water was left there with intent, so that he might go to the bedroom below, next the drawing room. She told me this before. Shortly they both went down there — then to the kitchen where she gave him food — tho well dressed he was glad of a meal. Then up she came to me and stood looking at me with voluptuous eyes. — She hadn't washed, shammed that she didn't want it again, but at the sight of her glistening vulva, my prick stood, and with a deliciously slow fuck we spent to-gether again. Four male libations were in her cunt, and she'd spent at each fucking. — Soon after I left.

The conversations I heard and had with her are nearly word for word. — I wrote them down the same evening.

A few days after, I was there then with pleasure in confessing, for — "I have no one to tell anything to but you, and him now," said she. — She told me he had slept with her. "God knows how often I spent, we were both done up. Come on dear, fuck me — I haven't had it since — he's ill. — I'm making him beef tea."

At intervals of a week or two this was repeated — I saw him fuck her, and fucked her directly afterwards. Sometimes only once, sometimes twice, and the fun and room were a little varied at times to avoid libation. — "What beasts we are." — "Not beasts at all dear, and if we are, we like it" — this was said regularly whenever the double fucking came off, but I had her at other times when he was not there.

Then I couldn't get her for a long time, and in the summer went abroad.

Chapter II

Crabs. • At a Swiss village. • The casino garden. • The half-veiled lady. • The path by the torrent. • The lonely chalet. • Fears and fucking. • Clapped. • At the lapunar. • Chambermaid tipped. • Exhibition of wet quims. • My choice. • The un-chaste Diane. • A lithesome bougresse. • Invitation to anus. • Erotic madness in Paphians. • Nymphomaniacs, Sappho and Wanda. • Ray-monde. • One with a curved pego. • Copious se-men. • A strange fucking attitude. • Outside a metropolitan railway station. • A Paphian's first night out. • Her sexual enjoyment. • Her history. • The railway station bar. • Two lovers and a swelling belly. • Flight to London.

I found to my annoyance one hot morning that crabs had assailed me, had lodged in motte, bum furrow, anus, and the wrinkles of my scrotum. It's impossible to say where I got these irritators of the genitals, having varied recently my amours, and a night or two before had revelled in three cunts yet warm and lubricated by other pricks. I keep mine in the ladies till it will remain no longer, luxuriating in their lubricious baths, giving great chance to these parasites of changing their abode, and I have escaped them well I think. The annihilation of the crustacea took quite ten days, and caused me much inconvenience. In the month of September I was at the little village of **** in Switzerland. There was [then] a little building called a casino, — to which people went to read the journals — situated in small grounds filled with trees and large shrubs. — It was a dull, muggy afternoon, and had been raining hard when I wandered there just before the table d'hote. Few people were out, and walking by herself, quite on the outskirts of the grounds, was a well-grown woman seemingly about twenty-five or more years old, dressed very nicely in dark silk. She never approached the building and I got curious about her, passed and repassed her looking in her face, wondering whether she was of easy virtue or not. She looked at me in return but quite in a casual way, with-out the least indication of the demirep about her. For all that, as I passed a desire for the woman came over me, and a voluptuous thrill passed through my pego. I had been some days at the place and had never noticed the lady there before, tho I must have seen nearly all the visitors there.

I dined, not thinking any more about her. Soon after, it being quite dark, going towards the casino to read I saw her somewhat nearer the casino than before, but well away from all light and still walking alone. — At once I guessed she was a free lover. My dinner

had warmed, my pego began to get rebellious for it had not touched strange cunt for nearly two months, and I went towards her. Seeing that, she went further off quite into the dark under some trees and stopped. — Next minute I was by her side and heard I could go home with her. We spoke in French, but I don't think she was a Frenchwoman.

She had told me where her lodging was and I agreed to follow her. She went away by a path I'd not traversed, crossed a wooden trembling bridge over the roaring rushing river, and was soon away from all street lights and human habitation as far as I could see. The road lay alongside the river, it was pitch dark, and at first I kept her just in sight, but as it was much further than I'd expected I got uncomfortable, as it was a spot where a knock on the head could very easily be given, and a body pitched into the river within a few yards of our path would have been thirty miles off before next morning, and had I screamed, the roar of the torrent would have drowned my voice, so I went up to her and said I could go no further. She said we were close by her dwelling and again we walked on.

When I first followed her I wanted to grope her, but she refused it. I got however one hand upon her thigh, the crisp hair of her quim touched my finger, and the feel of her tho slight and but for an instant only, made me thoroughly randy. As I followed her, I thought of her make and possible perfections, as I usually do when I follow a woman. From her walk I guessed she'd good limbs and a fat bum, my cock stood rigidly, pleasurably, and directly I'd crossed the bridge, with one of my old erotic whims I pulled it out of my trowsers, and went along with it sticking out naked. The lewedness of the act pleased me much, absurd as it seems. Hearing someone or something approaching, hastily I tucked it in, but it was only a donkey, I fancy tethered. Then as the distance increased and I grew anxious, my John Thomas drooped, and remained so till she stopped, when desire rose again. There was a huge piece of rock close by there, and I suggested an up-righter against it, but she wouldn't hear of such a thing. On we went now side by side. I was about to refuse going further, when a building of Swiss type appeared on a little eminence about a hundred feet from the river. The light in two windows gladdened me, tho I didn't like to be in that lonely spot with a stranger at that time of night. There was seemingly a balcony all round it as is customary in those chalets. A big man, who was, as well as I could see in the darkness, sitting aginst the steps leading up to it, was smoking a pipe, and apparently took no notice of us, yet I didn't like his being there. Up the steps she went, I following on to the balcony, from which she opened a door into a large bedroom, meanly and coarsely furnished, tho there was everything needed for convenience, and a large common lamp alight. I

complained that the light was not enough, whereon without reply she sought and lighted a candle. It was an angle room with windows on two sides, on one side only were short white curtains. The gaunt, naked look of the place, and the noise made by our feet on the naked wooden floor, the complete silence she observed, the gloom seen thro the uncurtained windows, and the roar of the river, I confess made me most uncomfortable — I wished I hadn't come and resolved to pay her and leave.

“What shall I do?” said she, taking off her bonnet. They were the first words she'd uttered in the room “Let me feel your cunt and then I'll go,” said I. — “I'll take off my things first,” and she began to undress herself quickly. - Her face was very handsome, she had dark hair and luminous dark eyes, and as she pulled off her gown she showed such a fine pair of arms that I forgot my fears, touched them, and then let her strip to her chemise. — She sat down and piddled, then washed her quim, then pulled her stockings well up under her garters, and disclosed a very handsome form with thick bushes of dark hair in her armpits. Then to my question she said she was twenty-five.

Then I wanted to see her quim more plainly, but she resisted that a little, nor would she let me bring the light to it. — She didn't like to be looked at “in that vulgar way.” She'd unbuttoned my trowsers and got my prick out, and as soon as it was in her hand said, — “Aha — baisez moi, cheri” — and lain down on the bed, but somehow a feeling came over me that I'd bet-ter not have her, said I wouldn't, put down her money, and said I'd leave. — “Oh! come all this way without kissing me? that you shan't” — Getting off the bed she came to me, put the money first into a drawer, then throwing an arm round me kissed me and felt my cock. “Are you quite well? if you're not quite sure, if there are any of your monthlies about, tell me, you've got the money, and I am quite content.”

She was perfectly well, she replied. “Kiss me — come — you've paid me — is it likely I'd let you do it if I wasn't well? — Oh — kiss me, come take off your things, you're a fine man, you've made me want it so, baisez moi, cheri” — and laying down she lifted her chemise to her armpits. I saw a fine bust, large thighs, a dark haired motte, desire returned, I threw off coat and waistcoat, with my trowsers on mounted her and in a few minutes had filled her quim with sperm. She enjoyed the embrace as much as I had.

She wanted to keep me in her, but I rose and washed, she washing directly afterwards, then she laid hold of my prick, looked at it, kissed it, and invited me to have her again. I didn't want that, and asked her a few questions. She was so pressing for me to have her that it surprised me. — “You're fucked every day, I sup-pose.” — “No” — she wasn't a gay woman. “Tho you think I am.” — Indeed I did, and

do yet, tho she hadn't quite the manner of a Paphian. — I insisted on going. — She said I shouldn't — “What! refuse a lady when she asks you? — oh fie.” — Yielding a little I said, “Let me see you quite naked.” — “You shall.” Off went her chemise and she laid down naked, but it was chilly and I let her put it on again. — I went to the side of the bed with my prick hanging. — “See, I can't.” — “You will in a minute.” — “You will have to suck it then.” — For a minute she looked me full in the face without speaking, then took it in her mouth, I put my fingers on her cunt, and the joint effect was instantaneous — it stiffened. — “There,” said she triumphantly. “Baisez moi.” She laid down opening her thighs wide at once, hurriedly, as if her cunt was longing. — In another minute her cunt lips were round my propagator, and soon after we were blissfully spending. She seemed to have intense pleasure in the fuck, more than in the first.

She wanted me to stay all night — then to fuck her again, — it should cost me nothing more, — but away I went along the lonely road to my hotel, and was glad to get there. — Two days after I had a clap. — Incensed, I was fool enough to go to the chalet. — A man there — I suppose the proprietor — said that Mrs. * * * * had left the day after I'd been there.

I had been sitting on a wet stone the day before, which might have irritated my bladder. I hoped it was so. “Pogh,” said the doctor. “It's not caused by a cold wet stone, but a hot wet something else.” — Yet it might have been that cold wet stone, My discharge was awfully copious, more so than from any clap I ever had, yet in a fortnight I'd got sufficiently cured to resume fucking. I never got cured so quickly before, and it must be fifteen years since I had that ailment. — On my return, I stopped a week or two at P****s and then again visited the lapunar. The personnel of the house was the same, and the chambermaid seemed delighted to see me — I had a long conversation with her, and tipped her a napoleon — a nap well spent for me and on the sly of course — for I believe that employees in these bordellos are supposed to hand over gratuities — I think so from the secrecy I've been asked to observe by the recipients when I've given them — the door-keepers excepted, who openly expect, ask at times, and take. — Whether they put that into the hands of the sous-maitresse, or patronne, or not, I can't say, nor do I know if Frenchmen who have the women at the tariff (prix fixe) give the servants any-thing — certainly they give presents to the women they stroke, but not as much as foreigners do. — Garter money the Paphians call it, and if it be gold or silver always slip it under their garters into their stockings. What English and Americans give I can't say, having seen but few there — and expect that for good reasons those nationalities were rarely shown into the room with the peephole when I was peeping.

The chambermaid was called up to, who asked me, “Which is it to be?” and making a circle with finger and thumb put it to her eye — I understood — she implied peephole by that. — “No, foutre,” said I. — Then altering my mind. — “No — chambre jaune,” — and there I was soon installed, and in a well lubricated quim or two had my pleasure. — I saw couples fucking when at the peephole directly afterwards, and then the ladies with cunts washed or unwashed — I paid for each woman I saw come in, but nothing was worth retaining in my narrative till I saw Diane the following evening.

It is singular, seems contradictory, but I write what occurred, that I rarely seemed to have the same excitement, pleasure, or even desire, in tailing the women whom I had seen fucked, as I did those who came in to me from other rooms. — More often than otherwise, I didn't even put my pego up them. — Sometimes I only looked at their quims without separating the covers of the vulva, when I did not like the look of the man who'd had them. Often times this was so. — But I always de-sired those who'd been stroked in other parts of the house — I always fancied the sperm was that of hand-some, very young men tho often it was not so — I rejected those directly if the suspicion of their having been fucked by seniors occurred to me.

I was at the peephole when I saw Diane, a little devil who had a very fine man with her. He stripped, she was naked, he was playful and she gratified him. — I never saw a woman put herself into more varied postures. She licked and sucked his prick from all sides, laid on him, sat on his prick, put it in her quim this way, that way, stood him up, laid him down on the bedside, turned over on to his belly, licked his arsehole, put his cock between her breasts, bum cheeks, thighs, and knees, and then taking off her stockings, caught hold of his pego between the soles of her feet, and twiddled, a thing I never saw being done before, tho I'd had it done to me. He had a noble prick, which stood with-out drooping much for half an hour. — Every now and then when they had a new pose, she looked at my door. — Once when laying over him, he licking her clitoris, she minetting his cock, her head being towards me, she lifted her head, looked at the door and winked, shaking his red-headed poker at me as she did so. — Never did I see such variety of attitudes in so short a space of time — most of them studiously posed that I might see both prick and cunt. He got impatient at last and fucked her, only thrusting about twice before he was over. — He got off the bed directly with prick dripping, and naked, looked at his watch, then hurried on his clothes. She went out as if to wash, — they all do that to avoid notice — when she came back he was at the door, — next minute her thighs were opened to

me, the sperm was running over furrow and thighs — Alexandrine had told me she was the most salacious one of the harem, and would let men bugger her — she said that cautiously.

She was a sweetly made, brown-haired, lewed-eyed creature. — I enjoyed the sight of her lubricated quim, rushed my staff up it and spent rapidly. When she had washed, she began to play with me, wouldn't let me dress, began to gamahuche. “Lie down and let me play with you, darling.” — When my pego was in her mouth, she put her finger up my bum. — I returned the compliment slightly. “Put it up” said she — “put your prick in it.” — “What! bugger?” — “Yes, if you like” — I declined. — “You are stiff, why not try, put the tip in a little.” — She pulled open her buttocks, shewing her arsehole, elevating her thighs high. “An-other night perhaps, what do you want for that?” - “Fifty francs.” — “All right, I won't tell any one.” — “I don't care if you do, many of the women do it.” — “I won't believe they do.” — “Ask them then. I shewed the man to you well didn't I?” — “Yes.” — “I've made myself lewed.” — “Does he bugger you?” — “Some-times, should you like to see him, if so come next week this day and time, and I'll make him do it to me.” — “Perhaps I will,” said I, having no intention of the sort. — “She is a most lascivious little devil,” said I to Alexanddrine afterwards. — “Yes, she is woman or man, it's all the same with her, she'll go mad like Sappho.”

Sappho was a lovely big woman whom for three years I had at times, had written about but destroyed that narrative. — She flat-fucked a girl before me one night without my desiring her to do so, became a slave to erotic passion, had nymphomania which drove her at last mad. Her voice was like that of a man's the last time I had her. — Many French harlots get that sort of voice in time. — Sappho's history was well known in the house, and to me.

[I have an impression that cases of erotic madness are not infrequent in these lapunars. It is perhaps attributable to natural concupiscence in the particular erotic pleasure. — Some years ago at another lapunar, I had a woman named Wanda, (narrative destroyed) who two or three years after I heard had gone mad concupiscently. Both the Sappho now alluded to — I've had several Sapphos — and also Wanda — were well sized — absolutely perfect in form — beautiful in face — delicious in coition — and both had hoarse voices. Each must have been from about twenty-three to twenty-eight years old when last I had them — but I'm not clear about their ages. — This is written many years after the events.]

One evening, a week or two after being at the spy-hole, in came a well-grown man looking about eight and twenty, and with him a lovely, dark-haired, dark-eyed little creature named Raymonde, whom I'd stroked and a more willing, voluptuous little devil never knew. —

She gave a glance at the peephole door, and a smile, then disappeared to sluice her quim before beginning her gambols.

He undressed quickly, his prick — a very full-sized one — was already stiff. He couldn't bend it to wash it, but wiped its tip with a towel. I longed to handle it. — His shirt dropped over it, Raymonde raised it and rolled up the shirt, and then laid hold of his stiff tool with a laugh. — “Take your shirt off” — Alexandrine had instructed all the women to let me see the pricks well. — He wouldn't, took her to the bedside, and kneeling began gamahuching her. Playfully she raised herself. “Take it off, I like you naked” — and she began to pull it off as he knelt. He then complied and again knelt, titillating her cunt with his tongue, his tool standing with utmost rigidity and with a very unusual curve — like a bent bow it was. — I've never seen one so curved before, tho I've seen a hundred and fifty stiff.

He only licked her split for a minute, then rose up, and she getting off the bed handled his prick to show it me — I found by their conversation that they were acquaintances. — “Mon Dieu! how stiff it is — why you've actually not seen me for a week.” — Bending forward she took the red tip between her pretty lips, then removing it she handled his balls — I never saw a prick with such a strongly defined curve, I think it was much greater than the curve of any vagina.

All was done quicker than I write this, for he was impatient. Standing then by the bedside he turned her about in all directions, kissing her all over, then mounted the bed, laid on his back, and putting her kneeling over his head, began licking her cunt. His face was then hidden by her lovely buttocks, which his hands clasped. Then moving away she took his prick in her mouth, then taking it out gave it a shake, looked at the peephole, and laughed at me whilst she exhibited his tool. But soon she dropped her head on his thigh by the side of it, and her buttocks began to writhe under the delicious titillation of his tongue on her clitoris.

Then he moved her onto her back, mounted her belly and began fucking. In a dozen thrusts I saw his back-side and thighs quiver and squeeze up to her — one very loud prolonged cry — almost a groan — escaped him, and all was over. — I knew he would be quick from the state of his pego when he took his trowsers off, saw clearly that he was filled with semen and lust.

He did not enjoy laying up her long, but came to the bidet and washed his prick which was still quite stiff. — “Aha! — mon Dieu — what sperm,” — said she quite loudly, not moving off the bed as they usually do, but laying with thighs wide apart, — pulling open the lips, as she spoke, and turning partly round more towards the gaslight, to show me his overflowing libation. — Never before had I seen at that distance a cunt more plainly whilst the male was present. The light

was turned on strongly, and I saw a mass of sperm, which made her cunt look almost as white as her thighs. She looked towards him and to my door, smiled and nodded, pulled the lips of her cunt further apart for a second, and then went out. He had his back towards her whilst washing his tool and she thus exhibited. — How easily we men are cheated.

He laid himself in her absence on the bed, his prick stiff still. How I envied him. She returned, began to suck it and it disappeared in her mouth. — Sometimes her hand grasped the balls, sometimes the stem. Full of sperm as he had been, now he needed a rest. For full ten minutes did she labour with her mouth, he laying motionless, speechless, in voluptuous tranquillity looking up at the glass in the bed top. He never turned his head to see her beauteous form in the side glass — in which I could see her ivory backside, and breasts and movements. He didn't lay even a hand upon her.

I thought he never would spend, yet his prick when-ever she removed it from her mouth was rigid as iron, and red tipped. Gradually came slight movements in his thighs, then his belly heaved a little, his eyes closed. She ceased minetting, knowing that a change was coming. Then again he placed her above him, her cunt to his mouth, hers to his prick, and they sucked each other till she gave a jog or two of her buttocks, relinquished his tool, and laid her head again on his thigh — his machine standing up against her face.

Then he placed her and himself in positions which I don't recollect a couple fucking in before, tho I have seen perhaps every possible posture — indeed now recollect having had a woman in that position myself. — How deliciously varied may be the postures of a willing man and woman, what inexhaustible pleasures they can get together, what idiots are they who refuse them, — if any do. He put two pillows for her head and back against the looking glass which covered the wall against which the side of the bed was placed. She then put herself leaning back and reclining anglewise along the bed, and he laid across her. They were like two sticks crossing each other. His head was nearly at the edge of the bed, his feet against the looking glass. His legs lay over her left leg, and under her right which she put up over his left hip. In that position he got his prick up her cunt. — No one with a little prick, or with a limp one, could man-age it in that awkward position.

Then moving with a short jogging, rather than the long stroke belly to belly fucking, her right leg keeping him to her and both of her hands placed over and clasping his rump, they fucked. Then he stopped, then went on, and not a word was said. The back of his head and rump were towards me, and I saw the length of his fine white body from head to heel. At last Raymonde who at the beginning of the

play in this position had looked at my door and smiled more than once, began to close her eyes, her right hand seemed to be feeling his arsehole or the back of his balls, then both her hands clutched his bum convulsively. She was spending and lovely she looked. Her hands stopped, her breasts heaved, his buttocks gave some strong quick jerks, another loud cry escaped him, and he was quiet.

Then he washed, she remained on the bed as if quite fatigued, then went out, returned, and shortly he went away. She hadn't washed her cunt this time, which was full of his second libation. Excited by the sight I plunged my prick into it, and spent before Raymonde had a chance of spending with me. He came to see her once a week she said, and always made her spend. “Who could help spending with such a man, and such a prick up her for ten minutes?” she asked. Certainly at the second poke it was in her a very long time, a quarter of an hour perhaps before he spent.

On my return I saw H*l*n occasionally, but I was not very well, and was also impecunious, so limited my visits to her. — Once I find I had N**l*e L**l*e and once old Camille. There is nothing worth keeping of the narrative until the following incident.

I had in a friendly way dined one evening with a man at * * * and at about nine o'clock was near the * * * * * station of a London railway. Many gay women of second class were walking about it, for the station being a busy one and several streets converging on it, it was and is, a good hunting ground for the Priestesses of Venus. — A stoutish, shortish, very youthful, pretty, and fresh-complexioned girl came slowly towards and looked at me. She had stood talking to another doxy, who as I approached and turned my head to look, gave her a gentle push of the arm, as much as to say, — “There go” — and then stood still watching us.

The girl didn't speak, nor did I for a second. I some-times now go home with a woman, strip her, look at her secret charms, and leave without more than doing that and a baudy chat, fearful of fucking. — Reserving my prowess for another that night, I thought I'd just look at this girl so fresh and nice, and told my compliment. “Oh yes, sir — thank you sir,” said she eagerly, and then, “Oh, it's close by, just up there at No. 33.” - “Ah, well — I'll perhaps call some night.” — The girl without a word turned away as if disappointed and ashamed, towards the other woman. — A change then came over me and going towards them, “I'll follow you,” said I. — “Go ahead, get the door open, he'll follow” — said the other woman smiling at me and pushing the girl, who ran across the road, and looked back every second to see if I was after her. In three minutes I was in a nicely furnished bedroom in a good sort of house.

“Shall I take my frock off?” said she in a timid way, so soon as the

door was closed and gas lighted. — “All off, my dear.” — “What, naked? — Oh no — I can't.” “Then I'll go.” — “Oh don't you're the first gentleman I've seen, I only came here this afternoon — that's my box, I've only put some of my things out — look.” — She opened the box and a drawer to show me — I thought immediately of a foul-tongued Irish woman whom I had a few years ago, who had just arrived. — But what a difference! This girl was genteel, charming — yet she might be a trickster. — “Take them off to your chemise then,” said I, taking off hat and coat and sitting down after I'd kissed her — for she was pretty. — Very deliberately she did, looking at me all the time, never indeed taking her eyes off me. — Neither of us spoke till she was in chemise. — Then — “I wish you'd be a friend to me” — she said. I laughed, the remark was made so naively, and pulled her on to my knee, placed my fingers between the lips of a fat lipped little quim, and titillated the button. She was unresisting, but not a bit like a whore in manner, till with a pleasure-wriggle of her bum — what delicious wriggles women give when sexual pleasure begins — she closed her thighs, pushed my hand away and said, “Aha — don't — I want it enough without that.”

Desire rose, voluptuous sensations crept thro my prick — I'd only intended to see and feel her cunt and leave, but her simple, natural manner pleased and roused me. — “Do you want a fuck?” — she laughed — “I do really.” — “I'm not going to poke.” — “Oh do.” — “No, let me see your belly and cunt, there's the money.” — Rising I put it on the table. — “Oh do have me.” — “Take off your chemise then.” — “There” — and she stood naked. — “I can't.” — “Why?” — “I'm married.” — “Oh you ain't — ain't I nice— oh do.” — “Lay back then.” — She slowly reclined on the bed, I lifted her chemise. Beautifully formed, white and plump was she, and my prick stiffened as I saw the puffy motte and delicate notch, with a slight nut-brown thicket about it.

Ah traitorous virility — my sperm was meant for another's cunt that night. Veni, vidi, but not vici — for her cunt conquered. What is it that after having fucked a thousand cunts, another cunt because unknown, un-tasted, fresh to me is irresistible? Should destroy re-solve, frustrate determination, make me weakly yield to its charm, desire to leave my semen in it, tho certain as I look at and feel it, that it will give me no more de-light by friction, grip and suction, than hundreds of the others which my prick has tasted? — Verily cunt is Queen-King, Emperor and Pope — Commander in Chief — an army in itself — a necromancer, wizard — a saint of marvellous power. — All these in one, potential, supreme. Who can withstand it, who not yield to it?

Quickly after I'd parted the slightly pouting lips, and saw the soft

shine on the crimson surface of the oval gap between her white thighs, I threw off my clothes, saying, — “Lay still love,” and gazing at the shrine whilst I divested myself, then lifted my shirt, and shewing the ruby tipped standard, — “Feel it,” I said. — Quickly she rose and grasped it. — “Oh — ohoo. I'm glad you like me,” said she innocently. “Shall I get on the bed?” — On it she got, then throwing off my shirt I laid beside her, felt her smooth flesh all over, fingered her privates from bumhole to clitoris, frigged till she murmured, “Oh — do it — do” — then fucked her. Fucked too quickly, — for my balls were full that night — in her delicious lubricious avenue — flooded the tight little cunt too rapidly alas. — But she spent with me, and as I afterwards lay up her, — “You haven't been fucked for some time.” — “Five weeks last Sun-day, don't pull it out” and she clasped me tight — “You'll get with child.” — “I don't care now.” — “Are you quite well there” — feeling round my prick. — “Quite, why it's my first night.”

The carnal junction of man and woman alas cannot last long, tho I'll swear that with some I've kept my prick in them for twenty minutes after our pleasure ceased. I uncunted, we washed, put on shirt and chemise, then sitting her naked bum upon my knees, and twiddling her freshened notch, we talked.

She was from S***d*n, had served at the refreshment bar there. A gentleman wooed, won, fucked, and deserted her. Then his friend offered to keep her, after shamming an endeavour to make her seducer do his duty to her (so he said) and failed. She tired of selling jam tarts, and wanting more fucking (as she owned) wouldn't be kept openly but met him on the sly until her courses stopped. Then fear came on her, and this man also meanly left her to her trouble. Then a gay woman whom she had known before she was gay, and who came there to see her relatives, enabled her to over-come the catamenial obstacle. But her parents suspected, abused, and were unkind to her, so to town she'd fled that very morning. The rooms had been taken for her by her gay London friend, who'd paid the first week's rent for her and met her at the station. — It was she who was standing on the pavement with her. This was her first night of a harlot's calling, and I the first man who for money paid down had fucked her. All was told me readily, rapidly, almost without question from me, every thing pointed to its truth — I believed, and believe it still.

I was charmed with her simple manner, with the novel way she handled my tool. — Yes, mine was the third man's prick she'd ever seen — of course she'd seen little boys' cocks. — “Oh yes — you may do it again as often as you like — Yes, I'd like it.” — Again we joined our bodies in blissful unity, now I glued my lips to hers, and our tongues met — she was so fresh and sweet, and nice — our tongues

muffled our murmurs of pleasure, till I withdrew my lips from hers, then vomited lewed words and phrases. — The desire to utter such came suddenly as it sometimes does when I'm fucking. — “Oho — aharr — re.” She sobbed out as she heard my ribaldry and she clutched me tight, her cunt heaved up, her buttocks quivered — I'd fetched her at once.

Still physically joined, her lubricated temple still with its lubricator within it, we talked. — Neither of her two friends ever uttered a “smutty word” whilst poking. — “It made me do it directly you said them.” — Then I left her tho she implored me to stop all night. — “I mean to try to get one or two good friends if I can and be content — for I'm sure I shan't like the life,” said she. “Why I must go out again, and it's raining, I don't like that.”

I wouldn't promise to revisit her. She entreated me to do so. — “Give me anything you like, I shall be glad to see you for you're my first friend here — I know no one but Polly *** who lives close by.” But I was along way off from my usual track, gave her double my fee, but promised nothing.

Her freshness, beauty, tight little slightly haired cunt, and her simplicity, dwelt in my mind. — Rarely have I had such a novelty — tho I have had two other women on their first nights as pavй nymphs — and a few days after I telegraphed and went to her. — She awaited me much pleased, I passed a pleasant evening and fucked her thrice. She'd had luck, her friend had said she would when she told her about my doings. — She'd re-paid her friend the rent money, had got some gold saved, was going to live for a month with a man in chambers — mentioned the Inns of Court but would not tell his name, nor did I press it. If he left her then, he was to give her twenty pounds for dress, and pay a week's lodgings at C***s*a. She could then go to places where she'd see a better class of men, he'd told her, but she hoped he'd keep her. — Strange it seemed to me that even in that ten days' experience, she had gathered somewhat of the tone of a professional fuckstress — or was it fancy? — I never saw her afterwards. — Telling H*l*n of her, she said the tale was very probable. — This girl had lightish brown hair, soft hazel eyes, an unusually large bum, and unusually small slightly haired, pretty-shaped cunt. She was seventeen.

Chapter III

H*l*n's poor lover. • More lapunarial experiences. • The three graces. • Isabel selected. • The lavabo. • Isabel, Zora, Theo, Eugenie and Leda. • Hands, prick, and three cunts occupied. • A spermatic orgy. • Two giantesses. • Egyptienne and Judith. • An overflowing ballocks.

Then I saw H. at longer intervals, for reasons of no interest now — and had her after her lover as I must call him, whose name and family I was told, didn't believe, but found by mere chance to be actually true. — Born of wealthy parents, educated at Cambridge, inheriting a fortune, he spent it on women and H*l*n had her share. Beyond this the man had not a vice. — His family allowed him thirty shillings a week, he lived on it as well as he could and would have married her on that. He did also law writing. — He doted on H. — was her go-between, ordered, paid, borrowed, pawned, and did for her anything, everything she asked him. He gave her his money if she wanted any for he adored her, his compensation being to fuck her on the sly for love. — I often felt sorry for the man who was both in voice, manner, and even in dress a gentleman.

Then in winter I went again to * * * * for a longish stay and the lapunar saw me frequently, much more than before or since. — I have notes of about forty or fifty couples fucking, and perhaps of a hundred and fifty spermatized cunts — but they were brief notes. Half a dozen incidents spread over two years alone I retain almost word for word as I wrote them. I have never departed from my habit of writing accounts of my erotic pleasures.

On my first visit to the lapunar I went to the saloon. As I entered the outer room, there were three girls standing naked like the three graces, and talking to-gether. — Looking thro the open door at a looking glass, I saw reflected a dozen nudities in the saloon itself. The rump of one of the graces attracted me, and in a minute she was with me in the room on the entresol — a favorite room of mine.

She was a shortish well-formed woman of five and twenty, judging from the dark hair on her quim, which spread widening out halfway to her navel, then with a diminishing line running up towards her navel. I have seen hair growing like that up from a man's motte, but rarely in a woman. I didn't like it, and it set me for a minute a little against her. But her face was pretty, she was talkative, obliging, and by the time I had laid on the bed and she had gamahuched me a little, I was contented. — We talked about women I had known in that

house, at intervals she sucked my cock, shewed me her cunt, and we indulged in other fornicating preliminaries.

This room is at the end of a passage, at the other end is a lavabo and a little room by its side, where the ladies prepare themselves for and after love-making. I have seen dozens there slopping and syringing, naked almost as born. They retreat into the room when they hear a stranger. — If the door of the room where I was be ajar, one can see these operations, and I select it for this, if my companion for the time allows me. They prevent this as a rule — but I am known, and permitted.

I heard water drawn. — “A woman's washing” said I to Isabel. — “Yes.” — “Let me see.” Isabel did not object, I peeped, and saw a fine woman sluicing her cunt over a basin. Isabel said I could look at others but she had better always look out first. Another splash — with a sudden rush of baudy desires, one to see the woman's cunt before she washed the sperm out, I told Isabel — half ashamed as I did so of my wish. — “I'll call her,” said she, as if it was a usual and natural thing. — “You have washed?” she cried. — “Comment?” — said a voice. “Have you the foutre, still?” — “Mais non.” — “She has washed. I will tell the chamberwoman to tell them to come here first, do you like browns or blondes?” — “Browns.” — Isabel disappeared, and returning said there were several girls “en sociйtk” and one would soon come.

In voluptuous expectation I sat on the sofa feeling Isabel all over. Soon up she jumped, opened the door, and a well-grown, dark-haired girl holding her cunt lips together came in. “Is the sperm in your cunt?” I asked. — “Comment?” — In my excitement my French was not perfect. — “Vous avez la, la foutre,” — said Isabel in baudiest French. “Ah yes, I'll wash,” said Zora — not understanding my object and turning towards the door. — “No, no, I want the sperm,” — I laid hold of her and led her to the bed. — She under-stood, and laying backwards opened wide her thighs. What a sight. A lovely creature, with a well-fledged, ebony-haired cunt, the sperm thick and thin lying on it. Opaque masses just inside the outer lips, and on her thighs — shining yet milky looked her vulva. — “He has spent much. — Baisez moi,” said she. — “Suck my prick.” — Isabel knelt and complied. I put Zora's thighs wider and wider apart, she stretched open her cunt lips, her fingers in the sperm. I kissed her thighs, smelt the male, and with a spasm of baudy delight instantly gave Isabel's mouth a libation.

“I must go, my friend is waiting,” said Zora and left. My prick was still in Isabel's mouth, she was finishing me divinely. — Then she left the room. I laid on the bed till the two women came back. Then looked at Zora's fresh-washed privates, paid her and she left, Isabel remaining.

Stupidly, I felt ashamed. — “You will think me a beast,” said I. “Not at all, it often happens—there is a Monsieur who comes to this room by himself, he will stay all the evening and see us all—they all come in before they wash, he looks at all, stays hours. There are one or two Messieurs who lick the cunts and swallow the sperm —yes of strangers. — It's not good, is it? but it is true. Two gentlemen come here together and have two girls, I have been with them — they stay all night sometimes, and each has the same girl and fucks without their washing — and more.” — She stopped short. “What more?” — “They bugger each other.” “Not the girls.” — “Ah my God, no — but sometimes one fucks a lady whilst his friend arseholes him.” — “Why not the girl?” — “Did you ever do it to a girl?” she asked. “Yes” — “Who with” — “I never tell” — I said this lie to try her. We talked of such matters and of the girls I had known, until what with talking and feeling her quim, and her pulling me about, I was randy again — then she gamahuched me until nearly finished, when hearing the water tap going, I said I should see another lady.

To help me — tho there were two gas lights — she got candles and set them on the mantel shelf, so that I could see the cunts well. She would tell them to get rid of their friends if they could before they came in, so as not to be in a hurry with me, but most would see the ladies after they'd washed, and a girl must not displease a friend “vous savez donc.” — She named some women just then engaged, I told her those whom I did not want. — A gentle rap. — “Entrez.” — In came Theo, a dark-haired girl who placed herself on to the bed and opened her thighs, the sperm was oozing clear and thin, both thighs wet with it, plenty of it. — Isabel held a candle to it whilst I questioned. He'd not spent so much as many she replied. “Fuck me, — you, I want it and shall spend then.” — “Monsieur does not fuck,” said Isabel, “he likes minette.” — The other repeated, “Fuck me.” — “No gamahuche me.” She turned round lengthways on the bed and put my prick into her mouth — I could not keep my fingers from her cunt, pushed them up her thro the sperm but instantly withdrew them, wiping them, for a fit of squeamishness came on. — Another knock. Isabel let in a shortish, plump woman with thick legs and large thighs; ginger-coloured hair curled round her cunt.

I treated her like the other. — The spunk was thinnish, much of it lay above the clitoris in the thicket, as if the man had spent outside. “Baisez moi, cheri.” — She was dazzingly white in flesh — I looked at her cunt and then at the other's — enchanted — on the highest state of salacity.

“Fuck me, darling” said Eugenie putting her tongue out, agitating it like a serpent. — Isabel repeated. — “The gentleman does not fuck.” — Making the pair hold up their legs I went to the end of the room to

con-template — Isabel stood by the bed with a candle, — “Isn't his prick stiff?” said one. The other took up the towel which was under her bum and was going to wipe her cunt. Isabel cried, “Don't.” The girl laughed. — Knock — knock. — “Come in.” — “I don't want any others,” said I, but Isabel opened the door. — “Oh, she's come purposely — it's Leda — the biggest woman in the house, a fine woman, tall, superb.” — “Let her come.” — In came a splendid woman five feet ten high, stood still, looked at the two girls, laughed, then looked at me.

I was delighted with her ample form, could see the black hair peeping from her armpits, the jet black mass on her mons — “lay on the bed.” — “Monsieur wants to see the sperm,” said Isabel — I took her round her bum, feeling it as she moved towards the bed between the others. — Up went her legs — open her thighs — and Ah Dieu! What a sight. Sperm lay all over her cunt from above her clitoris to the furrow of her buttocks, the entry of her sex was full, was covered with it, the prick hole hidden. — Between the outer and the inner lips it lay in a thick white mass — the nymphae peeping through a milky glaze. It lay thick in the roots of the hair all round the lips — lay thick and shiny on both thighs some inches down from her cunt, not all transparent gumminess but some opaque, alternating with thin shiny essence, that must have just issued from strong, healthy, full ballocks. I pulled apart the beautiful buttocks which closed together un-der her cunt. “Let me see your arsehole darling.” — The sperm had run down even to there. — All round her bum hole for a space of three or four inches, her buttocks were covered with short dark hairs, seeming to grow out of the sperm like grass out of ice. I stood with prick throbbing, Isabel holding the candle in front of Leda's cunt. I glanced at the other shiny cunts, and the dark-eyed, smiling, baudy faces of their owners on each side of Leda, till I felt mad with lust.

“Do the nutcracker,” said I. Leda raised up her knees towards her breasts, her belly had a muscular motion, the cunt slightly closed and out rolled more viscosity down towards the bum furrow. “Fuck me,” said she. — Again Isabel, “Mais monsieur, ne baise pas.” — “What sort of man was he?” — I asked. “Ah! an old friend, sees me every week regularly, every Monday, a grand man — beau garcon — never sees any other girl. Look at his sperm — he only kisses me.” — “He spends much?” I said. “Mais oui, beaucoup, toujours beaucoup, never a man more — jamais. —He visits me alone — moi seule.” — “Are you sure?” — “Mais oui, bien sure — si — si — si — je vous le dis qu'il m'aime. — Il me baise seule et chaque lundi toujours, toujours.” She seemed angry at my doubts.

All this whilst Leda was laying on the bedside, thighs apart, cunt slightly open, arms back under her head to raise it, shewing thickly

haired armpits. I standing in front of her with stiff prick within a few inches of her split, glancing rapidly from hers to the quims of the two on either side of her, Isabel holding the candle, the two side women frigging their quims, putting out their tongues, a maddening lascivious sight. In my youth I should have spent at once without my prick being touched by cunt, mouth, or fingers.

Still I did not fuck, didn't know which to select for my homage, the variety of charms made me greedy of all and uncertain, I looked closer and closer at each woman, my eyes ran up and down them from head to knees, closer I looked at the three cunts, feeling the thighs of each in turn, kissed their bellies and the smell of cunt and semen rose into my nostrils. The room was reeking hot, a pervading odour of fresh young female flesh, cunt, armpits, sweat and spunk mingling with the per-fumes in their hair, intoxicated me — I was choked, excited with it, madly erotic, but still lingered, looked, smelt and kissed, not knowing which to have, longing to fuck all three at once.

“Baisez moi,” said Leda, giving a bum waggle, opening her thighs wider, delicately distending the hirsute entrance to her warm red avenue, her finger tips in the sperm. Then I put my pego's knob against her bum furrow, catching a globe of thick sperm lying there, and drawing it up along the division or furrow to the mouth of her sheath, drove it up closing balls and belly onto her with a shiver of pleasure. Then up and down it went, now drawing out covered with male essence, then squashing into her again, till my pleasure increased and I stopped, holding her lovely buttocks, resting my head upon her superb breasts, wild with voluptuous thoughts. “I shall spend in his sperm. — My pego's in it now — his prick rubbed where mine is rubbing, it has throbbed and swelled where mine is.” — Ah summit of baudiness — sublimity of voluptuousness — heaven of sexuality, physical and mental — mind stimulating body — body exciting mind — to maddening erotic delight.

So flew my thoughts, as I wriggled my belly and thighs to hers — this way, that way — with one hand dabbed my balls against her buttocks to get the sperm on to them, pushed high and rubbed my motte against her motte, that my fringe might get the sperm from hers — anything, any way, every way, so that I might be saturated with it. — It rubbed into the roots of my prick — it stuck to my balls — yet still her cunt seemed full of it — my prick seemed moving in butter — I cried out “foutre — foutre” — and drew out my prick. — “The candle, Isabel.” — She held the light, I gloried in my pego's moisture, in the spermy spottiness and sheen. It chilled when it left its warm companion and up into her I plunged it again. — “Come nearer dear — lower down — nearer the edge of the bed — put up your thighs — higher — draw me to you.” — Her thighs came on my hips, her legs

clutched me, and I could then only wriggle my prick up her, leant over her fucking thus — now smelling her flesh, now sucking her bubbies — smoothing her buttocks, — now feeling round the junction of prick and cunt, whilst with her heels on my arse she still drew me tightly up to her, and on each side of her lay a woman with her cunt gaping.

Spunk, spunk, more spunk, I was mad for it. My hands left her bum, and spreading out felt the two girls' vulvas, covered them with fingers and palms, then thrust my fingers up their gluey vaginas. — How hot, how soft and slippery, how large they felt, I was furious for spunk, could have sucked it, swallowed it, had any been on Leda's ivory breast — Leda heaved up. “Push,” said she closing her eyes. — “Say spunk, Leda.” — “Aha, le foutre, foutre, foutez moi — baisez moi donc chйri — foutre — pousse.” — “Say foutre, cheris.” — Both girls wriggled their buttocks crying out “foutre, fuck.” Then with prick ramming against Leda's womb, fingers groping in two cunts, all four crying out baudily in a chorus of lewedness — “Fuck, spunk, balls” in French and English — I spent — Isabel who'd put down the candle holding my balls, and gently pushing one finger up my anus without request from me. — Ah the ideal! the kaleidoscope of rapid lewed visions, as they flashed thro and grouped in my brain.

My head on Leda's breasts I reposed — Leda did not. “Push, push cheri,” said she. “Don't stop” and kept up a vigorous wriggling — her heels still over my hips, she pulled my body closer to hers, and pulled my face to hers. — “Push” — I did my best with half-standing cock. A long sigh, her limbs fell down by my side, her eyes closed, she was still. I felt a rapid movement of a hand on the clitoris of one of the women up whose cunt my fingers still were — she was frigging herself — Leda gave me a hearty kiss, the girl on the left was quiet.

Out came my prick. — A glance at Leda's quim. — Sperm lay on the notch, it was mine. My thighs, prick, and balls were covered with her lover's. — Her thighs and hair still wet and shiny, but the opaque masses had gone, were distributed — dried up. — She sat up, so did the others. “Quel bougre de cochon,” said one. — “Ah Polisson — ah sale cochon,” said Leda — and the four women burst out laughing. I called for champagne, and we drank it. I cared no longer for cunts, and paid the ladies. Isabel held the basin for my ablutions. Did I like Leda? — yes, I did. — “What spunk she had!” — Leda had gone out of the room to wash. “Did you ever see so much spunk on a cunt?” I asked Isabel. — “Not often from one man.” — did not think of the reply till I came to write this — what did she mean?

And to think, that formerly I made a woman wash her quim before I took to it, for fear a drop of sperm should be there! — Every age brings its pleasures and tastes. — Five cunts and four with sperm

in them in three hours, besides one woman as show woman and introducer! — an orgy.

“Say you have only had two besides me,” said Isabel — “that will save you a napoleon — they won't know — the chambermaid is half drunk — the mistress gets quite rich enough by our earnings.” — It was characteristic and she had her own object. But I did not want to lie to save a napoleon, thanked her, and paid honestly.

When Leda and I were again on the bed, and I was inspecting her hairy buttocks, I gave her anus a little push with my finger and it slipped up a little easily. — Leda raised her head and with a sly smile pushed her bum towards my finger. — Was it an invitation? — I never asked.

“Let me see Leda wash,” I said whilst rubbing my balls dry, and shuffled to the door, my drawers about my knees. — She was not at the lavabo. I waited till she appeared and saw her capacious backside over the copper bowl, her amber piddle jetting out vigorously. Then she went into the closet and came back. — Her friend had waited for her all the time she was with me, and was angry at waiting so long. — Had he fucked her again? — “Yes” — I opened her clean quim, and the inner lips I now noticed were rather large and flappy near her clitoris, but diminished soon towards her vagina. The hair in the furrow of her bum cheeks took my attention — her cunt felt tight, she had syringed it. — She was a magnificent woman, at a guess twenty-eight years old.

I have rarely seen so much sperm on a cunt. I used to spend copiously in my youth — every sheet when sleeping with a woman used to be spoiled with the excess — I saw full quantities on Sarah F**z*r's quim when the painter fucked her, and once on Nellie L**s quim, but this beat them all.

I thought I had seen enough of spermatized cunts, knew now well what men spent, in quantity and quality. The delight of the smooth lubricated vagina to my sensitive prick I cannot be indifferent to, but the excitement of contemplating the male libations in vulvas had somewhat subsided, and one night soon after I did not intend to see women one after another naked, pinching their quim lips together. When the chambermaid un-asked told me who was “en sociйtй,” — no, I would go where I could see the happy couples. — But the room was engaged, would I come in here and wait — I stepped into a room and chatted. — “Monsieur monte,” said a voice below — I heard female voices chattering and singing, and she closed my door. But I opened it ajar, could see them coming up stairs, but up higher could see only their backs till they turned a corner — many times I have looked there.

One dark-haired, splendid-limbed, tall creature moved up, and

then a tall woman with an arse as big as a brewers' dray horse. Just at a turn in the stairs when I could no longer see her head she turned, and her belly with a thicket of black hair at its junction with her thighs showed itself. She was singing. — A man with broad shoulders followed. Down came the chamber-maid. — “He's two women hasn't he?” — “Yes, the two biggest, Egyptienne — you've had her, and Judith, have you had her?” — “No.” “She's bigger than Egyptienne, such a bum, such thighs, so finely made.”

— My resolution was shaken, the chamberwoman saw it. — “Shall they come?” “No — I'll wait here, perhaps he will only be gamachuched.” — “Not he,”

— said she as if she knew from his look. — “Do you know him?” — “No.” This is word for word as spoken.

It could not have been five minutes since the three had gone upstairs, when I heard a door open. — “Here comes one, shall I tell her?” said chambermaid — I forgot what I had intended, the captivating ideas of a big, spermatized, black-haired cunt overcame me. — “Yes” — I said. The maid shut me in, the next instant the door opened and in walked Egyptienne holding her cunt. “Ah, darling,” said she with a nod (for I'd fucked her, she knew me and what I liked). “Look.” — Ah my God, what a quantity. — Down went her rump, up went her legs and open her great thighs as wide as she could put them. — What a sight! — I have told of cunts in which unusually copious emissions had been left, have seen dozens a minute after the prick had left them, but never such a sight as this cunt. — Spunk on her arsehole — on her motte —on both thighs — spunk hiding her nymphae — thick on her fingers with which she opened her cunt lips lay the sperm. — It was hanging to the curly hairs which had caught it as it rolled out of her cunt whilst she walked down stairs — masses thick and clear, clear and thick, mixed like paste, gruel, and transparent glaze were everywhere. I could have scraped from thighs and vulva a tablespoon full. — Pulling off my clothes and throwing them behind me, my prick stiff — now in a state of baudiest excitement — I stood. She had a huge pair of thighs, her open cunt looked huge with hair as black as charcoal. — “Put a towel under me.” — I did. — “Fuck me,” said she as a mass of sperm rolled slowly off her cunt down to-wards her bum hole. Then it struck me as impossible that a man could have spent it all. “You're humbugging, it's not spunk, no man could spend that — you were not with him five minutes.” — She was angry. She opened her cunt wider, then held out towards me her moist fingers. — “Nonsense — look at it — smell it — it's all his — look at my fingers — is that not spunk? — I never saw such a man. — Directly he was in the room he pulled out his prick, looked at Judith, then at me, pushed it up me and spent directly. —

His prick was stiff when he pulled it out. In five minutes he will have kissed Judith, he was feeling her when I left the room and his prick was quite stiff. — It's all his, I didn't know you were here till she told me."

Still looking at her cunt, my clothes off, I longed to bathe my prick in the voluptuous essence, I noticed the strong aroma, but before I could fuck, in came the other giantess laughing. — "Has he had you?" said Egyptienne. "Yes." — "Go there," said I pointing to the side of the other woman. — Judith laid down and opened her thighs, her dark-haired cunt opened and sperm covered it, not so much was there as on Egyptienne's, but more than I have seen in one cunt out of a dozen freshly fucked. — What a ballocks-full he must have had.

The women lay side by side, their big forms filled the side of the bed, round the arse of neither could I have made my hands meet, such broad capacious bellies, thighs like columns, such spanking bums had they. distended thighs, knees touching each other. — Their cunts, hedged with masses of thick black hair, looked huge as the lips widened out and the broad red opening shewed. They talked to me and each other about the man as I stood, my shirt rolled up to the waist, my prick stiff and rubbing against their thighs — but not yet touching the sperm. — Their man seemed a wonder to them both. He was about thirty years old, a dark strong man — with a big prick. Directly Egyptienne left the room he had felt Judith's — gamahuched it for a second — thrust his still reeking prick up and quickly spent, threw himself on the bed and went to sleep. — Both had been fucked under ten minutes, and less I think. — "My God what quantity," said Egyptienne — Judith got up and looked at the other's open cunt. — Resuming her position, "He's not fucked for a long time — he was too full to enjoy a woman." — "Yes," said Egyptienne.

At blood heat now I forgot my intention to run no more risks —to bathe my cock no more in another man's sperm, however delicious the lubricity. — The spunk fever came over me, in imagination I saw the man at the bedside, thrusting his great flesh-stick up these big lipped, fat cunts, saw him grasping Egyptienne's arse, his prick jetting out those thick masses of sperm. —Up went my prick into Egyptienne's — then out of it reeking, — Then I plunged it up Judith, and pulled it out- again, then I rolled and rubbed my balls, my scrotum, over their cunts to soak up the sperm, swabbed it up with my balls from between their bum cheeks — I pushed my fingers up both cunts at once and wiped my fingers on their thickly haired mottes, then settling on to Judith whom I had never seen before, fucked her — mad with baudiness. — "Rub your cunt on my arse," I cried. Up got Egyptienne and rubbed her motte over me, I felt the moistening on my buttocks, she held up Judith's great legs whilst rubbing her motte against me,

and then I felt her finger on my anus. — “Judith, your armpits up, chere.” — Up they went, — “cry out fuck, my darling” — I saw in the glass in front of me, and spent shouting out baudy words, the women shouting with me “fuck, spunk, fuck my cunt” — it was a babel of baudy sounds. — What maddening lasciviousness was in those few minutes — I clung to Judith afterwards, nestling my prick in her. — She was a bed of flesh. I was sticking to her when we separated, every part of my balls were wet — my buttocks were moist, and I threw myself on the bed exhausted with spending and excitement.

Egyptienne went out and came back. He was fast asleep. I saw both wash their quims — how small the basin looked under their huge buttocks, looked as if each could have pissed it full

They were immense women, five feet ten high quite, both I guess about thirty years old. They both came back after washing — for my compliment, said they should go and awaken him, and departed. — I had a chat with the chamberwoman and lipped her handsomely for advice. There was another fine woman, a fair woman, just gone up with a man, should she tell her to come? — No, I would wait for the two dark-haired big ones. “Perhaps he will kiss them again before he goes.” — “Surely,” said she, as if she knew his intentions.

The chamberwoman was a dark, well-looking, stout, square-built woman, who had never been in such a house before, and was married, she said. — Her husband came to see her once a week and once she went out. She talked about fucking without any reserve, but seeing so much of it, it was sometimes disgusting, she said — I saw nothing disgusting I told her. — So! but I had not seen so much of it as she had. — She got good pay so kept there, had never been gay, had lived with one man only and then married. — She told where her husband worked. — Every now and then she went out to attend to business, then came back to me. I called her handsome, gave her a kiss, felt her arms and pinched her thigh. — She did not wince and her flesh was hard as a rock. — I felt her breasts (all outside the clothes) yes she was quite solid, but thought night work and the hot rooms would disagree with her. But this woman has already been told about.

She asked me not to mention that I had given her any-thing, or the sous-maitresse would demand it of her. — She was forbidden to keep anything. — Gentlemen rarely gave her anything. — The former chamberwoman told me the same. Without hesitation or a smile, she told me when asked that she'd much hair on her cunt. “As much as Judith and as dark.” I offered a nap to feel it. — “No, — no.” She did not mind talking, but was true to her husband, would neither show me nor let me feel it, tho I increased my offer — I got my hand up her petticoats at a rush and just touched her thigh. She repulsed me. — “It won't do now,” said she seriously.

The under-mistress then came up and asked if she should send me other women. — I told her I was waiting for the two. — She said something to the chamber-woman, who left — I was talking too much, I expect. — Soon I looked out and saw the chamberwoman who winked and shook her head. Soon after down came Egyptienne who had been fucked again, there was really a good lot of sperm in her cunt, but thinner. Whilst generally investigating the lubrication she gave me a disquisition on spunk and spending. Women in these houses treat the affair purely as a matter of business, they leave no mystery if you wish none. In came Judith. The man had gone without fucking her, they had finished him. — Egyptienne then washed, and I amused myself with the two, making them stand back to back — belly to belly — then gamahuche each other, one on the top, one underneath. Such heaps of flesh. But I saw that they only shammed their ecstasy, and they admitted it. What a sight was their two great arses wriggling, their whole bodies in movement when I put them flat fucking, peeped under and saw the cunts meeting in the thickets of black hair. I looked at their arseholes, armpits, and everywhere, all was a forest of black hair.

Then Judith kneeling minetted me whilst I lay on the bed, but her huge arse covered my face so, and her cunt was so near, that I put her with her face towards me to finish. Egyptienne then stood on the bed straddling over my head, and looking up I could see between her thighs. Both women were reflected in the glass, and the movements of both visible — a stupendous sight of baudy nudities. My prick stiffened, but I was not well and tried to stop my pleasures. “Stop, stop.” — But Judith sucked harder, voluptuous thrills shot thro me. — “Open your cunt” — Egyptienne obeyed, squatted over me, her cunt covered my mouth. “Lick it, chйri,” said she. — Maddened by the rising of my sperm, I clasped her buttocks from underneath, pushed my fingers up her cunt, then insensible to all but pleasure licked her clitoris as out shot my sperm into Judith's mouth. I did not know what I was doing in my maddening lasciviety.

After resposing, I put the two kneeling on the bed, their huge bums towards me. Their cunts looked huge, the thickets of hair were marvellous. Both had large nymphae which were mulberry tinted, it was the ugliest cuntal display I ever saw, and one I never shall see again. Two big women like those I never saw in any baudy house at the same time — tho they usually have one big and one very small one — to suit all tastes.

Chapter IV

H*l*n's difficulties. • Poor lover ill. • A little un-fledged virgin. • Antecedents and lewedness. • I want her. • H.'s assistance. • Virginity verified. • A ready quim. • Sudden impotence. • Essays and varieties. • Pego potential. • Hymenial rupture. • In an empty house. • A bricklayer's woman. • Pissing on the footway. • Frigging suggested. • The carpenter's bench. • An inconvenient meeting. • Washing in a watercloset basin. • Reminiscences thereon.

Returning home I saw H*l*n. There seemed some confusion in her house, the servants were gone, the female relative and a young girl were now servants. H. was impecunious and I think had had words with her protector. They had lived extravagantly and perhaps he was in difficulties, but she avoided the subject. Her big-pricked lover I saw poking her with the usual sequel twice, then he was ill and ultra-lubricious fucking ceased.

On the last occasion there was a scare. He escaped by a back entrance. H*** asked me to go quickly, and she had the street watched by the relative before I went out. After that when I visited her she made me fuck her more than ever, more than I wanted, was voluptuous in the highest degree, drained me of sperm. I came to the conclusion that she was short of cock, which pleased me. Soon after H*** had a little servant barely fourteen years old, a ragged-headed but not bad-looking lass, short for her age. She'd lightish brown hair and a baudy expression of eye. I did not take notice of her at first, she was such a slovenly, dirty, ragged-headed little bitch, was impudent, disobedient, and chuckled at whatever was said to her as if it were a good joke — H*l*n had the greatest difficulty to make her clean, she bathed her herself and boxed her ears to make her allow her to do so. “She hasn't a bit of hair on her cunt, yet is a randy little devil, and often goes into the watercloset and I know to frig herself,” said H. “She looks like it when she comes out.” I thought that perhaps H*** and her lover had played enough pranks before to make the girl's quim tingle, she being just of an age when sexual heat was getting into her little cunt, and fucking occupy her mind.

H** * told me that she was one of a large family, that the father and mother quarrelled. The father said he was not sure that the girl was his child. The family in all, slept in one bedroom. — “She's often seen her father and mother fucking I'm sure, tho they may try to hide it. She knows all about it, is a cunning little bitch, when she gets out on an errand she won't come back soon.” — She thought the girl was ready for a spree, with any boy or man who wanted to take a liberty with her.

I thought of all this, and that perhaps H. and her protector had been free enough before the girl to teach her something. — She said that he had bathed naked before her, and she had bathed the girl before him. — After having seen the girl two or three times, I thought I should like to twiddle her little cunt a bit. On impart- ing this to H., she said I might. At the next visit I kissed the girl, gave her a shilling, pinched her bum, and poking at her cunt asked if she'd got any hair there. She giggled and made no reply. — “Why don't you say no, you little fool,” said H. who was there. — “No I ain't,” said the girl, bursting out laughing. Then I talked baudily, and finished by feeling her bum and belly, and got a finger on the little notch lips. All there was hairless, smooth as ivory, and moist with a fully flavored smell. The smell of a cunt is really nice to me, for I have always smelt my finger whenever it has touched one. I struggled for a look. H. went out of the room to improve my chance, but the lass, after giggling as if the attempt amused her, winced and made a noise, so I desisted. — But I shewed her my cock and gave her six-pence to feel it. The touch of her little hand made it stiff, tho H*** had not long before taken out its starch. Then I got wild to see the hairless cunt, and hoping to do so, made her feel it more freely and pull the fore-skin up and down, which exercise she took to readily, she was delighted and looked quite randy, but I couldn't get her to let me have a look at her notch. She squirmed and giggled — then. — “Nou — nou nou” — she cried with nasal vulgarity, and resisting me.

I told H*** when she came back. The girl grinned, and kept rolling her head about like a Chinese figure as she heard me. “If she'll show me her cunt, I'll give her nice boots and stockings.” — “There is a chance for you,” said H. Ostentatiously I gave H. the money. “She'll let you next time,” said my friend when the girl had left the room. — When two or three days after I went there again — I usually wrote or telegraphed — she had some of the things on, bought with my money. She grabbed at my cock when I showed it as if she was dying for it. I put it against her face, she knelt down and kissed it as I asked her. How she giggled at each of my requests. “I'll put that into your cunt and give you such pleasure soon,” said I. “Oho,” said she. “Do you know what fucking is?” — With a chuckle she said that her Mrs. had told her, but she knew it I'm sure long before. Then I felt her quim, then smelt my finger, at which she giggled and put her handkerchief into her mouth. I tried to get a glimpse of her privates, H*** had told me that she'd washed her to make her wholesome for inspection, but the girl turned sulky and wouldn't. I got very randy, for there stood H. in chemise only and looking lovely. — “Show me your cunt.” On the bed side went she, pulling her chemise up and exposing almost all she had as a woman to show what's kept hidden, opening her thighs wide.

— On my knees I pulled her delicious cunt about, smelt, kissed it, and at last licked it till she spent in the sweetest ecstasy. The girl stood in delighted wonderment at the sight of my licking the cunt, and her mistress jogging and wriggling her bum under the titillation. — H*l*n quivers all over under suction and more and more after each spend.

After that the girl answered my questions and did all I told her. — She'd seen her mistress naked when bathing, but never a woman's cunt wide open. — No, she'd never seen that before. — Should she like to have hair on her cunt like her mistress. — “Yeas.” — “It will grow quickly when I've fucked you — won't it H*l*n?” — “Certainly.” — Then I made her feel her mistress' cunt, and she seemed more delighted with that than feeling my prick — I stood with my pego rigid, close to H*l*n's thighs, once put the girl's hand on to it, — she took it away and put it on to her mistress' motte, looking at the cunt in silent admiration. — “Hasn't she a handsome cunt?” — “Ho, yeas, hain't it?” — the girl breathed out in a whisper.

After a while. “Show me your cunt and I'll give you a shilling.” — “Let him, you fool,” said H*l*n. — Slowly, thoughtfully, hesitatingly, down went the girl's bum on the bedside. I threw up her chemise, fell on to my knees, pulled one leg apart, pushed the other, and close to my eyes lay the little hairless belly parting.

It was a lovely little cunt of a most delicate pink color. It didn't look three inches long, was a smaller cunt than I recollect seeing in any girl of her age. Such tiny nymphae, such a pea-shaped clitoris, and the mouth of the prick sheath closed up, all but a little hole lying low towards her anus, — a hole only large enough to let the tip of my little finger up it. She was as tight a virgin as when she came out of her mother's womb — I examined it, expatiating on its beauty to H*l*n who had already seen it, and who stood by assisting me, opening the lips at times herself, and smiling, stooping and feeling my cock, curious apparently to know the effect of the spectacle upon it.

I wiped the little vulva, and then with her permission gamahuched it, but could not make her spend, I think. — Then I gamahuched H*l*n again, and when I had done, telling the lass to do the same, to the astonishment I think of H. she knelt down at once, and eagerly licked her mistress' quim, licked as if she had been used to it, — perhaps she had. — Then sending her out of the room, H*l*n and I had a glorious fuck, never had I spent a more delicious afternoon. A virginity was within my reach, in a short time I might take it, and I revelled in the anticipation of splitting the little cartilage, and leaving my sperm in the unpolluted vagina. Soon I went there again, the lass freer, and stripped at once, I had no difficulty in getting to see it. H. had taught her that obedience was needful. Up went her legs — open her thighs as if she liked the sport. H. had

talked to her. Quietly we all then soon got to the frankest obscenity. I licked her little quim, then cautiously she minetted my cock — a mouthful to her — she sucked it so freely that I think she must have been practising on H*l*n's lover, or protector. Then I gamahuched H*l*n till her belly quivered like an aspen leaf and she shrieked out, “Ah! God — fuck — prick — spunk,” after I had gamahuched her two or three times, much to the wonder and delight of the little one.

Then the girl licked H.'s cunt, whilst H* * * kissed my prick — suck it she wouldn't — and so we rung the changes till I fucked H*l*n with her bum towards me, the lass standing naked by us, lost in delight and wonderment, putting her hand between my belly and H.'s buttocks, looking up under my balls and doing all I told her. After that H. asked her if she would like to be fucked, at which all laughed together, and all felt each other's privates again, it was suck and lick all round tho H*** kept her mouth free. Then I said I'd give the girl a sovereign to let me do her. “Oh really, a sovereign?”

Excited by the promise she got on to the bed and I mounted her. — Alas my prick would not get rigid. — Sometimes it got slightly stiff by my frigging and I put it to her cunt, I could get no lodgment, her thighs seeming so small and close that she couldn't open them wide enough to let me. I put her at the side of the bed and pushed my cock against the little notch in vain — my thrusts drove her light little body up on the bed and away from me, as I leant over her and rammed. I was savage with myself and swore that the girl got away purposely. “No, I don't sir,” said she quite seriously, “it's you a shovin,” then I got more nervous — I and H*** alternately frigged my cock to a stand, but directly I was on the young ones' belly it fell down. After two hours' trial, weary and disgusted I left, yet madly lewed when I smelt the aroma of her cunt on my fingers.

Next day I was there again. She had been well trained, talked baudy, had lost all bashfulness, her mistress had instructed her well I think. She wanted to be fucked and said so — I partly stiffened, put her in every position I could think of, licked her and she sucked me but it never got stiff enough to break the virgin barrier.

Then I put my prick into H***, the sight of whose sweet, brown, crisply haired plump cunt would stiffen me if I were dying. — Only half the size as it touched the sweet-smelling orifice which I'd first licked, swallowing my saliva, as an aphrodisiac, it began to swell. I squeezed it in, with a delicate heave of her buttocks it went further, and a grip which her cunt gave as it felt its entry stiffened it a little. I pushed gently in the lubricious channel, and it stiffened more. — “I'm stiff enough dear.” — “No, you're not — you can't fuck her, I'm sure.” — “I think I can,” — and I stopped thrusting. “You can't — fuck — fuck — me,” and she glued her moist lips to mine. On I went “Push —

harder - I'm — corn — ahrr" — murmured she. Her limbs quieted — her cunt loosened — she had spent. — In a second — "go on" she said. Obeying, I thrust, she moved, she helped me, clipped my pego with a lubricious clip, and my sperm spurted into her. — "You're knocked up, you've been fucking hard somewhere I'm sure," she whispered, — the reverse of truth. — The lass stood looking glum, and scarcely spoke till I was going — then, "Ain't he acomin agin?" quoth she. "Yes, you shall have the sovereign, don't let anyone touch you." — "I won't send her out, but you must fuck her soon," said H*** to me as we parted.

Almost mad with my failure, instead of resting awhile, I foolishly went there next afternoon, felt my cock every hour in the day to see if it would stiffen and it was not satisfactory, but go I would. H*** had said all was safe on that day, and a fear lest someone else would fuck the lewed little bitch — for such she was — came over me. — I told H. I was sure I couldn't do it. "Don't be nervous, if you are you won't do it." I looked at the girl, who stripped directly before I'd asked her, and clutched my cock as if eager for it, and at my re-quest gave a chuckle and took it in her mouth. Then I licked the beautiful little quim — gamahuched H*** — the girl gamahuched her afterwards — we looked at baudy pictures which I'd taken, we drank champagne, I sat her naked bum upon my knee, and she played with my recreant doodle. Then she took it in her mouth again, I sitting naked on the bed to do so, whilst I fingered the cunt of H*** who laid half naked on the bed beside her to let me. Then I made her sit on the bed and piddle whilst I held the pot, then made H*** do the same — but all uselessly. Then H*** turned her bum towards me, the lass had her fingers on H***'s quim whilst my finger was up it. — Then I tried to fuck H** * but couldn't effect an entry — every thing I could think of to excite me I tried, and so did H*** but my prick got smaller and smaller, till it was nothing but a bit of shrivelled skin.

Then I broke out into a sweat with vexation and disgrace. — H*** said to the girl that I wasn't well, was nervous, over-excited, but that she'd get her sovereign. — "Let me look at your little cunt again." — The girl quickly jumped on the bed, and opened her thighs like a thorough paced strumpet. "Do you want to be fucked?" — "Yes I'd like it" — she said. — A voluptuous thrill I had, but all was useless, I cursed and swore, said I had become impotent. H*** laughed. — "Nonsense, you fucked me three times one evening a week ago, perhaps you've been fucking too much else-where," — which wasn't the case. — After about three hours of this, when worried and tired out — almost crying with vexation, — I left H* * * saying I must have her soon or something might prevent me. The girl might be talking. — She might go home perhaps. — A strange revulsion came. "Perhaps I'd

better not have her." — "As you like, if you don't the butcher will, I caught him kissing her today, she'll have it, so I'll send her away."

Was I spellbound, bewitched? Never in my life before had I more than the most temporary impotency, rarely my pego would not erect itself, even when not a drop of sperm lay waiting in my balls. — I felt now almost mad, for when quite rigid, stiff enough for any-thing virgin, down drooped my prick directly it touched the delicious little pink, hairless, expectant vulva. The girl was longing for it, dying to let a prick up her — yet I could not pierce her — I could think of nothing else, yet when away from her my prick stood when I thought of its disgrace. The next visit made in a few days, I stripped to my shirt. She also entirely, and laid her little sylphlike frame on the bed without being asked. Never have I seen a girl with such cool and deliberate intention to have her virginity taken. It is incredible almost, and no doubt was due to H*l*n's talk and training.

H**** sat by the fire reading — she was fatigued with the affair, how lovely she looked in her gauzy chemise, holding a novel in one hand, gently feeling her cunt with the other. She often sits feeling her quim when reading. The fire glowed on her thighs, I could just see sideways the hair of her motte, as I lay on my back licking the little virgin's quim. The lass kneeling over me, sucked my prick as if she loved it, and had practised the art of gamahuching from her infancy, — yet this girl was unfucked and but fourteen years of age. — I pushed up her bum, and I pulled open her little cunt lips — yes she was still intact, unbroken, and again I pulled her bum back to me and licked her cunt. — Slob, blob went her mouth on to my prick as her saliva ran down the stem, and mine ran over my mouth when I squeezed it too closely against her cunt, a delicious baudy preliminary with the fresh little lass. Occasionally I turned my head aside to see H. feeling her cunt, anon looking at our pranks, then reading a bit.

Suddenly my pego stiffened hornlike — ready — but not of its usual size. When rigid I have at times known it in a similar state, stiff as a poker, but small both in length and thickness — I wanted to fuck her yet singularly had no strong desire for emission. I felt my pego again and tried to bend it but couldn't. "I'll fuck you, dear" I said, got up standing, and quickly put her bum at the bed side. She knew where, for her buttocks had several times lain there for my efforts. — Then I placed the two pillows under her little bum. — I did not feel in a hurry, was singularly calm and collected. "Are you going to fuck?" said H*** I turned my head towards her — her thighs were apart, one hand on her cunt, she had laid down her book and was watching us.

I didn't answer, being absorbed in my work, and in fear of my powers failing me. — I pulled the girl closer to me — her quim was just level with my balls — I was now wonderfully cool and collected,

for sperm was not even urging me on — I wanted to deflower her rather than to spend, to do it to her first, and a desire to hurt her in doing it came into my mind. “Come closer, darling” and she did — I put up her legs so that her heels were near my breasts, her thighs against my naked belly, again I felt my prick, still stiff tho small, then holding her legs I lodged my pego in her notch which I had deluged with saliva, and thrust. Push, push — her body went further back on the bed. “Keep your legs up, darling.” Furiously I pulled her close to me again, she helped her bum forwards, my prick was still on her notch and now stiffer than ever.

Then thrusting I went as quick as my ballocks would move. She shut her eyes, her mouth opened, her teeth clenched. “Oho, hahoh” came whispering thro her teeth. — “Do I hurt you?” — “Not much” the brave girl whispered. — Thrust. — My prick was going thro something — something tender which gently separated and nipped round my gland — nipped as if something tight were being drawn over it. I knew the sensation - thrust, thrust. — “Oho — ahar” — she moaned with a slight shiver. My prick felt suddenly at ease as if in a sheath which clung to it. — “I'm up her” I cried, putting my hand down and feeling the root only of my prick, the rest of it was up her little cunt, my balls covered her arse, her virginity was gone. Oh! the proud delight of that moment as I rested satisfied, feeling round the stem of the invader to be sure there was no mistake, that I was well up that diminutive orifice, which a minute before I could not get my little finger thro. — “I'm up her” I cried. H*l*n came to the bed and seemed surprised, felt my prick stem, and pushing her fingers between our bellies, “She's fucked and no mistake,” quoth she, with a lovely baudy smile, then sat on the bed looking on, whilst I went on fucking. Slowly up and down my prick went in the little cunt, so deliciously tight. The girl opened her eyes. “Does it hurt?” — “Not now” — “Is it nice?” — “Yhes!” she whispered. Nature seemed tranquil in me, considering where my prick was. I gloated over the naked body I was in, then at H*'s lovely face and breasts as she sat watching, and she began feeling her own cunt.

Suddenly a throb, a spasm of pleasure shot thru my pego, my prick was swelling more. Another — an-other throb, the blood was rushing into it, it was full-sized now, the little cunt too tight — I drove it up hard, then pulled it nearly out, then lunged it up again. — “Howooo,” moaned the girl. — Now I longed to finish, to fill her cunt with sperm, the heat of lust was strong in me, voluptuous feelings running from brain to ballocks. — “My darling, my spunks' coming — it will spend in your — c — hunt — it's coming. — Aaharr — spunk — fuck” — I cried in delicious pleasure. She was silent, but her belly winced as I drove hard up her. Then a slight murmur, her eyes

closing, a most lovely look came over her face. — “She is spending, look H*l*n.” — “Yes she's spending,” said H***. She breathed hard, her cunt tightened, my prick felt as if it were splitting her, and ramming, shaking her whole body with my thrusts, my prick pulsated and with a final throb gushed out thick spunk into her; then came short movements, wriggles, a gentle churning up and mixing in her cunt my spermy fluids with her flux and bloody leakings of her torn hymen. — There I stood holding her thighs to me, squeezing my prick up her, looking at her and then at H*l*n, who now on her back on the bed with chemise up, thighs and belly visible, was frigging her cunt vigourously — abandoning her-self to unrestrained lust. Satiated tho I was, I put my fingers on to Nell's motte as by her trembling and sweet look I saw that she was spending.

We were all silent, motionless, a lascivious group; my prick then shrinking I held my girl's thighs closer, keeping up her, her little cunt sticking to me like wax. — I could have kept it in her for a week, even had it been no bigger than a gooseberry, so little obstruction did her small buttocks offer, so close her cunt came up to my balls — H*l*n opened her eyes and looked. No woman ever enjoyed a baudy sight or play more than she, and this cunt burglary was a treat to her. — She had never seen a virginity taken in that fashion before, and her behaviour was as much as possible like Sarah F**z*r's under similar circumstances.

The girl lay in silent enjoyment of a lubricated cunt, and excess of a new pleasure. I wriggled against her, for one cannot keep a prick quite quiet when in a cunt. — She looked at me. — “Do you like fucking?” — “Yeas.” — Moisture began oozing from her quim. — “Get up and wash,” said H*** — “She shan't” and I nestled my cock against her closer. — The girl liked it and laid motionless. — “Get up and wash,” said H*** impatiently. — “She shan't.” — “You'd better let her.” — I saw the wisdom, uncunted, pushed her legs wider apart as I did so, holding them up, and dropped on my knees — saw the little cunt blurred and covered with spunk and streaked with blood — but so little was the blood, that had I not verified the virginity before taking it, I might have doubted its former existence.

Then she washed her lacerated quim. “Throw the water well up,” said H. — We were quiet. Fucking and frigging quiets all human beings for a time. Then I put her on the bed, saw the jagged tear my prick had made, and felt it. She winced, said it was sore, I gave her a present and downstairs she went. H. and I chatted about first fuckings and she said we were both beasts. — “Agreed, but we can't help it, we didn't make our-selves.” It was one of the most voluptuous incidents of my middle age. — Two or three days afterwards the girl left H*l*n's service.

[As often before said, fucking is always much the same, the preliminaries alone vary. The way H*l*n induced the lass to submit, and frigged herself whilst I took the virginity, is similar to the behaviour of other women in like cases. — Women I think like getting girls fucked, take pleasure in initiating them into love's mysteries, tho there is nothing mysterious about it excepting in the psychology. Madame de Maintenon probably did the same as Sarah F. — Nellie L. — and H*l*n did.] At about half past eleven on a cold dull morning to-wards the end of March, passing through a new formed district in the outskirts of the N.W. of London, I turned a corner sharply into new and partially made streets where one or two buildings were already finished ready for letting, and several in the distance building; the remaining land being laid out for letting and enclosed by fencing or hoarding. At the junction of two streets, the hoarding had been canted at the angle, and there squatted a woman on the footway her back against the hoarding, and as I thought at first resting herself, but immediately discovered to be piddling. Her petticoats scarcely covered her knees, I saw the tips of large buttocks, and from the darkness, in the shadow of her petticoats, a strong stream issuing, which spouted out in front of her and splashed audibly.

With lustful delight I walked straight at her, ducking my head as if trying to see her cunt pissing. — As I got close to her the stream ceased, she rose up staring at me, looking surprised and uncomfortable at first, then laughing loudly. — “What do you come this way for, you old bloke,” said she. — “Shouldn't I like to feel that cunt,” said I. — She laughed heartily. “My old man will feel you damned hard perhaps, you old beast — be off now.” — “I'd like to fuck it.” - “He'll do that for me at dinner time — you hook it or you'll be sorry enough” — and again she laughed heartily and with lewed look, as if thinking it a good joke. — “Where's your old man?” — “Working there” — and she nodded in the direction of the houses building. “What did yer come a starin at me for, did yer never see it done afore — yer old enough.” She had not moved from the spot where she piddled.

She had a big round black hat on with a huge dirty feather in it, a dark dress, a small shawl tied round her chest, a clean white apron, white stockings and thick boots. — She looked like a woman who sold things in the streets from a barrow. — Was she a coster woman — or a labourer's wife or woman — or low whore? All this passed thro my mind rapidly at my first advance. Then I decided from her laughing and general manner that she was a slut if not a regular strumpet. Lust now made me again bolder, for she was tallish, thickly built, dark haired and dark eyes, fresh, healthy looking, and perhaps thirty years old. I had seen just the tip of her buttocks and wanted her. “I'll give

you five shillings to feel your cunt and have a look at it" said I boldly. — "Get along with yer, you old bloke, he's a working over there." — "Who?" — "My husband, he'll be out soon to dinner," and she laughed much.

Not a person had passed or was likely to pass thro the half-formed place, excepting work people. — Close by were two houses seemingly finished, the doors wide open. "To let" written on all the windows, there might be or might not be workmen inside. "Come in there and I'll give you ten to have you," said I. — She laughed louder. — "Get along with yer, yer ought to know better, I shall get all I wants at dinner time" and she shook her head. — "Let me do it first." A shake of the head. — "Come." — "What's the time?" — "Half past eleven." — She shook her head again but seemed hesitating — I pulled out the gold, showed it and walking on stopped at the first doorway and beckoned. She peeped round the corner and towards where building was going on —I walked on into the hall of the empty house, heard no sound, no workman was there, and in a minute in she came. — "We must be quick or he'll be out" said she. — "Who?" — "My husband." — "Nonsense, you are not married." — "Yes I am, look" and she showed her hand with a wed-ding ring. Then I thought it might be true, but felt sure from the way in which she received my advances, that more than one prick had been between her thighs at some time or the other.

We went into the back room, listened and heard no sound. I began feeling her privates. She opened her thighs, I found she'd a heavy arse and thickly haired cunt. — I pulled up her clothes and looked at her massive thighs, to which she rather objected, but I held up her petticoats, pushing her back against a wall, and so for a minute or two I felt and looked at her hairy crack, or rather its beginning, for more was not very visible as she stood.

My pego was standing and I felt awfully lewed on her, yet prudence restrained me. — Who is she, is she wholesome? and such thoughts passed through me whilst I stood reflecting and silent. — Said she, "Make haste, I must go before twelve o'clock — mustn't keep my man waiting." — At that I ceased looking at her thighs and dark haired mount, and laying hold of her round her waist began with the other hand twiddling a fullish clitoris, till she jerked her belly forward a bit. — "Make haste and do it, ain't yer stiff?" — Annoyed at the doubt I told her to see, and unbuttoning my trowsers a bit, let my stiff stander be visible. She laid hold of it at once without my invitation, giving a sort of suppressed "Whew" or whistle and laughing quietly said, "Put it in, be quick." — The handling of my tool gratified me, altho her hand was cold and roughish, and again I pulled up her petticoats, she now helping them up with her unemployed hand, and

began again feeling her cunt all about; and so on for a minute, she gently handling my prick, till with a wriggle and a jerk of her belly — that undefinable motion which a woman gives when she's randy, and a man's fingers are on her cunt — she pulled my cock towards her, saying hurriedly, “Now make haste, I must go soon, someone may come, there's carpenters here — don't you see? — Put it in.” — She was in greater want of fucking than I was.

Wanting her badly yet fear on me still, “Frig me whilst I feel your cunt.” — “I won't, you beast” said she relinquishing my tool. “Do it properly, or not at all,” and her petticoats dropped.

I snatched them up again. She aided me opening her thighs for my reception. I was just putting my rod into her, when I fancied that the lips I was opening with my left hand felt unusually wet. — Again fear seized me. — “You're a fine woman and have a nice cunt, but I have had all I want.” — Letting go my prick, my coat fell over it and partly it went into my trowsers. I took out half a sovereign from my purse and gave it her. She slipped it into her pocket without thanks, but stood just where she was, eyeing me. — “Why don't yer do it, what are yer feared on?” — said she. “I'm tired.” — “Yer hain't, it hain't that tired be blowed, what are you feared on? — Do it quick — come on — put it up,” and she hitched her clothed up again.

She's got the money and wants fucking, thought I, and my timidity went off. But tho wanting her more than ever I still hesitated, and began to button up my trowsers. She, thinking I was preparing for her bum basting, had planted her back again against the wall, and lifting her clothes up said “Make haste.” — “I can't do it there, I don't want it, I only wanted to feel your cunt.” — “Do it here, then” said she. In the room was a long workman's bench — some shavings on it. —With a hitch up she sat on it at its end. “You can't lay there.” — “Yes, I can” — and back she laid, her legs hanging down over the edge. Excited now beyond all thought of consequences I threw up her clothes, she opened her thighs, for a second I looked at her sex, saw full lips, the red stripe, and thick dark hair on her motte, got out my pego, and then again hesitated. I was in one of those nervous moods which I had some-times on unsual occasions.

Seeing that she sat up and caught hold of my prick. — “Come on, what are you afeared for.” — “You've got the money” I began. “Yes and I've got your cock” (with a laugh). “Do you want to be poked?” — “Yes, be quick.” — “Your husband will do it.” — “Right you are, but be quick.” — She was too much for me and I put my prick into her. — She felt the stretch and friction — soon, “aha — Hoh — Harr” she sighed, her cunt clipped tight and she spent. — I was not so quick, and her cunt loosened directly — some women's do — but at length I spent with much delight. She did not uncunt me, and we stood

copulated looking at each other. “You'd best go before the men's dinner time,” at length she said. — Out I pulled it, she stood up and laughed. “You're a blooming old swell, why did you say you could not do it, I knowed yer could.”

I looked at my watch — it was still nearly ten min- utes to twelve, wiped my prick, went to the water closet and pissed. She followed. “Are you going to wash your cunt?” — “Yes if there's water.” — There was, and I watched her operations. — “Are you all right?” said I. “What do yer mean? Oh, I've nothing the matter with me.” — “You're not married.” — “I am tho.” — Then she took out the half sovereign, spat upon it and put it back into her pocket. — My lust being over, I noticed what a big, coarse, but healthy looking bitch she was, felt her hard thighs and buttocks again, scratched the wig on the motte, and letting her at her request go out first, soon after went away in an-other direction.

I had gone some distance, when reflecting on the funny incident and feeling curious, I walked to that end of the street where they were building. It was just twelve o'clock and workmen were coming out. She was standing there and I saw a workman join her. They were coming my way when, seeing me, she apparently said something to him, they turned and went off in the opposite direction. Her eyes opened wide when she saw me — tho a little distance off I noticed that.

It was a nice morning's adventure. I fancy that she had been a harlot and had slightly the manners of one.

Free and easy as her virtue seemed, was she the work-man's woman, or was she married? What matters? — I and she enjoyed fucking immensely. I was amused at her sluicing out her cunt in the watercloset. Several times I have washed my ballocks in one, but never saw a woman do it before. — In empty houses there frequently is no water on. I recollect feeling the cunt of a girl in one, and found no water in the closet to wash fingers in afterwards.

Chapter V

H.'s protector. • His absence. • Her voluptuous needs. • A donkey-prick'd lover. • Caution advised. • Her excuses. • Donkey prick exercising. • The pleasure given by large pricks. • Harry's first sight of a pudenda. • Masturbated by his master. • Protector impecunious. • My visits permitted. • A looking-glass bought. • Miss Def, the ex-harlot. • About Magdalenes. • Foot frigging. • A garden party. • The swing. • A frisky spinster. • Baudy books lent. • Free and easy conversations. • Donkey prick in the garret. • His limp tool. • H.'s anger and objurgation. • She on him. • Energetic buttocks. • They in the best bed room. • The trick with the door. • Mutual pleasure in the lubricated channel. • The aesthetic aspects of fucking.

H** had still two servants, but who were changed often now for some reason or another, I guessed to facilitate intrigue. More frequently than otherwise her female relative — the scout — in whom she had great confidence, together with some very young girl and a charwoman, did the work of the house, this looked also suspicious, and the arrangement as if made to favor intrigues. Indeed H. laughingly admitted almost as much. She now was assumed to have quitted gay life for good, and to have consecrated her temple of love to one sole worshipper. I certainly believe that she was inaccessible to men (myself and a lover excepted) was never seen at the haunts of the frail ones, nor at theatres or other places of amusements, and she had cut nearly every Paphian acquaintance of old days. I enquired of women, and at places when they ought to know, but none had seen her. One thought she was ill, most that she was being kept.

H*** spoke well of her protector. She was proud of his personal appearance, of his being a gentleman, an Oxford man, well born and so on, all of which he was. She said she loved him. She was fond of her home and even of domestic duties. She was a very active woman, was very clean, and those duties and reading occupied her. She was very clever, and indeed had most of the qualities which go to make a good wife. She was a gourmet, and most extravagant in her food, liked cooking it herself, would give five shillings for a pint of green peas or other choice food, even if she had to borrow the money to pay for them — but she much preferred going into debt. This is an illustration of I believe her sole extravagance. She could write well, compose charades and even write rhymes which were far from contemptible.

But her nature was luxurious, her sexual force so great that it conquered. One man could not satisfy her. Altho when with her

protector he fucked her twice daily, and she frigged herself twice or thrice as well — did it even before his eyes she told me — and I who saw her weekly fucked her twice or thrice and between our love exercise often times she frigged herself — no sham, not done to excite me, there was no object in that — such was her strong appetite for voluptuous de-light, the craving of her flesh. She delighted in baudy MY- SECRET LIFE books and pictures, and generally in all voluptuousness — yet for all this she was not a Messalina quite.

Sometimes now she was left alone for a week or two or longer by her friend, tho he idolized her, — but he couldn't help his absence. Then the strong promptings of her carnality placed her in great temptation. Frigging did not satisfy her, her cunt yearned irresistably for the male. My talk, she averred, so excited her, that when she thought of that alone it led to her giving way to her passions. That I don't believe, tho it might have added fuel to the flames. — She took a fancy after a time to another man. This came about through going to see a dashing gay woman whom she'd not seen since she'd been in keeping. The man there-fore was a mere chance acquaintance. He was known in Paphian circles for his physical perfections, and the desire for his very big prick really was the reason of her wishing once to see him, and then for a time her taking to him. But more of this hereafter.

I afterwards witnessed him using his tool. It added greatly to her pleasure to know that I was a spectator. The deed done, he gone away, she came to me, her eyes humid with recent pleasure — still lustful. We fucked, and talked. The idea of my prick being in the avenue his had quitted increased the pleasures of us both when fucking — hers I think more even than mine. Soon after our eroticism entered on even a higher phase of luxuriousness.

When she had thoroughly made the acquaintance of the man with a bigger prick than that of her lover — the biggest she had ever known, she said — she described it rapturously and the delight she felt when it was up her. The gentleman with whom she lived as already said poked her twice daily when there, her poor lover fucked her frequently, I gave her my doodle then once a week, besides gamahuching her which I never failed to do, and in addition to all this she frigged herself nearly every day. — Yet all this did not give her an excess of sexual pleasure, with all her fucking, frigging, and gamahuching, she looked the very picture of health and strength, and had both.

She had met as said this man by chance, was told about him, and it was the idea of his size which affected her sensuous imagination. — He was, she found in the long run, a mean hound, who enjoyed her lovely body yet was often half fucked out before he had her, and scarcely made her the most trifling presents. The size of his prick had

made him notorious among gay women, she discovered at last, and he got more cunt than he wanted for nothing. I often advised her to cut him, for she told me all about her affairs with him; not that I preached morality but saw that it was a pity to risk an evidently good chance of being settled comfortably for life. Yet if she wanted another man — if variety was essential, “Have him but beware,” I used to say.

I expressed one day a wish to see his pego of which she was always talking. She was proud at that, her eyes glistened voluptuously as she told me of the arrangements for my view. She had long liked telling her letches to me — a willing listener who had no canting objections. — Tho I cautioned her to take care not to be caught by her protector. — She used to reply — “What have I to live for except it. — Philip and I have no society, we can't afford it now — it's a year since I've been to the theatre, — there is nothing but my house, and playing at cards and fucking, to amuse me.” — “My darling, fucking is all in life worth living for, but be prudent.”

The plan of her house then, owing to the way she and her protector occupied the back bed room, did not favour a secret peep at her with the man, who had become knowing and wary in such matters, by passing most of his time with harlots, and she had a difficult task in humbugging him. It was to come off in the parlour. I at a signal was to go downstairs from her bedroom barefooted, peep thro the parlour door left ajar, was not to make the slightest noise, and retire directly the con-summation was effected.

On the day, I was waiting expectant in her bedroom, heard footsteps enter the parlour, went down cautiously to the half landing — heard: — “Ahem” — went lower — heard baudy conversation and then, “It's up my cunt.” Knowing from that that my opportunity had arrived, I pushed the door slightly more open. — She was on the top of him on a sofa, her face hid his from seeing me. — She was kissing him, her chemise was up to her armpits, her bum moved slowly up and down showing a thick prick up her. “It's not stiff” said she angrily. “You've fucked before today.” — “I've not fucked since yesterday.” — She'd uncunted him as she spoke, and out flopped a huge prick not quite stiff. — There she lay over him thighs wide apart cunt gaping wide — his prick underneath it. — It was a dodge of hers to gratify my sight, to show me the procreator she was proud of enjoying.

Then she got off, and stood by the side of him, still leaning over and kissing him, to hide his eyes whilst she frigged him. His prick soon stood and a giant it was. She got on to him again, impaled herself, and soon by the short twitching shoves of her buttocks, and the movement of his legs (in trowsers) I saw they were spending. — In a minute his moist tool flopped out of her cunt, and I crept upstairs leaving them still belly to belly on the sofa. She had told him that her

sister was in the bed room, to which I soon after heard her coming up, and him going down to the kitchen. Oh the voluptuous delight in her lovely face as she laid on the bedside to let me see her cunt, and the delight she had as my prick glided up it softened by his sperm, and her lewed ecsatsy as my sperm mixed with his and hers in spasms of maddening pleasure — for now she delighted in this sort of copulation, said it made her feel as if she were being fucked by both of us at once.

This spectacle was repeated afterwards on a bed in the garret — but after a time she sickened of him and saw him no more. — She however still had her large-pricked poor lover, who one or two years after died, and as I have narrated what I saw and did after him, shall tell no more. She had at various times with string measured the length and circumferences of both of these pricks. The way to get proper measurements was carefully discussed by us. I have the lengths and circumferences of the two pricks, and of Phil's all measured when stiff, round the stem half way down — and from the centre of the tip to where the prick joins the belly.

The biggest of the two pricks did not however nearly come up in size, to that titanic cunt stretcher which Sarah F*z*r enabled me to see thro the peephole at the baudy house some years ago. Tho I had no measure of that, it was much larger than any I have ever yet seen — there could be no mistake about it — (I have seen a couple of hundred pricks, just before their owners put them into their women).

This big-pricked man was a coarse looking fellow tho stalwart and handsome. He would stop at the house and feed at her expense, and scarcely give her a present, yet he was not a poor man, but a man of business as she knew, and as I took the trouble to ascertain. H*** told me soon all about him. I was certainly the only confidant she could have in this letch. — He was reckless enough to let a youth from his place of business bring him letters whilst at H.'s and she got acquainted with the lad.

H** told me one day that she was in bed with big-tool, when the youth (then only sixteen years old) brought him a letter. They both lewed, began chaffing the boy, asked if he'd ever seen a woman naked, and pulled the bed clothes down so as to show her naked to her waist. She permitted, nay liked the lark, and admitted to me she hadn't seen the prick of a lad of that age, stiff or limp. — “Show her your cock and she'll show you her cunt,” said big-tool. The boy, glowing with lust approached the bed. H. opened her thighs invitingly, his master got up and pulled the lad's cock out of his trowsers as stiff as a horn, she opened her thighs wider, the man gave the lad's prick one or two frigs, and the sperm squirted over H.'s thighs. — This, as I happened to be there, was told me the day after it had occurred.

This frigging of the boy led as may be supposed to some erotic episodes. — As a matter of course it stirred H.'s lust, she had never been fucked by one so young, and before long his thin prick and her cunt were introduced to each other. The narrative of a consequent episode in which I was a participator, as written at the time, is reserved from the flames.

A little before this H.'s protector was as I'd guessed in money difficulties. She told him that an old kind friend wanted to visit her, that money must be got somehow or they must part, and he consented to me — and only me — visiting her. — She had told him I was too old to poke, and only gamahuched her. Of course I've only her word for that. I never saw him or he me. He was very unhappy about it, but sooner than let her again be gay he would consent to almost anything. — Money and other circumstances, however, pre-vented my seeing her more frequently, tho I went with the greater ease of mind. She also was not under such anxiety, and we had our frolics with increased pleasure — for her lascivious delights with me were greater than ever.

Later on she told me her protector was getting as erotic as I was, tho he was a very much younger man. My impression is that she taught him. — Sometimes it was: — “What do you think? Phil wanted me to do so and so with him?” — or: “We poked in this attitude the other day.” — Or: “He likes hearing how formerly I've been poked,” and so on. — Then she and I had great pleasure in doing the same things together.

One day I wished we had a looking glass to see our-selves in when fucking. I had told her of the glasses at French houses. — She, excepting in a cheval glass, had never seen herself reflected in copulation, and wished she could. — I offered to buy one, but what would Philip say? “He'd be delighted, we often wish for one when I tell him I've heard of such things, but he's hard up just now — he knows you are the only man who visits me.” — He didn't know of her lovers. — Then I paid for a looking glass which she got. It was nearly as long as her bed, was placed against the wall, the bed nearly close to it, and henceforth we could see our every movement.

I shall never forget the day the glass came. We put it up together at the right level, directly we'd done so we rapidly stripped start naked, mounted the bed, and fucked contemplating ourselves, and that afternoon not a drop of sperm was left in my balls. I gamahuched her, and she frigged herself as well, looking in the glass. At my next visit I heard that Phil had done the same, that night after night they couldn't sleep for the rutting state the glass put them in, so hung a curtain over the glass when they wished to excite themselves no more. To see H. frigging herself then was indeed a great treat. Her delight

was to make me kneel on the bed naked facing the glass, with my stiff one which she held in one hand, whilst she frigged herself with the other, looking in the glass all the time. It was to me a delight — for her form and face were lovely, — to see her in the venereal spasm — an exquisite sight. — Un-fortunately however the bed was so placed in the room then, that I could not see either bed or the reflection from the only door available for peeping, hence the fucking exhibitions were always given in other rooms.

Soon after we had the looking glass, a harlot temporarily out of business was often there. She had been a servant, then seduced, then well kept, then general practitioner in copulation, then lodginghouse keeper, and now impecunious. She had been good looking but was to me plain, yet was plumpish and her breast and leg were not inviting. She had been a sort of go be- tween, scape goat and so on to H*l*n when gay, and of whom she was fond. — H. seemed glad of her, for she was the only Paphian who now visited her, and with whom she could discourse of big pricks, etc., etc.

She (I shall call her Miss Def) was a thorough baudy talker, nothing seemed to please her so much as narrating some meretricious experience, the tricks that she and others had played with men. There was no disguise now before me or between the two women, for that intimacy and confidence which it seems I have the art (intentionally) of inspiring in gay ladies, had been given me by H*l*n, as far as a woman who has been gay can. But Paphians whether in or out of the calling never tell all to anyone, not even to their lovers. — Does a married woman? These narratives were not inventions got up for my edification, there was no object in doing that. — I never gave Def a farthing — they came out quite naturally in our conversations when sitting together, which naturally turned on fucking.

In that and in amorous reminiscences H. was as much pleased as I was. The Priestesses of Venus, I am convinced, all like their occupation, and to talk over past frolics when they have quitted the life, whatever they may aver to the contrary. — When they are sick and plain in face or form, and unsuccesful, they are repentant and virtuous, are “Magdalenes.” Repentance usually pays better then than fucking.

I've seen lots of Magdelenes, but never one in good health or who was good looking. — They were failures in their occupation, they wanted face, form, skill, and go, and I guess had ill-fitting cunts, or certainly some-thing wrong in cuntal quarters. So they repented, turned virtuous, were “reclaimed,” became Magda- lenes and got shelter and money — I dare say when better, or at home in the colonies, they didn't forget they'd got cunts, useful for other things besides pissing.

One afternoon after luncheon, we three had champagne which I had taken there, our talk got smutty. Miss Def shewed her legs which were good, and then her breasts. “Show him your cunt,” said H. She did and we talked ourselves into a lewed state, which in-deed I always was in directly I set sight on H*'s charms. What led to it was a tale told by Def, about a man in bed between two women all naked, and there not being room, one woman laid across the foot of the bed the feet of the two touching her, and she frigging herself whilst they were fucking. “Let's get on to the bed and do the same,” — I suggested.

We all stripped and got on the bed (it was hot weather), Def's cunt was an unusually hairy one, a regular well-fucked, and forty-years-old-cunt. — She kissed my prick and H.'s cunt as well, before we laid down. Then our lewedness, and the delicious contact of soft skins, voluptuously suggested all sorts of letches. — Laying on my back feeling H*l*n's cunt, “I'll frig you with my foot,” said I to Def. She delighted, let me, and placing my heel against her cunt after she had turned to a convenient position, I pressed and rubbed it there, she clutched my foot round the ankle and guided it, accommodating her cunt so as to get the friction as pleased her. H*l*n half sat up still feeling my prick, and watching this foot frigging. — “Give a poor body a fuck, I haven't had a bit of cock for months,” said Def after awhile. “Fuck me,” said H. impetuously and lying down, for she was hot, and desire sometimes seems to seize her impatiently. Taking my heel from Def's cunt, I mounted my beauty's soft belly and began the exercise with my prick, my toes now downwards naturally.

After a few thrusts. — “Def's frigging herself” said H. She could see, I laying face downwards could not till I turned my face to the looking glass which I'd bought. — “Go on fucking, I'm looking at Def frigging.” — H*l*n's feet and mine were both against the woman's naked body — we could feel the jog of her body as she frigged. “Put my toe in your cunt and frig with it,” said I, wanting to feel a cunt with my toe, which I'd never well done before. “Yes, frig with it,” said H. with a baudy laugh. — Miss Def caught at my foot quickly without reply, the erotic desire seized her, and I felt my great toe was against the soft slippery sur-face, could feel distinctly her large clitoris and thick nymphae, as well as if feeling them with my fingers. H., without letting my prick out of her cunt, managed to twist herself so that she could see that the toe of my right foot was there. “The hair of her cunt's a round your toes — fuck me, — fuck” — said she with delight and energy, getting straight with a sigh of pleasure, moving her backside voluptuously. — I reciprocated, lunged my prick well into her hot avenue, in which it had got a little displaced in her moving to see where my toe was.

Then we fucked on whilst Def frigged, we thought of her whilst

our pleasure increased. — “Is your toe on her cunt?” — “Ahaa” — sighed H. — “Yes, I can feel her frigging her cunt with it.” — “Ahaa — I'm spending

— ahaa — frig me — with your toe — some day. — Ahar

— won't you? — Ahaa Ahaa Aha fuck — bash it up me. — Aharr.” — “Spend darling, my spunk's coming. She's frigging — Ahaa” — and in a baudy delirium our pleasures ended in the ecstasy of the crisis, the woman at the bottom of the bed forgotten. As we ceased fucking Def continued her frig — did what she liked with my foot which she moved on her cunt. — With my other foot I felt her thighs agitated, she sighed, she moaned, my toe and her cunt moved rapidly, and just as we re-covered from our pleasures, she gave a sob, a sort of gulp almost as if choking — a most extraordinary noise — and was quiet — my toe still resting on her clitoris, she still holding my foot.

I jumped up as soon as my prick had left H.'s inundated quim, finding my toe moist with Def's effusion. The devil had spent copiously. My getting up roused her, and she felt H.'s overflowing quim. “He's spent a lot, how I'd like a fuck, I haven't had one for an age,” quoth she. All three washed, and after a rest I fucked H. again whilst the other handled my balls, delighted with the opportunity of pulling about the testicles, whose juices she so longed to have in her. Then after a glass or two more wine, she asked me to fuck her and H. incited me, — begged me — to “give her a treat” — but I didn't, having no taste for her, and the condition of my toe which I had washed came to my mind and stopped all passion — I have rarely refused a cunt which was new to me; but I did hers.

Early in June, one of the most singular liaisons in my career occurred to me — I have thought other events singular, and perhaps they were as much so but they don't seem like this, for I am at an age which made this unexpected. I don't look my age, I am told, nor do I feel age, and can oftentimes tail an appetizing woman three times in an hour and a half — yet it's nearly forty years since first I fucked a woman.

I was at an afternoon in some grounds near London, and there was a widow with her only daughter who was born in India, her father a colonel. They were in comfortable circumstances, in good society, but there were whispers about the daughter, that her marriage had been broken off mysteriously, that she was a little frisky, had been at a theatre alone with a gentleman, was a bad temper, gave her mother much trouble, — and more obscurely hinted — was fond of a doodle on the sly. I thought nothing about it, it not concerning us, yet it had seemed to me there had been a look in her eye when I conversed with her, which was indicative of desire. I'd found she'd laugh at risky conversations if without frank impropriety, and would

egg a man on by questions of assumed ignorance, —then suddenly, “Oh! you're really too bad,” and she'd leave — tho her eye gave no signs of her being shocked. Edith H*r*s*n, — not her name tho phonetically resembling it — knows a lot, some men said, and they suggested the possibility of her having been fucked in India.

She was handsome, well grown, and about seven or eight and twenty, had dark eyes and hair, and a remarkably beautiful foot and ankle, which she displayed as liberally as society permitted. — Tho I didn't then meet her frequently, there was something about her which made my pego tingle when I did. Her eyes used to fix on mine with a stare which gradually softened, and then her face flushed and she turned her eyes away — I thought nothing of that tho at times I wondered if she'd been fucked — dismissing the idea at once.

There had been a cold collation and champagne galore, the company were distributed afterwards, mostly sitting about the grounds, when wanting to piddle, I sought a retired corner and passed a spot where sur-rounded by shrubs was a swing, and she all alone swinging herself as high as she could. She swung for-ward just as I approached her, and her white petticoats floating up showed much of her calves. My voluptuous instincts blazed up at the sight of the legs and pretty feet, I bowed my head and tried to look under, involuntarily saying, — “Oh! what a lovely pair, shouldn't I like ...” — then I broke off recollecting our positions. She tried to stop the swing, I watching till she alighted. All this did not occupy a minute. — She'd taken champagne freeily I think — I too much, and with a swelling prick was risky. — She perhaps excited by wine, had at the moment a warmish cunt. — “What would you like?” — said she laughing and looking full at me. — “To have seen a little more.” — “Ohoo! oh!” — said she — then both laughed heartily. — “What are you laughing at?” — “At what I should have liked.” — “Oh! what a strange man you are, you speak riddles.” — “Don't you understand?” — “No.” “You do” — and we looked in each other's eyes again. She looked voluptuous, I fancied.

“You're alone, are you going to run away like Miss * * *?” — A lady known to both of us. — “Not with a married man.” — “Ah! she was foolish, for she might have seen him on the sly,” — “Oh! what a horrid suggestion.” — “Well — married men are safe flirts, they never tell.” — “No, they daren't,” said she, and smiled, whilst looking me full in the eyes again, and then colouring up. “I must go to Mamma, she'll wonder where I've been.” — “No she won't, she knows, and I guess.”

— Laughing, off she went, I piddled, and went back to the guests.

Soon after I was walking with her and talking about the young lady, she wasn't surprised, the girl was always flirting with him and

had been caught reading objectionable books, and I asked Edith to describe them. — She'd be very sorry to do so. — “Oh — you've seen them then.” — No she hadn't, she said in a startled manner, but knew she'd trapped herself — I harped on the subject. “If I lend you a book will you tell me if it's objectionable or not,” She would, and wouldn't tell her mother, nor show it. — “It's all about love — un-disguised love — and pictures some might call naughty

— objectionable.” — “Oh, lend it me.” — “I'm frightened — if you're found with it, it will be serious — if not, only you and I will know it, and oldish men know how to hold their tongues.” — “Do lend it me — no one shall see it.” “It's all about lovers amusing themselves, — but I mustn't lend it you.” — “Oh you're joking I know, — but do lend it me.” — This is only a summary of a long conversation — for I was cautious, fearing she might shy. Now she was wild to see the book, and must have guessed it was a baudy one. — “I can't send it and can't take it to you” (I didn't visit them).

— “I'll meet you out.” — She's game thought I, and concluded she'd have her avenue frictionized by the male apparatus. — Then she agreed to meet me two days after, she was going shopping without her mother.

The party was over, her mother had a carriage, and a seat in it was offered me — in the carriage in the dusk I squeezed her hand, she I thought returned it, I pressed my legs against hers and she didn't move hers away — mine were between the two women. — I went on talking to Mamma and taking no notice of the daughter — Mamma asked me in when they alighted, but I declined, and as I handed Edith out pressed her hand saying, “I wish the swing had shown more.” — She only said “Thursday” and we parted.

I was at the place, but didn't expect her. — Flirts with their cunts telling them they are neglected — as they do to spinsters approaching thirty — are some-times after food, champagne, and suggestive gossip, apt to get lustful thrills, and listen to talk, and to say things which next day they regret — I took a Fanny Hill with me. — Punctual, there she was, saying she'd not expected me. “I've got the book, don't be angry afterwards with me.” — “I won't.” — “But I want a word with you first, get into a cab, for five minutes, we can't talk in the street.” — Into a four wheeler we got, I told her more about the book, avoiding baudy words, that the pictures showed “people making love.” She put it into her pocket rapidly, I got a kiss, said “Oh that swing, it's made me want” and we parted naming a day to meet for her to return it. — After-wards I thought of the risks and wondered at myself — for I'd no defined intentions. The pleasure of lending a real lady a baudy book was my delight — the idea of she and I reading books on sexualities in common — such of course would be the case

— delighted me.

She met me and returned the book carefully sealed up. — “What do you think of it?” — “It's disgraceful, you'd no business to lend me such a book.” — “You asked me.” — “I didn't expect it was one like that. — What must you think of me?” — “Nothing, you've seen such before.” — “I'm sure I haven't.” — This sham of hers went on a little time in the street. — “I won't lend you any others.” — “Oh!” she said eagerly, “have you any more?” — I asked her to meet me somewhere where we could see them privately, but she wouldn't answer, I got her into a cab, kissed her, and I tried a feel unsuccessfully. Would I assure her it was not so improper as the other — a precious transparent sham. — I told her it was not, but was baudier. She took it and another day returned it.

I was on reflexion staggered with what had occurred, so unlooked for, so unpremeditated. The secret baudiness of the affair, my perpetual wondering whether she'd had the doodle up her, kept up my excitement and the lady's also, I suppose. She remarked that she could talk to me as a father, tho few fathers I apprehend have talked to daughters so. Within a few weeks I'd spoken of the pleasure of frigging and gamahuching and offered to instruct her. She said she didn't believe it, but should wait til she was married, and so on. — She steadily refused to go to a house with me. Then I left town in the belief that she was a cunning bitch, who'd been fucked, frigged and gamahuched, was trying to entrap me into some compromising action, and resolved never to meet her again. For a couple of months abroad I was nearly chaste, and then returned to London.

When I returned to H** I found the poor lover still absent. — She and her protector had been in the country and he was still. — Donkey prick then frequently had H*l*n, then he having also been away, she ran short of her delight. I hadn't been in the house five minutes before she said, “Come upstairs” and began undoing her clothes before she reached the room. Afterwards she named many times for me to be there, when she could have Priapus also, but with difficulty arrangements could be made to suit all. “I like to know you're looking at us.” — “Yes and you like me to fuck after him.” — “Yes I do — ain't we beasts?”

The man was cunning and often shut the door. He was whimsical — wouldn't often undress — and she loving his prick let him have his way. — One day I was there, he as usual in the kitchen — for she cooked for him there and from that place he could more easily escape by a back way. — But the fellow wouldn't come upstairs, and fucked her on the kitchen table — she was so long away that I wondered. — When she came up, she had just got him out of the house, and the sperm was abundant in her quim, tho a quarter of an hour since she'd

fucked. She was dressed, and I fucked her from behind against the bed, the only time I think I had then done so on these double fucking occasions — tho I've tailed her in every possible attitude — I delighted usually to see her face as I fucked her whilst we talked. — “Ah! — isn't his prick a big one?” — “Yes I should like to feel it.” — “I should like to feel both your pricks at once. — Aha — beast — fuck harder — Ahar.” — “His sperm's thick today.” — “Yes isn't it lovely, smooth? — ahaa — don't stop — fuck — I'm coming.” The angelic smile came over her face, her cunt gripping and we spent together. This is typical. We never fucked without talking about pricks and sperm and making all sorts of lewed suggestions to each other, till pleasure stopped utterances. There was a garret where sometimes the little servant — when she had one — slept. It contained scarcely any furniture but a bed. One day when there was no fear of surprise, she said she'd make him go up there and get him naked. It was in the afternoon of a warm autumn day, he'd had a feast of rumpsteak and had tippled enough whiskey and water, when I heard him going up the stairs, and in time out I stepped and listened. He was jovial and incautious, yet I was fearful of going up until I heard, “Ahem” — for the carpetless stairs creaked. Then I heard every word as plainly as if I'd been in the room. — He wanted to go to sleep first. — “Fuck and sleep afterwards. — Piss first.” — “I don't want” — but I heard the water rattle, and laughter as they got on to the bed, and then, “Ahem.”

As I peeped thro the door left ajar — the bed had been cunningly placed so as to prevent his looking at the door — he was lying on his back with shirt on only, she frigging his cock, which was thick but pendant. — “You've fucked before today.” — He denied it — was tired. — She angry, was sure he'd been fucking hard the night before, and came used up — she'd had enough of him, he'd been like that often lately, she wasn't going to have his lasts — and so on. — “Suck me.” — She wouldn't — he'd better dress and go off to do it, — get another woman. — “Show me your cunt.” — Then he frigged himself and got a glorious erection. — “Lie down.” — She wouldn't now. “No, stand up naked and let me see it, stand up or you shan't have me.” — He drew off his shirt and stood naked with a donkey sized doodle. It was worth seeing, a noble, well proportioned shaft standing out seven or eight inches from the belly, and perhaps nine from his balls, and looking an inch and a half in diameter. It was white skinned, and had a full plum shaped tip of a bright red, it was circled at his belly with a well defined thicket of lightish brown hair, (he was fairish with blue eyes) which didn't creep towards thighs and navel. His ballocks was ponderous. Altogether, it was the biggest prick but one I've ever seen, and the handsomest. The sight of it made my own stiffen voluptuously, and at the same time desire to handle his — I don't

wonder at the ladies who are connoisseurs in Priapean tools, admiring his and wishing to enjoy it once, tho certain it is that a pego of average size gives as much sexual pleasure to a woman as the greatest cunt whacker. — A huge stiff prick when a man is standing naked always looks a little ridiculous, so it's strange that my prick should have stood sympathetically at the sight of his.

H*** sat looking at it silently. — Once for an instant she turned her eyes to the door where I was peeping. There was admiration, pride, and lust in her eyes. — The expression of, — “Isn't it a beauty, and it's going up me?” — looking back at it again, her thighs spasmodically closed, then opened, as if a spasm of pleasure was passing through her, and putting her fingers on her cunt she kept them there.

But the prick began to droop. She gave it a violent frig, it then stood stiff, then rapidly fell, and she bullied him — I was pleased to see a man not thirty with his prick not quite ready, as mine has been on one or two occasions, tho I can still fuck her twice in the hour. — After some more angry remarks from her, she threw off her chemise and mounted him, her rump was within six feet of my eyes, and I saw her introduce the prick into her cunt and do the fucking. — His tool kept shrink- ing — she called him a “used-up beast” told him to go, but wanted the spend, kept reinserting his machine when needful, and fucking energetically. I had a glorious sight of this grand propagator, which she often brought out to the tip and then plunged up her. Then her bum oscillated quickly, her cunt nestled down till his balls were close up to it — she cried out loudly. — “Fuck — spend, Arthur. — Ahaa” — and was quiet.

In a minute. — “You've not spent.” — “I was just coming.” — “You haven't any spunk in you,” and moving her buttocks, out came his prick shining with her spending and stiff enough. — I saw H.'s face which was lewed. Without a word turning on to him again, up went the long thick gristle into her, and she oscillated her splendid buttocks till she'd spent twice more without his spending once; she after each crisis ballyragging him, he making all sorts of excuses. More than half an hour had she been at the work, and yet went on till at length she got a spend out of him — I never saw her so hot before, her face was moist and scarlet, her eyes humid, with her spending, yet fierce, and as she rolled off she gave his prick a slap. “You've been fucking before today, you liar, get off as fast as you can, you don't bring your fucked out balls into my house again — you won't fuck me again, you mean beast.” — All his sins came out, she'd already told me of his meanness.

He made all sorts of excuses but she wasn't pacified. She put on her chemise, came down to my bedroom landing and called out, “Arthur's going, let him out — don't let him go into the kitchen.” —

He heard this, came down dresed and still excusing himself — she replying to all, — “It's a lie. — It's a lie” — till he was out of the house. Then she came to me and smiled. — “Isn't it a splendid prick?” Then she told me she'd heard the stairs creak, but he'd not noticed it. — “I'm quite wet, I spent three times, he spent at last, the blackguard is fucked out, yet he knew three days ago he was coming — my cunt's wet — won't you have me?” I said no, but was wrought up to the highest pitch of lust, and in half an hour had fucked her twice. She declared donkey prick should never have her again, but I was sure he would. — “He has a noble prick hasn't he?” said she admiringly. — “Yes, but he's a coarse brute, not even handsome, not a gentleman.” — “Certainly not a gentleman, but he's a noble prick, all the women want him, he pays none, I'm told.” — I fancy Miss Def — now with a house of her own again — was the informant.

I never yet saw a woman fucking a man so plainly, as on that bright afternoon. The beams of the sun at last struck right across her backside, her arsehole, cunt, his prick and balls I saw as plainly as if I had been within a foot of them, and had held a candle to look. — How I longed to feel his tool as she fucked him, and how de-lighted she would have been. But she was annoyed when afterwards I said, “Your bum furrow is getting brown, H.” — “You beast — what if it is, so is yours.” — “I know it.” — She never could bear to be told about her furrow browning, or later on that hairs were beginning to show round her bum hole, as they do in most women after five and twenty and in southern nations earlier. It detracts from the beauty of the region.

On both occasions, she had covered him, to prevent him going quickly to the door and his chance of catching me. The next time for some reason of her own - who fathoms a woman's dodges? — she had him in her own bedroom which had now been changed. I waited in the backroom. He was still enough and full, laid on her, half fucked her, and then she made him finish with her rump towards him. H** laughed as he got off the bed with his great tool sticking out. Then it disappeared up her, and I thought must have hurt her. The fucking was soon over. How beautiful it was, how ex-citing it looked! They remained coupled for a minute, then she uncunted him saying, “You lie down, I must go to my sister and will be back in a minute.” He threw himself on the bed, giving her rump a slap as they parted and the next second she was with me on my bed. “Don't talk loud, he thinks my sister's here, he's never seen her.”

Her eyes shone with voluptuous light and softness. “Hasn't he spent? my cunt's full, hasn't he a lovely prick?” said she sighing and laying down. I looked at it, pulled open the lips, pushed one finger up, then my balls could wait no longer, I had been stiff since I saw his prick, and plunged my pego up her. Ah! my delight

— to feel my prick up her and his sperm all round it.

— H. put her hand to feel, then clasping my bum, and heaving her arse. — “Ohoo — fuck” she cried and glued her mouth to mine. Furiously our backsides oscillated, far too soon my sperm rose. “Hurt me — shove hard,” she whispered, heaving her cunt up, and the next minute both were spending, her ecstasy as great as mine. Then quickly back she went to him, her cunt full as before, her motte and thighs wet with our essence. — “Make him fuck you in it.” — “If I can, but he likes it washed before he does me again” were the last words. She closed their door with a bang, cunningly giving the handle a turn so that it was left ajar, but so close that I could see nothing. To facilitate that a fortnight before she'd cut away, at eye height, a slip off of one edge, and painted it afterwards. We had arranged this together after the manner at the French lapunar. She laid down on the bed for me to see her, then I for her to see me, and we moved her bed a little to give the best view of those upon it, both delighted at the dodge. I couldn't see their heads when they were fucking, but saw all from their breasts downwards. — Now she took the side furthest off, and nearer the fireplace, and he turning to her had his back to me. — “Ahem” — I pushed the door slightly open and saw them both well.

She began frigging him, then he felt her. “You've not washed.” — “No, how could I? — I will.” — “My spunk's on your thighs.” — “Yes, did you spend?” — “My ballocks were damned full,” — said he with a coarse laugh. — Both laughed, and went on talking about some woman who had one of the smallest cunts he'd ever fucked, and about some swell Paphians she had known formerly, whilst she went on frigging him till, “It's stiff, let's do it.” — “Wash it.” — She got up, and holding the ewer, — “There's no water.” — “Ring for Sally and I'll show her my prick” — said he laughing and handling it. — “I shan't — you'd better not — never mind washing” — getting on the bed again and frigging his tool. — In another minute after lewed chat he mounted her, she'd pulled her chemise off and tried to pull off his shirt. Saying it was cold, he refused but tucked it up to his waist.

They were fucking in an instant. Is the spectacle of even a handsome couple fucking beautiful or not? — Is the sight of a beautiful creature, all modesty and grace — whom one has walked, talked, and danced with, to be admired when on her back, heaving her buttocks up, her thighs high and round the man's whilst under is a thick gristly stem protruding from his belly, and going like a steam piston in and out of a bush of hair round her cunt — is it beautiful? Both rumps jog, and heave, and thrust and meet, till with sighs and murmurs both are quiet. Is it a spectacle beautiful or not? — No. — Yet an entrancing one. — One that no man or woman would hesitate to look at, enjoy, and envy, none whose cunt wouldn't yearn — whose

prick wouldn't stiffen at the sight. — Yet it's not beautiful, tho exciting, stimulating, entrancing to all the senses.

This was really a fine couple I must say, much as I disliked his vulgarity, but to know that that big tube, with its inner tube of discharge, was thrusting up her tube, with the intensest pleasure to both, made my prick, without frigging, stand till I heard their murmurs, knew that their pleasure was over.

He rolled off of her, she didn't hurry him. “Get me a glass of whiskey and water.” — “I shan't, you've had enough, get it yourself in the kitchen if you want it, don't make a noise, I don't want my sister to know a man's here.” The scout — Mrs. * * * — took care the man shouldn't know I was there. Hastily he put on his clothes and went off. “Hish” said she as he went downstairs and she waited till he got to the kitchen.

In she came and I looked at her sexual treasure. Sperm is now to me clean, wholesome. It's the out-come of life — the issue and cause of the greatest human pleasure to giver and receiver. — I no longer mind my fingers being in it, but like to feel a cunt which is lubricated with it. — I opened hers, felt up it, wiped my fingers on my balls, and on her motte — the salacity of the act delighted me. “You beast, you,” said she but looking pleased with the lascivious act. Then up into her my prick went, and prick and cunt then revelled in the unction and the thrusts, and the lubricated friction of our movements, till both sobbed out our joy in the delicious crisis — her cunt discharged, my balls shot forth their sperm, and we mixed this essence of male and female life in her sweet channel — oh happy woman!

Pressing her sweet form to mine, her hand clasping my buttocks — in the lubricious conjunction we lay. — Slowly I still kissed her, our wet lips mingling moistures there as we lay conjoined — eyes closed — baudily thinking — vague visions of lust dreamily passing thro our brains. “Aren't we beasts?” — the first words spoken. — “Damn it, H*l*n — don't say that again — it's nonsense — nothing beastly about it — what beast could do or care about doing what you and I have done? — it's heavenly, divine — don't — I've often told you you annoy me by saying it.” She laughed, her belly jogged, her cunt moved, and out came my prick, and at once as many and as much as I could get of my fingers up her cunt I put there — lewed still.

This again was on a warm autumn afternoon, for it suited us both to meet at that time — the master of the house was then away. Soon donkey prick was got out of the house. I dressed, we had tea and toast, then I licked her cunt till she was exhausted with pleasure, then left.

Chapter VI

In Spain. • Two very small juveniles. • At the bull ring. • The Count's mistress tailed. • An immoral family. - Choice of two cunts and one rectum. • The young lass selected. • The young bugger rejected. • A little prick felt. • Fucking on the floor. • Soldiers' women at Gib. • Groping at C*d*z. • H.'s lascivity and confidences. • An evening with Camille and H*l*n. • A cuntal purse again.

[To abbreviate, I had retained nothing relating to two months abroad this summer, but on reading it before destroying the manuscript, decided to retain it; so interpolate it here.]

In the hot season, wrong for travelling, I went to Spain — indeed this year was pregnant with erotic novelties to me. In large towns I always found a bordel of some sort, and saw there native beauties, even if I did not tail them. My visits were generally in the evening. I saw some of the poorest, as well as the high priced "Mujeres mundanas."

At M*d**d I saw two little girls in the street — they had been walking about in the day like ordinary children of the poor — so young that I took no notice of them. — That evening not thinking of amatory business, I saw the two, and fancied one looked invitingly at me. I turned round, they were looking back and one came back to me. — Was it their instinct that I needed a cunt and made them come after me? Certain it was that I had neither sensuous thoughts or sensations at the moment, but now came a rush of lust, a delicious feeling in my prick, a desire to see them naked, and I offered a small sum by show rather than by word, which was at once accepted. I only knew a few words of their language then, but in every country learn quickly, those which express the sexual organs, and their pleasures.

Off they went through several streets, till I had lost my way, and began to reflect when I found the quarter was a poor one. Under a huge archway of a shabby looking big house they turned, I found them waiting, they spoke and made signs, but I didn't understand, half feared a trap, didn't now feel sure they were punks — which was foolish — I might be robbed, murdered even, so hesitated. They went to a dimly lighted stone staircase, I didn't stir, they came back, spoke, gesticulated — I was to follow them — then — no one being about — I stooped to feel the tallest one's cunt. Quickly she lifted the only dress she had on, and opened her thighs for me to feel her cunt. — It was hairless. My prick then throbbed, and under its impulse I went up to a fourth or fifth floor, an old woman came out of a room, opened a

door, nodded at me, the girls spoke to her, back she went, and in a second I was in a large desolate bedroom with scarcely an article of furniture.

I sat on a chair, felt both their tight little cunts, there was no virginity, made signs that I wanted them naked, and in a second both were so. — They scarcely had any clothing on, one only her frock, one had no stockings, both had no bonnets or head dress. — It was scorching hot weather. The bed looked so miserable that I would not lay down upon it, and put the taller of the two on to a large square heavy table which was in the centre of the room. — There was but one miserable tallow candle, and by its aid I looked well at the biggest girl's cunt, which had plumpish lips and not a vestige of hair. Then I put the other one on the table, and found her cunt as bald. — Then one girl held out her hand for money, and I gave them what I promised — not quite eighteen pence English money — each looked at the other's gift, seemed satisfied, and both got on to the wretched dirty creaking bed — then from their small stature, and the look of their cunts, I guessed they neither were more than twelve years old — I tried to ascertain that but couldn't make myself understood.

Fear of disease came over me — taking up the candle, and out of my pocket a few pesetas, I managed to make known that I needed another light. The shorter girl, naked as she was, took the candle and money, and going across the landing to the old woman's room, returned with a small oil lamp. Left in the dark excepting what light came into the room from the star-lighted heavens, and still half in fear, I felt my companion's cunt, which civility she reciprocated by feeling for my cock. Directly the second light was brought she began to unbutton me. When it was visible, both girls handled it at the same time in a knowing way, smiling and speaking I know not what.

It wasn't quite stiff, but soon became so as I felt their two bums during their investigation of my doodle. — Directly its rigidity was complete, the eldest threw herself again on the bed and opened her thighs, but the bed so disgusted me, that shaking my head I pointed to the table, whereon she mounted the table by the help of a chair, then I put the other girl by the side of her, and fetching the dirty bolster put it under their heads — they laughed and seemed to enjoy the position.

Fear of disease again came over me, so as well as I could, I tried to ask whether they were in health, and suppose they understood as both nodded and repeated “Bono — Bono.” — Then one held the candle at the other's cunt, and my shrinking cock swelled up again, for the quim looked all right and inviting. The lass pulled open her quim lips wide for my inspection. Both now laughed loud as if it were a capital joke, then both sitting upon the table felt my machine again, and I their cunts with both my hands. — Then one snuffed the candle

with her fingers, and wiped them on her hair.

Prudence still prevailed. — Shaking my head I re-placed my truncheon, which seemed to annoy the lass at whose split I had actually for a moment pointed it. Then one spoke of the “Senora” and I think was going to call her for testimony to their healthiness — “bono,” so very often being said, whilst the other officiously got hold of my tool and nodded her head. Then I thought to let her masturbate me, laying hold of her hand to indicate my wishes, she began at my tool. I sat down, she got off the table, and then I thought I'd frig her. Nothing loath, she sitting on my knee let me, the other silently watching the operation, which went on till my girl I suppose feeling the pleasure, interrupted me, and saying in Spanish, — “No, fuck me” — brisk as a flea she got on to the table again and placed herself there with thighs wide apart.

I'd got my prick new to fever heat — prudence adieu — next minute her cunt was stretched by my pego, and the randy little child spent as she received my injec- tion. I could see it in her face, feel it in her cunt. The other girl stood quite close looking on at the operation.

There was no towel, and she with my libation trick-ling on to her thighs, ran naked across the landing to the old woman and fetched a dingy napkin. Cooler now, I looked at both their diminutive quims, one only I found had little black hairs just showing on the motte. I guessed and understood them to be thirteen years old, perhaps younger, for hair grows early on the cunts of southerners. Both I'm sure had had plenty of fucking. The one I hadn't tailed then sat on the pot on the table, and I made her piddle. Not knowing my way back I asked them to show me the way. The old woman appeared as I was leaving and I gave her a trifle, I sup-pose for the room. The girls went ahead of me, an empty cab appeared and giving the girls a tip I got into it, naming the street in which my hotel was.

Some days after at S*v***e when leaving the bull ring, I saw a handsomely dressed, middle-size woman, exquisitely beautiful, come out. Two or three Spanish gentlemen were with her all talking and gesticulating good humouredly. Money was exchanged, and I guessed they were settling bets. She seemed excited and de-lighted, parted with them, and not finding a conveyance, which seemed to annoy her much, stood fanning herself and hailing every vehicle. I had one and stopped the driver, fascinated by her beauty, feeling sure she was a Cyprian and lust then began to tingle my pego. I felt such a passionate desire to possess her, that reckless of consequences, not knowing more than a few words of the language, I made a sign that a seat was at her service. — The next minute she was sitting beside me.

Then was the difficulty. — She spoke — I shook my head. — She laughed, spoke more, I intimated I didn't understand. — “Holy Virgin”

she said, tapped me with her fan, told the coachman something and off he drove rapidly, — she chattering to me all the way — I trying to make myself understood. The chariot stopped on the outskirts not far from the ring at a decent looking house. By that time I had reflected, and after helping her down, bowed and was going away tho my prick was erect. But she laid hold of my arm and pointed to the house, making at the same time a movement of her mouth as if kissing. — It was irresistible and I followed her to a suite of rooms on the first floor.

The rooms were elegantly tho not expensively furnished. A maid, well dressed, appeared, then disappeared with the lady, soon returned, and I found to my great relief she could speak a little French. The Senorita hoped I'd stay and eat with her (it was half past five) and I began to fancy I'd made a mistake and that the lady was no common courtesan. — Circumstances, I said, made it impossible for me to stay. The maid went out and returning, said her mistress would soon be ready, would I wash (the heat and dust was great in the ring). I accepted, not having any idea where I was going to go, and astonished, was shown into the room where was the lady in chemise, finishing her toilette. She laughed, pointed to the basin, the maid poured out water, left the room, and there was I with this exquisite creature in her chemise brushing her hair, looking ever and anon at me, and smiling. I now felt sure she was a mistress. I didn't want words, knew that the fee would be high. So when I'd washed I put on my coat — which was all I'd taken off. — She said, — “No — No” — flung both arms round me, and kissing me lusciously, intimated I was to take my things off. The peep at her breasts as she kissed me made me desire her immensely, I kissed her passionately in return, then took out my purse and showed two gold coins, intimating that that was all. She laughed immoderately and nodded, speaking all the time, but I didn't understand a word.

Then she began to undress me, laughing all the time. It was irresistible. — I stripped to my shirt and laid down, she beside me. Then she embraced me in the usual fashion, opened her thighs for me to look and feel, examined my prick, laid down again and squeezed my piercer, smiling at its prompt erection, whilst I felt her cunt. We were coupled immediately, her cunt seemed divine as I spent in it, and in a few minutes all was over. She was energetic in love making and spent with passion. We both washed — then at her cunt I looked more tranquilly, saw her naked form — and a lovely form she had. — She would not let me go, dragged me down on the bed again, made me gamahuche her, then fuck her, and by that time she was satisfied. Laying by the side of me, a thigh thrown carelessly over mine, she called the maid, asked the time, ejaculated, “Holy Virgin,” said I must

go and began to dress herself rap-idly. I the same, we kissed and I departed. The servant told me the Senorita was mistress of the Count * * * * and told me to go off in a particular direction, which I did. Next day I left M*d**d. A more lovely creature I never embraced. She had crisp short hair round her bum hole and a little on her buttocks — tho she said she was only twenty-one. — Her face was a dream of beauty.

A week after, occurred one of the strangest incidents of my career. Walking up a back and steep lane on the margin tho in the city of G**n*da, strolling with no object excepting to see the city; standing at a sort of cottage door was a lad of about fourteen, who to my astonishment beckoned me and smiled. — I stopped, he beckoned me in, and curious I entered, utterly unsuspecting till well within the entrance, where he exposed his prick. I shook my head, he called out, and a girl of about the same age appeared, together with a stout, bloated yet not bad-looking woman seemingly about thirty-five years old. She spoke, and tho scarcely understanding a word, I found unmistakably that she had come to offer the girl or herself. Then to my utter wonderment, by the aid of about half a dozen words, and by gestures, I found that she was the mother of both, that I might have either or all of them, a choice of two cunts and one anus. Whether she was really the mother I cannot of course say, but I repeated in Spanish the words, mother, son, daughter, pointing to each successively, and to all she said “yes” and nodded.

I had had no desire for fucking, nor did the family facilities stimulate me. It really shocked me, tho there was nothing to be shocked at. Shaking my head I gave the woman a few reals and departed, she seemed much pleased. He had repleaced his pendant tool.

I walked on thinking of this jumble of whores and bugger, (such I now supposed the youth to be) my mind concentrating itself on the girl — a poor sallow creature tho she was. — I wondered what sort of a quim she had, thought I might never have the chance again of seeing that of a Spanish girl of fourteen, my fancy pictured it, I thought till my cock stood, then went back and saw a big common Spaniard talking at the door. I waited in the distance till he went off — he passed and scanned me. Then I wondered if there was danger, but dismissed the idea, for ten o'clock on a sunshiny morning all must be secure — I entered the house, the little bugger still at the door — thought he was my aim, but shaking my head and saying the single word “girl” — he bawled out, and the two females reappeared smiling. Soon mother and son left, the daughter remained, and in a minute was naked on a miserable bed.

I got out of her somehow, mainly by counting on my fingers, and by signs, coupled with a few simple words, that she was fifteen. She'd

three times the quantity of hair on her cunt that an English girl of that age has. She wasn't lewed in manner, seemed dejected, indifferent. — There was no water, so I made her know by signs that I wanted to wash, and naked she went out and returned with some in a large earthen pan.

She washed her cunt, I my prick, then after inspection of her carnal aperture, and a look at her mouth which had good teeth, I intimated by signs that I wanted to be gamahuched.

She had been as slow and solemn as if at her funeral, but now burst into a laugh, knelt on the bed rapidly, and took my pego into her mouth with quite an air of de-light; the next minute it was erect and she handling it with admiration. Then she laid down saying (I suppose) “Come on” but I had fear and kept repeating “doctor, doctor,” the only word I could to intimate doubts of her health. — When she understood she ran to the door shouting, “Madre.” In came the woman, they both chattered to me at once I know not what, but they understood, for the mother put the girl on the bed, and holding open her cunt lips invited me, to see her gap, satisfied, and off the mother went. Then I reflected, decided to leave, but again lust came on stronger. I felt and looked at the youthful slit, then yielded and fucked the girl.

I paid her, and when leaving the lad appeared and asked for money. An age had passed since I'd felt or seen a boy's cock. Without a word, without thinking scarcely, a libidinous curiosity sprang up, I pointed to his prick, at once he pulled it out, I handled it and his balls till it stood, but did no more having no pederastic tastes. He like his sister had more hair for his age about his genitals, than we English have.

Soon after on a sweltering autumn day, I was at * * * *, the hottest town some say on the Spanish coast. As usual I sought the Cyprians' quarters, and by chance — or was it instinct — found a populous one, but not of high rank. Frail flesh was but little visible outside in the narrow lane, but in the windows, furtively yet quite visible, were dйcolletй women, who by eye, toss of head, and rapid exposure of more nude beauty invited me in. I loitered in simple curiosity looking at the dark-haired, brown-skinned women with their hair dressed in outrй Spanish fashion, pleased with the novelty (new to me then), studying, comparing, then curious about the hid-den sexual charm and gradually longing to inspect but hesitating.

Voluptuous tingles in my prick overcame both fears and scruples. I entered a house, the Cyprian met me at the door. Using the few words of Spanish I had now learnt — I pick up erotic ones quickly — I offered and held up an escudo — about two shillings English. — Accepted eagerly, at a sign from me off went the covering she wore,

and a brown-skinned, brawny, tall woman lay on a poor couch, opening her thighs and making lewed signs of invitation to take pleasure in a cunt which looked as if cut out of a bush of horsehair. But she didn't please me, indeed half revolted me, and after opening the lips of the hirsute notch, feeling once round a big backside, then looking at the hairy notch in its cowlike aspect from behind, displeased with its look and its environments I retreated, seemingly to her astonishment, for she followed me to the door expostulating — as I fancied — and inviting me still to enjoy her very hairy charms.

I went away, yet the sight of the nudity had stirred my passions, my prick swelled, gave more voluptuous tingles, and spite of myself almost I returned in half an hour, looked again at the courtesan's naked breasts and dark flashing eyes, thought of the cunts there waiting for the pricks, then in a still narrower passageway, saw an oldish woman standing at a doorway, over which was a little lamp not giving more light than a candle. By voice and gesture the woman invited me, I entered, saw a large curtain of rushes which she pulled aside and disclosed a large room with whitewashed walls. Two women in chemises only were there, one sitting, the other reclining on a mattress on the floor — dark-haired, dark-eyed, well grown, handsome, were both — I looked at both, the one got up and stood by the other, I named my pay holding the fee in my hand, and both cried "Yes."

Then uncertain in my choice I slightly raised the chemise of one, on which both lifted their chemises to their waists. My choice then made, in a second the other disappeared. Down on the matting lay my damsel, flinging off her chemise as she did so, and was naked all but a pair of slippers. A splendid woman of about twenty, of southern tint, and ample thick crisp, black-haired cunt, and armpits. By gestures she invited me to undress, but tho wet thro with perspiration, — walking and lusting together had made me so — I but threw off my coat and laid beside her on what I found was but a mat upon a bed of rushes, and a showy Spanish rug on the top of that. It was hard for the floor was bare but I fucked her quickly, enjoyed her much and left.

Shortly afterwards at G**r**t*r, my taste for poor Paphians seems to have revived. [I like always to see all classes of the needful, much abused, pleasure-givers to the male.] Gay ladies of high class I saw not at all, and one evening dressed in my shabbiest to make myself look poor and common as might be, I went up to the quarters where Tommy Atkins gets his sexual solace, and was astonished at the really fine women I saw there. Coarse and common enough in manner, yet good in form I found the two or three whom I stripped for luxurious contemplation at a shilling a piece (it seems incredible to me now that price.] Then at a somewhat better house, having no fear there of

Paphian ailments — for Tommy's women are medically cared for well — I fucked a couple at half a crown a piece saying I couldn't afford more. I enjoyed them much, delighted also with the economical instruction.

I fancy they would have taken a shilling for their pleasure from any soldier. Those I had were Spaniards, I noticed a Negress, but whether a punk or servant know not. Then having tailed none of the so called lovely girls of C*d*z tho I felt one peripatetic's grummit on a moonlight evening — a cheap delight, what charm is in a cunt! — I sailed for home, bringing away with me the baudiest Spanish words for genitals and copulation which I made one of the soldier's women spell for me, as I wrote them down. (The others couldn't write or read.) This paper I lost, and the terms I cannot now recollect. Now I take up my narrative on my return to England.

I had told H*** now all the erotic incidents of my life. She, with her fertile brain, voluptuous temperament, and experience in amorosities, both approved, desired to emulate them, and herself to invent. She wasn't — as already said, — at first frank about her letches and lusts, hiding them somewhat and throwing the suggestion of their gratification upon me making herself but the complaisant partner; but the mask was now pretty well removed — tho probably women in all classes never quite tell their letches or the truth about their baudy wishes — who knows? When guessing her de-sires, after talking about some luxurious fancies, I passed them over then finding I did not initiate any- thing, she referred to them again on other visits, and I met them by some such questions as, “Would you like so and so to gamahuche you” — or “Like another man or woman with us?” — or “Like me to see you fucked by another?” — “Yes I should” came frankly at last. Then it was, “Let's have a woman to gamahuche me, but you ask me to let her, I don't want her to think I wish her.” Singular modesty, it seemed to me.

Then we got our lascivious tastes gratified and to the full. That kept me from other amours, and to her al-most alone, for she had youth, supreme beauty of face and form, was clever, conversable, voluptuous, and enjoyed every lewed device both in body and mind — aye to the extreme. She agreed with me that every amourous trick might be tried, and we gratified our desires to the limits of possibility. I wanted no other woman, excepting when away from town, or on a sudden letch, or out of mere curiosity. These I nearly always told her of. Some of our amourous play I pre-serve in this narrative, some will never be even whispered about — the knowledge of it will die with us.

H*l*n soon had great pleasure in talking of her former tricks — would tell what she'd done or had heard of — reserve was utterly

gone between us. She pronounced mine to be a most wonderful amatory career, when she had read a large part of the manuscript, or I had read it her whilst in bed and she laid quietly feeling my prick. Sometimes she'd read and I listen, kissing and smelling her lovely alabaster breasts, feeling her cunt, till the spirit moved us both to incorporate our bodies. Her sexual passion was strong, her strength great. I have fucked her thrice, and gamahuched thrice, yet seen her frig herself after that, and all in four hours, without showing a sign of fatigue. — [Five years after she was as strong.]

Having now no harlot acquaintances, it was a real pleasure to her to have some one to talk with on these subjects. — Telling her of Camille one evening and talking of gamahuching, she said, tho the little servant whom I fucked had done it, it was a long time since a woman had gamahuched her. She liked a fine, fattish woman to do it to her and took a letch for Camille from my description of her. Camille was long past forty yet wonderfully well preserved, and one evening solely to gratify H*** I got Camille to visit her.

We had a lovely little dinner at H*l*n's, then adjourned to her bedroom, both women stripped and looked at each other's cunts — they were so quiet about that — and then Camille gamahuched. “Fuck her, fuck her whilst she's licking me, let me see it,” H. cried — But I wouldn't — I couldn't bear my sperm to go into any cunt but her own, and after she'd spent thrice under Camille's active tongue, I fucked her. Then after half an hour's rest Camille again licked H.'s quim till Camille could lick no longer. After repose and wine I wanted Camille to suck me, but she refused, telling H. she'd never done it. — A lie, for she has many times minetted me tho she never liked it, and always wanting me to fuck her. — Poor Camille liked me to the last.

Again I then stroked H** who excited by wine and lewed to her marrow made Camille feel my balls whilst fucking, she grasping Camille's motte, or feeling her buttocks whilst she was handling my stones. “What a lovely skin,” cried H. as she felt Camille's buttocks. Indeed she had still that exquisite skin and her pretty, tight, deep cunt. Never were two more lovely skinned women together. I then fucked Camille at the request of both of them, which finished the night. Taking Camille home in my cab I paid her handsomely. She could do nothing but talk of the unparalleled charms of H. I never brought them together again. H.'s letch was satisfied, and she did not want gay women.

I told her one evening how I had turned N**l*e L*l*e's cunt into a purse, and she wondered if her own would hold as much. I had doubts, for it did not feel to me as large as the other woman's did, but I had H** naked one day and tried. The silver brought was carefully washed, and the argental cunt stuffing began. I was so delighted and

she also with the experiment, that I prolonged the work, not putting in five and ten shillings at a time as I did with the other, when my lustful curiosity was to ascertain a fact, but a shilling or two at a time only, feeling them for her cunt, then glorying in seeing her exquisite form promenading with the silver in her. When about forty shillings had disappeared up the belly rift, I put my prick up her, and felt with its sensitive tip the difference between a shilling which it struck against, and the soft round compressive end of her cuntal avenue. She was as pleased with me at that trick as I was. I nearly spent, excited by my operations, and now with the idea of spending against a shilling up a cunt, but didn't — wouldn't.

I resumed the silver stuffing, she her ambulations, and it is extraordinary that within a shilling or two, she held in her cunt the same number that L**l*e had. She several times walked up and down the room with her cunt so full, that I could see the silver when I gently opened one lip. — The grip and tenacity of her Paphian temple seemed truly wonderful. — What muscu- lar force, what a nut cracker! — But that indeed I knew, for her cunt was perfect in every way, a pudenda of all the virtues, powers, and beauties for fucking, or doing anything voluptuous with — a supreme pleasure giver.

Then over the basin she squatted to void the argentiferous stream. It was beautiful to see her squat, her thighs then rounded into the fullest, loveliest form, it always delighted me to see her in that attitude washing her cunt or micturating. The silver tumbling out of her gaping hirsute cleft, with a clatter against the basin, made us laugh, some refused to quit the lubricious nook in which it found itself, I felt up for it, and she at last by muscular contraction of her cunt aided by her fingers, got it all out. Then with a syringe she purified the receptacle, we went to the bed, and after a little mutual fingering, fucked, — the baudy trick just finished enhancing our sexual delight.

The silver was washed and stored away. “When you pay any one, tell them that the silver's been up your cunt.” — “You beast, I will.” The servants and a female friend — for she had now a female friend — were told of this. We talked about it all the evening, and she put one shilling well up for me to touch with my prick which I did, but did not spend whilst the shilling wlas in its lubricious receptacle. [I wish now I had, it would have been something to remember.] Eighty-six or -seven shillings did her cunt hold.

Chapter VII

Frisky spinster Edith again. • Pitch and toss at pudendas. • Naked harlots scrambling. • A Hylas suggested. • Eugene, the used-up sodomite. • Naked amusements. • Curiosity gratified. • Mutual feebleness. • A masculine sixty-nine. • Sappho. • An erotic triad. • Double minetting. • Eugene dismissed as not fit. • Pleasant conversation. • Thumb-frigging a clitoris. • My erotic philosophy. • Foolish prejudices. • A demi-mondaine on cock sucking. • Three men to one woman. • An orgy. • About baudy house peepholes. • A hairy-rumped Spanish equestrienne.

Then I resumed my acquaintance with the frisky spinster, again I met her in the daytime, always lent her baudy books and photographs, and we had free talk. She seemed to desire to know every sexual habit of man with woman, particularly those with harlots. Nothing in my career has been so curious. — With widows and wives I've had risky talk, but with a young woman, born, bred, and educated a lady, have I used now the baudiest words, whilst she listened pleased and enquiring, but never once used words herself. This also was generally in broad daylight and in four-wheel cabs. It stimulated me at last to try forcibly to feel her, and in-duce her to go to a house with me. — All was useless. — One day I said if she wouldn't go, I'd fuck a woman directly I'd left her. — “Very well,” said she — I never got a feel higher than the calf of her leg, and that she resisted unmistakably.

So I refused to meet her or lend her more books, yet there was a novelty, a stinging salacity in the meetings which pleased me much. Once or twice, I met her in society or at places of amusement, but always with her mother. What knowing glances we exchanged!

Then on my way to the sweet south, to get the sun in the months it's denied us here, for a few days sojourn we stopped at * * * where again my resolution gave way, and I found myself at the friendly lapunar tho I was tired of it. Chance again gave to me an erotic novelty.

Tired, worn out, ill, and alas getting older, I was nevertheless again at the lapunar one night, with my pocket quite full of franc pieces. Entering the saloon, there sat about twenty women, with boots and stockings on, otherwise naked as born — for those who had gauze about them threw it off directly I was seen. — Some lifting up a thigh, some pulling their quims open, all putting themselves into such voluptuous attiudes as they thought best suited to exhibit their charms. Sitting close together as they in the circle were, each tried to

entice me to select her for my pleasure in erotic amusements.

I contemplated them for awhile. It was a lovely voluptuous sight, carnal, baudy, but what of that? Then taking out some francs I threw them up in the air. — With outstretched hands, the whole of the naked beau-ties rose to catch the silver shower, and the next moment were on the floor scrambling in a naked heap.

Such a mass of delicate flesh was there crowded - big bums sticking up, knocking against each other, white breasts flashing, glimpses of dark hair in arm-pits, dark stripes between oval buttocks, hairy triangles of all colors at the bellies, all shewing and moving about in rapid combinations of form and grouping, a kaleidoscope of cunts, bums, and breasts. With chatter and laughter they scrambled till all the coin was grabbed. Then they rose to their seats, ready for an-other scramble.

Then it was, — “Ici” — “Monsieur.” — “Je n'ai rien gagne” — “Voila.” — “Ici, regardez.” A dozen of them opening thighs wide, pulled open their cunts to entice me. I pitched franc after franc at cunts, some-times hitting the mark, sometimes missing. The franc was hers at whose cunt I threw it, and another franc if I actually hit the gap. A babel of tongues. — “Ici” — “Ici, monsieur,” as each opened her thighs wider in hope of getting a franc pitched well between them. — The mistress and under mistress looked on, standing at the back of me and laughing.

Then was a pause to chat, and look, — what a sight was the circle of naked women, all exquisitely clean and perfumed, with their hair well dressed and ornamented. — Silk stockings, white, black, grey, pink, blue and red, mottes, with thatch like flax, and of every shade from brown to black — notches varying from pink to dark crimson, and from a delicate slightly haired slit with an imperceptible clitoris, to gaps with strong protuberances, and nymphae large enough to frictionise another cunt, and give delight to both in the wriggling embraces of tribadism. — On the words — “Open your cunts — catch” — open all went with shouts of laughter, and again the silver coins hit thighs, cunts, mottes and bellies, till with a last shower of silver in the air, all grouped scrambling on the floor. Again, bums, thighs, and breasts in a struggling mass of female form and loveliness, cunts more or less visible in all directions. What a picture it would have made, had it been possible to have fixed the group and photographed them.

Selecting one I went upstairs with her. “I'll make my toilet” quoth she. — “Wash outside, but not up your cunt, I love a cunt with its natural juice — I'll wash it myself” — laying her down, I with a wet towel wiped the face of her vulva from clitoris to anus only, and having told the chambermaid I wished a woman to come to me with her cunt full from fucking, amused myself with this girl — who had

got four francs in the scramble out of the hundred I had thrown — till another woman was announced.

About this time in one of the confidential chats I had with my friend the sous-maitresse, she told me most secretly that a young sodomite could be had there, but notice some hours before must be given, that my countrymen occasionally indulged that way — if known there, not otherwise — and that one had been so amusing himself that night. I declined, having no tastes that way, yet had a long conversation about the subject, for my curiosity was aroused. At times afterwards I had wished I could see this funny product of humanity, yet without any desire to avail myself of his services, passive or active. The matter had for some months passed out of my mind, but this night was evoked again by what occurred.

“Mademoiselle Sappho is engaged, shall she come in after,” said the chambermaid entering the room. I re- fused, being in no hurry, not being yet tired of the woman with whom I was amusing myself — besides my erectile power seemed in abeyance, the young lady having been frigging my tool uselessly. — Then after a minute's reflection “I'll see her, before she meets the man.” — Just then the sous-maitresse appeared at the door, beckoned me, and on my going to her, whispered, there was a young man a “beau garcon” there, awaiting a monsieur who had never come, would I have him, all was quite safe. — With a spurt of lustful curiosity roused on the moment, I accepted, dismissed my companion, and was for a few minutes alone in a curiously excited state of expectation.

Whilst waiting in a feverish state of mind, one minute regretting, the next wishing him, and scarcely knowing what I should do when he appeared, wondering what sort of animal he was, whether if I should ask him to undress or to show me his genitals, how he would be-have, and so on, all thoughts tumultuous, the door opened, the sous-maitresse appeared smiling, followed by Hylas as naked as he was born, who came in with a skipping, springy step, and a smile on his face like that of a ballet girl. I never was more astonished in my life.

He was a shortish, square built, well set up man, looking about twenty-one or -two years old, and had dark, crisp, curly hair, and dark eyes. His body was well-fleshed, well shaped, plump indeed and as white as a woman's. It had not a vestige of hair upon it. He had no moustache, or whiskers, or hair anywhere, excepting on his head, in his armpits, and round his prick, which was set in a neat little, crisp bush. I had expected to be shocked, I scarcely knew what, but had changed, and I felt as pleased in contemplating his nude figure, as I have at seeing the Apollo Belvedere, and other glorious examples of Grecian skill in portraying the naked male. — Nor had I the slightest feeling of any other sort, all erotic notions had for the moment

vanished. That soon changed, he stood for a minute staring at me, then without word or summons ad-dressed to him, came and sat on the divan by the side of me, and put his arm round my neck. That instantly I dislodged and moved away, and for a minute we sat looking at each other.

Gradually, all sorts of lewed ideas arose in me. — Many a prick had I seen of late years, some of which I had longed to handle — a fugitive desire, gone as soon as formed — but then there were no opportunities. — Here one was. — Within a few feet of me sat a man of perfect form, indeed every way “beau garcon” and hanging out from the crisp little hairy thicket a nearly white, thickish prick about three inches long, with a “leetle” bit of red tip shewing.

Then desires rushed tumultuously through my brain — I longed to feel it, to frig it, stiffen it, see it spend, watch the sperm flow, see his vibrations of pleasure, hear his murmurs, watch his face as the ecstatic crisis overwhelmed him—and at once I grasped his prick, uncovered the tip and squeezed his balls. — Yet not a word had been spoken till he said, “Won't you take your clothes off like me?” Obeying his suggestion, rapidly I put my-self as naked as he was, eying him all the time whilst undressing but not speaking. — He laid himself along the divan, and gently puffing his prepuce up and down, smilingly watched me till I sat myself naked by his side, and seized again his prick. Then he seized mine — all dislike, all repulsion had gone for the minute, I seemed to be doing the most commonplace thing in the world — curiosity had me.

“Let's go on the bed,” said he. Obeying, we placed ourselves side by side — our flesh touching every-where — feeling each other's cods — with seeming curiosity he mine — I his with curiosity mingled now with strange voluptuous wants. Then I mounted him as reminiscences rose up in my brain of doings with the young man at F**r*rs years ago. — Belly to belly, breast to breast we were, I clasped his buttocks, laying between his thighs as if fucking a woman — our pricks and balls touching, laying in a heap together, neither prick stiff — then I moved with a fucking motion. “Look in the glass,” said he. Turning both side ways, our genitals in a heap, the sight overwhelmed me, yet lust, a desire to Socratize him — as nearly as I can de-fine my sensations — scarcely entered into the con-fused and lustful combinations, caused by my clasping him as if he were a woman.

Then I recovered my senses, had clear intentions of doing things, and by his side I played with his prick, frigging it gently, lifting up his thigh to look at his balls, and then again went on frigging, but his prick remained limp. Then at my command he frigged him-self — and seemingly to stimulate himself felt my pego — but all was of no avail, there it lay like a sausage.

Then curiously I looked him all over, stood him up, turned him round as I should a woman, saw that his feet were white and clean, his toe nails carefully trimmed. Never in my life before had I so inspected a naked man and it pleased me much, and to my astonishment. Then we talked, he suggested this and that, knelt and turned his rump to me, shewed me how he stooped to be sodomized. — “I will suck your prick, and you shall suck mine — it is delicious,” said he.

After washing our pricks we laid down together head to tail, and taking his prick in my mouth I minetted it. The smoothness pleased my palate, nothing ever seemed more delicate in my mouth, it excited my saliva, it felt like a jujube between my tongue and palate, and so we played long with each other. But I couldn't make his erect, nor he mine, tho we lay enjoying our mouthfuls for a quarter of an hour perhaps. Then I told him he was frigged out, and not worth his money. I wished to feel and frig a stiff one, and had no intention of doing anything else, tho he politely suggested his anus. He said he should be better another night and could not account for his condition then. — “You have been frigged before tonight” — he denied it — and still we sat feeling each other's pricks.

Then a knock came at the door. — Opening it, there stood a little dark-haired woman — Sappho — who had just been fucked. — “Yes full of sperm” — a fine young man had had her — “full of fat sperm” — Glad of the change, I laid her on the bed and tried to insert my little machine. The sight of her cunt filled with healthy issue pleased me, I saw in imagination the man enjoying her and ejaculating his semen, but all failed to rouse me, I was done for and wild. — “Shall I minette you?” she asked. — Hope rose again at the proposal — hastily I washed my cock, laid down, and she kneeling with her rump towards me, began the delicate exercise, she licked round the gland, tickled the frenum, ran her tongue lightly up and down the stem and over my balls, and then engulfed it in her mouth. — At times it softly rubbed her palate, then came out of her mouth immediately to disappear, then rubbing it gently between her tongue and palate, sometimes she gently squeezed my balls, sometimes the tongue ran quickly just over the delicate little tip slit, sometimes she pushed finger on to my bum hole, whilst I looked at her plump round buttocks, and the black haired, red split, now gaping and dividing — its colour spoiled by the glaze which covered it.

It wouldn't stiffen, tho faint pleasure began to steal through my refractory tool. “I'm too fatigued — you can't make it.” — “Mais si, si, j'en suis sur — soyez tranquille — ne pressez pas” — and again my penis was hidden in her mouth — Eugene stood looking on, then placing his finger under my balls, gently intruded one into my anus.

— A voluptuous shiver ran thro me — fancies whirled through my brain. “Kneel over me and put your prick in my mouth,” I cried.

He sprang on to the bed smiling, delighted with the invitation, knelt over me, and in a minute his limp prick met my lips — Sappho had to move slightly to let his legs come over me. His body then hid her head and breasts and I could see her no more, but by turning my head could see her buttocks and sperm-slobbered cunt, now half hidden by the left bum cheek, I felt the delicate movement of her mouth on my prick which began swelling with pleasure, then feeling under his balls and guiding it, his prick dropped well into my mouth, I clasped him round his smooth buttocks with my left hand, pushed my right hand fingers up her glutinous cunt, he began fucking my mouth, I clipped his pego with my tongue, her bum began to wriggle as my three fingers stretched it, and vigorously she worked at my penis which was swelling fast. Imagination played its part in me, all was soft movement, and the two pricks and two mouths worked silently.

Suddenly my prick throbbed, a painful pleasure crept along it, I groaned, still his prick in my mouth. He cried out, — “Foutre — foutre” her buttocks wriggled, I twisted my fingers about in its lubricity and my spunk ejaculated into her mouth. — Now faint with pleasure I noticed nothing more but the lubricity of her vagina, the swelling of his prick between my lips, and the soft squeeze of her mouth still minetting out the last drop of my libation, whilst my pego slowly dwindled.

All was tranquil for awhile. Artists in eroticism, they perfectly well knew when to move. — Then all rising, quickly she left the room, Eugene threw himself by the side of me feeling his own prick not yet stiff. My prick shrinking to a bag of skin, had a chilly sensation on, it due to the evaporation of her saliva. So I lay speechless till she returned smiling, with her mouth and cunt purified.

I spoke. “You are frigged out Eugene, you have no spunk in you.” — “Ah yes — tonight so — but another night, Ah! you shall find me strong.” — “Go now.” — These were the last words spoken, I paid him and he departed naked as he came.

Sappho now stood by the bed side, wetted a towel and washed my prick and balls, I pissed, and we both laid down. — The pretty little damzel was curious, talkative, and very communicative. Almost directly I re-versed her, placing her head at the foot of the bed, keeping mine at the top. So placed she laid hold of my prick and I felt her cunt conveniently placed both for feeling and seeing.

She not being dressed had not been present at the money scramble, and was sorry. How much had I thrown, every girl had got some thing but four. — She of course not — did I often do that sort of thing? — I was talked of in the house as good to the women — that I

liked spermatized cunts. — She was sorry I had not stiffened, for she had never had it done her when full by another man. — She would have liked it, liked to try, did I always like it so? Our talk ran then about the funny letches of men and women — she evidently liked the conversation and had only been in the house six weeks, this was her first house. The chambermaid afterwards told me that what she had said was true, that she had come there “an innocent.” — The sous-maitresse said the same to me also. — “Have her, you will find her charming, she is fresh.”

We talked thus for half an hour in the warm room. Her clitoris was a large one, and I had, with the usual restlessness of my hand when on a cunt, rubbed her clitoris continuously with my thumb. After I had fingered and satisfied my curiosity about the innermost parts of her sex, I ceased thumbing, tho laying hips touching, side by side, it was quite easy. — “Go on rubbing,” said she. — “What, softly like that?” — “Yes, don't leave off.” “Do you like it?” — “Yes.” Replacing the thumb I rubbed on and we went on talking. She hadn't spent that night, once a night she always spent, and often twice, it depended on the man, she told me. — Soon after she leant her head on the pillow, then rose and sucked my prick for a minute, relinquished it, fell back, and saying “Go on,” closed her eyes.

I watched her carefully, voluptuously curious, but not too much excited — for fucking alas, was not for me any more that night. I rubbed gently with my thumb a long time in unbroken silence. Then her breath shortened, her belly heaved, her thighs twitched and still she lay with eyes closed. “Quicker,” said she, and laying hold of my thumb she placed it in a little lower down — quicker and harder I rubbed till her thighs and belly became agitated, that indescribable jogging, heaving, wriggling came on with sighing and murmuring soft sounds of pleasure. “Her — er. — He

— her” and clutching my prick, she subsided into quietness, and half sleep. Thus we lay without speaking some minutes, I looking, watching her tranquility, pleased at having given her a spend, voluptuous fatigue of body on me — mind tranquilly voluptuous. — “Aha

— a — a — a — a” — said she at last, with a prolonged sigh and rising. — “You haven't spent,” said I. — “Yes yes — feel me — look.” — Her cunt was running over with her juices it was wet outside as well as up — I saw, felt it, and was delighted. — “I never frigged a woman before with my thumb and lying in that attitude” I remarked. — She laughed. — “I've never been frigged so before — I did want it.” — “Why?” “Don't know, seeing his prick in your mouth I think — I never saw a man do that to another. — Ah! polisson — it's not nice — a woman and a man may do anything to-gether — but two men — no

'tis villainous. — Ah! — I like it not.” — “But it made you hot cunted.” — “C'est vrai — mais,” — and she shrugged her shoulders — other gay women have said the same.

There can be no indecency, or impropriety in women or men amusing themselves any way they like in private — objections arise from prejudice and custom. — Yet I was glad to get Eugene out of the room. It annoys me to think that I had him, as I write this — which is absurd. — What is the use of my philosophy if it leaves me thus minded.

A French lady of whom I shall tell nothing more — a lady lewed enough but not gay — told me that she thought the loveliest mouthful any woman could have, was a nice soft prick. That no woman and man ever lived together a year and loved each other, without the man putting his prick into her mouth, or that she could love him without sucking it — she didn't say let him spend in it. This has been told me by more than one French “dame galante,” when I have been long intimate with them. The lady also said that no woman had enjoyed the sublimity of voluptuousness, till she'd been fucked by one man whilst she sucked and palated another's pego.

Mademoiselle A**l*e also — not quite gay — told me that the most voluptuous evening she ever passed was when the man who kept her brought home three male friends with him. All five stripped naked, she laid on the bed edge a man lying on each side of her and one kneeling over her head. Then her “mari,” standing and tilting up her thighs, fucked her, whilst another's prick filled her mouth, and she f rigged the other two. Four pricks had she in keeping at once, one in her cunt — one in her mouth — and one in each hand. — Semiramis or Messalina could not well have had a much greater treat.

Every man fucked her that night, and all felt each other's tools — they were friends, and Frenchmen. All of them got drunk. — If true, I should like to have been one of the party. But was it true? I am quite pre-pared to believe that it was.

She said that she should never forget it, and would pay herself to get such a treat again. Her “mari” (who kept her) brought the men home with him from a club. Their principal regret was that there was not another woman. Her “marl” suggested that he should fetch another, but she wouldn't have it. She said — “Mon ami, respectez moi — je ne suis pas putain.” I fucked that lady several times, she had a fancy for me. — [Ultimately she went to a French colony with a general officer. — She may be living now.]

Then I grew tired of the erotic spectacles, and of taking pleasure

in lubricated channels, so resolved to go no more to them. — Many a day elapsed before I did.

Erotically maddening as the sights were, they were one and all with courtezans, with whom satisfying love and lust is a trade. — In my whole experience there I never saw a woman who was not a baudy Cyprian, and contrasting what I saw there with the snug house at **** St. where, years ago, Sarah F**z*r and I had our evenings and where at every other visit I saw love making with women not gay, but with servants and others of better class — I preferred the sights there to those at the lapunar.

A month later I was some hundreds of miles further south, through December and January, and all but chaste. One night I went to a circus, an hour after-wards met a woman in the streets, went home with her, and found her to be one of the circus riders, and a Spaniard. In a slovenly bedroom, in a little cot slept a child a year old. — A “love child,” she said. — Doubting her and not recognizing her, she described the horse she rode. — The next night I saw her riding it. — All she got a night for her equestrian skill, she said, was five francs. — Her cunt I fancy paid her better. — I stripped her, she was shortish, plump, had an exquisite shape, and flesh solid as ivory, her face was handsome and pure Spanish. — What astonished me, was to find so much hair on motte, cunt and buttocks; four inches all round her anus was quite black with crisp, shortish hair which was not handsome to me but she seemed proud of it. — Tastes differ. — I fucked her and gave ten francs, for which I might have her again, she asked me to — I repeated this another night when I had seen her riding a white horse. — My God! and all that skill for five francs. — I wondered as she whirled round on the horse, now throwing this leg up, now that — if many there knew of her hirsute buttocks besides myself. — It pleased me to think about her cunt whilst she was riding.

[This reminds me, that perhaps the hairiest women whom I have had were Spanish. I've had them at two or three French border towns, in Paris, and several in Spain, and the cuntal regions of all were unusually hairy.]

Chapter VIII

My heroic resolution. • The whore and the railway porter. • Against a viaduct. • Michael's prick and Michael using it. • On the early fucking of poor girls. • Another juvenile virgin. • Her antecedents and harloting sisters. • Her salacity and taste for minetting. • Nervous impotency again. • Virility restored. • Virginity ruptured. • Female pleasures at their first fucking. • On the way virginities are lost and won.

It seems strange to myself, that tho I stopped in the City of **** on my return from the south, I kept away from the lapunar with the peephole — for once I kept to my resolve. — But I am tired, I suppose, of the spectacles which have so much delighted me. — Was this fatigue of travel, satiety — or age?

On my return I saw H, who was delighted, and the first afternoon spent with her in using my tongue, fingers and prick, left her tranquil enough for twenty-four hours at least. — Donkey prick she was getting very weary of, the other lover was still ill, her protector more loving than ever. — “Oh! I'm so glad to see you again and have some one to tell things to.” — Tell she did, and I think all about her fuckings, cooking, Donkey prick's meanness, young Harry's lust, &s. — Then for the first time I think she wanted to borrow a trifle which she got as a gift instead of a loan — for she was delightful, with beauty, cleanliness, fine taste, wit and lasciviousness combined. [How rare that combination.]

Towards the end of February, on a dirty but warmish night for that month, I visited an old relative in the suburbs, and went there by a loop line of railway which had not been opened long. I met there with a little ad-venture, being I suppose always on the look out and un-able to resist a grope of a warm cunt, whenever I got the opportunity of groping comfortably.

The station in the suburb led out of a wide long road about a tenth of a mile from a main metropolitan thoroughfare.- On my return I found I was three-quarters of an hour too early, so loitered about the road, smoking and thinking, I noticed at length two women, unmistakably harlots of a middling class. Quite in my youth I had many times fucked in that very road when there were only oil lamps there and against fences enclosing field and strawberry grounds. There were more houses about the road now, yet on both sides of the station road and viaduct, there were still large fields, and from the road which led up to the station was another — just before reaching it — which passed under the viaduct, connecting with a farm road and was

altogether between fields, and led to a farm house.

After a time chatting, I gave the women a shilling apiece to feel their cunts,, tho this was in the main road. Then said one, — “Why don't you have me? Let's go on the other side of the viaduct and nobody will see us — we are very often done there.” There I went with one, promising another shilling for an uninterrupted grope, it seemed a pleasant way of passing the time. I soon stood besides her having passed into the farm road, the night was quite dark, not a light was in that road, but a little light was shed down from the station platform above our heads, tho not sufficient to distinguish features by. Having pulled her petticoats up to her waist, I felt her bum and belly everywhere. She piddled over my fingers, felt my tool, and I was satisfied, tho my cock was stiffening as she left off.

As I first had seen her standing outside the station door, I now said I wondered they didn't prevent her. She laughed. — They wouldn't interfere, why should they? — she knew the porters'-and they knew her. — “They fuck you?” — “Both on em — I let em it keeps them square.” — Then I heard that the porters had their pleasure with her up against the viaduct, just when we were standing, — my fingers still twisting her cunt ringlets. — “I'll give five shillings to see one fuck you,” said I impetuously as the idea came suddenly on me. “Will you? all right, wait till the next train's gone and I'll fetch one.” “But I'll feel him first.” — “Oh. I don't know about that.” — “I'll give him half a crown, and it's all in the dark.” — It was so dark that I could scarcely see her face. “I'll ask — one I think would, but I don't know about the other — here's the train.”

A bell rang, the train moved in and moved off, she went when the passengers had gone off up to the station door, and I standing far off by the archway, after a time saw her talking to a man. Then she came to me. He'd be there as soon as he could, and we were to keep there in the dark. Finding I had ten shillings in siver in my purse, I put it into my greatcoat pocket ready — refusing to pay her beforehand as she asked me — then pulled my coat collar high up round my neck, and put on a comforter to hide my face as much as I could. — We stood talking about the porter and his prick, — which was a good big one she told me, that he was married and was named Michael. — Soon after, a big strongly built male form came under the arch to us. — He was evidently anxious not to be known and said he wouldn't fuck if I didn't go further off. I refused, and tho nervous had screwed up my determination to feel him when fucking her, or wouldn't pay. I told her this when she had come to me, he standing with his face to the viaduct. She, fearing the loss of five shillings, went and persuaded him energetically. “Come along old man, yer didn't mind when the farmer

passed the other night," I heard. Then I guessed from her movements she was feeling his cock. He had pulled his cap well over his eyes and kept himself turned to-wards her, and I kept at the back of him not wishing to be known or to know him. In the darkness there was but little probability of future recognition of each other.

All was silent, I approached and supposed he was obdurate spite of her manipulation of his doodle. "Feel my pussy," I guessed by the movement that she'd lifted her clothes, and for a minute again all as quiet. — Then

— "There — isn't it stiff — put it in." — I closed on him, — she'd her back against the brick piers. "Let me feel it first, and I'll give you the half crown," I mumbled. "Let him feel it Mick — don't be a fool." — I closed to his back, he'd made no reply — put my hand round and grasped a prick as stiff as a poker, then felt his balls. — She moved her hand away from them to let me — he turned his head sideways from me, whilst I manipulated his prick for a minute in slence. —My own prick then stiffened, throbbed sensuously, I longed to fuck her myself, and next to see him do it. The old letch for a lubricated cunt came' \ thrilling.

"Put it up her" mumbled I, my hand having roved up and down his prick for a minute or so. In a second he was oscillating his rump, was fucking her rapidly, heeding me not now as again going to his side, my hand stole between them till I grasped his balls, and the come and go of his rod in her cunt was perceptible, — then Michael murmured, sighed, and spent. From the moment he began ramming her till he'd spent he seemed to think of nothing,, never uttered a sound — tho still he leaned his head over her left shoulder so that I couldn't see his face, — which was just what I wanted.

Ere he'd withdrawn his prick from its cosy lodging, I drew to his back again and put out the half crown, saying so. He took it with his left hand, and the next second suddenly and without turning round to see me — without uttering a word, — ran off quickly under the viaduct, and was out of sight in a second. The woman laughed. — I gave her the five shillings and felt her overflowing lubricious quim. I now was trembling with lust. — "Oh I'd like to fuck you." — "All right, put it in." — "I'm frightened." — "You need not be." — "I'm a married man." — "So is he." — I wonder I re-strained myself for my prick was throbbing with lust, but groping the lubricious receptacle, thinking of the solid prick which had spent in it, and God knows what other voluptuous reminiscences, I let her frig me, spent on the ground, and then pissed over my fingers to purify them.

She was squatting, washing her cunt with her own piddle — when "that's your train." — I wouldn't go by it fearing to see the porter, tho I'd never seen his face nor he mine, said I should go by cab

and miss the train I'd been waiting for. “I must go,” said she, “I nearly always get a friend by this train.” — “And you fuck here?” — “Generally — sometimes we go further up the lane, there's a fence all the way to the farm — if you wait here you'll see us at it.” We both moved into the station road, I waited by the arch, but she got no friend. Then I led her to a lamp in the main road to see her face, and found her really a good looking young woman. Surprised, I wondered she didn't take men to a house. — “So I do if they'll come, and there is a nice one seven minutes from here, but they're generally in such a hurry.” — I was interested, so gave her an-other half crown for a chat. She'd done well since the station was opened — had two or three men each night there — was rarely, five minutes with any of them — they did her, and often got to the station just as the train stopped there.

One middle-aged man who had had her several times, came usually by the train just come, he waited till all was clear, then rapidly went under the archway, she following him. When he'd fucked her he went off quickly, she never moved off for some minutes, so as to prevent any suspicions about his little game, he'd arranged it so.

Strange desire to see that porter came over me, I checked it for a day or two, but four or five evenings afterwards took a ticket by train to that station and waited there. There were two porters, but I couldn't identify my man, the two being in form so much alike. I kept there wandering about, till the station master asked me why I was waiting — I told him for some one who'd come by next train. Soon after he called a porter, another said. “He wants you Mick,” and he I believe whose prick I had felt, came — I stared at him, but he evidently had no recollection of me. He was a fine strapping fellow of about thirty-five. I'd have given a sovereign to have seen and felt his prick again. It delighted me to know that I'd felt it and seen him fucking, and that he hadn't a notion that I had done so.

[I wonder at myself — wonder if many men in this metropolis have had such out of the way letches — and adventures.]

[Then again came the chance of a youthful virginity, and a singular illustration of the effect of nervousness upon me, mentally and physically. So identical were the nervous phenomena, so similar all circumstances attending that defloration to what took place about six months ago, that the narrative seems even to me, like a reproduction of an old event clothed in new language. But it is not so. As each of the two incidents occurred, the same or the next day it was written down. I do not dwell on my nervous sufferings, but they were pain-fully great, I was a psychological study to myself for some time after the event.

[All circumstances attending the deflorating this lass are evidence that most poor girls are fucked before they are sixteen. It is immaterial

who does it, but they will be fucked. — She is quite as willing to have it done, as he to do it, and probably it is the female who incites the male (unwittingly perhaps) following simply the law of nature — quite as much as the male incites the female to the pleasure. What rot then this talk about male seduction, when it is nature which seduces both. Equally absurd also the sentimental bosh about young virgins being bought and sold. The results to the girl are the same whether she is fucked for money or love

— or if the term be liked better — for lust. A prick up her she will have before she's sixteen. She will have her sexual pleasure, paid or unpaid for it. The poor alone are philosophical in amatory matters.]

H. was impecunious, and having made money by the lass whose virginity I took last spring, I shall always think put this temptation in my way for further profit.

— I found there one day a little servant about fourteen years old, fairly pretty, sprightly and pleasing, and thought I should like to investigate her privates as soon as I set eyes on her. — H. said the lass was daughter of a sea coast man, and had two sisters gay, had been stopping with one in London who had let her see men fuck her. “She won't be long before she has it.” She had found out that this girl frigged herself. — I suppose all girls of fourteen do — and wanted to be fucked, knew all about it, had said so. — H. and she had al-ready looked at each other's cunts — women like doing that — and she had frigged the girl who was “virgo intacta” — warranted. “If you don't have her some one will soon, her sister won't let her stop here she'll make money out of her, and if not the girl will let some man fuck her.” — “I'll have her” said I, and began courting the lass.

Soon after, H said she'd have nothing to do with it, but still she would not hinder me. I reminded her of what she'd told me. — She replied, that certainly the girl would have a man soon somehow, or somewhere, for she was so lewed and curious, that a little per-suasion would get her. — H's change of front, her object in holding back now, was not very clear to me, but felt sure she'd like to see me fuck the lass for baudy pleasure if for nothing else. Telling her so, she laughed and said she should.

That day I kissed the slut, gave her a trifling present, and felt up to her navel. She let me readily, even seemed complimented by my attention. — H. was present. — “There's no hair on your dear little cunt.” “Not yet,” she replied — I had then one of those long exciting preliminary, baudy, inductive conversations, — so very delicious with an unpoked girl, and equally delicious to her. — “You know what fucking is, don't you my darling?” — “No,” said she hanging her head and looking confused — “What a lie,” said H. — “You've seen gentlemen doing it to your sister.” — “Oh” said the lass. At length she

confessed it. Then I felt freely all about her hidden charms, my hands roved up and down, I insinuated a finger between her thighs closed tightly, but it rubbed between the lips of the grove, and brought away the female aroma. Ah me how nice is the smell of cunt, which some fools say isn't nice. — She was sitting on my knee, I wanted to see her naked but that she refused, I pulled up her clothes, she pushed them down, whining. H. winked at me. “Your cunt smells so nice,” said I. — “You're a nasty man” she replied, coloring up and looking at H.

“Let me another day, dear.” Then as customary, I gave money to buy shoes and stockings. Having felt her till my cock was restive, I began caressing H*** “Come and look at your mistress' cunt.” — H. favored me, for our conversation had made her lewed, she turned on to the bed and about, and let me look at her cunt. Then the girl after a little persuasion felt H's cunt. — We had wine, I gamahuched H., the girl got tight with the drink and also gamahuched her, then I again made H. spend and again with my lingual titillation until she was well-nigh exhausted with spending, and then fucked her twice at the side of the bed, letting the girl see my prick go in and out, and I taught her to play with my balls. — Never had a lass seen so much I think in about three hours. We had a deliciously baudy treat, and at the end half screwed, laughingly she admitted that she too should like to be fucked. Odd if she hadn't, for her modesty had gone to the winds, had been going before she came to H. and our talk and acts would have made the coldest virgin randy, and her cunt hot and reeking with lubricious juices. — This girl in whose eyes was lust, who kissed me again and again when I left — tho still resisting a look at her privates — was dying to let me, tho I left without doing it.

Next visit, H. told me that since my absence, she had been gamahuched by the lass who loved doing it, and she'd again frigged the lass who was longing to be fucked. — “Give her a sovereign, and she will let you.” — So I began kissing and coaxing her, but she had such a bad cold in her head and wanted her pocket handkerchief so often, that she was unpleasant to me, so much so that desire for her was chilled, I never could bear a snotty-nosed female.

I tried to evoke my lust by a frig and other devices uselessly. I thought of my impotence with the former little lass and fear came over me of similar trouble. I fancied my prick shrunk, felt it and whispered to H. “I shall not be able to fuck her I'm sure.” — “Nonsense, don't think so — can't you fuck me three times nearly every time you come to see me? — Why can't you fuck her then? — Nonsense — don't think about it” — was H.'s reply. But it was so — the result of the girl's bad cold in the first place, and then a fearful, ridiculous nervousness, thro thinking about my former frigidity.

Next visit she had neat stockings and shoes on — my gift. —

“Let's look at your little cunt, darling.” — H. had prepared her for the request, and the girl got slowly on to the bed. “Pull up your clothes,” said I, liking to see her do that. — With hesitation slowly up she pulled them, — “Higher darling” but she stopped, and I pulled her chemise up above her navel. I was enraptured with breaking down her modesty, with making a supposed virgin expose herself so much. Then I looked long and lasciviously. She was a nice little creature, not plump but not bony, nor did I feel any prominences as I ran my hand over her from her nascent bubbies to her thighs. Then dropping on my knees by the bedside, I opened wide her thighs and saw the delicate pink grove. All was well washed and sweet — H. took care of that.

I gloated on the pretty cunt. Not a hair discolored the creamy colored lips, nor interfered with the view of the little flaps and clitoris which were just showing. There was the hymen closed all but a little hole, a perforation into which I cautiously inserted my little finger, at which she winced. All was so pink, so rosy, so delicate, that restraining myself no longer and removing my finger, I put my tongue to it; throwing her thighs over my arms and placing my hands under her little bum, I licked her cunt furiously. For so long a time I had licked no cunt excepting those of which the thatch tickled my nose — the well-haired cunt of H.'s mostly — that this was a delicious novelty and the rosy-tinted, sweet virgin quim licking gave me voluptuous delight — H. stood by with her soft baudy eyes enjoying the sight. I licked till my tongue ached, the lass enjoying it, showing no life excepting an occasional twitch of her thighs, or an involuntary slight heave of her little backside — I can't say if she spent or not. — She told H. that she did. Then I left off and gamahuched H. till she was wild with de-light, and sobbed out when spending — as she does also when she's fucking. — “Fuck — oho — aha — ahar — spunk.” — She and I always indulge thus and stimulate our passion. She pushed me away just as her salt spendings reached my tongue, she always either clutches or pushes my head furiously when her spend is on.

Then I laid the lass along the bed, she seeming joyous at it, and told her that the tongue could not give her the pleasure that a prick could, and so did H. “Its fifty times greater than sucking or frigging gives you dear — let me put this into your cunt.” — “Shall I?” — said she to H. “Do what you like,” was the reply.

I mounted her, but my prick fell flapping against the pretty cunt. Three minutes before, I was stiff to bursting, now not a bit of strength was in it. The girl and H. had both felt it stiff as a ramrod — now it was a bit of pendant gristle. — I rubbed, thrust and rubbed the tip up against the virgin slit, pinched it and squeezed it, shook it, but all was useless. — Off I got, placed H. against the bed with rump towards me, and a few pushes up her invigorating quim stiffened it enough to have

gone thro a street door. — With the moisture of her dear cunt on it, again I put it against the little virgin cunt — Down it then drooped again. I tried it again but all was useless, then weary and ashamed I gave it up after half an hour trial. — After some wine and talk I turned H.'s rump to me, and "a levrette" fucked and spent in her. — No difficulty had I in the lovely avenue of that delicious stimulating creature.

I had put the lass so that she could see our copulation, see that I was stiff and had-spent. H. then herself fingered the little one's cunt, and once inserted a tip of a finger. I got the lass to see my prick as it came out of the gruelly quim, but my cock wouldn't stand to her, and I left annoyed, telling her she'd not get her present, till I had left her quim as wet with my spendings as H*l*n's was. — "Ain't I doing as you told me," said she to H*l*n — in an anxious tone. — "Certainly, it's not your fault."

"Never mind, he'll do you next time," said H. — but the next time — a couple of days after — was only a repetition. I could not fuck her, tho the girl helped me, twisted and turned like an eel, as I told her. Yet again H. drew out my sperm easily. — What witchery was on me? — I stayed away longer, and when I went felt strong—that I should succeed. There was the little ready lass a virgin still, as closely I investigated and satisfied myself — randy lass tho she was. — We all three stripped and began amorous tricks. — "You'll do her today" said H. feeling my prick. — I put the little one on the side of the bed. — "Should you like to be fucked dear." — "Oh I should — so — like — to be fucked," — said she, emphasising her words just as written. Strong desire was in every word, and in every look of the little dear face — surely never was a young virgin more determined to taste the male — it seems incredible almost as I write it, but such was the result — largely of H.'s teaching — who laughed. "Since you were here she and Phil have been in bed with me, he Rucking me — haven't you?" — "Oh yes." — Nothing more was said — the lass kissed my prick — I licked and wetted the virgin quim, there was the unbroken virginity. "Hurrah!" my prick was hot and stiff, I felt her, brought her to the edge of the bed, put her legs up against my chest, and nervously agitated, lodged my prick against her notch and pushed. — "Does that hurt you?" — "A little." — I thrust again. — "Oho" — she gently sobbed as another prick thrust told — and she winced and her bum drew back. — A few more short pushes and I felt the barrier give way, felt my prick tearing it open, then in it glided easily up the smooth canal, till her womb stopped it. — Glorying, I felt my prick fully sheathed. "Feel it H*l*n" — I cried. — "I'm up her" — H. felt it. — "She's got it." — The girl put down her hand and felt at my request my prick stem hidden in her cunt. — "Is it nice love?" — "Oh yes,"

she whispered. — Then taking my time, with long steady thrusts and withdrawals, so that every inch of her vagina could feel the friction, I fucked till at length hot spunk gushed into her copiously, and the sweet little lass spent with me. — Long time I kept it up her, triumphing, looking at her contented face, then out came my prick slobbered and blood streaked. — Her cunt was bleeding slightly and letting out my sperm, as she lay still in dreamy voluptuousness, satisfied, bewildered with her new pleasure, her reeking cunt soothed and gratified by my sperm, and so she lay, thighs apart with her legs hanging down seemingly happy, till told to get up and wash. — H*l*n stood looking — speechless.

Never was a virginity at last taken with greater ease or luxury than hers, never was a girl more anxious to lose it. She washed her cunt under H*l*n's directions, and the basin full of water got red. Again I looked at her quim which would not stop bleeding. — “Yes I liked it,” said she, and that was much nicer than frigging herself, that she was glad she had been fucked. She kissed me as if she wished her lips to eat into mine — did the young, hot-cunted loving slut, whose willingness for fucking was remarkable.

I have often heard women say that until their second or third poke, they had no pleasure with a man, that they believed few if any enjoyed the first. — H*l*n seemed even to have that belief, but her two young ones both spent at their first fuck. I'll swear I have known full grown virgins fetched by my gristly rammer, the first time it was put up them, and that their pleasure followed the slight pain which the splitting gives. I in-cline to the belief that breaking thro the hymen really gives very little pain. I know as much about it as most men, and am sure that many a virgin spends with her first fuck. — What astonished me was that I had again the same temporary impotency I'd had with the other young servant — one of H*l*n's — some months before. I believe it was thinking of my difficulty with the first one which unmanned me with this girl, and my failing in the first attempt on her — I feared it would be so the moment nervousness set in, and so it was. It was not want of sperm, for I fucked H*l*n easily enough when I couldn't fuck Nancy.

It is needless to tell more about this amour, the only novelty was in opening up her quim to masculine pleasure. She soon left H*l*n and took to whoring with her sister, who had also her cunt plugged before she was fourteen. H*** was no doubt right when she said that some one was sure to fuck the lass soon. Harlot she wanted to be and was. Whether a girl in her condition of life has it at fourteen, or postpones it till sixteen, the end is the same, she merely has two years more frigging instead of fucking. Physically and morally which is the worst — or best? — Both are natural and according to some notions

improper — to talk, think or write about copulation, or to do anything with our genitals is always highly improper to some people. — Yet we were created with cock and cunt, and sperm, for that alone, live indeed for that alone. — All males and females think and talk about it constantly and fuck as much as they can. — “How improper,” say some fools and hum-bugs. This law of nature will make them fuck without permission of priest, registrar, or law, for the multiplication of the species comes about by this very improper act, called fucking.

[Thinking over this episode — one day I wrote the following about “Virginities.”

[How much alike is all this amatory work, varying only broadly in the preliminaries, — less and less in de-tail as familiarity increases. — How soon the time comes when full opportunity occurs. — Introduction civilities, liking, and then desire springs up in the man or woman, or both. It is contagious. — Then cautious advances of the man, tentative remarks, almost instinctive at times- - at other times designed. Pride in the man's attentions and flattery soothes the woman, and the road to surrender is paved. In him now lust rises, hope springs up, then come warmer and suggestive words. — Were not man and woman made to give each other pleasure? — how many give each other pleasure in secret — the world knows nothing of it, — it's easy enough to accomplish. — Why not we? — to kiss, to cuddle, how sweet to both — how lovely is the touch of naked flesh with naked flesh — nice even when palm meets palm but only to be fully tasted when in bed. — “Let us.” — “Oh! fie! — I don't know what you mean. — Oh! how rude you are” — and she blushes, tries to look offended, yet half smiles with downcast eyes.

[She liked to hear these hints — suggestions of conjugality and its pleasure — tho she forbids. Luxurious thoughts now arise, chasing each other thro her brain. Is it more pleasure than frigging herself, she thinks. — Desires — complicated at first by such thoughts and fears and prudence, arise. Ah! a thrill passes through her, starting from her centre of bliss. Again and again that voluptuous thrill, — that half faint feeling as her cunt again sends forth those carnal waves of desire, desire not precise in its wants but indefinite, softly languishing. — Lust with its soothing, brain stealing voluptuous sensations, is working her body and soul for its end, and she thinks of fucking. They look into each other's eyes, male instinct tells him of her carnal wants, and his lust burns fiercely.

[Then further talk and broader hints of the sweets of connection — two joined in one. A pressure of the palms, a kiss, a hug round the waist — closer together they now, limbs meeting, their warmth of flesh mingling. Does lustful aroma issue from one or from both as prick and cunt inflame. — French writers say it does and steeps the

senses, and deadens prudence. — Certainly never does woman's flesh smell to me so sweetly, so excitingly as now — her lustful aromas rise from neck, and armpits, from the hair of her head issues sexual perfume. Then acts follow words. — “Let me. — What a lovely ankle.” — “Oh! take your hand away.” — up steals his hand above the garter and the warm soft flesh of thigh is felt. — Up starts his prober hard as horn, lustful — heated pulsations moving it: It nods with lust. — A thrust of hand — a cry. — “Oh — don't.” — A struggle and his fingers touch her clitoris. — “Oh! now. — Leave off — I'll scream.” — But his finger keeps there. — “Ah — oho — what a shame.” — The struggle is over, her voice sinks lower to a whining murmur — no screech follows the threat. — Both murmur softly now, “let me.” — “No.” — “I won't hurt you — let me fuck you.” — “No.” — His hand goes further back below the clitoris, touches the portcullis of her womb, and then she struggles hard!. — All useless, maiden.

[The invasion is complete — the titillation tells and enervates. She has voluptuous delight, mental and physical, in his fingers laying between the lips of the soft lubricious orifice. Tho with a few struggles she says, “don't.” — Out comes his flaming prick — her hand feebly refusing at first soon grasps the throbbing rigidity. — Lust now overwhelms them both — unconscious, blind agents almost, working out are they their share in the great scheme of generation. — Instinct, restless are his fingers till she yields, falls back, refusing all the time yet helplessly is yielding. Up he lifts the curtains of her nudity. A kiss on the white soft belly whilst the aroma of the avenue makes him reel with fierce desire. In a second his prick touches it. — Thrust — Thrust, throb — “ahrr — oh don't — you hurt.” — He is full up her, his balls touch her buttocks, her cunt tightens, then spends from every pore. “Aharr — my darling,” and his sperm jets into her. — Soft broken murmurs die away into silence, their limbs are still now in the exhaustion of pleasure — the deed is done — nature is satisfied — the object of creation attained. — Thus are virginities taken. — Ex uno disce omnes — variations in time and according to age, and place, and hour, and opportunity — some quicker — some shorter in progress, — but the end the same — always the same. — Nature will have it so. — Ex uno disce omnes. —'We were fucked for — born to fuck in our turn — to beget others to fuck. — Ex uno disce omnes. As in the beginning, now and ever it will be — Fucking.]

Chapter IX

A small cunt on the Derby day. • Under a portico at midnight. • The brothel afterwards. • A harlot's history. • On cunts generally. • Nationalities of the women I have fucked. • The beauty of cunts. • Their fucking qualities. • Ignorance on this head. • Ages of the women I have fucked. • How the sight of cunts affects men. • Physiognomy of cunts. • Their classification.

A month or more after I had the little virgin at H.'s, at past midnight of the Derby day when the street was unusually quiet after the day's festivities, I who had supped with friends on our return, walked along * * * * *. A short neat-looking girl approached, evidently not in-tending to notice me, I was heated with food, wine, and the day's outing, the idea of a free and easy cunt being at hand roused my passions, and I accosted her. “Where are you going, my dear?” “Why home of course.” — We stopped, talked, and in a few seconds “Let me feel your cunt and I'll give you a shilling.” — She looked up and down the silent street. — “Be quick then.” — We turned up a street still quieter, with large handsome houses with porticos, beneath one of which my hand was soon round her bum and a finger — after a general feel over the soft surface of her sexual gap — was up the male receptacle. — After a minute's groping. — “What a tight cunt you've got, how old are you?” I asked. “Turned seventeen.” Then many questions and answers in a quiet tone, whilst still my hand roved about the slippery surface of the red opening, ever and anon a finger gliding in and out of the juicy folds, then frigging the little soft proturbance where the belly divides. — “Why, it's like a girl's of fourteen.” — “So they say,” — and further answers. — “Some men like it, some don't. — No I haven't had it tonight, worse luck.” — Then indignantly. — “A park woman? that I ain't.” — Then I heard she'd been to the races in a chaise with her sister and husband and his brother, and had had a jolly evening. — The brother was “on night watch for a fortnight and obliged to leave” — “or he'd have had me — ain't you curious? — No I've just piddled and can't do it — no I won't try — that will do — oh leave off — I must get home.”

Her bum waggling, she drew it back and dislodged me, — “You'll make me want it,” said she as my fin-gers again moved about her quim. Soon after, — “Let me feel yours?” She felt my trowsers at the proper spot, I looked up and down the silent street, saw no one and produced my shaft. “Aha — it's stiff.” — I was red hot now by desire for the little quim, and we felt each other restlessly, until — “Why don't you have me?” — “Do you want it?” — “I just do — oh you'll fetch me — don't” — and again she dislodged my fin-gers as her bum

wagged with lustful thrills.

That brought me to my senses, and tho my pego throbbed I paid her. — “If I'd had that before I'd rode home — there — why don't you do me?” — “We shall be seen.” — “We shan't” — “I've no more money, I've lost all betting.” — “So have I — do it — come close to the door — we shan't be noticed.” — “I've no money, I tell you.” — “Never mind — do me.” — I thought for a second hesitating but wanting her badly. — “Here's half a crown. — Now don't let me if you're not sure you're quite well.” — She pocketed the money. — “I'm all right, I never was ill in my life,” — and she went up another step, and set her back against the side of the porch which just there was walled. She was short but a willing cock and cunt will help each other to the great act of nature. — Soon I was up to my balls in her, and we fucked ourselves into Elysium. — What a grip her cunt gave as my lubricious emulsion throbbed into it.

There we stood coupled till we heard the heavy foot-steps of a constable in the distance, then uncunting, we walked off laughing to the main road. “You wanted it.” — “I just did.” — “If he hadn't come we'd have done it again.” — “Yes, we'll go back,” said the girl. — We stood talking till the policeman appeared and went far away. Then “Come back,” said she. We went to another portico, I felt her gluey quim, she frigged me — just then a clock struck one. — “I must go.” — “You'll do it in a minute,” said the randy-cunted lass frigging my cock hard — but I was for reasons obliged rapidly to go, I'd no idea it was so late. Altho I've had no special liking for tight cunts — quite the contrary once — there is no accounting for a letch, and as my prick pistoned her, the sheath had seemed so exquisite in its lubricity, that I asked her to meet me another night. She lived much further off, knew no house there, but she'd be with me. I must pay her. — I didn't much expect she'd keep her word, but gave her five shillings, promising another five if she'd be at a place named. Three days after she came and I had her. She was a slim, well made, fairly good looking young strumpet, and had very clean under linen. Her cunt nymphae, was lovely to look at and perhaps the tight-est cunt I ever had in a girl of her age. I fucked her twice, then frigged her, and sent her away contented. As I felt up her cunt, it seemed as if no prick could get into it — but cunt is a distendible article.

We had champagne, and her tongue loosened. Laughing heartily “I did want it just when you felt me, I'd wanted it all the evening, I've never been felt in the street before. — Toni forgot the time and distance, so went off suddenly or he'd lost his place.” — He'd intended to have her but things went wrong, there had been words through drink. “So I was athinking of it when I met you.” She was fifteen and a half when first fucked for about half a dozen times, then

for a year never had it again, then she wouldn't let her mother “keep her under” any longer, and she'd been “regular gay” two months. — “I don't let the people about us know that, — when I goes out I never goes near mother.” — I got her address, but never used it.

Then I fell ill, and during that time wrote the following essay on cunts. — I intended to destroy it, be-cause it is no part of the narrative of my secret life, but reserved it at last.

In my travels in various parts of the globe, I have never failed to have the women of the various countries passed through, as well as many of the women of the provinces, countries, and nationalities, which in some cases make together what is called an Empire. Thus women of Croatia, Styria and Dalmatia, and those of Vienna and Pesth, altho all belonging to the Austrian empire, are of absolutely different physical types. — A Dalcarlian and a woman of Gottenburg differ greatly, yet both are of the Swedish kingdom. — In Great Britain, the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh are of different types, and there is even a great difference in face and form between a Yorkshire and Devonshire woman — both English.

I have tasted the sexual treasures of all these fair creatures in their capital cities, and many of their large towns; not only in Europe, but in lands and countries away over many oceans. I have sought abroad variety in races and breeds at the best lapunars, where they keep women of different nationalities to suit the tastes and languages of travellers. Thus I have had women of all parts of the world, and from parts in which I have not set foot. They may differ in face, form, and color, but all fuck much in the same manner, their endearments, tricks and vices are nearly the same, yet I found great charm in the variety, and always voluptuous delight in offering the homage of my priapus to a woman of a type or nationality unknown to me.

Looking thro diaries and memoranda, I find that I have had women of twenty-seven different empires, kingdoms or countries, and eighty or more different nationalities, including every one in Europe except a Laplander. I have stroked Negress, Mulatto, Creole, Indian half breeds, Greek, Armenian, Turk, Egyptian, Hindu, and other hairless-cunted ones, and squaws of the wild American and Canadian races. — I am but * * * * * years old, and the variety I have had astonishes me. May I live to have further selection, and increase the variety of my charmers.

I have had of course women in most parts of the United Kingdom, but fewer Irish women than others; having generally found them the lowest, baudiest, foulest-tongued, blarneying, lying, cheating, as well as the dirtiest of all the harlots I ever had.

[In the manuscript the names of the various places where I had the women, together with dates were mostly set forth, but to do so

here would disclose too much.]

I have probably fucked now — and I have tried care-fully to ascertain it — something like twelve hundred women, and have felt the cunts of certainly three hundred others of whom I have seen a hundred and fifty naked. My acquaintance with the others beginning and ending mostly in the streets, with the delicate operation of what is called stink-fingering. Many incidents connected with these fugitive sexual amusements have been briefly described already, and on revision I find but few others worth noticing, tho some of them at the time struck me as novel. I expect that for the most part they were but such, as every man who with an amorous temperament has behaved in his secret life much as I have done, has met with. So to the flames with these short histories of amatory, fingering, etc. etc.

My sense of the beautiful in all things, which makes me now more than ever look to form in a woman more than to face, has shewn to me distinct beauty in some cunts compared with others. For many years — tho perhaps it did not absolutely determine my selection of the woman at first, I still must have been conscious of it — it must in a degree have determined afterwards, whether I had the woman a second night or not (gay women). Altho the reasons why I selected the lady for the second night's amusement are mixed and difficult to analyze, my recollection dwells pleasantly on those women whose cunts pleased me by their look, whilst the externals of those whose slits lacked attraction and looked ugly to me, I think of even now with some dislike. For years past this perception of the physiognomy of cunts has been ripening by experience and reflection, and now when I lift a woman's chemise, my first impulse is to see if her cunt is pretty or not.

I have in fact become a connoisseur in cunts, tho probably my taste in that female article is not that of other men. There are perhaps many who would call those cunts ugly, which I call handsome, and vice versa just as they might differ from me about what is beautiful in form, face or color of a woman; and even about her style of fucking, her manners, language, or other particulars.

Not only is beauty, or want of beauty, to be seen in the externals of a cunt, but it is to be noticed when the fringed covers are opened. Many a woman looks well enough as she lies on a bed with thighs nearly closed, and the triangle of hair — be its color what it may — shadowing the top of the rift which forms her sex at the bottom of her belly, but whose vulva looks plain enough, seen when the outworks are opened wide, and large nymphae growing from a clitoris protrude, and the opening to the avenue of love looks large and ragged. — Other cunts with small delicate inner lips, which merge into the general surface before they reach the small looking opening at the

lower end, are pretty, and invite the entry of the prick beneath the little nubbly red clitoris. — The charm of color also enters into the effect. The delicate pink coral tint of a very youthful virgin, is much more pleasing than the deep bluish carmine — the color of many matured, well fucked, or well frigged quims, or of those which have let through them several infants.

The saying that every woman is the same in the dark, is the saying of ignorance. It implies that every cunt gives equal pleasure, an error which I think I have ex-posed before, and combatted with several men. The pleasures which cunts give men in coition vary greatly. Scores of women I never seem to have properly entered or enjoyed. In some my prick seemed lost, in others felt an obstruction. In some it seemed to move irregularly, meeting obstacles here and there, as if the cunt resisted its probing, or when a snug place was found for the tip — wherein lies all male pleasure — at the next thrust it was lost and difficult to find again. Up others my prick has struck their end before half its length was sheathed in it. Sometimes a pretty looking little orifice leads to a capacious tube inside, and is wanting in gentle pressure on the prick when within its folds. I have had some women, up whose cunts I have thrust a finger by the side of my pego when with-in it, tho it was swollen to full size, and seemed large enough to fill any cunt, and yet the vagina seemed a cavern to it.

There are cunts which fit me to perfection, in which my prick revels in voluptuous delight, from the mo- ment it enters till it leaves it; in which it cannot go wrong, whether lying quiescently within its warm lubricious folds, whether the thrusts be long or short, quick or slow. Such cunts make me feel that I have an angel in my embraces. Others do their work of coition uncomfortable, making me almost glad when the orgasm is over, and leaving me indifferent to the woman when my prick leaves her. What my experience is, must be that of others.

I have either fucked, felt, or seen the cunts of a child in its cradle, and those of females of all ages between six and fifty, have seen them of all sizes and developments, and in color from pale coral to mulberry crimson — I have seen those bare of hair, those with but hairy stubble, those with bushes six inches long, and covering them from bum bone to navel. It might have been expected that I was satiated, that all curiosity, all charm in this female attribute had gone from me.

Nevertheless the sight of this sexual organ pleases me as much as ever, sometimes I think more. Little intrinsic beauty as it may have, little as it may add — artistically considered, — to the beauty of the female form in those parts wherein it is set. — Nay, altho at times I

may have thought it ugly in a beautiful woman, it has still a charm, which makes me desire to see the cunt of every young female I meet.

This is the reflex in the brain of the joy that the penetration of the cunt has given me, of the intense mental and physical pleasure of fucking, pleasure which for the time makes the plainest woman adorable, and her cunt a gem which the mines of Golconda cannot match. There is no more exquisite, voluptuously thrilling sight, than that of a well formed woman sitting or lying down naked, with legs closed, her cunt hidden by the thighs, and only indicated by the shade from the curls of her motte, which thicken near to the top of the temple of Venus as if to hide it. Then as her thighs gently open and the gap in the bottom of her belly opens slightly with them, the swell of the lips show, the delicate clitoris and nymphae are disclosed, the enticing red tint of the whole surface is seen, and all is fringed with crisp, soft, curly, shiny hair, whilst around all is the smooth ivory flesh of belly and thighs, making it look like a jewel in a case. Man's eyes can never rest on a sweeter picture.

Then as the thighs widen for man's embrace, and the cunt shows itself in all its length and breadth, red and glistening with moisture and lust, all seen but the lower end where lies the entrance for the prick, which is partly closed by the ivory buttocks, and seems of a darker red, by the shade in which it lies, telling of the secrecy and profundity of the tube which the prick is to fathom, and in which it enters, stiffens, throbs, emits, and shrinks out whilst its owner almost faints with the pleasure it receives and gives, is there aught in this wide world which is comparable to a cunt? How can any man cease to have curiosity, desire, and a charm in it?

At such moments my brain whirls with visions of beauty and of pleasure, past, present, and to come. My eyes embrace the whole region from anus to navel, the cunt seems invested with seraphic beauty and its possessor to be an angel. Thus even now I can gaze on cunts with all the joy of my youth, and even tho I have seen fourteen hundred, long to see fourteen hundred more.

Of the physiognomy of cunts, and of their pleasure-giving capabilities, perhaps I know as much as most men. Physiognomically they may be divided into five classes, but a cunt may partake of the characteristics of one, two, or more, and particularly in respect of development, of clitoris and nymphae. I classify them as follows. — Clean-cut cunts. — Clean-cut with stripes. — Lipped with flappers. — Skinny lipped. — Full lipped — and Pouters.

Clean-cut cunts. — Are those resembling a cut through an orange; the flesh on each side is full, thick, swelling up, turning inwards slightly, and forming a fattish pad rather than lips, altho a tendency to

the form of lips may be seen. Neither clitoris nor nymphae are seen in some, tho in all the flesh seems reddening as the sides turn inwards and meet, showing the slightest coral stripe, a mere hint of the red surface inside. This sort of cunt is most beautiful in girls up to about fourteen years of age, just before the hair begins to grow on them, tho they are to be seen in much older females. The pads of flesh are firm yet elastic, and that of the motte — which is full — is equally so. This class of cunt generally alters by age, but I have seen it in one thirty-five years old. There is usually ample space between the thighs where there are these cunts in full grown women, so that a man's hand can lay comfort-ably between them, and grasp a whole handful of vulva. Perhaps the bones of the thighs are set widely apart in the pelvis, but I have seen and felt this width of cunt in short women. Straight cut cunts with stripes. — These cunts are much like the former, but the nymphae are slightly more developed, as well as the clitoris — not largely, but sufficiently to give a visible red stripe between and seeming to open the outer lips. Sometimes the red shows largely only when the thighs are widish apart — in others it shows even when the thighs are closed. — In some the little clitoris (not an ugly big one) just protrudes itself under the dark hair which thickens just about the split, and an inch below it the nymphae are lost to view unless the thighs he wide apart. I have seen this cunt in women up to thirty, and it is to me certainly the most delicate, most refined, handsomest, and most exciting cunt. I have nearly always found it in the finest modelled, plump, and loveliest woman. — It is indeed the only class of cunt which can be said to be handsome. A cunt is perhaps not a really handsome object at all, tho sexual instincts make its comtemplation exciting and charming to a man.

Lipped cunts with flappers. — These have the lips usually fully formed, the clitoris sticks out and the nymphae hang out from it nearly the whole length of the split down towards the vagina. — Women towards forty have mostly this cunt, and if they have fucked or frigged themselves much, the color is of a very dark pink or carmine. I have seen it in women of nearly a mulberry red. The nymphae I have also seen hanging out of or projecting beyond the lips, from three quarters to an inch and a half in depth, it was so detestable to me, -that it quite spoiled my liking for a really well made pretty woman of thirty-five whom I once knew. Many French gay women in the baudy houses get this sort of cunt, I expect thro excessive venery. They grow thus oftentimes in women if they have children. — It is a cunt nearly as ugly to me as the pouting cunts.

[Years after writing this I had a girl under sixteen years of age and looking fourteen, with nymphae hanging an inch and a half outside the lips and a quite large clitoris. The nymphae on one side

was much larger than the other, and her vagina would have engulphed the prick of a giant. I saw and fucked her a second time, out of sheer curiosity.]

Skinny lipped cunts. — These may be either with or without the nymphae shewing. Poor slim, youngish, half starved women with thin thighs and miserable rabbit backsides, have this form of cunt. It is not ugly actually, unless the nymphae are too obtrusive, which they frequently are, for many of these poor thin women have had a child, and you may see the signs of that on their poor flat bellies lying in a hollow between their ill covered hip bones — (women with this class of cunt usually sham modesty, put their hands over their gaps, say they don't like it looked at and giggle in an affected manner. I suppose they are conscious of the want of beauty in those parts.)

Full lipped cunts. — These are usually mature, they puff out like the half of a sausage, then die away into ample flesh on each side under a fat, fully-haired mons veneris or motte. Women fleshy and well fed have them, and they look well and handsome between the large white thighs and the big round buttocks below, between which they are enclosed and lay. They were the cunts which I loved most in my youth and long after. Mary, one of my first loves, and Louisa Fisher had such cunts in perfection. — I expect they are most attractive to quite young men, for they realize the cunts which all boys — as I very well recollect — figure to themselves before they have seen the sex of a woman. The general effect of the cunt is that it is capacious. Women with this class of cunt usually allow them to be looked at and fingered freely, and smile voluptuously at the man whilst the inspection is going on, as if proud of their notches, and they like the men to look at and to appreciate them.

Pouter. — The lips of these cunts are like half thin sausages, and almost seem to hang down from the belly, so that they leave a furrow between the outer sides of the lips and the inner side of the thighs. It is the ugliest ' cunt — and is still uglier if the nymphae show much, as they often do. They look as if the owners were in a consumption. The hair on these cunts I have found often look straggling and thin — or if thickish, the bush is weak, long, and with but little curl in it. — Several times when I have found myself with a woman who had this ugly sort of genital, I have been unable to stroke her. — Pouters, like the thin lipped cunts — usually belong to women, lanky, thin, poor, ill fed and not too young, poor, short, skinny arsed seam-stresses, those whose bum bones you can feel. I fancy it is largely through want of nourishment in their case and frequently through ill health. — Middle aged, needy whores — those who wear veils and try to pass themselves off as thirty when they are nearer fifty — have them. — I have in my youth many a time been taken in by them, but never now go

after a woman who wears a veil.

All classes of beauty may be found with one or other of the defects, for the variety in combination of outer lips, clitoris, nymphae, motte, and hair in quantity, size, and shape is infinite. No two cunts are exactly the same in look, hence the charm of variety, and the ever recurrent desire for fresh women by the male. There is always a charm in novelty, it is born with us.

Chapter X

A small-cunted lady's maid. • The courier's good for-tune. • Fucked and forsaken. • A public house and a hot clay. • Child, mother, and grandmother. • Lust communicated by touch of flesh. • Effects of hot weather and sherry on a rutting cunt. • In the cab. • In the brothel. • Pleasure and repentance. • Adultery alas!

[Turning over the remaining manuscript — I found the following about a small cunted woman. — When it got placed out of its chronological order I know not, but the incident occurred quite fifteen years ago. It naturally belongs to the chapter on cunts and so is placed here.]

Towards the end of October, at about five in the afernoon, a tall, light haired young woman turned out of Oxford St. into Bond St. She was so neatly dressed like a superior servant, that I couldn't conclude if she were gay or not. I followed her down the street where she seemed to look at no one when stopping and looking at shops. When she did, I also stopped and looked, standing by the side of her. Men noticed her, none addressed her, but when one turned round to look after her, I felt inclined to accost her fearing to be anticipated and some man have her before myself — if she was to be had at all.

By the time she had got to P**cl*d**ly my cock tip was up against my navel. I'd not had a fair woman for some time, and as I walked behind her had been picturing to myself the look of her cunt, comparing it mentally with dark ones, till I almost fancied I'd never seen a light haired one, and felt passionate desire for her. She stopped at a corner shop and going close to her I asked. “May I go home with you?” She looked at me as if half astonished, then after hesitation. “Yes, but I live three miles off.” — “Let us get into a cab.” — “Oh no, I can't take you home.” — We got then into a cab, and in ten minutes were in a snug accommodation house [existing no more].

She stood not attempting to undress. “Take off your things.” — “All?” — “Yes.” — She did partially then stopped. — “Get naked.” — “Are you going to be naked?” — “Yes.” — “Oho.” — She went on undressing slowly, there was no fire in the room and it being coldish I said “Keep your chemise on.” — “Thank you, sir,” said she — at which I laughed, and at that she looked astonished.

I had undressed much quicker and when in shirt held it up, proud of my prick which was in grand erection. She stood staring at it without speaking — I closed on her and put my hand between her thighs. — “Oh wait” — said she — and was soon on the bed in

chemise, which I pulled up to her navel, and saw a finely made woman twenty-two years old, — she said. — She'd a lovely motte delicately covered with short crisp hair of the color of ginger, but brighter. I opened her thighs and saw one of the prettiest of cunts, delicately lipped, and with the prettiest little crisp curls part of the way down them, slightly divided part of its length by a vermillion stripe which was just obtruding. I laid by her side, fingered the soft red stripe, intruded my finger, could scarcely find an opening, and when I did it seemed so tight to my finger. “You have a very little cunt.” — “Have I?”

Surrendering herself I got her to the bed side to see better, and opening wider her thighs, saw that the vagina's mouth looked like a young girl's. I put one finger, then two up it, delighted with the novelty — for nothing is so entrancing, soul absorbing as novelty in cunt — questioning, asking without reply, till at length. “I'm all right made sir.” Then on the bed I kissed all over her well formed, plump white fleshed body, nestling my mouth in her motte, sniffing its atmosphere. Then pressing myself close to it, putting her hand round my pego, kissing her lips, I frigged a neat little clitoris till she sighed with voluptuous thrills.

Silently turning on to her belly, - how instinctively a woman turns on to her back as the male presses against her — pulling up shirt and chemise, getting the fullest contact of naked flesh — that delicious sensation — my thighs settled between hers, my pego rubbed in the crisp thicket on her motte till my hairs mingled with hers, I guided the ruby tip to her cuntal entrance. Slowly at first my prick glided up the tight avenue, and then a vigorous thrust lodged it by her womb. Up and down now I lunged it, smoother and softer the channel seemed, a minute's luscious movements only. Aha, God! — what a tight grip yet lubriciously soft, how delicious a sensation on my gland which seemed dissolving into the folds of the channel. — “Oho — har” — she sighed, our buttocks trembled, my prick wriggled at the goal, a spasm of pleasure, my prick throbs, and out jets my sperm as our tongues meet and the volup- tuous paradisical swooning left us tranquil in dreamy pleasure, cunt and prick completing their work without our will. What an angel seems a woman during this orgasm of love, this sexual mingling. As my sperm rises I love her, could drink her piss, her blood, so do I long to be incorporate with her, be with her one in body and soul.

The brain returns to its normal state, the anticipation and anxieties of love return, when the heavenly pleasure has passed. — “Let me wash.” — “No, don't move” — and I clasped her buttocks firmly, pressing my motte to hers, squeezing my prick into her cunt. — “Do, I'm so frightened of getting in the family way, I'm going to

service again" and she uncunted me as a woman with a retrograde jerk of her bum can, when the prick is shrinking in her.

She washed whilst I lay asking how she managed to get the sperm out. — Was it really so small, she asked — one gentleman had said it was. Then as it was cool, and the sheets looked questionable, we covered our-selves with the blankets and talked, she had laid down after ablution as if she expected to be fucked again.

What did she mean by going to service? She began crying and told me that she was a servant in a good place — naming it — had been three years there and traveled with the family. Their courier made advances, before, got into her bedroom and she let him have her virginity. Afterwards he fucked her on several days or nights. As her room was away from the family's that was easy and seemed secure. — But they were discovered. Not a word was said till they came back to England, when her mistress discharged her at once, refusing to give a character. The courier laughed at marry- ing, said he'd only joked, that she knew it, and in a few days went abroad again. She, frightened to tell her parents, took a lodging, spent what little money she had, and at length one night in despair and without being advised by any one, went out to get money by the sale of her charms; that was only a week ago. She'd had two or three men, got but trifles, and hated the life, and resolved to get to service again. She'd got good clothes. Then she cried again, and left off feeling my cock to wipe her eyes.

I had thought her manners not those of a gay woman — but women are so cunning. — Soon after I had got this history which she seemed bursting to tell me, I'd frigged her into silence, her tears had ceased. The titillation of a cunt drowns sorrow, the frigging of a prick the same, and again my prober gently entered the tight warm sheath. Slowly at first then quicker we fucked ourselves into Elysium. It was delicious to feel the pleasure she felt — for she wanted it — lovely to lie up her afterwards, my prick revelling in the soft compression of her tight but mucilaginous cunt. Again she washed, again unasked got onto the bed.

Then our passions assuaged, and she made amiable by the fucking, I looked over her sweet body. It was two and twenty in perfection. — A gentleman whose prick had moistened many a cunt, a connoisseur in female beauty, should have ruptured her virginity, and not a man servant. — It was pearls to swine.

I saw no chance of a stiff again, yet cuddled her a while, making her put one knee over my haunch, then feeling from bum bone to clitoris, intruding a finger up the tight channel, hearing all again that the courier swore by God he'd marry her, how he showed his stiff prick, how she succumbed. She bled, and spent, tho not at the first fuck. He never took his clothes off, and she'd never been in bed with a

man till with me now. There is great charm in eliciting these disclosures from a woman. But my pego remained dormant tho sausage-like. I got her to the bed side, looked at and felt, and smelt the little cunt without result. “I'm keeping you long.” — “Never mind, I'll stop as long as you like.” — Then in the bed again we fondled and frigged our copulating organs, till I made her lewed, which made me stiff, which made her happy and myself as well. — “Yes, I like it of course, it's only natural,” and again I fucked her.

She was overwhelmed with a couple of sovereigns, for I took great interest in her, ten shillings was all she'd received from men before. “Oh thank you, sir, I'm much obliged, I can live on it a fortnight.” I promised her as much if she'd meet me again. “I will if I can, that's all I can say.” She didn't meet me and I thought she wouldn't, for on parting she said “I mean to get to service if I can, I won't be gay.” — I wonder if she did, or whether fucking demoralized her, — to use an absurd term — for why call a natural, needful function demoralizing, — and she continued harlotting.

Early in June the weather became suddenly blazing hot, insufferable almost after prolonged very cold weather. At half past two one day walking near Somerset House, I became very thirsty, and up a narrow court seeing what appeared to be an out of the way, quite public house, I entered it and ordered iced sherry and lemonade. There stood at the bar two women, and a little girl not more than three years old. One woman evidently was the mother, a handsome creature seemingly about thirty, the other was old and evidently the grandmother. — I was very fit just then, had been chaste, and was feeling lustful stings, and the instant I set eyes upon the good-looking woman had a voluptuous thrill shoot through my prick. A strong letch for her came on, and I stood looking at her, wondering what thighs and cunt she had — when she'd been fucked last and a crowd of other amorous thoughts and wishes.

They looked fairly well to do but not ladies. The beauty was clad in silk slightly the worse for wear, but all her clothing was neat and modest. The child and grandmother as I soon found her to be, were dressed similarly. — They were talking earnestly and loudly, and went on doing so without at first noticing me, tho dropping their voices a little, and I heard much of what they said. They were drinking sherry, of which the beauty seemed to have had quite enough. — Her face was anxious, excited, and moist with perspiration, which however didn't much impair her beauty. The old woman besought her to go home, not to worry herself and all would come right. — He would certain be home in six weeks, or he wouldn't have written those letters — “Besides Mr. * * * * says he must.” I soon gathered enough to infer that they were talking about the beauty's husband, who had been

away for some months.

Then my cock stood stiff and full as I stood looking at her lovely profile, thinking how she must want fucking if she'd kept chaste during her husband's absence. Had she been fucked — did she frig herself — how satisfy her natural passions, she healthy and in the prime of life? — I longed to speak to her and began playing with the little girl, gave her a bun, and at once the mother turning her lovely face round began chatting with me — the old woman saying at intervals. — “My dear you'd better go — I must be off or they will think something has happened.”

“It's hot.” — “Yes it's dreadful, sir.” — Then reciprocal incitements of lust began their play, both almost unconsciously — each stimulating the other by looks prompted by stiffening prick and moistening cunt — I'm sure that by touch of her flesh I can communicate my lust to a woman, that by gently squeezing the woman's hand, looking in her eyes and thinking of fucking I have made many a woman colour up or look lovingly, and half think I can do so by merely looking at her. — We looked full into each other's eyes smiling — suddenly she dropped hers as if something had crossed her mind, and when she raised them again, there was a soft, abashed expression in them, as if half in fear that I might have guessed her mental emotion, for emotion there had been. Had her cunt responded sympathetically to my prick? We chatted on, her eyes grew bolder, and at length we looked into each other's fully, and without speaking. — There was desire in hers, I saw plainly. Suddenly she turned towards her mother saying, “We will go,” and to the child, — “Come along, dear.” — The child peevishly cried, — “Oh carry me, mamma.”

She pulled a glove off and saying, “You are heavy,” stooped to lift her — I stooped and lifted her, anxious to get close to the beauty. — “Have you got her?” saying that I laid hold of her naked arm just above the wrist as it was under the child's bum, and a thrill shot thro me as our flesh met. She took no notice, but moved the child about saying how heavy she was, whilst still I softly held and pressed the arm. — “How you got her well?” “Yes thank you, sir” — our eyes met full again as I relinquished her wrist.

The child was restless. They had turned to leave, when “Oh, you're so heavy dear you must walk,” and putting the child down somewhat hastily it slid with its bum onto the floor. I stooped to help it up, the mother did the same, and again I laid hold of her wrist. There was no excuse for that now, but she said nothing, and again our eyes met. In hers I saw that my lust had roused her passions, that her quim was yearning for a prick, tho perhaps not for mine, whilst mine was throbbing for her cunt. The child cried, the grandmother coming round let it towards the door, the beauty said again, “Good day, sir,”

and they were gone.

I saw no chance in following them and turned to the barmaid, a coarse tho good looking woman of about thirty. My throbbing pego made me long for her, — any available cunt at that minute would have had my sexual worship, and I thought of getting a venal fuck-stress. Talking to her I heard she wasn't married — wouldn't mind marrying, but not to be left for months like that lady who I'd been talking to and she listening to. — “Ah, she must want a bedfellow mustn't she?” — “Sure I don't know.” She looked knowingly at me whilst serving customers who came in, but still talking. “She looks like it.” — “Oh does she, I suppose you know all about it, she's had an extra glass and it's a hot day.” — I saw from the barmaid's eyes, that I had set her thinking about fucking. The first hot weather makes the genitals of most of us pleasurably uneasy, and long for companionship and conjunction. I fancied that the barmaid's cunt was inciting her to fucking at that moment. — A hot May they say makes virginities cheap. This was a hot June, and cunts were sweating with lust. I recollect that ten years ago even, my gland was quickly white with sebaceous exudations — the sign of full testicles — if I'd not fucked them empty the night before.

Having done chaffing the lewed-looking barmaid, and more customers having come in, I was leaving, when in rushed the beauty dragging with her the child. — “I've lost my parasol, did I leave it here?” Just by my legs it was, leaning against the counter, I had not noticed it before. — She was loquacious, was so glad, wouldn't have lost it for anything, hadn't found her loss till she'd put her mother into an omnibus, etc., etc. — “How hot it's made you.” — “Yes it's flurried me so.” — “Have some iced lemonade and sherry.” — “Thank you I'd rather not.” — But I'd ordered it, and before five minutes had gone she'd drank a tumbler full and was quite gracious, her eyes beaming with love, with the softness of desire. — Soon after we left the public house together, she was going to F**h**m by omnibus.

In the Strand I waited by her side. The first omnibus was full. — “I'm going your way, have a seat in my cab.” — Hesitation, refusal, then acceptance. Into the cab we got, she sat the little girl in front of us who at once fell asleep, proximity completed my desire for her, and then came twenty minutes of sexual excitement, during which it is difficult to recollect exactly what, or the order in which it all took place. — Was it her husband I'd heard her talking about? — “It was.” — “And away from you four months.” — “Yes, nearly five.” — “I wish I'd been your bedfellow since.” — The words seemed to astonish her. — “You mustn't talk like that” — of course no one had been her bed-fellow. Then I seized her and kissed her. — She objected, resisted, struggled, was sorry she'd got into the cab, but I kissed on and

gradually she yielded. Then I risked all for time was short. — How I should like to see beautiful face with a bonnet — “and this beautiful flesh” — pinching her thigh. “let's go and have tea together, and talk about it. — I'm dying for you and never saw a more beautiful creature. — I am sure you're as beautiful in form as your face is — five months and in bed alone by yourself?” — “Hish — hish — you mustn't.” — But she smiled, tho trying to look severe. — “Oh! look at the child” (who was asleep), I went on in the same strain. — “Oh — really — it's abominable, let me get out.” — “My God, let me have you or I shall die, you're exquisite.” Tho a blazing sun-shiny day, excitedly forgetting aught but my wants I pulled my truncheon out, and ere she had the least notion I suppose of my intention had put her hand to it. — “Oh! don't, pray” said she withdrawing it but not quickly. — Her manner was yielding, her “oho don't pray” told that her desires were conquering her. — “Oh let us dear, I'm bursting, come my darling and have some tea, — let me feel your lovely flesh.” Stooping suddenly I got my hand up her clothes, and my fingers as well on her cunt as her closed thighs permitted. — “Oho, what are you doing, sir,” — she cried out. — “Oh, look, the people will see you — oh don't — don't now” — she screeched as furiously I drove my fingers between her closed thighs till I felt the upper end of the moist notch. — “Look, my child's tumbling.”

By the jolting of the cab the child was falling for- wards. Beauty half rose, put out her hands to catch her, and then the whole length of my forefinger slid between the lips of the moist gap, which was as wet as if she'd piddled herself. — She took the child on her lap, my fingers were dislodged as she sat down again, and she looked at me with eyes half closed, and humid with voluptuous sensations. — She wished she hadn't got into the cab, and had taken an omnibus — our talk became inconsecutive, in frank language I pressed my wants and said I knew she'd a lover. She declared she'd not. Then I again got my hand up her clothes, begging and persuading, and at last she said she'd like a cup of tea, for the wine had got into her head and I'd quite upset her.

We had then got far along Piccadilly and away from any baudy house I knew. So many of the haunts of Venus known to me have been closed, that I every now and then take a well dressed Paphian for the sake of finding where good accommodation can be had, to meet these amorous contingencies. — I turned the cab towards such a house, we alighted not far from the door, and then she refused at first to follow me, but at length yielded for the sake of the tea, and we were soon in a bedroom. Not a few women have entered a brothel with me — “to have a cup of tea.” My humbug and theirs also — a mere sham of modesty, for I fancy most of them knew well what we were going for.

“What can I do with my little girl?” said she as I shut the door,

“I'm so frightened I wish I hadn't seen you.” —The child was laid on the sofa after whining and crying, and being sat on the pot to piddle, and the next minute was sound asleep. — “When is the tea coming?” — “Presently, but my darling let us enjoy ourselves.” — No she wouldn't, but her eyes said she would, and there was a little struggle. — No, she'd take nothing but her bonnet off, — that done, again tea was asked for. — No, she wouldn't get on the bed — was afraid.

After more persuasion and now open talk of fucking — and the shame it was she'd 'been left unfucked for some months. — “What will become of me if I get in the family way?” — Out I pulled my prick. “Well feel it, and let me feel you, and that is all I'll ask you.” — She, leaning against the bed saying “no — no” — I'm in front of her, we handled prick and cunt. — “I shall spend in your hand.” — “Oh don't” she sighed as her bum wriggled under the titillation of her cunt. — “No — I won't then — I dare not” — whilst saying that, I pushed, half lifted her on to the bed — her resistance was gone and she half helped herself up.

Next minute I was by her side, I unbraced and pushed my trowsers down, then showed her a glorious erection. — “Feel it love, that's going up your lovely cunt.” — She stretched out her hand rapidly and grasped it. Taking it out of her hand I threw up her clothes, saw large white thighs, a widespread dark-haired motte, threw myself upon her, and the next second my prick was in a soft glowing sheath, lubricated already by its own lust — up to my balls. “Hharr” murmured she as the stiff shaft struck her womb, and her eyes closed in voluptuous enjoyment. She moved her thighs well up to get every bit of my gristle into her, our tongues met, and ere I, hot as I was, had approached my crisis, — “Ah — ah — ah” — she staccatoed, whilst a tight grip of her cunt and the rapid oscillation of her soft bum told me she'd spent. A deluge of her own seemed to have filled her cunt, which loosened round my tool as cunts do after their spend, whilst I was still ramming it with steam engine energy.

Her quietness and relaxed vagina annoyed me. I don't like a woman to spend so quickly, nor to lose that exquisite cuntal grip which dies away with her spend. I love the heavenly crisis to arrive with hers, so ceased fucking and withdrew my tool. — “You've spent dear, why didn't you wait for me?” — “Oh! couldn't.” — “Feel my prick, it's wet.” Readily she grasped it, and I laid by her side and began frigging her. — “You'll spend again.” — “Yes, and soon. — Aha — yes, — ah — ah — put it in again.” On to her I turned, up went my shaft into her lubricious quim, the rest had prolonged my pleasure, her chastity had left her hot and ready, and as my pulsating prick jetted out its thick hot spunk into her, she clasped me and spent again, our mouths glued together yet sighing and murmuring our heavenly

pleasure, till exhausted I lay quiet on her soft full belly.

She was certainly slightly overcome with sherry, and now with the soft and satisfied feeling which comes to man and woman after fucking. — “Oh! I'm so sleepy, it's the wine” — quoth she opening her eyes as I raised my self partially up — still pressing my belly to hers, keeping my prick in the hot lubricious cunt. But my shrinking injector drew outwards, a torrent of spendings following it from her inundated sheath, I fell off on her side, she turned her face to mine, and laying so we talked, or rather I did, and in a few minutes was irritating the red button of her clitoris, now soft and glutinous, and more pleasant to finger even than before.

Then she roused herself suddenly. — “Oh let me get up and wash or I shall be with child — I felt it just as you came.” — “Nonsense.” — “I'm sure I am, don't hold me” — and she struggled up. — “If you are with child, washing won't stop it now, but I'm sure it's non-sense.” — Passing my hand over the whole surface first I let her rise and wash, and got up to see her doing it. There she sat over the basin slopping her cunt and looking at her child asleep on the sofa. — “Piddle” — said I as she was getting up, and handed her the pot. — “Oho” said she as if quite disconcerted with my politeness, but she accepted it and pissed copiously. — “That's the sherry and lemonade. Wash it well.” — “I have well.” “Wash it again and then I'll lick your cunt.” — “Oho — what a man,” said she.

“But where is the tea?” — I hadn't really ordered any but now did, and went on talking baudily. I'd only had one spend, and seeing her wash her quim and piddle had somewhat swollen my prick again; so I lifted my shirt and showed it. — “Let me look at your cunt, I'm sure its lovely.” — “You've seen enough.” — “Only for a moment, let me, and I'll gamahuche you.” — For fear of awaking her child I had sat her down in a large arm chair, and kneeling in front of her had forced one hand between her closed thighs, begging her to show me her charms. — When the tea came of which both partook — for I was thirsty — she drank cup after cup. — “You'll soon want to piss again.” “Oh! what a mari — but tea does run through me quickly.” — We were getting sociable, a woman rarely is otherwise with the man who has just fucked her. — Then she got curious about me. Was I married? — I said. “Yes,” — thinking that the lie might suit her views and my object. — “One's just as bad as the other then — we are a nice couple.” — “We are, but no one but you and I will ever know of our fucking.” She shook her head solemnly but made no reply. — But the idea of my being married quite evidently pleased her much, for her manner got freer and still more sociable directly afterwards.

I wanted to know about her, but she refused to tell me more than that she hadn't seen her husband for five months, was married six

years before — had a girl five years old at home — that she'd not had a fuck for five months she would “swear before God,” and that no one had tempted her. She rarely went out excepting to see her mother, so whispers about impropriety could not be uttered of her. Her husband sent money to keep them. “Tho but poorly, but enough with economy.” Then she must go, but I refused to let her — she objected, but I got on my knees on a pillow in front of her as she sat on the chair and my fingers again between her aperture. The position was difficult for frigging her, but by twiddling persistently and talking baudily, I roused her lust again.

She repeated that she didn't want to talk about that, but I did and used my choicest vocabulary, asking her to feel my prick which at first she wouldn't. — But soon that compound of wriggle, heave, jerk and retreat of her bum came on, which in all women is the first symptom of sexual pleasure. They can't help the movement. — “Now leave off, pray.” — I stood up then with prick like a horn. — “You shan't go till we have fucked again — feel it — you've felt it several times, what more harm in feeling it again?” Thoughtfully she felt it, and soon after was at the bedside with me. Standing there in silence we caressed each other's genitals. — I pulled her head to mine, intoxicated her with kisses whilst now frigging her gently, till yielding I got her lying at the bedside, threw up her clothes, then buried my mouth between her thighs extolling her beauty there. Nothing pleases a woman more, it lulls them voluptuously and makes them feel lewed when they hear their cunts praised.

Gently I then pulled her thighs wide apart whilst she lay silent — saw a full lipped handsome gap, hedged round and protected by a crisp and curly chestnut colored bush, a nubby clitoris shewed well out, a longish one, but with short nymphae; my finger curious for knowledge went up the warm avenue which my prick had not long left, and then my tongue laid on the little red bud, and rapturously licked it. — “Aharr — don't,” said she — I did not wish to fuck a fatigued cunt, so ceased the lingual titillation, rose and showed my standard. She pushed down her clothes, stood up and looked at the erection. I closed on her and kissed her — lewed to my marrow. — Whispering, — “Take off your clothes.” — “Oh impossible.”

“Then I will — if we are to fuck let's have all the pleasure we can” — quickly I stripped to my skin, whilst she contemplated me silently. “Undo your dress then dear, let me feel your breasts.” — She refused. — “I can't — suppose my little girl wakes.” — “If she does she won't know, listen how sound asleep she is.” She silently went to the sofa, looked at the child, and then took off her gown. — “Oh, your stays.” — “I'm frightened.” But she took them off and shewed a lovely pair of breasts. I kissed and sucked the nipples, feeling her cunt with one

hand, her bum with the other as I sucked. — Then we mounted the bed, heartily she felt my prick in silence, I laid at once between her thighs and fucked a heavenly fuck.

"I'm sure I shall be in the family way," said she in a whisper and getting off the bed so soon as my prick was out of her she washed quietly, the little girl slept still. — "Lay on the bed again." She seemed more willing than before and yielded as if the voluptuous amusement was proper enough. We lay and talked, feeling each other, every now and then she getting up to look at her sleeping child. — "I'm so tired," said she, "I was up all night, couldn't sleep thro a letter I'd got, and wrote to mother to meet me. I've been drinking today and am not accustomed to it or I shouldn't be here. — Oh! if it's ever known, I am ruined — I declare before leaven — I'd no intention. — If I'm in the family way what shall I do? — Do you live in London? you don't live near F*h*m do you? I hope not" — and she began to whimper.

I assured her I was only going to see a friend there and lived miles away. "All will come right but let's have pleasure now, let's see your bum." — She would not. — "Well your cunt again, but I've seen that already." — I soon saw both. We had been an hour on the bed, the child had once awakened, she'd soothed it to sleep again, and I don't believe the child knew I was in the room, for I laid quietly still naked, enjoying the coolness on that blazing hot day, when she'd got up.

She started up now saying she must be off — I pulled her down and recommenced my frigging, wantng to get time for another erection. — "Oh! leave off, you'll make me want it again, God forgive me." — [fancied there were signs of strength in my prick, so coaxed her to the bedside and gamahuched her. She was in full rut, her long continence, the effect of my talk and frigging coupled with the liquor, had left her in that lascivious state of mind that she was absorbed in it, and the irritation of her cunt killed all moral consciousness. — She might indeed have felt — as I have known others feel — that having sinned once, a little more sin could not affect the consequences, so at the bedside I amused myself with her cunt and its surrounding till she spent again. Then standing naked I inserted my prick in the freshly moistened avenue, it stiffened with pride as it entered it and with long but pleasurable fucking our enjoyment was complete. — "Mammy" said the voice just as I'd recovered from the spasm of delight, and a little head peeped over the foot-board. Out she shot my prick, bounced up and laid the child on the sofa again, looking at me with fear in her eyes.

The child laying down, she dressed, came to me as I lay, and whispered much in an agitated manner. — She didn't want money — had just received twenty pounds, — had been with her mother to the

solicitor for it. — “No I won't have any money — God forbid, — I'm wicked, but that will make me worse. — I'm queer in my head I think, it's swimming now. She wouldn't give me her name or address, and left the baudy house whilst I still lay on the bed to pre-vent the child seeing me. — In forty years fucking I never met with a similar adventure, and all thro going into a public house on a hot day. I hadn't been into one in London in the daytime for years, and nearly avoided doing so on this occasion. — Luck.

[I wonder if that little girl ever recollected what she'd seen, and where she had been. It is not probable, yet when I arrived at manhood, suddenly recollected having felt the hair on a woman's cunt, and her thighs, and sniffing at the aroma — I must have been very young but perhaps not older than this little girl.

[The pleasure this woman had in my embraces seemed supreme, and the exudations of her cunt were great. She certainly under my tongue, finger, and prick spent five times in a couple of hours.]

Chapter XI

Luck. • Harry masturbated. • An orgy. • Two males and one female. • Bum-fucking intentions. • H. gamahuched by both. • Simultaneous masturbations. • Confession of sodomy. • Anus and pudenda plugged. • Sphincter and thumb. • Fucking cum cock-sucking. • H.'s unsated lust. • Champagne and repose. • Amorous exercises resumed. • Baudy ejaculations. • Fucked out. • Voluptuous eyes. • Balls handled. • Prolonged conjunction. • Finger and bumhole. • More repose and more champagne. • Erotic fury. • All exhausted. • Finis. • Reflexions.

In August I went abroad, returning in October. — Beyond a visit to a lapunar, there was nothing worth relating. — Indeed my fidelity was remarkable.

I had been but little to see H**** since the last youthful virginity was taken. Going there towards the middle of October on my return, she had much to tell me. She had quarrelled with the “mean cur” (Donkey prick) yet had not absolutely broken with him. Her other lover was dead. With a little pressure — for she was really longing to tell me — I found she had gratified Harry and herself by letting the lad fuck her, and was frightened of Donkey prick knowing it thro the possible indiscretion of the lad in keeping silence about what he must have been proud of — lucky beggar. — She de-scribed his prick to me, compared it with the donkey tool and her protector's, told me laughing how the lad behaved at his first fuck, and whilst we were talking this over, a letter came from Donkey prick which was brought by the lad who was waiting for a reply. With that instantaneous letch, and recklessness of consequences which when they come, come more rapidly than ever, “Show me his prick, let me see him,” — I said hastily.

The idea pleased her. “But I don't want him to know me.” “Keep your hat on.” — She would go and see him. I rubbed some black off a stove with my finger, darkened under my eyes, and made my eyebrows also darker and wider with it, put on a skull sleeping cap which I happened by mere chance to have in the pocket of my traveling suit, and also a pair of tinted glass spectacles which I had used on glaciers. Really I scarcely knew myself when I looked in the glass.

She laughed when she saw my disguise. She had written a letter to the Donkey whilst down stairs, and now thought for a minute. Donkey prick was going out of town. — Harry was to take the reply to

him at the station, and dare not wait long to fuck her as I now suggested, or he perhaps might lose his place — Don-key prick being a hard master. — “I'll make him show his prick and make it stiff.” — “All right.” — On the landing she called him up into the bed room. — “Never mind this gentleman.” He was scared at seeing me. — Then what followed took place as quickly as I write this narrative of it. — All was unpremeditated by either of us, one letch leads to another, I follow blindly the promptings of instinct when in this concupiscent state.

“How's your prick, Harry?” said she. He seemed perfectly flabbergasted for a moment, looked at me, then at her. — “Is it stiff?” — “No it ain't,” said he — shamefaced in manner. “Show it me.” — “No” — said he very solemnly and looking but for an instant only at me. “Why? you know I've seen it.” — He grinned. “Do” — said I speaking in a husky voice “and I'll give you five shillings.” — H*** said. “There, show it, and I'll show you my cunt.” — He reflected — “I can't — if I don't catch him before the train, he'll sack me perhaps.” — “I'll give you a cab fare and here is five shillings” — shewing it. — H. then without more ado laid hold of him and pulled his prick out, he unresisting. “When did you fuck last?” — “Not since you,” said the lad getting bolder. — “Have you frigged your-self?” — “No.” — “Would you like to see my cunt.” — “Oh yes.” — She went to the bed and lay down on the edge. — “I'll give you half a sovereign if you'll let me frig you” for that letch now seized me. — “There's luck, Harry.” — He never looked at me, was engrossed with her and made no reply — his prick was not stiff.

H. pulled up her clothes. — At the sight of her lovely cunt quickly up rose his prick erect — a longish but thin article, perhaps to thicken, in a year or two — I seized and felt, then frigged it, he making no resistance and she inciting him. “Let me fuck you — do,” — said he piteously, as I found by a certain vibration of his belly that he felt the pleasure. “No. You get the half sovereign.” — “Open your thighs wider,” said I, “pull open the lips” — for I wanted to make him spend over her cunt. She saw my game. — “Is it nice?” — “Yes” — “Shall you spend,” said she. — “Yhes” — and his bum jogged. I felt him coming. “Bend forward, put your prick nearer her cunt.” “Oh let's fuck,” he cried as his sperm shot over her vulva, and I frigged till not a drop was left in his balls.

He put his hand to feel the lovely receptacle, but she arose and I gave him the money. “You take the letter and be off, or you'll catch it,” said she. — In a minute he was out of the room, buttoning up his trowsers as he went. She laughed. “Fuck me, dear,” said she going on to the bed, and shewing her mucilaginated vulva. — But I'd fucked her twice and couldn't again then, so without further word she frigged

herself. — “Ain't we beasts?” said she as she washed her cunt. “No; I'll gamahuche you.” — “Do. I've not been fucked for a week. Phil's away, and I've quarrelled with Donkey” — as we now named him. — “But you've frigged your-self.” — “Of course, every night — I sleep by myself and read in bed till tired, then frig myself and go to sleep.”

[It was a great piece of luck this to me and the next time I saw H*** we talked over this masturbating frolic with the lad. She had been fucked by him twice, and the letch gratified, desired no more of him. But his youth and inexperience started in me a wish to see him fucking, to be in the room and then for us all together to do what we liked erotically. Before I left it had all been planned. The baudy episode — tho so long and prolix — is one of the remaining evidences of how this manuscript was originally written. It is too much trouble to abbreviate and I retain it nearly as it was written. It's the narrative of one of those erotic fren- zies, which come over women and men when together, and they are heated by wine and lust.]

On the evening about a fortnight after, H. looked lovely in laced chemise, crimson silk stockings, and pretty slippers. — As she threw up her legs shewing her beautifully formed thighs and buttocks, the chestnut curls filling the space between them, relieved by a slight red stripe in the centre, never had I seen a more be-witchingly voluptuous sight. Rapidly my cock stood stiff and nodding, tho I was a little out of condition. — What a lovely odour it had as I gently licked her clitoris for a minute. But we had other fish to fry. “Harry's here,” said she. I stripped to my shirt, then he came up, a tall slim youth now just turned seventeen. Quickly he too stripped, for he knew the treat in store for him. I laid hold of his long thin tool, which was not stiff, and he seemed nervous.

How strange seems the handling of another's prick tho it's so like one's own. “Show him your cunt.” — Back she went on the bed exhibiting her charms. The delicious red gap opened, his prick stiffened at once, and after a feel or two of his rigid gristle, I made him wash it tho already clean as a whistle. — I'd already washed my own. Then a letch came on suddenly, for I had arranged nothing — and taking his prick in my mouth I palated it. What a pleasant sensation is a nice smooth prick moving about one's mouth. No wonder French Paphians say that until a woman has sucked one whilst she's spending under another man's fucking, frigging, or gamahuche, that she has never tasted the supremest voluptuous pleasure. Some however had told me that they liked licking another woman's cunt, whilst a woman gamahuched them, better than sucking a prick in those exciting moments. But erotic tastes of course vary.

I laid him on the side of the bed alternately sucking or frigging him. — H. was lying by his side, and he put his left fingers on her

cunt. — I had intended to let him have his full complete pleasure in my mouth, but changed my mind. Then we laid together on the bed — head to tail — making what the French call sixty-nine or tete-beche, and we sucked each other's pricks. — He was pleased with the performance. — H. laying by our side said she should frig herself. Whether she did or not I can't say, being too much engrossed with minetting his doodle. — He did not irruminate me with skill, and after a little time we ceased and his prick drooped.

Then I mounted his belly as he lay on his back, and showed H. how I used to rub pricks with Miss F**z*r's young man, and putting both pricks together made H. clutch them as well as she could with one hand. — But two ballocks were too large for her hand. — Then came on a desire of long standing, that of feeling the sensation of a prick up my own bumhole. — He consented to operate without hesitation. These erotic tricks will give H. something new to think of when she frigs herself in the morning — as she says she usually does before she gets up. Her delight in our performance was immense, she felt us about everywhere, looked everywhere and gave herself gentle frigs at times as well.

His prick was much smaller than mine, and according to H.'s opinion what would be called a small prick. It was in size like a longish thin beef sausage, and as I thought just the size for me. So wetting my bum hole and feeling nervous, I laid down on my backside on the edge of the bed lifting up my thighs, choosing that position so as to watch his face whilst he spent. — We could not manage it that way, I turned my rump round, H. delighted guided his prick to the orifice, and at one thrust he went half way up. A revulsion came instantly, “Pull it out,” I cried. — Out it came, she laughed and there it ended. — I did not feel pleased with myself at all. — What is the good of my philosophy?

H*l*n's fingers had been feeling her own quim, al-most the entire time since we had all been together, and her face now looked wild with voluptuousness. — She cried out “Fuck me, fuck me” and threw herself on the edge of the bed, thighs distended, cunt gaping. But I knew my powers were too small that night to expedite my pleasure crises, and wished to prolong the erotic excitement, so would not fuck her nor let him. — But I gamahuched her. Then he did the same. She lay full length on the bed, he knelt between her legs, and whilst he plied his tongue upon her vulva, I laid on my back between her legs and his, and took his prick in my mouth. I felt her legs trembling and heard her sighs of delight, she was entering into the erotic amusement with heart and soul, cunt and bum hole as well, as I knew by her movements, ejaculations, and then tranquillity. She spent just as a rapid ramming of his prick between my tongue and palate, told me he

was about to spend also. So I rejected his tool quickly.

With rigid prick and incited by H. he continued licking her cunt till she spent again. Then I laid them both side by side on the edge of the bed, he began frigging her, and I frigged him. — “It's coming” said he, and at the instant out shot his sperm in four or five quick spurts, the first going nearly up to his breast. — How the young beggar's legs quivered as his juice left him. Nelly leant over and looked as he spent. — His sperm was thinner than it should have been, tho he said he had neither fucked for a fortnight, nor frigged himself for a week. I believed he lied. — My sperm would have been at his age thicker after a week's abstinence. The last time he had fucked her before me it was much more and thicker. He reaffirmed that he had not spent for a week, and she declared he had not fucked her, so I sup-pose it was true.

He washed and pissed, again I played with his doodle and questioned him. He had he said buggered a man once, and frigged one. — Now he had a nice young woman, who let him have her for half a crown when he could afford it, but he only earned a pound a week and had to keep herself out of that. His prick was soon stiff again. — He gave her cunt another lick, and then we went to work in the way I had arranged with her when by ourselves. He did not know our game.

H. in our many conversations on erotic whims and fancies, had expressed a great desire to have two pricks up her orifices at the same time. She wanted to know if it were possible, if sexual pleasure was increased by the simultaneous plugging of cunt and bumhole, and wondered if it would increase the pleasure of the man. I had shewn her pictures of the positions in which the three placed themselves for the double coupling, and we arranged to try that evening. He was not now to know what we were at, his inexperience coupled with his excitement at being fucked by a most lovely creature, were calculated to leave him in the dark as to the operations at her back door. But we were obliged to be cautious.

He laid on the bedside his legs hanging down, whilst she standing with legs distended and enclosing his, leant over him — I watched the operation from the floor kneeling, and saw his doodle going up and down her cunt. Then when we knew his pleasure was in-creasing, I lubricated her bumhole with my spittle, and rising pressed my pego between her buttocks and against his prick, touching it from time to time as she moved her cunt on it. I did this as a blind. Soon after. “Do you feel my prick?” said I. “Yes.” — He didn't, for I was then putting my finger against it, but he was too engrossed with his pleasure to notice it. Then she backed her rump artfully, and his prick came out, as she pushed her buttocks towards me, and she kept on talking to

him whilst making a show of introducing his pego again to her pudenda.

At the first push my prick failed. It was right in direction — for I had tried the orifice with thumb and finger — all inconvenient nails removed — and, knew the road was clear. — Push — push — push with still failure, and then came nervous fear. There were the loveliest buttocks that belly ever pressed, or balls dangled against, smooth, sweet-smelling flesh, an anus without taint or hair, a sweet cunt and youthful prick, and a woman wanting the supremest voluptuousness. Every erotic incitement to sight, touch, and imagination was there, but all was useless. My nature rebelled. Tho I wanted to do what she and I talked of and wished for, my recreant prick would not rise to the needful rigidity — the more I strove the less my success.

I was mad not for myself but for her disappointment — it was her letch. — We had discussed the subject many times, and I longed for her to have sperm shed in her cunt and fundament at the same time. Further trial was useless, his prick was again worked by her, and I knew by her manner that she was near her crisis, when anxious to give her other orifice, the pleasure, kneeling I licked her bum hole then thrust my thumb into it, took his balls in my other hand and thumbuggered her whilst I squeezed his cods. She cried out. “Oh — bugger, fuck,” — when madly excited and both spent. Then his prick flopped out wet and glairy from her cunt into my hand which was still beneath his balls — I arose and so did sweet H. looking with bright voluptuous eyes at me. — He lay still on his back with eyes closed and prick flopping down, with a pearl of spunk on its tip. Then too late my damned, disgraced prick stood still like an iron rod, and could have gone into a virgin's arsehole twelve years old, or slipped into H.'s with ease. Sheer nervousness stopped it from doing duty, aided I think by a natural dislike — much as I desired the novelty, — novelty with her and for her.

The strongest fuckstress, with unlimited capability for sexual pleasure, the most voluptuous woman, the woman with the most thirsty cunt I ever knew, guessed my condition and state of mind. — “You fuck me, dear,” said she, and falling back on the bed opened her thighs. Her cunt was glistening with what he had left there. — He'd not uncunted two minutes, nor she finished spending four, yet she wanted my prick — either to gratify me or herself.

Randy enough I went near and pulled open the lips, saw the glistening orifice, pushed fingers up and with-drew them covered with the products of her quim and his doodle, and looked in her voluptuous eyes. — “Fuck — come on — fuck me.” — “You can't want it.” — “Yes — do me — do it.” — Harry then aroused himself, I caught hold of his tool still thickish. “Wash it, piddle, and she'll suck you whilst I fuck

her." — He who only had spoken the whole evening in monosyllables, did that quickly. I laid him on the bed and she leant over him standing and bending, laid her face on his belly, her bum towards me. — "Suck his prick dear" — "I shan't" — She wouldn't, entreaty was useless, I could not wait, so opening her lower lips for a final look at the sperm, put my prick up her. — Oh! what a sigh and a wriggle she gave as I drove it hard against her womb. Her liking always was for violent thrusts, she liked her cunt stunned almost. — It gives her the greatest pleasure she often tells me. [When at a future day I dildoed her, she liked it pushed violently up her.]

I husbanded my powers, urged her to gamahuche him, hoping she would. — Her refusals grew less positive, and at last into her mouth went his prick but only for a minute. — "There I've done it," said she. — His doodle had stood, but drooped directly her lips left it.

She'd do it no more, but laying her face on his prick, wriggling her backside, saying, — "Oh fuck me — fuck harder — go on dear." What a fetch she has when she tightens her cunt round my prick and wriggles her lovely bum, it is almost impossible to stop thrusting!

But I would not finish, pulled out my prick and felt with pleasure its now spermy surface. I turned her round onto her back at the edge of the bed, and put him standing between her thighs. Then belly on belly to cunt, all sorts of postures suggested themselves to me whilst they posed so, and I varied them till I could vary no longer.

Then I made him kneel on the bed over her head, his belly towards me. His prick hung down still biggish just over her head, whilst into her cunt I drove again my stiff stander and fucked, bending my head towards him to catch in my mouth his prick. She laid hold of it and held it towards me, I took it into my mouth and fucked her, holding her thighs and sucking him. — The young beggar's prick soon stood again — went half down my throat. — "Is his prick stiff again?" said she, spasmodically. — "Yes" — I mumbled. — "Oh, we're beasts — fuck me, fuck." — But as my pleasure came on her mouth pleased me best, I let go his prick, and sinking over her put my tongue out to meet hers, and with mouths joined we spent. — He had slipped on one side when I relinquished his doodle, and when I raised myself and severed my wet lips from hers — our pleasure over — he was looking at us, and she with closed eyes had found and was clutching his doodle stiff still. What a treat for the young beggar. —Thous-ands would give a twenty-pound note to have seen and done all this. He had the treat for nothing. — All was her device, her lecherous suggestion.

Then we all washed, drank more champagne, and after a slight rest we both felt Harry's pego. Taking it into my mouth it stiffened. — "Can you fuck again?" — "I'll try," said he.

Ready as if she had not been tailed for a month, her eyes liquid and beaming with voluptuous desire, she turned at once her bum towards him at the side of the bed, and gave him free access. I guided his pego, and the young chap began fucking hard again. — Then I laid myself on the bed, her face now on my belly, but spite of all I could say she would not suck me. Was she frightened that he would tell Donkey prick of her? Annoyed I arose, and slipping my hand under his belly, frigged her little clitoris whilst he was fucking her at her back, I could feel his prick going up and down, in and out her cunt, and felt even his balls — which are small. — From time to time I left my post to view the operators from afar, to see his bum oscillate and her thighs move. — It was a long job for him, but she spent soon. — The more she spends, the more violent at times seem her passions. — “Ah — don't stop, Harry — fuck — let your spunk come into my cunt,” she cried as she spent. He didn't spend but worked on like a steam engine. — “Spunk — Spunk” — she cried again. Flap, flap went his belly up against her fat buttocks, the sound was almost as if her bum was being slapped by hand. — I thought he'd never spend so long was he in her, till I saw his eyes close. — “Are you coming?” — “Yhes.” — “Ahaa — fuck fuck,” — she screamed again, her whole frame quivered, then action ceased, she slipped a little forward fatigued, his belly and pego following with her, and there they still were in copulation both silent and exhausted. — Soon after she un-cunted him, and without a word turned onto the bed and laid down — I looked at her cunt and squeezed his prick, felt madly lewed but had no cockstand — I dare not ex-cite myself too much now — I was envious, dull at not being able at once to fuck her again.

She lay with eyes brilliant, humid with pleasure and a little blue beneath the lids, and very red in face. She looked at me intently. “Do it again,” said she. — “I can't.” — “You can, I am sure” — leaning on one el-bow she raised her upper knee, her cunt slightly opening, and I felt it. He was washing. — “Put it in for a minute.” — “It's not stiff.” — Reaching out a hand she gave it a grip. — “You can fuck,” said she edging her- self to the bedside again and opening her thighs. “Do it this way just as I am lying.” — I could not resist and put my pego where she wished it — would do anything to bring my prick to touch her cunt. — It was not three inches long — but directly the tip was on her vulva and she rubbed it there, it began to swell. Stiff, stiffer it grew as she nudged it into her cunt. “It's quite stiff,” said she — I feared a relapse and set to work vigorously, sucked her sweet mouth, exhausted it of spittle which I swallowed and then we spent together, he now looking on. — It was an exciting but killing fuck to me — my sperm felt like hot lead running from my ballocks, and the knob felt so sore as I spent, that I left off thrusting or wriggling, and finished by

her repeating cuntal compressions and grind, in the art of which she is perfect mistress. — When I first knew her and her cunt was smaller, she never exercised that grip even if she had it — now her lovely avenue tho certainly larger to the fingers, is fatter inside, and has a delicious power of compression.

Harry now was silent, and she at last seemed fatigued, yet sitting by his side began again restlessly twiddling his cock. There were evident signs of its swelling — I felt it, but my lust was satisfied and I cared no more about feeling it. We chatted and drank awhile, and then she laid herself along the bed as if going to repose. Not a bit of it — her lust was not sated yet. She put a hand on to his tool and said, “Fuck me, dear.” He said he could not. “Try — I'll make you.” H.'s eyes when she wants fucking have a voluptuous expression beyond description. — It appeals to my senses irresistibly — It is lewedness itself, and yet without coarseness, and even has softness and innocence so mixed with it, that it gives me the idea of a virgin who is randy and seeking the help of man, without in her innocence quite knowing what she wants, what he will do, and that there is neither shame nor harm in trying to get the article of which she does not know the use. Her voice also is low, soft and melodious — I sitting when I saw that she was now in furious rut. — I've seen her so before — and she said to the lad “Get on me — lay on me dear.” — “I can't do it.” — “You shall,” said she impetuously. “Lay on my thigh.” The slim youth turned at once his belly on to hers. He had now no modesty left — we had knocked that out of him quite.

Wildly almost, she pulled his head to hers and kissed him, her eyes closed, her bum jogged, down went one hand between their bellies, a slight movement of his buttocks, a hitch of her bum, a twist, a jerk, then up go her knees and legs, her backside slips lower down, and by a slight twist she had got his prick into her. Then she gave two sharp heaves, clutched hs backsde and was quiet — her eyes were closed — I would give much to know what lewed thoughts were passing through her baudy brain just then, a flood of lascivious images I'm sure, whilst her cunt was quietly, gently clipping his doodle. She opened her eyes when I said, — “Fuck her well.” — “Fuck dear,” said she to him and began gently her share of the exercise. He began also shagging, but quietly. “Is your prick stiff?” said I — “Yhes.” — A strong smell of sperm, prick, cunt, and sweat, the aroma of randy human flesh now pervaded the hot room, — the smell of rutting male and female, which stimulated me in an extraordinary way. I got lewed, my prick swelled, and for a moment I wanted to pull him off and fuck her myself, but restrained myself and put my hand under his balls to please my lust that way.

If he was a minute upon her he was forty. — Never have I had

such a sight, never assisted at such a long fucking scene. She was beautiful in enjoying herself like a Messalina all the time — I squeezed his balls and gently encouraged him with lewed words, she with loving words till she went off into delirious obscenity. With her fine, strong, lovely shaped legs, thighs, and haunches she clipped him, he couldn't if he would have moved off of her. Every few minutes she kissed him rapturously crying, — “Put out your tongue, dear, kiss — Kiss. — Ahaa — fuck — fuck harder — put your spunk in my cunt.” — Then came prolonged loud cries. — “Ahrrr — harre” — and she violently moved her buttocks, her thighs quivered — and after screeching. — “Aharrr” — beginning loud and ending softly, she was quiet and had spent. But a minute after she was oscillating her bum as violently as ever, and crying, “Spend Harry, spend — kiss — kiss — put out your—tongue — kiss — you've not spent — spend dear, kiss” — and her kisses resounded.

I moved nearer to her, and standing, slid my hand under her raised thighs and gently intruded my middle finger up her bum hole. — Her eyes opened and stared at me baudily. “Further up,” sobbed she in a whisper, her bum still moving. Then she outstretched her hand, and grasped my prick, and I bending to her, we kissed wet kisses. His head then was laying over her left shoulder hidden, he was ramming like a steam engine, and neither knew where my finger was, nor thought of aught but her cunt, I guess.

Again he put his mouth to hers, their tongues met, and she still holding my pego, on went the fuck. The ramming indeed had never stopped for an instant. My finger was now well up her bum, his balls knocking against my hand, and each minute her baudy delirum came on. — “Now — spend Harry — spend. — Oh God — fuck — fuck — bugger. — Aharrr — aharrrr.” — Again a screech, again quietness, and as languidly he thrust again she stimulated him. — “Fuck dear, that's it — your prick's stiff — isn't it?” — “Yhes” — “Your spunk's coming.” — “Y — hess.” — “Ahaa — spunk — fuck. — Ahharr” — she screeched. The room rang with her deliriously voluptuous cries, and again all was quiet. So now was he for he'd spent, and out came my fingers as her sphincter strongly clipped it and she spent.

I thought all was over but it was not, her rutting was unabated. “Keep it in dear — you'll spend again” — “I can't” — “Yes, lie still.” — Again her thighs clipped his, and her hands clutched his backside. I felt under his balls the genial mucilaginous moisture of their passions oozing. His prick was small and I slid my finger up her cunt besides it. — He never noticed it. “Don't you beast,” — said she. — “Give me some champagne.” I withdrew my moistened finger, gave her a glass, filled my mouth with some and emptied that into hers. She took it kissing me. She was mad for the male tho she murmured after her

habit. — “Ain't we beasts?” — “No love, it's delicious, no beast could do what we do.” — He lay now with eyes closed, almost asleep, insensible, half only upon her, his face half buried in the pillow. — She raised her head partially, not disturbing his body, I held up her head, and a full glass of champagne went down her throat. — Then she fell back again and put her hand between their bellies. “Is his prick out?” said I.

No reply made she — I put my hand under his buttocks, touched his prick which was still swollen, found she was introducing it to her quim and it touched my hand in doing it. — I saw that heave, jog and wriggle of her backside, her legs cross his, her hands clamp onto his buttocks, the jog, jog gently of her rump, then knew that again his pendant doodle was well in her lubricious cunt, and that she'd keep it there. — “How wet your cunt is, H*l*n,” said I. — “Beast” she softly murmured and began fucking quicker, tho he lay quite still. — Her eyes were again closed, her face scarlet. “Feel his balls,” said she softly. — “Do you like my doing it?” — “Yes, it will make him stiff — do that again.” — Her eyes opened on me with a fierce baudiness in them as she said that. — The exquisite voluptuous look, the desire of a virgin was no more there — delirious rutting, obscene wants in their plenitude was in them, the fiercest lust. — Up went my finger in her bum, — “Aha. — Aha — God” — sobbed she in quck staccato ejaculations. — “Fuck me dear.”

He roused himself at that, grasped her buttocks, thrust for a little time then relaxed his hold and lay lifeless on her. “I can't do it, I'm sure.” — “You can, lay still a little.” — Still he laid like a log, but not she. — An almost impreceptible movement of her rump and thighs went on, ever and anon her eyes opened on me with a lustful glare, then closed again, and not a word she spoke whilst still her thighs and buttocks heaved. — I knew her cunt was clipping, was nutcracking his tool, — often times I've felt that delicious constriction of her cunt, as in baudy reverie I've laid upon her, half faint with the voluptuous delight of her embrace. — Some minutes ran away like this, whilst I was looking at their nakedness, feeling his balls withdrawing my finger from her, then gently, soothingly replacing it up her bum, frigging my own prick every now and then — none of us spoke.

Then more quickly came her heaves, he recommenced his thrusts. “Fuck dear, — there — it's stiff. — Ahaa — yes — you'll spend soon.” — “Yes” murmured he. — “Yes, — shove hard — give me your spunk.” All was so softly murmured and with voices so fatigued, that I could scarcely hear them. Again I took my finger from her bumhole (for the positon fatigued my hand), on they went slowly, again he stopped, again went on, each minute quicker, and soon furiously rammed hard whilst she heaved her backside up and down, thumping

the bed which creaked and rocked with their boundings, and the champagne glasses on the tray jingled. Up into her bum hole went my finger. “Aharr,” she shivered out. — “Bugger — fuck — fuck Harry — quicker — aharr — my God — I shall die — y'r spunk's — com — corn — aharr — God — I shall go mad.” — “Ohooo” groaned he. Her sphincter tightened and pinched my finger out, another bound up and down, one more scream, then both were squirming, another scream from her, a hard short groan from him, and then she threw her arms back above her head, lay still with eyes closed, mouth wide open, face blood red, and covered with perspiration, her bosom heaving violently.

He rolled half off of her, his prick lay against her thigh dribbling out thin sperm, his face covered with perspiration and again half buried in the pillow and laying nearly a lifeless mass at once he slept. Her thighs were wide apart, no sperm showing: his spend must have been small. Both were fucked out, exhausted with amorous strain.

My strength had been gradually returning, and prick stood like a horn as I felt again his prick, and thrust my fingers up her lubricious cunt. No heed took either of my playing with their genitals. — I forgot the pains in my temples — cared not whether I died or not, so long as I could again penetrate that lovely body, could fuck and spend in that exquisite cunt. Pouring out more champagne I roused her and she drank it at a draught. “Am I not a beast?” said she falling back again. — “No love, and I'll fuck you.” — “No, no. You cannot, I'm done and you'd better not.” — “I will.” Pushing the lad's leg off hers — he fast asleep — and tearing off my shirt, I threw myself upon her naked form and rushed my prick up her. Her cunt seemed large and wet but in a second it tightened on my pego. — Then in short phrases, with baudy ejaculations, both screaming obscenities, we fucked. — “Is my prick larger than his?” — “Ah, yes” — “longer?” — “yes — aha, my God leave off, you'll kill me — I shall go mad.” — “Ah, darling — cunt — fuck.” — “Aha — prick — fuck me you bugger — spunk in me arsehole fuck — bugger — fuck — fuck.” — With screams of mutual pleasure we spent together, then lay embracing, both dozing, prick and cunt joined in the spermy bath.

“Get up love, I want to piddle,” said she. I rolled off of her belly. — She rose staggering but smiling, kissed me and looked half ashamed. Her hair was loose, her face blood red and sweaty, her eyes humid with pleasure, and puffy and blue the skin under her eyes. She sat on the pot by the bedside looking at me and I at her, and still with voluptuous thoughts she put up her hand and felt my prick. — “You've fucked me well.” — “My God! aren't we three beasts — I'm done for.” — “So am I.”

I'd fucked her thrice, he thrice. — She spent to each of our sexual

spasms and many more times. During their last long belly to belly fucking she kept him up to it for her whole and sole pleasure, for she was oblivious of me. — She must have spend thrice to his once, for her lovely expression of face, her musical cries, her buady ejaculations during the orgasm — I know them full well by long experience — were not shammed. That would have been needless and impossible. — The tightening of her bum hole on my finger told the same tale, for the sphincter tightens in both man and woman when they spend. — She'd also frigged herself, been gamahuched by both of us, and spent under all. For two hours and a half, out of the four and a half I was with her that night, either finger, tongue, or prick had been at her cunt and for one hour and a half a prick up it.

Impossible as it seems even to me as I write it — absurd, almost incredible — she must have spent or experienced some venereal orgasm — something which gave her sexual pleasure, which elicited her cries, sighs, and flesh quiverings, with other evidences of sexual delight, from twelve to twenty times. She may not have spent always, her vaginal juices may have re-fused to issue, their sources may have been exhausted after a time, yet pleasure she had I am sure. There was no need to sham, why should she, for she gained no more. The amusement was planned by us — so far as such a programme can be, jointly for our joint erotic delight. — Harry was but a cypher tho an active one, a pawn to be moved for our mutual delight, and nothing more — tho of course much to his delight — lucky youth.

I thought of the orgy perpetually until I saw her again three days after. I couldn't get to her before. — She looked smiling and fresh as ever, not a trace of fatigue was on her face, but she admitted that she was quite worn out that night, and had spent as nearly as she could tell, twelve or fifteen times, had laid a bed all next day, drank strong beef tea, and that such an-other night would almost kill her. — Never had she spent so much, never had had such a night before and should recollect it to the last day of her life. She hadn't seen Harry since and didn't want. — “We must not be long, Philip is coming to town tonight and will stop a fortnight, he'll be here in two hours, so get away soon.” Her cunt had got its cherry red on it again, its delicate scent filled my nostrils and excited my brain, I gamahuched it, fucked her twice and left. — As I drove off I saw a cab with portmanteaus on the top going in the direction of her house. — Instinct again helped me, and stopping my cab, telling the driver to follow me, I walked slowly back, and when in sight saw the cab stop at what I suppose was her door. — It was, I found afterwards, her protector, and I'd been nearly caught there.

[Lascivious orgies I've had of various sorts — maddening, exciting, all — but for a refined voluptuous evening none ever came

up to this. — To the last day of my acquaintance with her I shall recollect it. — We often talked about it together for some years after. [I altered but very slightly the wording in place this narrative, omissions were not needed. Would that, could illustrate it by pencil.]

Chapter XII

On a metropolitan railway. • A conceited neophyte in harlotry. • Three males on the scent. • The assignation. • Lucy in despair. • Addressed, con-soled, fed, fucked, and compensated. • An assignation not kept. • The hairdresser's servant. • Phoebe dismissed. • Dinner with me. • Atack on pudenda. • Pudenda stockaded. • The second dinner. • Second attack. • An unexpected portcullis. • The citadel taken and inundated. • Festivities therein afterwards.

[My lapses from chastity are fewer, promiscuous fucking I seldom now indulge in — perhaps it is that having one voluptuous lascivious beauty always avail-able, I need no novelty in female form; perhaps it is making me more virtuous — if there be any virtue in refusing to comply with nature's law, in shedding my semen in a ready thirsting cunt. For the last few years abnormal pleasures have suggested themselves, and I have indulged in what I believe are called erotic excesses. In my philosophy nothing which man and woman do with their sexual organs, or any of their organs, is illegitimate, unnatural or imporoper, if they kept it to themselves. — Certain it is that I don't want so much fucking, tho still able to satisfy a nice woman who is new to me twice within the first hour, and can do a third by waiting, but these occasions occur less frequently, are less sought for by me. — Age! ! — My sperm holder needs more time to accumulate its life-giving treasure, and my body takes longer to recuperate. — I have fewer episodes to narrate, less manuscript to eliminate, but little to abbreviate — My fugitive amours being a diminishing quantity.]

Soon after the orgy with H. and Harry (He seen but once afterwards) need of money took me again to try my luck on the stock exchange. I returned at times westwards by the various underground railways. I'd already had one or two adventures in those railways, and believe that thousands of intrigues are hatched there in. — Where are they not hatched? “for cock and cunt will come together,” as in my boyhood we often sang in baudy chorus.

It was dark early, when in the middle of November on the railway in a first class carriage, men only in it, a lass looking about sixteen entered, and sat down with great complacency. She stared round at us all, then threw aside her cloak (it was cold) and disclosed her being in an evening dress, very decollete, and with naked arms. She had mittens on, I expect to exhibit one or two showy rings. The dress was of poorish stuff but showily made, and she pulled up bits of lace from her bosom to arrange it, smoothed her dress, turned her rings round,

looking at them and ever and anon at us to see if she was admired, with an air of intense satisfaction, and desire to exhibit her clothing. There was no lewed invitation in her eyes, all was excessive vanity. I guessed at a glance that she'd not long been poked, that the rig out was the gift of a lover, that she was going to meet a man, and was not a harlot. What experience comes with age!

Looking at her handsome nascent bubbies and picturing to myself her hidden charms, voluptuous sensations crept through me. I'd not the time to attempt her, nor indeed did it suggest itself to me. “Is this * * * * * station?” she asked. It was, she got out, two gentlemen also got out after her, and I after them, for it was my station. I was going to a shop and saw her ahead when up the street, and soon after one of the gentlemen who had been in our carriage accost her. I stepped to the opposite side of the way, for watching intrigues is so delightful. His essay seemed fruitless for he went off, and directly afterwards the other man I think who had been in the carriage, appeared and walked by her side. Both I suppose had had their cocks set tingling, by the sight of the fresh, slim lass, who was very appetizing.

This man seemed more pressing, for she stopped, turned back, he after her, then she turned back again he with her, and touched her arm I think, for she lifted her shoulder and edged off from him. At length he left her, turned back and walked towards the station — I supposed. — Two disappointed pricks were gone.

Watching them and guessing their object made me think of fucking, and my cock swelled. Keeping her in view, I followed still on the opposite of the way, till she reached a street where the third house down was a large one, or rather two which had been united. I knew it some ten years before when it really was a poor sort of private hotel, but where they asked if you wanted a sitting room as well as a bed room, — always assuming couples were going to stop the night — then let the rooms for money down. — It was in fact half hotel, half baudy house. A chance woman first took me there, and afterwards at intervals I took others there. One night a few years after, the landlord scrutinized me and the lady, then said they were full. On saying that we shouldn't stop long, he said that wouldn't do, the police had been down upon him. If I'd a carpet bag he wouldn't have minded.

As I watched the lass it occurred to me that the house was doing its former business again, and she looking up at the name of the street as if to see if she was right, I concluded it was an assignation there. After watching her for five minutes I crossed, spoke to her, asked if she'd have a glass of wine, said how beautiful she was and so on. “No,” she was waiting for a friend she re-plied, and begged I'd leave her, she didn't want to be seen talking to a gentleman. Then she walked up and down the street, I following and persisting, till she

asked me the exact time, and on hearing it. — “Oh I'm late, I wish you'd go, what do you keep following me for when I don't want you, I'm waiting for a friend.” — I left her, giving a look at the hotel which had an ambiguous aspect, and concluded that her friend was going to take her there, and that she was no harlot tho she'd had the persuader up her.

I was at my shop a long time and was about to go home, when the lass again came into my mind, so went back [I get my chances, I'm sure, by instinct] found her still waiting and looking anxiously up and down the street. I crossed over and asked if her friend had not come. She began to whimper, saying he had not. She was late, she was afraid, and he'd gone away angry, she'd never met him there before, and hoped he wasn't ill etc. etc. Her trouble was opening her mouth and mind, and she no longer was curt and rude to me. “Perhaps you've made a mistake in the hour.” — “No I ain't but I was late, here's the letter.” Fumbling in her bosom she produced one and was going to show me it, when she thought better. Then after a good deal of talk, advice, and persuasion, she went to a neighbouring public house with me.

She was so cold, she said when she accepted the invitation, and perhaps on that account drank two glasses of port wine very quickly. She recollected my having been in the railway carriage. “Oh if my friend should be waiting now.” I told her that it was not likely, that it was a shame to keep such a lovely girl waiting, and so on. Her vanity again showed itself — I have met many women as vain as peacocks, but think this lass was the vainest. Seeing my chance, I laid on the flattery till it was almost laughable, but she swallowed it all. I told her I'd been wild for her, since I had seen her beautiful breasts peeping out of her pretty frock. “Yes, isn't it pretty, he told me to come in it” — saying that she undid her cloak to show me. — “Lovely, exquisite! I'd give a sovereign to see you strip to your waist, I'm sure you're perfect.” — “My friend says I am.” — She looked half sheepish but delighted. — “Have you any hair in your armpits?” I risked. — She actually colored up, laughed, reflected seemingly, and then. “A little. — Oh! I must go, perhaps he's there now.” — “Nonsense he's playing with you.” — “It's a shame if he is, I've come such a way, but I must go and see.” — Out we both went, I keeping a long way off from her, and she came back in despair. “Let us have another glass of wine at a quieter house, and you shall go and look again in a quarter of an hour.”

At length after going out again to look for her friend, she consented. — Quite uncertain what the character of the house now was, and not knowing any other about there, I went to it and asked for a bedroom for the night. — An elderly woman said “yes,” but there

was a sitting room with it, and she couldn't let me without the other. I hired it, said our baggage would come soon, and found myself alone with the lass in a fairly comfortable room with a fire, which I soon roused to a blaze. — Ordering wine, the landlady said they hadn't a spirit license but would fetch anything. — I paid money down and port wine came.

The lass threw off her cloak and we sat by the fire, I kissed her often. — She liked it, but I took no great liberty then: waiting till the fire had warmed her flesh, and the wine heated her cunt a bit. Then I began to feel hungry, so was she, the landlady said she had nothing in the house but could get us anything, and in twenty minutes there were mutton chops (not so bad) on the table, and soon were in our stomachs. — “Don't you want to piddle?” said I, thinking it quite time to break the ice. — She laughed uneasily and said she did, went to the bedroom and returning. “Have you dried it?” — “Ohoo” she chuckled, “I wonder if my friend's come.” — I went to the bedroom, and turned the gas full on there to warm the room, no fire being alight.

I told her it was a waste of time to look for her friend now, he wouldn't expect her to wait an hour and a half for him. “If he is waiting close by, what will he think if he sees you going out of a house? — he'll never speak with you again.” That had not occurred to her. — “I ought not to have come here” quoth she sadly. I pulled the sofa to the fire and we sat down, putting the wine upon the mantelpiece.

More talk, another glass of wine, more kisses. — “I'll give you a sovereign to strip to your waist.” — “No” — I kissed her breasts. — “What do you meet your friend for?” — After a pause. — “To see him.” — “You come to be fucked, you little fibber.” — She gave me a push. — “Let me see your legs.” — “I shan't.” — Seizing her round the waist, and kissing her, I pulled her back and got my hand on to her cunt. How many dozens of times I've done the same thing to women? — She didn't cry or struggle much. “Don't, now don't” was all she said. I now begged her to let us fuck, said I knew she'd come to be fucked, that she liked fucking, and then pulling out my prick — a standard in perfection — I stood in front of her to show it. “Look at it my darling, it's as big as your friend's.” — She laughed slightly and looked at it. — Seating myself again I took her round her waist, kissing, begging, talking of fucking. — “Oh! don't — I won't” — I put her unresisting hand round my prick, she kept it there, and in a second I was frigging her whilst still she murmured. — “Oh — don't — I won't.” In silence now I frigged till her backside began to writhe under my titillation, whilst still she held my prick, her head laying on my shoulder. I knew that lust was now aiding me.

The delicious enervation of lust was indeed overwhelming her,

desire was coursing through her veins. — Who can describe the sensuous delight a woman feels at such a moment, when in the very springtide of sexual wants and almost in her innocence of their gratification. When ready to spend under the gentle titil- lation of a man's fingers on her clitoris, her cunt in-voluntarily lubricating itself to receive the prick which she holds, he kissing rapturously and murmuring the blazing words of lust and love: Who can describe the voluptuous thrills which annihilate her resistance to him who is begging to let him fuck her, she dying to be fucked whilst yet she says, “No, no — I won't.” Such moments must be bliss only excelled by the ecstatic crisis, when they are joined in one and the sperm gushes up her cunt, and cunt grips, sucks, receives, absorbs it, shedding its own to blend with his in the warm avenue to her womb, and make the lubricious compound in which his prick lies wallowing afterwards.

Vanity — the only name I can give her, was in this voluptuous state, when withdrawing my fingers from her cunt, and rising with hornlike prick, gently I pressed her unresisting to the bed room and raised her light form on to the bed's edge. “Don't now — don't” — I threw up her clothes, kissed and smelt between her thighs for an instant only, then her thighs opened more, I felt between the moist lips, and in a second with one lunge was up her cunt. — “Don't — aherr” — was all she said, then laid silent with eyes closed, whilst I stood still, my prick throbbing and enjoying its possession.

Then nature impelled me to the amourous exercise. Gently drawing my prick back to its tip, again I drove it back with force. At each such thrust she sighed, “Aherr.” Then her eyes opened full on me. Something in their expression, something in the feel of her little cunt — I can't describe it, — instinct told me her crisis was near. — Rapidly I moved my prick now, the friction told. — “Aherr.” Her eyes closed, ripples of pleasure on her belly, quivering of thighs and buttocks, a heave up of her cunt. “Aherr,” she sighed. — “Aherr, I'm coming, darling — fuck.” — My hot spunk flooded her cunt, and both were in paradise, tranquil, silent. — Ah what a sin to awaken from such bliss! — Why not die away thus into Elysium, cunt and prick still in holy conjunction? — As all must die, let us pray to die fucking, die in the ecstasy of obeying the divine law. — “Increase and multiply.” — Many men are fortunate enough to go off in this supreme pleasure.

There is an end of all things. — She opened her eyes, we gazed into each other's voluptuously, prick and cunt still joined. — “Did you like the fuck?” — “Yes.” — “Wasn't it delicious?” — “Yes.” — “Is my prick bigger than your friend's?” “I can't tell.” — So ran our talk till I felt the mucilaginous, soothing liquids running down my balls. Then withdrawing my prick I knelt and saw the evidence of our pleasures, both washed, and went to the sitting room.

Fucking usually opens a woman's mouth, as well as her cunt. — Vanity now was more talkative, it was first about fucking and she revelled in it. Then it was of herself and friend. — I couldn't get her name or address, but her christian name was Lucy. — She'd been cautious about wine. — “Have I hurt my new dress at the back?” — “No, take it off dear and see, and I'll give you a sovereign to strip to your waist.” — She hesitated silently. — “No.” “Why? I've fucked you and seen your cunt.” Then thoughtfully, without a word she stripped slowly to her waist, and afterwards at my request to her chemise — at which she chuckled. — Then on chairs together we sat before the fire feeling each other's genitals. Then I looked long at her cunt, and at length gamahuched her — her first pleasure under the friction of a tongue.

She was sixteen and three months old, well grown, thin, with lovely shaped nascent breasts and but a narrow bum, had a dear little cunt, light chestnut-coloured hair on the motte, and as much only as would cover half a crown. The lips were fattish and unfledged nearly, the clitoris well developed. Really these young cunts are lovely. — I like them best now. — She'd been fucked not two months and about ten times. — Her cunt had all the signs of comparatively recent defloration — I know the look of recent rupture well, having ruptured and seen many. — She'd large hands and feet, was of common breed, only moderately pretty, had lovely teeth, and a large mouth. But there was a delicious fresh look about her, an innocence in her manner and in her fucking, which was most stimulating. Before long I wanted to do her again, she was ready in a minute, and made no objection to anything after I had gamahuched her, but was ready for all. We got into bed and we fucked nearly but not quite naked. — I put this time my tongue in her mouth, her friend had never done that. — “It's nasty tho it's nice” — said she — queer combination of ideas.

Her friend was not a very young man, he'd fucked her twice at first, at other meetings generally but once. He'd first met her in the street. A friend of hers, a widow, let her meet him at her lodgings but he'd never tailed her there. Her parents were poor and knew nothing of her game, the dresses given her she kept at the widow's, she must go there to change them that night; her mother thought she'd gone to a concert with the widow. Here she let slip the name of a place at the extreme end of London. — Her friend gave her a sovereign each time he had her, and said he'd keep her. She always came to meet him at the west end, but didn't know where he took her to, they were various, he had never named that street before. — If she got with child, the widow was to help her — I came to the conclusion that the widow got money by the girl, and was perhaps fucked by the friend as well.

Lots more chat, and then in a hurry she left, as she must get home — I told the landlady there was some blunder about our luggage, and I must go and look after it, so paid for the rooms for the night. — She gravely asked, if letters came where was she to for-ward them to. I went with the lass in a cab to the Rail-way tho it only took four minutes to get there, felt her little cunt all the way and promised two sovereigns if she'd meet me here again. — “I will if I can I'm sure — I like you better than him,” — but on the evening named she did not appear.

[Good fortune this year certainly had not forsaken me in respect of virginities.] — Two years ago I moved to another quarter of the town. Between my house and some particular friend's house where I visited some-what frequently, were small streets in one of which lived my hairdresser, whom I employed because he was always at home, and his shop was quiet. The house and those in the street had been private dwellings tho now shops, and the entrance passage which opened to the shop went further on to a door which was the living house entry. — One morning at about ten o'clock going there to have my hair cut, I saw a well grown, young, and remarkably handsome girl, sweeping the passage out. She looked full at me with her beautiful hazel eyes, then dropped them on the floor in a sham modest way as I thought. Struck with her and for the sake of looking at her, I asked if her master was within. — He sometimes was out — “In the cutting room I think, sir” — and again her eyes dropped under my gaze. — She was so neatly dressed and her demeanor so ladylike even, that I thought she must belong to the hair-dresser's family and was not a servant, especially as he was a small tradesman.

A few days after I saw her again sweeping the pas-sage. She looked at me then dropped her eyes as before, which made me suspicious. A modest woman turns her eyes away from a man's, those who drop them ostentatiously on to the ground with a half-stealthy look, I have found to be naturally lustful, to know much on sexual matters, and be cunning. It struck me that this girl was hot cunted and immodest, and as usual I began to think about her hidden charms. Then I thought that a man had probably seen them, and that her sexual aperture had been plugged. Another week or so passed, and as I entered the shop, she was again sweeping the passage. The same look and droop of eye took place, and with my hair was being cut I re-marked, — “What a superior-looking maid that is of yours, sweeping the passage.” — “I'll be glad when she's gone,” he burst out angrily. — “An idle hussy — we can't get her up in the morning, she does nothing but read novels, and keeps them in her pocket, neglects her work. and drives my wife mad. The month she came for is up, thank God and she's going tonight. We took her with quite a so-so character.” A lot

more of the same sort, he said. “She's good-looking, she'll get a place or a friend always.” — “Yes, sir,” said he with a snigger. “She'll get soon what most girls want if she's not had it already, she's going out now to get lodgings. — She's only nineteen and won't come to any good, you may be sure.” — He worked himself quite in-to a passion. He was an ugly baldheaded, middle-aged man, but a very good hairdresser.

A letch for her came on strongly. — All the hair-dresser had said pointed to his belief in her having been fucked, or being as he said not better than she ought. No woman who's had a fucking will ever be long with-out having it again. Before tasting it they can resist long and oftentimes successfully, but after the feel of the semi-elastic, warm, smooth, red-tipped prober up their cunts, it so upsets and vanquishes them, they think so of the delicious sensations of the conjunction just as a man does — that at all risk they will have it up them again. — I made sure she'd been fucked from the sly downcast look, and guessed she was sexually hot — I have made mistakes about women having been fucked, but rarely if ever have I been wrong about the voluptuousness of their natures.

I could scarcely wait to have my hair finished, so anxious was I to waylay her when going out, as I have many a servant before — even my own servants. — I feared to miss my chance. — “Shall I trim your whiskers, sir?” “No, next time, I'm in a hurry” — and away I went.

I planted myself in the street just in sight of the shop, and there had plenty of time for reflection. — I thought I was embarking in a risky affair, but my letch overpowered me. I had come to the conclusion that she had gone out whilst my hair was being cut, when I saw her coming in my direction. I moved out of sight round the angle of a street, and in a minute we met. — “I'm sorry to hear you've been dismissed,” said I, accosting her. — Astonished she looked. — “Who told you, sir?”

— “Your master.” — “Yes, and I'm glad to get away.”

— “Where are you going?” — “To get lodging,” and she told me where. — “I'll drive you there — I fell in love with you the first time I saw you.” — “I don't believe you.” — Our eyes met and she laughed, a few minutes more flattery and she got into a cab with me. Driving along I learnt that she supposed she'd soon get a place and so on. — “Why don't you go home?” “Oh, it's a long way off.” — “Where?” — She said that she knew where but avoided all information about herself.

The lodging was got. She was to leave the hair-dresser's at half past six, and with little persuasion agreed to dine with me afterwards. We got on very happily, she asked my age, I told her one younger than I was, but she thought me ten years younger than that. No — she

wouldn't disappoint me, she'd be glad enough of a dinner, for they almost starved her, and would be in a cab where I'd first spoken to her. I ordered a dinner in a private room at * * * and paid half the cost down, then went home and reflected on my risks, thought she was a determined wench, that such resolute ones often got men into trouble. But I was cunt struck, was in sexual love — my prick stood when I thought of her, and resolved to have her at any risk, thinking that her coldness was assumed, and that she was one who kept in situations if it suited her for a time, and took money and a prick when out of it. — There are many such servants.

At the time agreed on she in the cab was there, we drove to the lodgings, deposited her box, then in an-other cab we drove to the restaurant. In the dark going there I kissed her but she didn't return it, was taciturn, sullen and pushed away my hand which I'd placed on her lap to be near her cunt. In the dining room she re-marked it was very comfortable — sat down, and in an easy way at my request removed her bonnet. She looked lovely. I couldn't quite make her out — was she, or was she not virtuous? — My first instincts about women have generally proved to be right, yet in the intermediate stage of courtship I've frequently hesitated and doubted my beliefs. Women are so capricious and cunning, can so hide their sexual wants and habits, and have nothing to show when lust is on them, as a stiff prick does a man — that unmistakable indicator.

She eat as if she'd never had a good dinner before and drank wine sparingly, but unaccustomed to liquor, took enough to warm her up. We were close together, and so placed that I could touch her legs with mine. I joked about her lovers. — Wouldn't she write to one to keep her company till she got another situation — keep her warm in bed, and so on? — “Why no.” — Freer and freer I got and when dinner was removed and wine on table, we sat on the sofa together. I gave and got kisses then. — “Don't you want to piddle, dear.” — “Lord, no” — said she startled. — “You do. I'll call the maid.” — She didn't say no again, went out with the maid and returned. — “Have you dried it properly?” “Mind your own business” — Her face grew scarlet when I repeated the question and she made no further reply until, — “Now, let me dry it.” — “Oh how you do go on.” I let the subject drop then, knowing that she was thinking of her cunt, and knew that I was as well. Once set a woman thinking thus and lust begin to ferment and fucking results.

We chatted on, she close as an oyster about her past life, anxious about a situation and the money question — I offering to befriend her and kissing her at intervals. She wasn't ticklish she said, but trying her, in a minute she was wriggling like an eel and begging me to desist. — “Oh — I can't bear it — leave off.” — Then I pulled her

suddenly back on the sofa, got my hand up her petticoats, and my fingers touched a napkin instead of her cunt. — She had her courses on.

She cried out loudly— “Oh, don't, you beast” and dislodged my hand easily enough, for indeed surprized, I had desisted, not liking women when with their monthlies on. — She was scarlet in face again and un-mistakably angry. The ice was broken and I went on talking about menstruation in medical fashion. — She tossing her head, and not replying — until. “I'm sorry I've offended you — I wouldn't have tried to feel your cunt if I'd known, you'll let me another day.” — “I won't, you beast — I must go” — said she rising up.

I went on talking. — It was only nine o'clock and re-fused to let her go, told her that gin and water was good for her etc. etc., till on promise not to do “anything of that sort again,” she sat down. Again I kissed, but she was now reserved, so soon after we left. In the cab I felt to her knees spite of her struggles, declaring I'd not go a bit higher which I didn't, not liking to feel a cunt in that condition. Finally exposing my genitals completely I forced her hand on to them. — “Oh you beast” and off her hand went, but I knew she'd think about that when she was alone.

She jumped out of the cab when near her lodgings, wouldn't kiss me, and repulsed me. No, she wouldn't dine with me again. — “I won't, I won't — there — never” and she rushed into the house. — I was sur-prized at this termination, but I'd touched her thighs, she my pego, I knew that lewed thoughts must arise from that, and her cunt heat and moisten when they did. — Such is human nautre male and female. “He wants to fuck me” — must have been in her mind many a time afterwards. Oh that I could for a week change my sex, be a woman, and have their thoughts and sensations.

I waited three days then telegraphed an assignation, but she never came. A second time the same result. I had been too hasty, too impetuous. Then I thought she'd perhaps a sweetheart who was enjoying her, then of the insinuation of the hair dresser, and felt sure that some-one fucked that sweet sylphlike beauty. — Yet she'd been so nice and soft in manner with me at first, — and her eyes had that downcast, half knowing, half modest look which women have when they incline to a man — that I was bewildered. If she has been fucked why couldn't she let me have a pleasure? Perhaps she has got a situation I thought. One evening, randy to my bumhole and risking all, I went to the house and asked if she had left. She had not. “Tell her the gentleman is here about the situation she's been after.” The girl appeared, she'd been unwell thro taking cold, couldn't get a situation, thought she'd go home again, and at length agreed to dine with me the next night, on my solemn promise that I'd “have none of

those games again." Did she believe my promise?

At the restaurant where we had dined the sofa was more like a seat. With a willing woman we might have fucked on it, but if she were restive I knew that I couldn't succeed. I might also have one of those temporary fits of nervous impotence, which I've had at intervals all my life, and ever shall recollect the words of our maid in my youth, she willing on a sofa in the dark, and I couldn't tail her tho I tried. Then she contemptuously. — "Oh — you're not man enough," — forty long years perhaps have elapsed since that was said, but even now the recollection of it annoys me. So I sought an Italian hotel, and was shown a room with a big sofa, on which the Great Eastern might have laid her bulky arse. I took it, ordered dinner and fine wine, then seeing a door which the waiter locked, "What is that?" — "A bedroom." — "I can't have this room then, I don't want to be listened to." — "All the others are engaged." — He went to his master and returning asked if I should stay late. — "No, but I'll pay for that room," and that was so arranged. I thought it a lucky omen.

The dinner tho the hotel was a poor one was really excellent. The girl whose name was Phoebe — I never had a woman with it before — eat enormously. She'd been half starved, had spent all her money and pawned some underlinen. She cried a little about that. She belched. — "Oh I beg your pardon, sir, I was so empty." — "Never mind we all do that at times, don't blush" — for she did. Sitting together afterwards upon the sofa she was less reserved, and said if she didn't get a situation soon perhaps she'd better go home. She'd barely enough money left to keep her an- other week. "I'll pay if you'll let me feel it again." — She gave me a push in a half sulky manner. — "Your sweetheart has felt it." — "I haven't one." — She looked me full in the face, and again her eyes drooped in what seemed to me a sham modest manner. Then I thought her a cunning devil.

We were both jolly as far as good food and wine could make us. I talked in veiled lewedness accompanied by kisses and cuddling. — How time flies in these absorbing amusements. "Let me feel it again and there is a sovereign for another week's living, I'd give you five if you'd sleep with me." — "I won't." — "Well take the sovereign." She took it, thanked me and got thoughtful. After a glass more wine I held her tight to me, her head on my shoulder. "Let me feel it — only just above your knees then," — "I won't." — "I've given you a sovereign to let me." — "I'm so poor or I would not have taken it." — "Let me." — With a little struggle my hand was on her cunt, my fingers in the curls of her motte. "Oh don't, you shan't." — Her resistance was slight, and I twiddled all about the soft region, but couldn't get to the split, her thighs were so tightly closed.

Withdrawing my hand and pulling out my prick in magnificent

condition, I stood up for a moment showing it to her, then sitting down closed on her again, and cuddling, holding her tightly to me, got at last my fin-gers on to her clitoris.

She writhed to get away. “Let me feel it darling, I'll give you such pleasure.” — Her movements only gave me better chance, I got my middle finger well on to that soft convexity, that gentle protuberance, placed there by nature to let the male rouse the female's lust, and let the woman assuage her lust solitarily by frigging, if she cannot be fucked. — Murmuring now the lewed words of love, intoxicating her with kisses, entreating, promising anything, everything. Her “No — no” grew faint, and her thighs opened with incipient pleasure. — “Aher, — doo — on't — leave off.” — Her lips clung to mine as she murmured thus, in the enervation of sexual want — want of fucking.

Instinct told me the psychological moment had come. Pressing one of her hands for a minute on my ballocks and kissing all the time, for a second I frigged her rapidly.

She was silent with eyes closed, her body saturated with desire — almost unconscious of yielding to her lust whilst refusing, yet yielding. “Ohoo — noww.” — “Let me fuck you, love.” — Kissing her, my arm round her waist, I led her to the bed room, placed her on the bed, for a moment by her side laid feeling the region of her sex, then covering her, placed my red hot prick against her cunt, and in a second lodged it well and thrust — “Oho — ho — don't.” I didn't enter, thought I'd mistaken the road and felt my tool. All was right and I lunged again. — “Oho” she cried. — A barrier! by the living God! she's a virgin! ! ! Then with fierce, al-most bloody determination now, I thrust as the fact dawned on me, thrust with the force of fifty pricks for entry. — “Ohoo.” — Something nipped my gland tightly, nipped as it an india rubber ring was round it, then instantly loosened, gave way, and at the next lunge my prick was buried up to its balls in her cunt. Then shortening my thrusts in the glory of complete possession whilst her cries had ceased, next minute I flooded her avenue with boiling sperm, and sank quietly on her, kissing and endearing her.

As I came to myself, I was surprized — the virginity was so unexpected. Had I thought when first I accosted her that she'd not been fucked, I'm quite sure that under all circumstances I should never have at-tempted her. — Is my judgment, my perspicacity in feminine affairs, leaving me? So I thought as I lay with my prick still revelling in its hot lubricious bath, and she lay quiet with eyes closed. — “You've never had it before,” at length I remarked. She opened her eyes. “Let me get up — do.” — Shifting to her side and uncunting, I put my finger over the orifice which was yielding up fast the excess of my libation, and with drew it covered with blood and sperm. Then I tried to look at her cunt, but pushing down her clothes she got off the

bed, so did I, and we stood looking at each other for a second or two. “You've never been fucked before,” again I remarked. — “Of course not,” she re-plied sadly. — “I'll get hot water for you to wash your cunt with.” — Ringing, it was brought, and I left the room to let her purify alone, I knew I should soon see all that I wanted.

She came to the sitting room, had a glass more wine, for an hour we talked and kissed. The most luscious conversations I've ever had have been with virgins just after defloration. Open a woman's cunt and you open her mouth. Our talk was all about fucking, or what leads to it — about her being virgin — how she'd kept one so long — what her longings had been, what her sensations as my prick broke through the membrane, what as it stretched and spent in her. — Then cuddling, kissing, showing my prick, feeling her cunt, looking at its ragged bleeding edges; within the hour I done all this. She'd felt my stiff prick, I'd fucked her again, she had given down her maiden tribute to mix with her ravisher's, and our spendings had mingled in our pleasures.

Then, whether I could do her again became an anxiety, not being so young as I was. Again by the fire we sat, sipped wine, and talked and kissed and cuddled. She anxious to go, I to keep her, until at length with a long effort, but with prick which never showed signs of shirking its duty, nor dwindled from the moment it was gripped by her cunt, at length I did it, standing at the bed side, holding up her thighs, watching her lovely face as she spent with me during the luscious carnal exercise. Half an hour after that I had left her at her lodgings. I'll bet she fingered up her cunt more than once that night.

I shorten the narrative from here. Three days after we fucked in a warm comfortable bed and had full enjoyment for eyes, fingers, lips and prick. All my senses were fully gratified and hers as well. Soon after I was sorry to find a recklessness about her. She was still reserved about herself and relatives, and I never knew where she came from nor her real surname, perhaps not her Christian name. If she did not get a situation she'd go home, she said, but I knew that she could have got to service if she'd liked and told her so. — Well, she wasn't going to a tradesman's again, so she'd go home. She was very affectionate to me, hinted how she would like me to keep her, and so on. As said, she knew my name and address, and amusement was tending to-wards a tie, so insisted on her going home. — She agreed, I gave her ten pounds, fucked her before she got into the cab, took her to a railway terminus — and never saw or heard of her since.

She was a slim, well-formed girl, with a small quantity of darkish brown hair on a pretty little cunt. — I thought her a delicious fuck at first, but somehow ceased to care much about it soon after, whilst she seemed more eager for my prick at each meeting. She wasn't

altogether a pleasant girl either — something in the background was, I think, shadowing her, there was such a strange look in her eyes at times. — Her face was lovely, she had the loveliest hazel eyes.

[Among many pieces of good fortune with women, this was one of the most singular and was due largely to boldness and opportunity. Boldness is one of the most essential qualities in getting women. Not much harm can result from it, if not good. A man can but be refused, and women don't tell of sexual requests to them. Not one virtuous woman in a hundred would tell anyone but a confidential female friend, if a man said to her. “Oh! I'm dying to fuck you,” and she'd feel in her heart complimented by his desires, — tho she wouldn't tell that.]

Chapter XIII

Fucking on chairs. • Condoms tried. • Blowpipe, condom, and cunt. • My ill health. • H.'s sexual strength. • Cunts felt in the streets. • A peculiar piddling performance. • L**l*e again. • A sweet seventeen harlot. • A sea voyage. • A young plain-faced widow. • Masturbation of a circumcized. • A harlot's naked street antics. • Fucking against bamboo. • A comedy of donkies. • Lewed effect on the widow. • An aperient applied to her pouters.

The two little episodes last narrated, tho shortened, took a long time to write, but are worth preserving, yet how short a time they really occupied me in the performance. The railway lass but one evening only — the hairdresser's servant, but eight evenings in six weeks. They are charming reminiscences, particularly that of Phoebe, whom I had the pleasure of teaching the art of love, and in the very few meetings, fucked her in half a dozen different attitudes, and both gamahuched and frigged her. She used to submit to my suggestions at once after our marriage night, and without a word but, "oh!" — when she heard my proposals.

For sometimes I hadn't seen H. at all, and when I did told her all. She said she didn't care but was evidently angry. We had champagne. Neither Donkey prick nor her protector had had her for about ten days (so she said when sitting on my knee, feeling my prick and I her vulva). She said she'd contented herself with digital movements on her cuntal bud, — which wasn't all she needed — and before I'd been in the house a quarter of an hour she was manipulating my love staff. This shows how the recital of any amorous trick affects those whose lust is rampant. — I'd said that I'd fucked Phoebe whilst sitting on a chair, she sitting on my prick with bum against my belly. — "Fuck me so," said H. Next minute I did. — She put a glass on the floor with lights by its side — as L**l*e used, — so that both could see the movement of my prick in her cunt, as she fucked me by rise and fall. We were delighted, she enraptured. — "Do you see your balls?" "Yes dear — frig your clitoris." — She obeyed. Then sobbing out our carnal chorus, looking in the glass whilst fucking and frigging, we got repose in concupiscent Elysium. — Afterwards we varied it by fucking whilst sitting face to face and tongue to tongue, — that luscious lingual junction, a delicious addition. — It pleased her to know I had fucked Phoebe in that posture. — Said she as we began, "I can't see your prick moving when face to face, you can," — then she put the glass at the back of our chair, and looking over my shoulders was gratified,

tho she could only see herself moving.

A day or two after, there again, meretricious inventiveness was on us both. It was an age since I'd had a condom on my prick, and she long since one so sheathed and been put up her. We had talked of that before. I took condoms with me, we began operations with one on, but not liking the sensation — which cheats the sexual pleasure of both, — I took my prick out, well greased the condom outside, put it on and up her again. We compared sensations, but both agreeing that pleasure was largely lessened by the intervening skin between prick and cunt, I took it off and fucked without one.

I took another day with me a condom tied on to a little bone tube, which I took out from an india rubber bottle or injector, and with that could inflate the con-dom. — Wetting the condom she pushed it — a gutty little string — up her cunt as far as she could with her fingers, leaving the mouthpiece hanging out, and laid herself at the edge of the bed. Then taking it in my mouth, I tried to inflate the condom by blowing into it, but with all the force of my lungs failed to do so effectually. It might have been done perhaps with a pair of bellows, but with my mouth I could do nothing more than inflate it a little. Directly I ceased blowing, the squeeze of her cunt drove all the wind out again. She could feel the dilation, which gave her cunt what she called “a tickling squeeze out” but nothing more. We both thought it good fun, which shows what infinite variety of amusements reside in cock and cunt. A trial on another day, when the condom was pushed up her dry, was equally unsuccessful.

Then I blew up her cunt thro an india rubber tube — my breath blew against her womb, which we thought at the time good fun. — Indeed any absurdity (as it may be seen afterwards) will amuse a meretricious couple fond of playing with each other's genitals. Then as she had a pretty bum hole, I introduced the india rubber tube up that and blew up it — “I'll put a fresh fart into you,” said I — “Beast,” — but she liked the fun. Inventions multiplied. I blew a condom out, tied the end to keep up the inflation, then pushed it up her cunt. It was larger in circumference than any prick I have seen — so far as I can judge, — but up it went, and I moved it very gently whilst she frigged herself. There were pleasant chats about this, and we agreed that a cunt full grown would take a much larger than ever man yet had.

Then I fell out of health and was ordered to a warmer climate for the winter. — Before departing, H. and I had a frolicksome evening, in which we invented postures and modes of pleasure, in which we both got tight, and her lasciviousness had full play. With great regret we parted, as much exhausted with lecherous amusements as a couple could be. Her wonderful strength showed itself that night, for under my prick, finger, and tongue, she spent eleven times, and at that last

gamahuche, during which I added to her pleasure by inserting my middle finger just through her sphincter, she gave such a long, loud screech as she spent, that it must have been heard throughout the house, and she nearly tore the hair off my head. — “Aha — my God — suck — bugger — quicker — haa — spunk,” she screeched in ejaculations, pausing between each word. — I wrote an account of all next day, this is but an abbreviation.

A week afterwards returning home late, reminiscences of the fun I'd had in cunt hunting in that neighbourhood filled my mind. I walked along the harlot's promenade, met N**l*e L*l*e and went home with her, having a desire to see again that large-mouthed dark-haired vulva, which had spite of its size given me much pleasure. She looked older, seemed poorer, but had good apartments with newish furniture, given to her by her septuagenarian friend, up whose anus she worked a dildo whilst she gamahuched him — as I think has already been narrated. — After amusing myself with her cunt, I paid her a full fee and departed without tailing her, much to her astonishment and regret seemingly.

Then in an erotic state of mind and body, I went to the quiet streets where I have felt scores of cunts — thus does lust lead men on — and thought I'd feel others. It was now just past midnight, the public houses were closed, and Cyprians who had been taking their fill of liquor wanted relief. A French woman said, “Come home with me, cheri.” — “No, I'll give you a shilling to piddle over my fingers whilst I feel your cunt.” — “Mais, oui,” and without a word the act and deed were done, and payment made in three minutes.

Whilst the warm saline outpour was going on, two other whores came by and were amused. “Voyons, je puis pisser, moi.” — “A shilling?” “Oui.” — And so she pissed, and her companion also. Then a shoal of harlots, French and English — one telling another — came and pissed. “Prenez garde — le police,” and quickly they scattered like chaff before the wind. I stood upright by the kerb stone. On stalked the guardian of public morals, not noticing me who had never moved.

Then came by a shortish, stout English woman, I offered her a shilling. — “Give it me then, I want to piss badly.” — She squatted and began ere I could stoop, at the edge of the kerb, and to my astonishment her piddle squirted out in a smallish stream nearly horizontally, and quite two yards from her. A police-man came near. — “Get up, the police.” — “Can't, I'm bursting,” and she finished whilst the guardian stalked by without noticing her. She, evidently aware of the direction of the current, had pulled her clothes up above her garters to avoid wetting them. The constable I believe thought from my standing by her side that I was her husband.

“I'm seven months gone with child,” said she rising from the kerb.

“You can feel my cunt round the corner.” — I followed her there, but finding another couple engaged in feeling each other's privates, bade her good night, and left without further satisfying my curiosity about her cuntal region. There are more gas lights there now than formerly, which interfered with street amours, and destroys tranquillity in the sexual pleasures — cui bono? The cunts will be felt else-where, the venue is changed, that is all — that which is natural between the sexes will have its way, or if thwarted lead to the unnatural.

By that time concupiscence was asserting its power in me. The feel of six or eight cunts, the sight and feel of L**l*e's bum furrow and cuntal region — now thickly black haired from bum bone nearly to navel — had roused my tool, which from fatigue had enabled me to withstand sexual wishes since the night when fucked out I left H. A slight, fair-haired woman looked at one. — “How old are you?” — “Seventeen — come — my lodging, it's close by.” I went with her. She'd a delicious, pretty, little, light auburn-haired rift, pink tinted and with scarcely nymphae or clitoris, quite a girl's cunt and very enticing. She was small boned, rather thin, but most beautifully made, and to my astonishment said she was Irish tho I didn't believe it. “Do it me.” — said she so soon as she'd felt my cock. — “You want it?” — “Yes I've not had it tonight.” — “Here is your money, don't let me if you have any fear.” — “Thank you, put it down, I'm all right.” She was then laying on the bedside naked. — Next minute I plugged her to her womb. It was such a tight little cunt, and I had pleasure in feeling round my prick, tightly enclosed by the nearly hairless lips. — “Oh — go on — fuck,” quoth she impatiently, and in a minute our sexual juices mingled.

“Ah — isn't it nice?” said she, as leaning over her — my cock still sheathed in her — I kissed her pretty youthful face, which wasn't a bit Irish. — Stooping, kissing, keeping my prick up as long as I could, at length out it came. “Do me again.” — “I can't.” — “Let me make you.” — “No, its late, and I'm sure I can't.” But she was anxious for it. A pretty girl begging me to fuck her is irresistible. She washed. — “I'll lay by your side a minute or two.” — There I felt up he] tight cunt, she made me rise, up her I put my pego, and lay so for many minutes before I thrust, then fucked again and departed. She had lifted up her legs for a very small fee.

A longish sea voyage, no incidents worth noting, excepting that of a healthy and very plain-faced, tall woman, seemingly about twenty-five, traveling wit] her mother and father to the East, was seasick close t me. I led her to her cabin and comforted her on the way. “How very kind,” said she next day, and then to my astonishment I found she was a widow. The sea air and extreme rest soon made my prick voluptuous, and I thought of the widow whose cabin was only a few

yards from mine — I like talking to widows, they know all about fucking, they want it, and will take any sly allusions to it, whilst I am wondering how they assuage their passions, and how their cunts must tingle with want of the male. They tingle much more than virgins' cunts who don't know the stretch of the prick. There were her “Pa and Ma,” and I also had friends with whom I was travelling in my way. But walking on deck after dinner one fine evening with her “Pa and Ma” about — we leant over the bulwarks talking about sea sickness. Was I sick? she asked. — “Sometimes qualmish but soon over, and it has a very peculiar effect on me.” — “What?” — I hesitated, then — “It makes me want to be in bed with a companion.” “Ohooo,” said she giggling and went off to her Ma — I didn't fear, knowing that a widow wouldn't tell of that. — Half an hour later sitting at cards, I noticed that every minute she looked across at me. I fancy her cunt was stewing.

Once or twice on the voyage I nearly frigged myself, after I'd been standing at a place where I could see the women's feet as they went up to the decks, and I'd let the young widow see that I looked at hers. I fancied she let me see as much as she dare, and a beautiful foot and ankle she had — her sole charm — complimenting her on it, — “You've no business to be looking” said she laughing. “Why not, what are pretty feet, and legs etc. etc. made for but to be seen?” I thought what a hard case hers was, to be deprived of the male after three years regular fucking, which I ascertained was her case.

At an Oriental city I found perpetual blue sky, hot sunny days, and coolish nights. — All the delights of novelty in climate, vegetation, architecture, food, customs, dress, and where colored skins from the blackest to the whitest, were seen, and where among the peas-ants prick is king, no shame in showing it, whilst the women would sooner shew their cunts than their faces. I landed with a fortnight's sperm in my balls.

Two nights after on a blue-sky'd yet darkish evening, I wandered about the streets in the city, delighted with its wild, half-savage, irregular beauty. A few women flitted by me, their faces covered with the yashmaks, men turbaned and with flowing robes, others with baggy trowsers and a fez. — Negroes and Negresses mixed with others of tawny hue, whilst at rare intervals an European was seen. In a widish street near a cafй chantant all was bright, yet within two minutes walk from it, were poor houses, ragged, unkempt gardens and waste grounds. At the corner of a cross street, stood a short young man wearing baggy trowsers, and on his head a fez. I stared at everyone that night for the novelty, and stared at him as I passed. He

gave a significant jerk of his head and turned down the street. I followed, thinking he would show me a brothel of which I stood in need, as I had heard that pimps of whom no fear need be had, were always about. In two minutes we were by the ragged waste ground and almost in the dark, tho there were some street lamps at long intervals. I was hesitating to follow further, when he turned round and exposed his prick, I could fairly well see it for it was not very far from the last gas lamp. Then he turned, went on further, and in greater darkness stopped against some bamboo railings enclosing some waste grounds.

At once surprized, as I was for a moment, it occurred to me that he must be circumcized. Such a prick I'd never seen, so closed on him and felt it. It was soft, thick, and grew big under my handling. Then said he “Turko fuckee” and pointed in the distance. Scarcely a word of the language knew I, but guessed somehow that he meant a sodomitic den of which I had heard there were many there, and to which the Orientals openly went. I shook my head, he gesticulated persuasively, but it was of no avail.

Then he pointed to his prick which I'd relinquished. I had not satisfied myself about the circumcision, and by signs intimated I wished to see it again. He under-stood, pulled it out again in the half light, and I saw he had no prepuce. He advanced across the road nearer the light to show it, guessing from my manner what I wanted. He seemed quite indifferent whether he was seen or not by others, but I retreated, and he came back to me and towards some misearble bamboo railings. A man and woman passed on the opposite side but took no notice of us. The old letch came on with force, and naming a coin (about two shillings) I intimated by gesture that I wished to frig him. He nodded, I paid, he stood sideways so as to aid my operations. His prick grew stiff, then solid as a horn and very large yet smooth. I felt the glans which no prepuce covered, pleasure signs came on him and he tried to feel my prick, but I refused and frigged on slowly till he spent. My fun was over and off he went. It seemed an unnaturally large prick for his stature, but his race have large cunt rammers.

I walked away wondering at myself. I had not struck the whores' quarters which I'd sought, and was lusting strongly from long continence, when again I came across him accompanied by a girl. I was in a main road with feeble lights also a long distances apart. The girl immediately pulled her single garment right up to her neck and was all but naked, for she had neither shoes or stockings on, and holding them up she walked thus by my side accosting me, I guessed asking me to have her. The man who knew me again went on the other side of me chattering — some natives came to-wards us but took no notice. Then, two Europeans passed us and the girl turned back

and went after them, but soon after turning round I saw her coming to me, and again she'd pulled up her clothes. — I pushed her off and she disappeared in the darkness.

Resuming my stroll and motioning him off, in a minute the girl was again with me, again exposed herself and under a lamp, for there were still fewer people about. She looked about sixteen, had lustrous eyes and was very handsome tho copper colored. — I was quivering with want of a woman, and thought I'd just feel her cunt and nothing more.

A darkish, silent side road being close by, I turned down it. She took me by my hand, led me into the semi-darkness, where impelled by lust which had be-come too strong for prudence I felt her hairless cunt, and put my fingers up the warm avenue. Fear of danger then left me, I had heard that no European was ever molested there, that women for a mere trifle would let men fuck them, and within a short time I was fucking her, my concupiscence making me oblivious of all the chances of ailment, indifferent whether I was seen or not, tho I knew that my friends might be about.

Cooled by fucking I felt mad with myself. The risk I had ran when on the eve of a long journey where medical aid could not be had, astonished me. My having frigged the Oriental on a public road surprized me — yet strange inconsistency, marvellous power of concupiscence, who can withstand it? I longed to feel the woman again but only to feel her. My feeling and fucking had not I guess occupied three minutes, and the moment I had spent I ran off. Would she piss over my hand as harlots have done in the streets of Europe? So ran my thoughts, my prick stiffened again, and within half an hour I was fucking her in the same place, and at the same time feeling the youth's prick with one hand — for he had suddenly appeared and produced his tool — whilst I held her naked rump with the other. That night's amusements cost me only about eight shillings.

These incidents astonished me, but I soon found that they were usual enough everywhere in Oriental cities, and that the satisfaction of the senses carried no disgrace. But the nude exposure, the hairless prick and cunt, the singularity of the incitements, I thought of all next day. A rutting fit came on me and I thought of and longed for the cunt of every woman who passed me.

After a midday meal, travellers sat in front of the hotel with parasols up, digesting and talking. I thought of the cunt of each woman I looked at, then moved my chair to talk to the widow who with her parents was there. My friends had gone for a stroll. — Soon her parents went and we were alone, but there were other travellers sitting about. I looked in her eyes, thought of her cunt, and my cock stiffened. “What a lovely climate etc. etc.,” she said. — “Yes and it's

having the same effect on me as sea sickness." Her eyes opened wide, she colored up, made no reply to the observation, but drew my attention to a finely clad Turk who was walking by. Shortly after I looked her full in the eyes and laughed. — She laughed, and I felt sure she was thinking about my words.

We had slightly moved our chairs the better to avoid the sun, and then were overlooking the street sideways. We were talking about the hotel bedrooms, and found that mine was near hers tho at the back of the house. Suddenly the violent braying of a jack ass was heard, and turning to look, there was a splendid nearly white donkey, with a prick a foot long, getting into a very small donkey, one of several standing in the street for hire. Just as we looked Jack made a successful lunge and his big prick disappeared in the small donkey's cunt, and he rammed with energy, whilst the little female with her tail obligingly turned aside, stood still enjoying it. A donkey boy with yells and blows pulled Nanny away from Jack, by her ears and bridle. — The owner of the stallion, who rushed out of a shop, belaboured it with a big stick, puffing its head at the same time quite round, and at length the two got separated, but Jack's sperm was issuing as his big tool withdrew from the Nanny. By that time a group of Orientals with one or two Europeans who had collected thro the violent braying, seemed delighted, and wit- nessed the scene laughing. I looked on, the widow at my back I caught looking on when I turned round, tho she'd turned her parasol down in the direction of the street, as if to shut out the view. My procreator, hot before, was now burning and throbbing. — "I shouldn't like to be disturbed like that," said I. — "It's hot, I shall go in," she answered and quickly rose up. — Instinct I suppose made me reply that I should do the same, and we entered the hotel together. — "Didn't the master twack the poor jackass," said I when we were indoors. — "I didn't see anything," said she, — her face as red as a poppy. Then she burst out laughing. — "You did," I replied, laughing heartily too. — "I don't know what you mean. — He — He —He. — "You fib," — replied I. Then both grew serious.

We stood talking in the hall for a minute, I smiling, she scarcely restrained from smiling herself. We each knew well what the other was thinking of, and I wish I could have felt the sensations in her cunt, for I saw from her eyes that she was lewed. We both went upstairs together, and when in the bedroom corridor, "That's my room, they are lower this side but larger than yours." "Really?" — "Look." — I opened the door, she half entered it, I laid hold of her arm quite gently, and without any resistance, pulled her in and shut the door. — "Oh! I mustn't stop here." — "Give me a kiss — I will have one." — She didn't resist the kiss. — "I mustn't stop here." — "Yes do — I'm dying for you — let me see that sweet foot and leg which I saw on the

steamer." — "I shan't" — I pulled her down on to the bedside and put my hand on her calf. — "Oh you shan't" — next second it was on her thigh. — "Oh now — no, you shan't." Next minute my fingers were between her cunt lips, and I was titillating her clitoris, and kissing her. "Let me have you, my darling." — "Leave off now." — "Let's fuck." — "Oh, I'm sorry I came in, what will the servants say if they see me leaving?" The lovemaking then ran its course — how commonplace but how delicious, tho the same, and the same, and ever will be the same. — Frigging her first, then baudy words, then pego erect, dazzling and fascinating her, next her hand is round it, and I've a finger up the warm moist avenue. — "Hush dear, don't make a noise, they can hear thro the partition — I will have you, don't be foolish. — Hish." — "Oh — now — don't get me with child then." — "I won't, I'll spend outside. — Hish." — I pulled her bonnet off and threw it on the floor, then pulling her back onto the bed, the mosquito curtain tore down in all directions, then she was laying on the bed silent, her cunt thirsting for the soothing lifegiver. I see a dark-haired motte for an instant, then my belly covers her. — "Ah — Herr" — she sighs as my prick is buried in her. "Aha — err" — and I'm rapidly fucking her. "Aha" as my tongue meets hers. "Oh don't — abr." — My spunk was coming, was throbbing out into her, she spending, our pleasure was complete, her cunt full of my libation, my promise was forgotten, she'd forgotten her request, but both were happy.

Then came the wash and the usual regrets — the modest look — the fears. — "Oh if I'm seen." — "Wait longer — now let me see it." — She made no sham, she knew she could give no more than she had, and waited till she'd seen my prick erect again, till I'd seen her charms from bum hole to navel, and we'd fucked again. — Then smoking, I promenaded the corridor till the coast was clear, whistled loudly, and she escaped safely, nor did I see her until with Pa and Ma seated at the table d'hote. — Then how we looked at each other. — A widow I'm perfectly sure can't help getting fucked on the sly, and they know somehow, I find, how to take care of possibilities to themselves afterwards. — There were two other widows at that hotel, and also two soldiers' wives who had been with-out their husbands for months. — Had they done with-out sexual solace long? — Perhaps — most likely not.

Chapter XIV

The plain-faced widow. • A plain-faced backside. • An Oriental bagnio. • A circumcized cunt. • Terpsichorean bum-vibrating whores. • Cunts in the street. • Penis sine praeputium. • The physiognomies and sizes of pricks. • Female admiration of big ones. • The time consumed in a fuck. • The number of thrusts. • Quantity of sperm injected. • Amorous ejaculations whilst fucking. • Abnormal erotic whims and fancies.

The very plain-faced widow retired to her room, and I hope had pleasure in her retrospect of the after-noon's performances. After dinner, Pa — Ma — she and I, sat in the garden, till Ma complained of the mosquitos and the parents went in leaving the widow and me together. I asked her to come to my room again. — Her appetite for pleasure had been re-awakened, a cunt fasting for three years must prove a severe trial to most women who have been accustomed to connubial exercises, and I have always found widows accessible. Yet I was half surprized when she remarked that she would, but was frightened. She didn't actually refuse but again feared she'd be seen. — What would the servants or others think, if they saw her go to my room etc. etc., all of which fears were by no means groundless. But I pointed out to her that the corridors were most dimly lighted to avoid attracting mosquitoes, that her room — as she had said — tho next to her parents had no opening into theirs, and that hotel servants dare not take notice of travellers' doings. Then I offered to go to her room, which she objected to, and at length agreed to come to mine, my door to be left ajar. I got new mosquito curtains put well out of the way, and sat longing, expectant, till two hours past the appointed time, but she never came. — Nor was I sorry, not feeling quite sure of my prick's competency, it having twice that day solaced her long neglected cunt.

Next day she told me she had started thrice to come, but always someone appeared just at the moment, and she got frightened — I told her how I had put women up to going straight to the water closet, when coming to my room, if anyone happened to appear on their way. She took the hint and the next night we were on the bed together. She was very plain faced, nor was her form remarkable, and her cunt was a coarse, hairy pouter, yet it seemed a delicious one as I fucked it. She'd only a gown on over her chemise which I took off, and clothing did not embarrass us, for I stripped, flicked her twice, and gamahuched her once in about an hour and a half, during which the

mosquitoes feasted on my rump and thighs, and on her thighs and breasts. We separated content with each other. The next night we did the same and showed each other mosquito evidences. The day after, she with her parents departed in a different direction from ours. I never have seen her since. She didn't fear her parents much, for she said that she paid all the costs of their journey. She was a well-to-do widow. Then I found out the locality of the whores. My friends had already done so, and we walked in the day-time there together. Evening found me there alone. Many an Englishman had been in the house, and the women had learnt a few English words explanatory of copulation — “Me fuckee prick,” said one — I saw two dance naked their national dances. The quivering of their buttocks raised my pego in no time, whilst the novelty of hairless quims finished my excitement. I had a woman, and afterwards looking at the other's cunt it did not seem to have a clitoris and that the nymphae were also partially gone — all in fact of that on which women frig themselves, and looked what much like a scar, — tho reddish like the rest of the vulvas — was in their place. I pointed to it hoping some explanation by gesture or pantomime. But the girl looked sulky, then savage at me, got up and left the room, nor would she return. — Cautiously I mentioned this to a married one of our party whom I knew to be without prejudices, and had several times been in the East. He laughed. “You've been at * * * * I knew you would. She's been circumcized, they cut off the clitoris of some girls to prevent them frigging them-selves and flat fucking, but what objection they find to. their amusing themselves that way, I can't guess.” — When I returned after a month or more, I sought the brothel again and fucked the circumcized one (if that be the term and it were the fact). — She laid quite sulkily whilst I fucked her at the side of the bed, never helped me, laid like a log, and looked away from me, I cannot imagine why.

Then master of myself, I yet was unavoidably chaste. Hundreds of miles away from the great city I got no opportunities, but saw bathing and at other places, men naked or partially so, with big pendant tools which would have made the average Englishman's look small. They are a big-pricked race. — Of cunts I saw none, but often felt wild with desire to raise the clothes of the women, garments which shrouded their forms so much, that one only guessed them as women from that.

At the end of some weeks, one night I saw the dancing women, saw them dancing naked. There were two — A copper-colored woman and a sweet little dark-colored girl about fifteen years old, a Nubian with the most exquisite form, with faultless breasts, teeth white as snow, a sweet little plump creature who danced wriggling her body, quivering over belly, and breasts and buttocks, till I thought her lovely little dark bum would drop off. — She ceased, smiling, showing teeth

exquisitely shaped and whiter than snow and demanded backsheesh which she liberally got. — Her companion dancer, a brownish copper-colored woman about twenty I guess, did the same, and both got well rewarded. The little one looked in my eyes voluptuously, invitingly, and tho two male musicians squatting on a carpet were there, I couldn't restrain myself, and turning my back to the musicians, grasped my buttocks, pouted my lips, protruded my tongue. She understood. At a sign the men left the chamber, her female companion remained.

The next instant, I had her on a dirty divan, on one side of the room, and wide enough for fucking, and was inspecting her little gap round which not a hair was visible from motte to bumhole. She was Mahomedan and they all divest their quims of nature's clothing. My inspection was quick, I looked at her bright hand- some face, her smiling mouth, and snow white teeth in a slightly prognathus jaw, and the next minute we were one in body. Five minutes after, our union was dissolved and her cunt white with sperm. How strange it looked, that pearly white film over the dark red oval, in the dark and nearly black surface of cunt lip, and thigh. She was a Soudanese and almost like ebony, tho a nice fleshy tint ran underneath the black. Her skin was satiny, ivory. — No white woman's skin ever felt more delicious to me.

As my belly left hers, I became conscious that the other dancer was in the room, in my erotic excitement I had not noticed it before. — Standing naked she had watched our coupling. — With a very much larger mouth, with fuller lips than the little Nubian, there she stood smiling at me lewedly, as the little Nubian got up with her cunt full. — Then unasked she laid down at once upon the divan, and opened her thighs just as if it were the custom of the house to do so, and that at once I would begin to enjoy her. Shaking my head I pointed to my pendant tool, but still she lay there making Ghawazee signs, opening the doors of the temple with one hand, and pointing to it with a finger heaving, jerking her belly, quivering her body from thighs to breasts, in much the same manner as when dancing.

The Nubian got me water and I washed my prick — fearful of consequences — I pissed, then shook my head. The dancer got up from the divan, fell down on her knees, and minetted me. The little black lass rose from the floor where she had squatted on her haunches after washing, and placing herself in front of me, — having snatched up a tamborine — commenced the wriggling, belly and bum shaking dance, and the copper-colored woman sucked me, till what with her labial exercise and the jellylike quivering of the little black's haunches, my prick rose stiffly, and at once on the divan I opened her cunt with it. But it was too soon after the first, it slunk out from it. Then I laid

on my back on the divan, and my pego went into her mouth as she knelt and gamahuched me, as whores do everywhere in every clime, whilst the little black continued vibrating her buttocks close to me. At last I stopped her by feeling her cunt and groped till my libation sped into the other's mouth, which completed my evening's pleasure.

Another enforced chastity of weeks and again I was in the big city. I saw the short fellow whom I'd frigged in the street and shook my head as he approached me. I found that in other streets and places besides that where I'd seen it done, women lifted their clothes up as an invitation to their charms, and I felt one or two smooth-lipped quims. Then I had curiosity to see if an-other native's standard was like those seen by chance and which seemed so big in repose. — It was not lust but simple curiosity. — Seeking a brothel I had a smooth-cunted harlot, and having learnt of the language enough to enable me to say I wished to see a prick, when there I'd forgotten half, yet by the aid of two or three words and baudy signs the girl at length understood, and called an ugly, hook-nosed woman, whose nationality I guessed was Greek, and who spoke two or three words of French and English. It took me long to make ,her even understand my wants, but at length she did, and in a quarter of an hour in came a young man about five feet nine high.

He stripped at once and shewed a dark brown skin, and hairless, large pendant tool as brown as the rest of his body, and without a bit of prepuce; all having been cut off. He began feeling for my prick and jabbering all the time. I didn't understand a word and pushed his hand away. Saying something which sounded like “hicke” he threw himself face downwards on the bedside, his rump towards me, and pulled open his buttocks. I pulled him round and frigged him till his prick became very big, and his semen fell in front of me. My curiosity was satisfied and I left very rap-idly, — glad to get away.

In another city wandering thro a cemetery, I saw a girl seemingly about fifteen with a white child who could just toddle. The girl was of the brownish copper tint, but so handsome that I couldn't help noticing her. She followed me leading the child, so that I met and met her again, and each time she fixed her big dark eyes on me till my prick swelled and I lusted for her. — What was she, that she was unveiled at her age, and with a white child? Surely not a Moslem — and yet her color! — It was in the afternoon. A party of English strolled through the cemetery and disappeared. Again I met the girl and child in an obscure part, it was hot, I sat down on the ground, she squatted near me. — She'd rings round her ankles.

Then my sperm began seething in my balls. I smiled at her, she smiled in return. Going closer I touched her garment, and at once she lifted it up to her navel, laid down on the sand, and intimated that I

might fuck her there. Tho alone and nobody near, I shook my head, not being equal to lying down with a girl in a cemetery in broad daylight. With a little gesticulation and showing some coin she understood me, and leading the child she left the place — I following slowly in the distance, to a cottage just outside, — there were a dozen or so cottages — and she entered one. I hesitated and stopped. Soon her head peeped out beckoning me to her, and with prick erect I entered it.

In the miserable chamber were one or two articles of furniture, and a divan covered with a wretchedly shabby carpet. After she'd closed the door, without a word she threw off her only garment and laid down start naked. An exquisitely beautiful shape she had, such breasts, such thighs and arms. I pulled out my stiff prick which she at once started up to look at and kiss, as if in extreme delight. Then she laid down again and I mounted her, but finding the divan too narrow for easy fucking, got up. She seemed to under-stand, got up, pulled the carpet onto the floor, put a cushion for her head, laid down and opened her thighs wide, showing a pretty, pouting-lipped, hairless cunt, and in five minutes I had filled it with my semen. Never had I a more delicious fuck. She wanted it again, but I gave her money and departed quickly, tho I no longer feared the ailments of Venus, being about to sail for Europe soon.

I visited other towns without whoring, then left the East. A longish sea voyage followed, and landed me at a great French seaport. Never in four months had I done so little fucking. The opportunities were few, and when they occurred, I thought of my health, restrained my desires.

During my voyage on a sea as calm as a mill pond, I wrote an article about pricks and what I had seen and done with those carnal tools in the East. On my return home, I looked out scraps of manuscript written at different times on that and the cognate subject of fucking, and thinking they would be better together than distributed, placed them here under the Aegis of the rod of life.

I have seen a great many pricks in a state of erection as well as repose, tho I've felt but few. I suppose that there are pricks which may be termed handsome or ugly, and that women see beauty or ugliness in them, just as I do in cunts.

The greatest number seemed to be of about average length and thickness, but the difference between the largest and the smallest was very considerable; certainly quite two inches in length, and in thickness proportionately.

No two look quite alike. There are those long and thick, those long and thin, short and thick, and short and thin, those equally thick throughout their length, those which taper a little from root to gland.

There are those with tips or glands flattish, round-topped, or pointed. Some tips are like a heart, others like a plum, some with little, some with big tips, with big knobs some. Some look quite straight when stiff, others have a well-defined curve. Some have little scrotum, others a big bag of testicles, and there are no end of combinations of all these features, endless varieties in size and shape. Moreover some are brown skinned, some white, some of which the tips are never covered with the foreskin, others covered wholly or but partially. — Some tips are of a pink tint, others of carmine even when in repose and lust not rampant.

Women according to their tastes, I remark, call them fine, big, noble, splendid: rarely do they say, lovely, pretty, or beautiful. They express admiration of size alone. I've not heard them say. “A beautiful shape, a pretty knob” and so on. But no doubt women are not insensible to beauty in the article, and indeed some pricks have pleased me more than others. But size is the only feature which is worthy of remark about them here.

To me a prick only looks well on a man when smallish and pendant, then it seems in fitting pose, and neither adds to nor detracts from his physical beauty. But when it is stiff and the man naked walks about with it projecting like a bowsprit, and nodding with its weight and his movement, it makes the man look ridiculous. It would make the Apollo Belvedere look absurd. Yet it has when in that state of erection a special charm for the woman, it fascinates her, and few can handle it for a minute, without lying down and opening their thighs to receive it into the realms of Venus, whether the man is eager or not for the conjunction.

This I have discussed with many Cyprians, many a time also with H***. Indeed of late we never meet without talking about the sizes and capabilities of pricks, in which subject she takes the greatest interest. We had at various times arranged how pricks ought to be measured. She measured mine one day with pieces of thin string carefully cut off to mark sizes, and subsequently she did the same to her protector and to both of her large-pricked lovers. How we laughed when we compared them with mine. The strings were given to me and I noted the lengths and circumferences. The following dimensions of the pegos were all taken when stiff. The lengths were measured on the upper sides from the tip to where the prick joins the belly, and not underneath where it joins and is lost in the balls. The following measurements show how much smaller the two large pricks were than she had supposed them to be. She had often spoken of both as seven or eight inches long or more.

No. 1—Donkey prick 63-4 ins. long 5 ins. circumference

No. 2—Poor lover 61-4 ins. long 4 3-4 ins. circumference

No. 3—Philip 51-4 ins. long 41-8 ins. circumference

The measurements of my own I omit out of modesty, but it's neither so short or so long as the extremes. — Once I was ignorantly ashamed of its size — I knew no better then.

The biggest prick was under seven inches long but looked very big and far above the average of those I have seen through peepholes, with one exception. You hear gay women say, “Oh, his prick was seven or eight inches long.” I have talked with dozens of women about this, have discussed it in conclave with three harlots and a baud. I cut bits of wood, six, seven and eight inches long and projected them from my belly to show them what a six, seven and eight inch prick was, and what a little they knew of length — I should say that six inches is more than the average length of stiff pricks measured in the way described. That titanic doodle which F**z*r showed me some years ago must however have been nearly eight inches long. She had never seen such a tool before, she told me. There was also one very big prick which I and a woman handled together, the narrative of which I think is preserved, but cannot at this moment recollect. What is the superiority of the big doodles? Six inches is the utmost that the ordinary female can take up her cunt with pleasure. A vigorous hard rammer of even six inches hurts many women, and a moderate-sized one they all admit gives as much pleasure as the largest — yet all seem to admire — to be fascinated — by the idea of huge cunt stretchers, and always speak admiringly of them. Somehow even I seemed to have more pleasure in looking at the large ones than at the others.

Some women have told me they preferred a good thick prick to a long one, that the sensatton of stretching was nicer. But perhaps that was mere imagination, for a cunt is big enough for the biggest, and involuntarily closes on and grasps a prick, fitting itself to the size whether it be a large or small one, directly it is lodged within its folds, and I believe the smallest cunt will take the largest prick.

I have collected many notes made principally at lapunars, of the time a man takes in fucking, and how many times he thrusts up the cunt before spending. From my experience at the baudy house in **** St. I knew it varied immensely. Then, I never had made observations watch in hand. — I have asked harlots with-out any satisfactory reply. They ought to know, but they didn't, and only said. — “About so and so.” — It was not that they didn't want to know or tell, but they didn't know. — “You are a queer man,” said one to me when I questioned her, and who became immensely interested in the subject.

At the lapunar in after times, this inquisitiveness arose in me, and being older and with less urgings from my ballocks to get rid of its

accumulation, cooler in fact with advancing years, on some evenings at the lapunar with watch in hand I made observations, having first fucked a harlot to cool my carnal promptings and leave my brain clearer, but keeping her with me — gaining her experience by questions.

One youngish man whose prick was stiff as he washed it spent in three and a half minutes. In my youth I have spent at the moment my gland touched the cunt.

One man, seemingly forty, who turned the lady's bum towards him, was six minutes in her cunt including the time his prick lingered in her before and after spending. From the moment he began his thrusts to the moment he uncunted was five minutes and he averaged a thrust a second. Allowing a minute for the repose of contemplation at his entry, and half a minute for repose after he'd spent, he was four and a half minutes thrusting which makes two hundred and seventy thrusts up the lady's pudenda — I don't know why it should be called “pudenda” or that there be anything to be ashamed of in it, since she was born for the sole purpose of using that pudenda, cunt, gap, quim, notch, split, slit, thing — to put names alphabetically — or whatever else it may be called.

Then I timed a man who perhaps was forty-five years old, but a fine, vigorous, big fellow. First he fucked the woman standing as she lay on her back at the bed edge. In about six minutes he turned her bum towards him, and re-inserted his prick, fucked, spent and withdrew. He was leisurely in all his preliminary movements, and in the change of posture of the lady, and from first to last occupied sixteen minutes. I held my watch in hand all the time, timed his thrusts in the middle of his fucking, and found that each was as nearly as possible a second, perhaps a very little less.

Allowing a minute for repose after insertion and two minutes for change of pose of the lady from belly to bum and his re-insertion, and his quietude when contemplating the beauty of her buttocks, and of his own prick as three or four times he drew it out slowly to the tip, and put it up again equally slowly, and also a minute's repose before he uncunted after his spend, that man was twelve minutes fucking. — He was slow and luxuriously contemplative at his work. I timed him at various stages and found after the lady's rump was towards him — the last posture — that he was some-what quicker in movement than at the first. Allowing on the average that he was a second and a quarter at each thrust, or say fifty thrusts a minute — then he made six hundred thrusts up that woman's cunt before he spent. He was always slow, she told me.

I timed three of four youngish men who put into their women without much preliminary dalliance. They varied from three to four

and a half minutes before they spent and their thrusts from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and ninety-five.

One French harlot told me she thought that most men were, if young, about six minutes in their cunts al-together. An English harlot years ago said seven minutes. — “But lor, I have had some who have fucked a quarter of an hour without spending, then pulled it out and began again after waiting, and some spend directly.” — H. told me her men were up her and over in no time and that some spent directly they entered. I have seen men begin and finish in three minutes and often have done so myself. I saw once a man who must have been half an hour up a woman before he spent, and kept ramming hard at intervals all that time; he was a feeble man. Many others pause long with prick in the lady talking all the time, but these are exceptions.

My impression is that from the time the man first feels the pleasure of the contact of his gland with the cunt, to the time he spends in it, that he fucks at the average of forty-five thrusts a minute — this average excludes hot full-ballocked young men, and lewed, experienced, philosophically fucking, middle-aged men, and old men; tho perhaps if these extremes were included the average might remain about the same.

I think that on the average, men between twenty-five and forty-five, and in full strength, are at their first fuck no more than four or five minutes in the woman's cunt, which includes the lingering of the prick for a short time after the seminal discharge. The second fuck occupies a longer time, but of the second operations I have seen fewer. I have myself I am sure kept my prick in for twenty minutes at my second poke, ceasing to thrust, nearly withdrawing it, checking the spend when pleasure became strong, then keeping it up a few minutes after spending.

If a woman has three men on one night — and many do — and each on the average thrusts his prick four minutes only, and at the rate of fifty thrusts a minute, she would have six hundred thrusts up her cunt. — What a fine material a cunt lining must be!

I don't think any man could make such observations if his spermholder was full, and he himself wanted to fuck. — He must be cool, and collected, which means empty ballocks. This was my case when most of the observations were made on special nights, but on others the results were about the same. Few of the men were more than half an hour with the women altogether, including amatory preliminaries, dressing, and undressing.

In my youth I fucked women in silence excepting the sighs and murmurs of pleasure. When older, with soft-est words of love and endearment, mixed at times with expressions of rapturous adoration of the cunt I was enjoying, and with the ideal beauty of which and its

owner my mind was filled as: — “Darling — lovely cunt.” — Pleasure evokes voluptuous thoughts and reminiscences most varied. I now ejaculate the most obscene words and phrases. This stimulates my passions, increases my pleasure, and affect, I find, my partner in fucking, who sympathetically responds similar words, heightening her pleasure and mine as well. Of the many men I have seen fucking, few have cried out such lustful, stimulating words as I now do — when I could hear them, which was not always the case.

The language of love is always exaggerated, hyperbolical, full of flights of fancy. A standing prick and a stiffening moistening cunt cast a glamour over- the genitals and all their operations. The glowing terms of lust and love seem almost ridiculous when fucking is over and one is cool, yet they represent the exact feelings and sentiments of both sexes when fucking. Curious to know the quantity of sperm spent at the first fuck, many a time I have frigged during my career. I have also frigged men, and seen a hundred cunts with recently injected semen in them. I fancy that a large tea spoon full is about the quantity spent by a man at his first fuck, when in the vigor of life. Harlots have told me the same, but one told me she knew a man who spent about a dessert spoonful. In the decline of life the quantity falls to beneath a tea spoon full — it is a steadily diminishing quantity with age — the quantities spoken of in baudy books as spent are quite figurative.

Among the hundred and fifty pairs I have seen copulating I have scarcely seen any of those fanciful, outrи amourous tricks, which I have myself played with women. This sometimes makes me think that I am somewhat exceptional in this. Nearly all of my tricks have however been played at the houses or lodgings of the women, and after I have known them sometime. Perhaps this is the case with other men.

Chapter XV

At a French seaport. • A cafŭ chantant. • Next day after luncheon. • Giulia and Elise. • Confessions of tribadism. • A tribadic orgy. • Erotic investigations. • Sodomy offered and declined.

I landed at the town of M**s****s on my return from the East, glad to see white faces and flesh again. For a month nearly no sperm had issued from my scrotum. At a cafe chantant I saw two finely grown and remarkably handsome women, one looking about twenty-five, the other perhaps thirty years of age. They were so quiet, that I scarcely imagined at first they were Paphians, especially as in the room were many well to do respectable women with their husbands and children. But seeing that men spoke to them, I got quietly the address of one and half promised to see her the following day. She was a sweet, modest-faced creature, with natural wavy hair of a light chestnut colour. Fresh as a daisy she looked, and had I been alone should have gone home with her at once, but having a friend with me had to maneuvre. Madame Elise was on her card.

After a good luncheon next day I called on her, and as going into the bedroom, saw thro a half opened door two women eating at a table. The bedroom was a hand-some one, but the bed was not made, tho the room was not in disorder otherwise. Almost directly Elise came in — Would I excuse her for five minutes, she was having luncheon, she had not — tho I had promised — much thought I should come. “Ah my God, that beast of a servant has not made the bed yet, come in here, sir.” She showed me into a larger and handsomer room, looking out into a public promenade with large. trees. The sun came hot and powerful into the room for the time of year, that and the cloudless sky made every object, every speck of dust in the room visible, no blind was drawn down, no attempt to hide anything in darkness, the warmth was sought evidently. In the room by myself for some minutes I noticed every-thing. A large bed stood against the wall opposite the window and next to the side wall but leaving a passage way between the wall and bed was a long wardrobe with large glass doors; a wash stand, sofa, high chair and low chair, a large cheval glass, ottomans, pillows, and everything to make fucking easy and to see what-ever the attitude for that delicious conjunction of the sexes might be, and whether cunt, bumhole, mouth, armpits or fingers were the agents in the amusements. I saw all this quickly and that there were no baudy pictures, tho one or two nice engravings were there. The town has been notorious for centuries for its erotic

tastes and habits.

Soon Elise returned, saying that her room was ready. “Why not this room, I like it better?” It was her friend's, but I could stay perhaps. Leaving the room she returned, saying that her friend expected no one and we could use it. “Who is your friend?” It was the dark lady who was with her at the concert, a Neapolitan named .Giulia, they were friends, and for three years had lived together, when one moved the other did, they had been in these apartments a year. Ever since Elise had been out, Giulia and she had been to-gether, knew each other when both were in keeping. So said Elise in answer to my questions whilst I was taking off my clothes. Should she light a fire? — “Presently,” I said, for it was too warm, just then at two o'clock, tho it was March. But it was the sunny South.

For long I had not had a woman, nor seen one naked, and was dying to see the nudity of the sweet creature, but out of pure voluptuousness only — for strangely, at the moment I did not feel any sexual want. — Now I had this handsome full-grown woman all to myself and was delighted. She had on a loose silk peignoir over a chemise, and nothing else but slippers and silk stockings. I kissed her, pulled her to me as I sat, and putting my hands under her chemise felt a firm, large bum, and thighs and flesh like ivory. Then on to the hairy slit between her thighs my fingers found their way, entered it, and played between the full moist lips. Pulling up her chemise I saw the cuntal fringes, and kissed her motte and belly, clasping her to me by her ivory buttocks. — “Go to the side of the bed and show me your cunt my darling,” for the smell of her flesh, and the sweetest mixture of the aroma from it, and from her fresh-washed cunt, began to make me impatient. That sweet, cock stirring smell, from a healthy clean woman's belly and genitals, how delicious it is to me.

She laid on the side of the bed immediately, showing a delicious pair of thighs, - large, round, solid, creamy colored, the color of a fine fresh English woman, tho she was French. The thighs joined together in a thicket of chestnut hair, soft, close and curly, just showing a little pout of the cunt lips and no more. It was the form of a superbly yet sweetly made woman. Her legs hung down, her head laid back on a pillow. As I drew my chair closer and took one of her little feet on to my lap, — “Open your thighs, put that heel on the edge of the bed just under your buttocks.” — She wriggled her bum backwards on the bed a little, then put the left heel just on the edge and against her backside, and inclined her knees outwards. The cunt in all its size, fullness, and glory came into view now, slightly gaping, making a fresh red gap fringed by the soft curly chesnut hair. Lower down the globes of her bum pinched the cunt lips where they get smaller together, closing the furrow between her bum cheeks. — “Pull your

cunt open, dear." Down went her hands, with two delicately shaped forefingers she pulled aside the lips, and I saw the entire face of the vulva, — the opening of the moist avenue to the cave of love, the avenue of man's pleasure. Then the smell of sweet flesh mixed with that of a sweet cunt, came up my nostrils stronger than ever, my cock began to swell, I to be randy.

It was a lovely cunt, with delicate little nymphae, and a pretty fullish nut of a clitoris. It looked altogether so small for so well grown a woman. The hair was thick, soft and rich in color, but only in quantity that of a girl's of eighteen, tho for beauty and sexual enticement there was quite enough. It was a young-looking cunt, tho all signs of defloration were gone, there had been plenty of fucking in that delicious gap. Enraptured I moved to all parts of the room looking at it as she lay. The bright sun and clear air was so strong in light, that I could have seen a crab's egg on her quim yards off had there been one there. Creeping all over now with voluptuousness, with cock standing stiff as a horn. "Suck my prick, faite minette," I said as I washed its tip and went to her. — "Gamahuche me and then I will play minette with you," she replied. "Do you like being gamahuched?" — "Yes, I like it before I fuck, and more after luncheon than at any time. I've just had my luncheon and only just washed it, shall I wash it again?" What a number of gay women have asked me to gamahuche them. I suppose they take special fancies to men as I do to females for that exercise.

I laid down, she put my prick in her mouth, and moved round it, one leg on the bed, on the floor and I felt her lovely cunt. It was of such a lovely crimson and felt so clean, that when she asked me to do it to her, I knelt at once on a pillow at the bedside, and began irritating her clitoris voluptuously. Then getting on to the bed and in the sixty-nine attitude, whilst my head laid on-her thigh I licked her clitoris again, and she minetted my doodle. We had not spent, were dallying with our wants, our arses and bellies were just quivering and glowing with the coming spend — but I didn't mean to do that out of its best receptacle — when the door opened. It was her companion, who saying she was sorry to interrupt us peeped in, could she come in, she wanted to get some linen. Of course we let her into her own room, and with tightening throbbing moistening cunt, and throbbing nodding prick, we stopped.

"It's Giulia whom you saw last night with me," said Elise — for the moment I had scarcely recognized her without her bonnet. After getting out her linen I saw the big dark baudy eye again. A more lustful, baudier eye I never saw, and yet it was so fierce with it. She had on a blue, loose gown open in front, her chemise beneath dropping from her neck showed half of a large breast, the flesh of the

slightly brown Southern tint. “Stay with us,” said I. “If you like.” — She went to the door, locked it, and came back to us. I gave a hurried kiss on her breasts then thrust my hand on to her cunt, felt a hedge of rough hair, and a moist prominent piece of gristle between full lips. “Let me wash it,” said she moving away, and without further ado she stripped off the robe, then her chemise, and standing naked all but blue woollen stockings — she had neither boots, nor slippers on — pulled out a pot, pissed, washed her cunt, and put a clean and exquisitely worked chemise on. I, sitting, looking on, Elise leaning against the side of the bed with one hand on her motte. The two splendid creatures formed a most voluptuous spectacle — a cock-standing sight, yet not a strictly baudy one, for it was natural.

Burning to see her sexual evidence — for in the cleaning operations I had only had a glimpse of its beginning where it parts the belly in two, I put her onto the bed as I had Elise. She was a bigger woman with fine massive thighs, and with hair strong, thick, wiry, and black as charcoal round her cunt, out of the lips of which projected one of the largest clitorises I have ever seen, with thickish nymphae hanging from it, twisting and folding together there, and in color almost a purple red. It was altogether as big in projection as half a large walnut, but lower down the nymphae got smaller, and smaller, until hidden by large pouting outer lips which were covered with the dark hair, meeting and hiding the nymphae split buttocks, furrow and bum-hole. It was the sort of cunt I never liked in shape or color, yet I pulled it about, opened it, and remarked that she had a splendid clitoris for flat fucking, at which both women laughed heartily.

Having examined both their privates and laid Elise on the side of the bed again, having first put Giulia lengthwise on it I placed Elise's head on Giulia s thigh a few inches from her cunt, and then it getting stiff, up into Elise went my prick and I fucked her, whilst with my left hand I pinched and twiddled, and frigged Giulia's clitoris, holding onto Elise's rump with my right hand. Then my sperm gushed out copiously, I had not had such a gush for many a day.

Bending over her, prick in cunt till my pleasure was over, kissing her breasts, twiddling the other's clitoris,

— “You must fuck me now,” said Giulia. — “Not yet.”

— Elise and I washed, champagne was sent for, the women drank it all, then gay and all in shirt and chemise we chatted, talked licentiously and made enquiries of each other. They were soon under the champagne loquacious, said that they had each had a man the previous night, but not to sleep with them, both preferred sleeping alone if they could. “I spend with a man if he is nice,” said Elise. “I spend always and as much as I can,” said Giulia. “I love fucking and can always spend.” — “And frigging and being gamahuched?” I

asked:.: — “I love them all — any way of spending is nice

— the only thing worth living for. — What a lot you've spent, and fat spunk — when did you make love last?”

— This when I'd just got my prick out of Elsie, and Giulia had opened her cunt and looked at its condition.

Tho not liking Giulia's quim I grew curious about it, laid her on the side of the bed and examined it again. I noticed again the purple colored big clitoris and nymphae handing like flags, closing on each other and then lower down opening, yet seeming to want to close again over each other. I pinched them, rubbed them, then frictionized the clitoris standing out from the nymphae. — “Does it really grow stiffer when you're randy?” said I. — Giulia laughed, said that it did, began frigging it gently, and I swear that it got quite stiff. In all my life and long experience I never saw any clitoris get so hard to the feel before, but must add that I recollect but one or two which were so large.

“You are fond of fucking a woman,” I said. — “What's the harm if we both like it — fuck me.” — “I'm not stiff.” — “Shall I suck it?” I would not let her, but got them again both on to the bed, Giulia next the wall, and next to her Elise, and put myself on the outside. Before I did so I made Giulia lay on the bedside with her back towards me, and have rarely seen a bumhole in a woman so hairy, with thick, crisp, but short and black hair. I fingered it and it felt like a loopha. It was black and thick in her armpits. She was fleshy, big thighed and fine bummed, her defect was her big pendulous breasts — big, but full and fleshy, not empty bladders. Yet she was not a fat woman, tho firm and full.

When we were all on the bed, Giulia put her chemise on again — for I had stripped her — and we talked. Both women were naked to their waists, Elise laying on her back feeling my prick, I her cunt, and now and then putting my hand across her and feeling Giulia's cunt, who like me laid slightly on her side. Observation, experience, and almost instinct, made me feel sure they were tribades, so I talked about flat fucking and buggering, and told them my free and easy philosophy in sexual matters. — Why should not men have each other's bums if they liked, why not women rub cunts together if it's pleasure to them? — Had I ever seen women do it, asked Giulia. I told her some of what I had seen. — She laughed, then she got baudier in talk, and began to feel Elise's cunt. Her hand and mine were on the cunt at the same time.

Then I knelt upon the bed, and opening Elise's thighs put a finger up her cunt, whilst Giulia was rubbing the clitoris. Elise said not a word but rubbed Giulia's clitoris. “Fuck her — fuck her,” — I cried. — “Do it to her.”

Giulia rose without a word, her face the incarnation of baudiness, and placed herself kneeling between the other's legs. — “Pull off your chemise.” — Seeing I was in for a voluptuous treat, off it went and bending she kissed Elise's cunt for a few seconds. — Quite suddenly then she threw herself between Elise's opened thighs and began flat-fucking. I pulled Elise's chemise up all round her neck, so that their two breasts might meet, and their plump naked bodies touch everywhere. Giulia fucked at first with a sort of wriggling circular motion, she was getting her clitoris well on to the other's, but I thought it sham. — “Your cunt is not on hers,” said I. — “Feel” — said she ceasing her movements. — Open your thighs a little then.” I pushed my fingers past her hairy bum hole, and for an instant up her cunt, then out again and lower down my fingers went a little into Elise's quim, the two made quite a mass of hair and cunt together. I felt the meeting of the cunts in ecstasy, for their clitorises were close on each other. “Turn on your side and let me see,” said I, for Giulia had recommenced her wrig- gling. She held Elise's buttocks just as a man would have done. — “Give us another bottle of champagne, — oh, look at his stiff prick,” — said Giulia getting off Elise to my annoyance. The wine was sent for, I would have given them anything in my lustful state. Both rose and drank, then both. stripped naked, got on the bed together, Giulia again mounted Elise who stretched apart her thighs to receive her friend, and gave her same hearty kisses.

A woman in her lusts if she indulges in them is like a man. As years roll on fresh phases of lust occur, and each whim gratified begets another letch. Once I could not fuck before another woman, now it adds to my pleasure to have another woman assisting at my fucking — or a man even — and when H. was fucked by her lover, I am sure it added to her voluptuous pleasure to know that I was hidden and looking on at their enjoyment. She admitted that. — “Turn over and let me see your cunts together.” — Slowly Giulia heaved over to the left, Elise put her left leg high up above the bum of Giulia, her lovely backside came partly into view, and looking underneath the fair fat buttocks, and furrow of deepening brown, I saw the two cunts seemingly to-gether for almost their entire length, the anus ends excepted. Giulia's big mulberry red clitoris must have been against Elise's pretty coral button, but the bulging lips and the hair of both cunts mingling, hid those sensitive vulval projections from view. Lower down, Giulia's fat cunt squeezed into Elise's, and pushed and pouted her cunt lips up in little ridges, visible thro the mingled thicket of black and chestnut hairs which curled into each other. The inner, sensitive, delicate lining of both cunts must have been nearly everywhere close together, and every movement of their bellies and bums must have frictionized the sensitive sur-faces. Giulia's clitoris,

from its size, could have been almost slid into Elise's prick hole if she had wished it, I am sure, but the seat of pleasure for two women when flat fucking is not low down. It is in the clitoris and its vicinity where voluptuous feelings are generated, and as their two clitorises were quite against each other, all their nymphae and the neighbouring surfaces of their cunts must have rubbed together. I heard the cunts rubbing, smacking and slobbering together later on, when the women had once fucked, and their cunts were wet with their spendings.

Again I put my fingers to feel between the cunts. One finger just entered Elise's, then impatiently Elise turned on her back, Giulia on the top of her, and began cunt rubbing. “Don't move,” I said. — They paid no heed. Giulia began with a funny, arse wriggling and shaking, half straight rubbing, half circular motion of her buttocks. She kissed Elise, Elise kissed her, then Giulia thrust her tongue into Elise's mouth, who now was quiet, with eyes closed. All was silent, no noise was heard but that of the movement of their bodies. Giulia began to breathe hard, and restlessly, then I pushed my hand between her buttocks to her bumhole and pressed it with my middle finger without meaning it for I wanted the cunt. “Push it up,” she sobbed in broken sentences — for she was spending. “Your arse-hole?” — “Yhes — arse — erhole” — and wriggling violently, and stretching out her legs, her body quivered from waist to knees and then she lay quiet. All of us were quiet, absorbed in voluptuous thoughts. I slipped again my hand between Giulia's buttocks and felt her cunt, which was no longer on the other's, but which I saw beneath it, gaping as if a prick had just left it. — The room was so brightly lit I could see every-thing.

Giulia rose on to her knees and resting her bum on her heels, slightly opened the lips and looked at Elise's cunt, then turned her eyes flaming with lasciviousness on me, and with a baudy sigh dropped on to Elise again, and grasping her buttocks, recommenced flat fucking, her head now laying over Elise's right shoulder. Elise began to show signs of pleasure which she hadn't done before. Both now wriggled, I looked over the back of the bed in the wardrobe glass, and saw them badly reflected, it was better to see them close. After a violent rubbing and wriggling, both sighed, and shivered, stretched out their limbs and were quiet. Then they recommenced, neither of them speaking a word, now gently wriggling, now stroking, then violently fucking. Elise with eyes shut, the other's head buried on Elise's shoulder, both with sighs and murmurs moved rapidly. — Elise brought her heels up to Giulia's fat backside, and heaved up her arse, the bed creaked and groaned. Both gave a long sighing, murmur of pleasure, down flopped Elise's legs again, Giulia's thighs opened then closed, and she lay exhausted with pleasure on the top. — I noticed what I never recollect seeing with women flat fucking before, that

both opened their thighs widish when in the midst of their spend or so it seemed to me — I would give something handsome to know what passed thro their minds, when wriggling cunt against cunt for the half hour they were at it.

So they laid, their bodies palpitating with soft pleasure, when Giulia got on to her knees again. Her hair was hanging down about face and neck, her face blood red and moist, her eyes swollen and slightly watery, looked softer, as if her lust was assuaged, but still they looked fierce and lewed. “You have not spent,” I said with sham incredulity. — “I've spent three times,” said she angrily. — “Feel my cunt — feel it,” — I looked at it, and at Elise's. Both cunts were running with their spendings, with the usual pearly, thin spendings of a woman, — tho I've known some not pearly. — With one hand I covered Giulia's cunt pressing on to it, and at once it was covered with their spend. — My cock was standing. “Let's fuck you, Elise.” — Giulia put on her chemise and laid down. In Elise's cleft I inserted my penis and fucked a little, but her wet cunt seemed quite large to my prick. Perhaps it was fancy, perhaps not. I wanted then to try Giulia's, and pulling it out moved on to her. — What a strong cunted lady she was. Hers squeezed my prick like a vice, and in the seventh heaven of lust I forgot her purple clitoris, her big nymphae, and spent, feeling Elise's cunt whilst my sperm gushed into Giulia's.

All had done with sham or false modesty. — Giulia felt her own cunt, saying I had spent much. — “Most natural I should of course.” — Had I really been three weeks without a woman. — “Yes.” — Had I frigged or had I buggered a man, or boy? — “No — no spunk has come thro my prick for nearly a month.” — Oh must I not have enjoyed it then. — In this strain we talked on, they told me their life, and asked mine — yes, they flat fucked often — they slept together. — Both said they spent when men fucked them if they were very nice. — But they liked each other best. — “Why not?”

More champagne was had, they did not want it, but I did, feeling fatigued. The wines you get at such houses in France are better than at similar places in England. They washed their cunts and Giulia washed my prick

—I looked then at their sexual parts in the minutest way, and with the tranquillity which a couple of spends leave me in. — A French woman is so delightfully complaisant, and seems proud of her cunt being looked at. I placed them both at the bedside together and compared their size and appearance. “I should like to see your clitoris against hers, Giulia.” — “I'll show you — you've seen cunts so before I expect — polisson.” — “Show me again.” — Both were now excited, chattering, and slightly noisy and we were the jolliest trio — Elise then laid at the bedside, Giulia stood between her thighs, Elise

wriggled her bum down to the edge of the bed, put her legs very wide apart, her cunt opened, the moist lining of the prickhole glistened a rich pink, the rest was redder, her clitoris shewed a little. Giulia approached her cunt, her big clitoris sticking out of her full nymphae touched and covered the little clitoris of Elise. My middle finger passing down by the side of the two clitorises, then lay between them separating them. As I removed it, — “Ouf,” said Giulia, and began rubbing her cunt against the other till Elise made her stop. “Go on so — do it again, and I'll give you each two pair of gloves.” — Then Giulia holding up Elise's thighs, they flat fucked in that position. — It was an intensely voluptuous, lust stirring, baudy, cock stiffening sight. They didn't spend, it was only to show me how two cunts met for flat fucking. Again we sat, drank, and talked and Giulia lit the fire, then pissed.

“Were you ever fucked when flat fucking?” I asked. — Yes, a lover did it to Giulia one day. “Show me how.” — Elise opened her thighs and her legs hung down, Giulia closed hers and covered Elise putting her cunt against the other's and bending over Elise then said, “Put your prick in me now, my cunt's on Elise's.” I put it up Giulia for I was stiff, but not enough so, and out it slipped when they began movements, and Giulia's backside went to and fro.

“Ah you are not stiff enough.” — I rested awhile, and Giulia sucked me till up to the mark, then again we posed and my prick went up her cunt. She flattened hers on Elise's and recommenced, but it was no go; directly she began wriggling, out came my rod. — “Come tomorrow,” — said she knowingly. We sat and talked awhile. — They would get me a love of an Italian boy to bugger — fifteen years old, no more, a love.

— “I'd sooner do it to you. — “Vous pouvez m'enculer,”

— said Giulia. — She was in earnest but I was joking.

It was she who now did all the talking I am sure there was nothing that Giulia had not done with man or woman nor that which was possible which had not been done to her, and that she liked every variety of fornication. She was a woman after my own heart, would have gloried in seeing a virginity taken, or a sphincter cracked, and would have frigged herself when witnessing it. — She understood every physical pleasure to be got out of anybody.

After looking at their charms and trying various attitudes, I gave it up,_ saying I could fuck no more and went away. — I shall never again see so voluptuous, complete a spectacle of women taking sexual delights with each, other. The scene in a French baudy house — already told of I think — had a baudy house manner — this was private, domestic, natural, and done with delight by the two accomplices in lust.

Next day I called on Elise, gamahuched her, and she me. Then we fucked, Giulia looked on, and I made her afterwards put her cunt against Elise's again. She was pleased to do it, and showed me every movement. — “Look I'll put my clitoris into her cunt.” — She did and I felt Elise's little button, whilst the big one was in the mouth of her vagina. Then they got on to the bed, both widened out their thighs, their clitorises met and rubbed, the surface of the lower ends of both cunts were exposed, the lips open, and I could see both their bum furrows, a philosophically baudy sight. — Giulia wanted to teach, please, and excite me at the same time. I re-warded both liberally.

Chapter XVI

At a big Italian City. • Edith the frisky again. • My luck and opportunities. • The sick mother. • The table at dinner. • Baudy photographs bought. • Exhibition in a church.

Next day I left and journeyed to a large Italian city. Within a couple of hours after I was located at an hotel, to my great astonishment I met face to face in a corridor the frisky Edith. Her astonishment was as great as mine. After the first greeting. “I'm so glad to meet you, mamma has sprained her knee badly, cannot leave her room, and the doctor says she may be so weeks. I have written to my uncle begging him to come over to us, for we have no maid, no friend travelling with us and we scarcely know what to do.”

Next day I heard from her that they had left England for good, and were going to reside abroad. Her mother's health was bad, the climate of England didn't suit either of them after living in India, England they found was also very expensive and so on. They were going to settle down in Germany or Italy. There seemed mystery about them and their movements — as indeed there always had been in England. — Before I left I'd heard it rumored that another suitor of Edith's had suddenly ceased his attentions. Not visiting them I had taken but partial interest in it, having indeed for some time thought them adventuresses, and that they had come to England to get Edith married. Perhaps be-cause that in India she'd tarnished her reputation. Yet there were very little grounds for these suppositions, or for the hints and suggestions that many had made about the two poor ladies [as I afterwards found.]

Concupiscence asserted its power directly. I was now in good health, and for months my opportunities for fucking at all had been few and far between, and as I sat at the table d'hote thinking of the books I'd lent Edith, and of our most extraordinary sort of intimacy (perhaps the most extraordinary event in my career) my cock erected itself and I longed to chat with her erotically again. Her mother ill, she all but alone in the hotel. — Oh, if I could get her into my bed room! Yet knowing how violently she'd resisted my attempt to feel her in a cab, the idea of fucking her scarcely entered into the possibilities. But to talk again about fucking with her opened a most delicious treat to me whilst I stayed there.

After table d'hote dinner I escertained that her room was next to her mother's, and was on the same floor as mine, tho in another corridor. I sat in the reading room and heard all she chose to tell me

about her affairs. My cock tingled as I looked at her, I placed my legs so as to touch hers, and in a low voice said. — “Would you like another book?” She smiled and shook her head. “You would.” — “Have you got any?” “Come to my room and I'll show you one.” She shook her head again, looked round the room uneasily and went off to her mother. “Good night,” said I squeezing and holding her hand. — “I shall have it stiff all night thinking of you.” She smiled archly. I was now thrown most unexpectedly and luckily into her society, for, her mother in her bedroom Edith dined at the table d'hotes where I also fed. Next morning I saw her mamma in her bedroom, who sat up in bed dressed and who confided Edith to me, said it was dull for the girl, (she was nearly thirty) to be always with her, and when I offered to take her about the town which I'd not yet seen, she accepted it with pleasure, intimating delicately that with a man of my age and position, her daughter would be safe. “But not to theatres.”

I went to a likely photograph shop and after seeing there some decent nudities, said I wanted something “piu-caldo.” — He smiled and showed some. They were not “piu-caldo” enough. Then cautiously in his little sitting room, he produced a packet of the baudiest I'd ever seen. Women showing their cunts, others licking them, couples fucking etc. etc. I bought two dozen, went back with them and found Edith ready to go out with me. When well away from the hotel, “I've something to show you.” — “What is it?” she asked anxiously. — “I can't show it to you in the street.” — We walked on and every now and then. “What is it — tell me, do.” — At last she laughed funnily as she asked. — “I will show in a church.” — “Let's go there now, I'm so tired.” — Into the nearest we went, looked about and then sat down, the church was nearly empty.

Directly we were seated. — “Show it me.” “I forgot, I mustn't in a church.” — “Why?” — “They are so naughty.” — “Oh!” — “That's a lovely window.” — “Yes,” — said she hastily looking. “But show me.” — I was dying to show her, she to see, but I made her wait to excite her. At length I produced a photo of a naked woman on a bed with thighs wide apart, and a man standing with his big poker ready. — “I won't look at it,” — said she handing it back, after she had fairly well seen it. Her face flushed, and she was excited. She usually was so cool about such things.

Thoughtfully she rose to leave, I kept looking at her and smiling. “What are you smiling about?” — “At what you're thinking about.” “I'm not thinking.” — “You are about that happy couple.” — “It serves me right,” — said she as we left the church. Soon we entered another and she sat down -saying she was tired, she did it to induce me to show her others. — “Will you see another?” — “No, lend them to me.” — “No, look,” and taking the envelope out I showed one of two girls

gamahuching. — She looked much more excitedly now. — “You do that.” — “I don't.” — “How do you get pleasure?” — “I don't that, and don't want any.” — “Nonsense, you're a goose if you don't.” — “As I've seen those you may as well show the others.” — “I won't.” — “Let's go home then.” Back we went, I thinking her one of the most incomprehensible women I'd ever had to do with. At the hotel. “Come to my room and show all, you can talk with me as to a father, you know” — her own words once. — She smiled.

END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.

Volume 11

Chapter I

Edith the frisky. • My bedroom. • Exhibition of a stiff prick. • Exhibition of a bleeding cunt. • My regrets. • Next day's amusements. • A week's work. • Departure. • Edith's grief. • Her history partly.

Edith was a complete puzzle to me. Does she fuck or frig herself, or play with women's cunts, has she any cuntal defect? She looks sensuous from eyes to mouth, she'll talk on sexual subjects freely but in a modest sort of way, yet won't let me feel her. Is she gamahuched by women? She'd looked long at the last photo. These thoughts passed thro my mind and that she had Sapphic tastes was my conclusion. Dressing for dinner, I determined on a bold attempt. Our seats were side by side, and when dinner was nearly over, I did what I've done, to half a dozen women, put my hand under the table cloth — which happened to be just long enough to cover it — and pressed her clothes against her belly as near her cunt as I could. She looked at me hard, and just then a gentleman on the other side of her spoke — she replied, and then quietly put her hand down and pushed mine away, without uttering a word, but looking at me intently.

After dinner we sat awhile in the reading room. She made no allusion to what I'd done. “I must go to Mamma. — Lend me them.” — I refused tho she begged hard, and at length she agreed to come to my room, after my refusing most positively. “I'll sit with Mamma a quarter of an hour first.” — I got champagne in my room, and in twenty minutes, she was with me. She'd told Mamma she was going to the reading room to chat with some ladies. Then she smiled, looking full in my eyes. I seized and kissed her rapturously praising her beauty, and she permitted it. I scarcely expected her, and had resolved if she came to use no more hints and delicate phrases, but to speak baudily to the utmost of my wants, and of the pleasures of fucking; to get that pleasure if nothing further. It de-lights me to say the baudiest to a modest ond quasi-modest woman. They all like it tho some profess to be shocked.

On a little sofa by the table we sat side by side. She took champagne, tho she rarely drank wine, and I showed the first photo. — “I won't show you any more unless you let me explain.” — “I don't want it.” — “But I will.” — “No.” — “He's ready to fuck her, isn't his prick stiff? How I envy them — let us do what they are going to do.” She made no reply. — “Have you ever been licked so?” said I showing the next. — “Of course not.” — But she looked confused, there was something in her manner what made me fancy that that was her letch. I went on exhibiting and commenting and explaining in the baudiest words, whilst she kept silence. At length she began to drink

champagne as if not conscious of what she was doing, got excited and began to laugh and question. — “Mind, I'm your father” and I kissed her and she kissed me. — “A pretty sort of parent.” — “A pretty daughter.” — “Look at papa's prick,” — said I unable to restrain myself any longer, and pulled it out. “Feel it.” — “I'm going to Mamma.” — “Feel it.” — “I must go to Mamma.” She tried to rise, I stooped, fearing to miss my opportunity, and got my hand up her clothes to her motte. “Oh! my God! — leave off,” — she squealed out, and our joint movements turned over the slight table with the champagne, the glasses, and photos, on to the floor. I held her tightly, insinuating my fingers between her thighs and begging her to be quiet. “They'll hear in the next room.” — She struggled silently. — “Oh, you hurt.” — I'd got a finger on to her clitoris.

“You wretch to do that, I wouldn't have believed it.” — “I'm madly in love with you. — Look.” — Out came my pego. She looked me full in the face as I rose and flourished my erection. Again she rose to go as I showed it. I pushed her down and sat by her side, hugging her, begging, praying, endearing. — “What nonsense, dear.” All was now confusion. — “I won't let you out,” — and going to the door took the key out. “It's a shame to behave so.” — “My love, no one will know but you and I, let- me.” — She shook her head. — “Well let me gamahuche you.” “What's that?” — said she quickly. — “You know, lick your cunt to give you pleasure, make you spend with my tongue as women do to you.” — “They don't, it's a story,” said she fiercely. — “Hish dear, be quiet.”

Swearing my love, holding her round the waist to me, kissing her and she once or twice kissing me, she pacified, tho still so excited as I'd never before seen her. She helped me to pick up the things, my tumbler and broken glass, wiped some wetted photos, looking at each carefully as she did so without remark; ever and anon staring at me for an instant. What was passing thro her mind? — Again I hugged and kissed. “Why don't you kiss me Edith?” — “There then.” The table d'hote was early for theatre goers and it was light all this time, but dusk now was coming on. One glass remained in the bottle spite of its tumble. I poured it out into the glass and she drank if off at once. “Have more wine?” — “I don't care,” — she replied in a reckless tone. — “Get behind the bed whilst it comes.” She did, and I took in the wine without her being seen. Then sitting on the sofa she again looked at the photos rapidly, one after the other. I now pulled down the blind and lighted one candle on the mantel shelf (a feeble light). Again she gulped down champagne, but there was not the slightest signs of her being elevated by it, and we talked whilst still she looked at the photos, and listened to my plain remarks about them. Was she lewed, and controlling her sexual wants?

“Are you going to wait till you're married before you are fucked, dear?” — Nothing now seemed to upset her and she began answering. “I never shall be married,” laughing cynically. — “Do it without then. — Now don't be foolish, let me feel you.” — “I won't.” Is she going to yield? passed through my mind as I put my hand down. She barely resisted, but crossed her legs just as my fingers touched the thicket. — “Now don't.” — I couldn't get my fingers to her clitoris, her thighs prevented it, but roved my hand over thighs and bum, and up to her navel, feeling ivory smoothness, ex-tolling its beauty, praying her to let me feel the slit. — “No — no — no,” — was all she said, as she gently squirmed about on the sofa resisting me. Puffing her closer to me — kissing her cheek incessantly, or her lips when half turned at times to me,-she was quiet and seemed reflecting. — “Open your thighs — do, love.” — “I won't.” — “Feel my prick — do.” — “I won't. — Ceasing to feel her, I pulled it out again and still holding her tightly, placed her hand around it. — “Feel it, Edith dear,” and for a minute only she did. I had withdrawn my hand from hend thighs to do that, and now had to get it back. She didn't hinder me, her thighs were no longer crossed, my fin-gers went between the soft lips of the warm nick, settled on her clitoris and there frigged gently. — “Oho — take your hand away.” Again she crossed her thighs imprisoning my fingers, and stopping the luscious titillation. She'd felt the pleasure, and knew she was drifting towards-the irrevocable, was struggling with her sexual desires.

“Let me dear — do.” — “Oh you hurt me.” — “Now I don't, and won't — I swear I won't.” — I fidgeted my hand, her thighs opened slightly, my finger recommenced its gentle movement on the bud of love, on the soft pulpy mass of clitoris and nymphae — which seemed large and full — till again she sighed. “Aherr — oho — don't,” and her face turned to mine. I put my lips to hers, put again my prick in her hand, and again got my other hand up her clothes on to her cunt and frigged away. — “Oho — ah — don't.” — “Feel it — frig me, love — let me spend in your hand.” — “Aha,” — she sighed. “Let me fuck you dear, I'm dying for you.” —She sighed, she was about to spend, her thighs quivered, when with a sudden effort she got up, let go my prick and dislodged my fingers from their warm place. “I must go to Mamma,” she said loudly, almost violent- ly. “You shan't.” — “I must.” — She moved towards the door, when catching her round the waist with rapid effort, I pushed her against the bed, lifted her upon it, and threw myself beside her, talking voluptuously, swearing I'd have her, She, now inert, didn't resist. “Let me go for God's sake,” — was all she said. “Hish dear, they'll hear you.” — Again I was frigging her and had placed her hand on my prick, when she gave a strange half cry, half hysterical laugh, she had passed the rubicon, meant

fucking. Who could wonder at it after all she'd seen, heard, and done on that day — and all she knew?

No more was said. Lust at times works craftily and slowly. I'd fears that a sudden shock might spoil my chance, but caution now left me, all was a chaos of loving baudy words and deeds, the sighs of a woman with a sweating cunt, and wanting fucking, her fearing it, of a man reckless with desire and a turgid prick. My kisses grew more rapturous, attempts more bold, her resistance less and less. “Don't — aha — don't — you'll ruin me. — Don't now,” — she sighed as lustful pleasure enervated her, and my fingers moved quickly over clitoris and nymphae. With a sigh her thighs then opened, resistance ceased. The moment had come, I felt my power — how the male instinct tells! — With-drawing my hand from the lovely aperture, tearing open my trowsers, pushing them down, pulling up my shirt, freeing my prick and balls, rapidly I turned my belly on to hers, grasping a haunch with one hand, pointing my prick with the other. — “Let's fuck, darling.” Then my wet lips met hers, closing her mouth. “Don't — no — for God's sake don't,” she murmured inarticulately as my tongue forced itself between her lips, that lovely moist embrace of mouth and mouth. “Oh — pray.” — Then all words ceased.

Not a movement of legs, arms or buttocks hindered me as our bellies met, and my thighs slid down between hers widening them apart, opening the road to the earthly paradise of humanity, she palpitating, with cunt yearning for a prick, subdued, utterly silent till she felt my fingers opening the way for my entry. “Ho — ho,” she cried sharply as roughly in my impatience I lodged my prick and gave its first pressure at the gate of love.

Then thrusting, — “Ho — you hurt,” she gasped. I had not entered, a barrier stopped my prick. I felt rapidly round it, was it the wrong path? — No, the tip was in its proper place. Again I thrust. — “Ohoo.” — She's virgin, flashed thro my mind — thrust — thrust. “Ho — ho” — thrust, thrust, thrust — I gave rapidly and violently with cunt splitting force. “Ohoo,” she moaned, as my prick with a plunge filled her cunt, and my balls dangled against her ivory buttocks. A virgin again, by Jove! ! ! And for an instant I rested.

Then as the joyous fact entered my mind, wild with delight I could not rest an instant in my victory, my prick ready to spend for the last hour, plunged up and down her luscious cunt. — She'll bleed — oh joy, that blood — and as that crossed my mind my sperm seethed up, my prick felt bursting. — “Fuck — spunk — spend darling, spend,” — I sighed, and the essence of life spurted out, stopping all utterances in the ineffable pleasure of the jetting, and my prick lay weltering in an emollient bath, was bathing in her sperm flooded cunt, to which she'd added naught but that soft moisture

which the voluptuous wants and urgings of her nature had issued before our bodies were one, before my prick had touched the entrance to her shrine. — Pain had stopped her pleasure, barred her spend, ready as the flood gate of her temple had been to open. I'd fucked too quickly, so she'd missed the delirious pleasure, the glorious reward of her cuntal pain, of the sacrifice of her virginity.

I was so astonished at the unexpected virginity, that for a minute or two I didn't speak. She lay inert with clothes up to her navel, thighs apart, silent, motionless, excepting that she put one arm across her eyes. Blood was on my prick, and signs of blood on one of her thighs, I put my hand broadly over her vulva, and with-drew it with more sanguinary evidences of virginity that I've usually found. “Get up — wash dear, you are bleeding,” twice I said before she moved. “I don't care,” at length she murmured in a reckless tone, but got up, sat down on the sofa by the small table, and buried her head in her hands.

Then came over me a feeling of regret, a feeling similar to that which I had when I fucked my married cousin Hannah — that I'd injured her — and felt deeply sorry. But the thing was done, and after all she was as much to blame as me. What other woman in such social position, had ever entered into such relations with a man as she had? — Must she not have expected to be tailed? — These thoughts comforted me.

She sat so, without moving or replying for some minutes. “Your chemise will be - stained.” — “I don't care.” — Then she lifted her head, looked at me earnestly and said, “I'm ruined,” then washed her cunt. — I put a towel between her thighs and sat down by her side again, saying that her “ruin” was nonsense, say- ing what I have to other virgins to comfort them, and absurd as it seems had comforted them. But this liaison was a peculiar one. — Never had I fucked a lady virgin before, and old enough to be her father, and knowing that the consequences might be more serious to her than to women of a commoner sort, again I felt very very sorry. Three fourths of the servant class and the class below them, have been fucked well before they marry, and yet the couples are content. The lower class's know well that a cunt improves in giving pleasure by practice.

“I must go to Mamma,” — said she after listening long, and almost without reply. That turned the curent of my thoughts. She hadn't spent. What if she re-fused to let me fuck her again, repented and avoided me. “You mustn't yet.” “I must, she'll wonder where I am.” — “We haven't been an hour and a half to-gether, I want to fuck you again.” — She wouldn't — insisted on going. I caught her round the waist, kissed her and she kissed me. “Will you swear you'll come back?” — “Yes — yes, if I can, but I must go to Mamma.” — She was so excited and resolute that I let her go.

Wondering if she'd keep her word, I put my room to rights, picked up some fragments of broken glass, let the chambermaid empty the slops. All was done in ten minutes. Then I lighted another candle, and sat down marvelling at the virginity I had found in a manner as unexpected as that of Phoebe's not six months ago, yet such was my luck. During forty years I had never had such two extraordinary chances, and both now came within a short period of each other.

In about twenty minutes in came Edith. “You've kept your word dear.” — Then side by side we sat, and first- she told me how she had humbugged her mother, but she must go back to her in an hour. Then all was talk of fucking, the photos were seen again, besides a dozen others which I'd reserved. With what sensuous delight she listened whilst I described them in baudiest language. It delighted me to say the words to a lady. Soon after in silence we were sitting, kissing, billing and cooing, she looking at times at my prick, I at her thighs, then feeling her still bleeding cunt, she handling my procreator from tip to tecticles. What a delicious treat for us both, what voluptuous novelty to her. — Soon uprose my love staff — her bum moved with the sensuous-pleasure which my finger generated on her clitoris, and gently I led her willing, ready, dying to be fucked, to the bed.

There she was plastic, silently submitted to be felt and seen — subdued by lust. Never did I enjoy a second fuck more. Not too full or too randy now, I kept my pego quiet up her for a time before I thrust, and we talked in this holy conjunction,- she only too pleased to converse. Did it hurt her now — how hurt her before — was it. really pain to her? Was the sensation of my quiescent prick nice? and so on. All was about our genitals, and the pleasure they gave mutually to their owners, in the maddening yet soothing delight of fucking. Then thrusting and kissing her I felt her cunt stiffen round my prick — an exceeding tightness to it. — I knew what that meant, and in a few rapid, long thrusts, lungers — hitting the profundity of her sex then nest-ling it in its depths — with a long sigh of pleasure the tightness of her cunt ceased, a soft, lubricious, creeping feeling took its place. Edith had had her first spend with a prick, ere a throb of pleasure was felt by me. Resting, I looked at her as with eyes closed and palpitating bosom, she lay voluptuously tranquil in dreamy pleasure. Out I pulled my prick from her lubricious sheath, rested, talked lewedly, reinserted it, and fucked till she and I both spent together. Then off she went to her mother, not waiting to purify her. cunt. I went to bed. A luscious evening — never one more luscious — was over.

Next day as arranged we scarcely spoke in the dining room. After midday meal we talked in the reading room. — Not a blush — not a sign of modesty or regret had she, but quite cool, was ready to come to my room whenever I named a time. — A most extraordinary

creature. — She'd tell her Mamma that she'd walk out with some ladies, actually did so, left them, and found her way back to me. “Let's go into bed to-gether.” — “I'm frightened.” — “Both naked gives the height of pleasure.” — “I'm frightened.” Yet she'd risked being seen entering my room. I partially un-dressed her. With the coquetry of a woman, she'd the loveliest silk stockings and boots on, making her legs look exquisite. With what delight I twiddled her cunt as we sat on the little sofa, where I had just a glimpse of garters, and naked thighs, and she bending her head, could see the florid knob of my piercer which she held in her hand. — “Let me frig you.” She laid her head on my shoulder, opened her thighs wider, and enjoyed it whilst still holding my pego, and silently-thinking. It was an intense delight to me, excelling in its re-fined sensuality the erotic games with the finest har-lots.

Our passions fully roused by the delicate twiddlings and lascivious talk — she listened but never replied baudily, — “Come to the bed love.” She rose at once with me, I laid her on the bedside, lifted her petticoats, saw all her charms, kissed belly and thighs and motte, just gave the clitoris one little tickle with my tongue, then lunged my prick up and stood asking her how she liked it. A cuntal grip replied, and lifting her thighs over my arms, we fucked with fullest lust and love. My spunk jetted forth as hers was shed to mix with it, and with kisses, and soft dreaming murmurs we stayed in voluptuous silence coupled.

Recovered from our Elysium, still holding her body to mine by her thighs, genitals still joined. “Can you feel my prick in your cunt still?” — “Yes.” — And thus we talked, till my scrotum stuck to her lovely buttocks with the mucilaginous overflow from her cunt. Then separating we washed, and at length she consented to my seeing quietly and fully all her secret charms, which in my excitement, in my hurry to enjoy, I'd only momentarily glanced at. First I looked at the seat of the hymen about which recent rupture there could be no doubt, evidences of her virginity were wonderfully evident, and it was sore still she said. How thick the broken membrance seemed to me. That might have been fancy, yet certainly I'd never had a tougher one to get through.

“Show me the photos again.” — I did, we looked over and talked about them. — Never have I seen a woman so eager to see baudy pictures, she feasted on them, looked through them again and again. Then she felt my prick and as she did so, I felt her cunt. The soothing influence of my fingers was felt, voluptuous sensations crept through her. Then she sought fuller ex- planations, turned and looked at me, as I spoke the baudiest words. I told her I'd seen a thousand cunts. — “Oh! impossible.” — Her interest became intense in cunts. — “Yes

dear, and scarcely one exactly like the other." "Do many show as much as mine?" — She looked confused as she asked and turned her eyes to the photos. "Oh many," — which was a lie. So talking, looking at photos, explaining, telling her I had done all and seen all done which were pictured in the photos, she at last laid her head on my shoulder with a sigh. — She was lewed, ready to receive my prick up her again, and again let me lift up her chemise and admire her beauties. She seemed pleased to let me.

I was surprized to find her so fine a woman, well grown, plump, rather indeed inclining to stoutness. Her breasts were smallish but beautifully shaped, and with lovely pink nipples, larger and more prominent than is usual in virgins. The shape of her thighs was fine, they touched all the way to her knees, and the contour of her haunches was superb. Her little feel looked smaller and prettier when she was naked than when dressed, she was always displaying them enticingly when sitting, and wore shortish ,petticoats (not then fashionable) I believe to- show her feet.

Her cunt and motte, covered with hair of the darkest chestnut — the color of that on her head — was curly, close, and about the silkiest that I ever felt. It curled so round the soft plump lips, that the cleft was in shadow all but where large and thick nymphae and an unusually large clitoris protruded, forming a bunch which took three fingers to cover. Lower down the nymphae were soon lost in the cleft, and died away into the general surface of her cunt, but the large projec- tion like a big red poppy but partly opened, was to me very ugly, and spoiled what otherwise would have been a beautiful cunt. Was it always so, or was it the result of frigging herself? I never asked and shall never know — I swore that her cunt was lovely. She looked at me as if she didn't believe my praise. Had she seen other cunts?

I admired all, and indeed was enraptured with her unexpected beauty of form. — "Now you're nearly naked, be quite naked love, let's get into bed and talk." — "I'm frightened." — "Why? Your mother thinks you out — what folly." — I stripped myself and stood close to her, feeling her cunt and lifting up her chemise, she holding my pego. "Let our flesh meet every-where, take it off, you shall, you must," and I began taking off her chemise spite of her resistance. Then into bed rapidly she got to hide her beautiful nudity, I with her, and after cuddling, kissing, feeling every crack and cranny. — "Your stockings, — I cannot feel your legs," — and in the bed I pulled those off. Both naked as we left our mothers' wombs I folded her in my arms. How exquisite is the embrace when man and woman are both naked, how the hands rove fndom knees to neck, and up and down and round, and into every cranny, armpits, bum furrow and cunt. Then our hands settled on the sacred implements of Venus, tongue played with

tongue, all speech was lustful words, till I mounted her and fucked with prolonged rapture, sank into a sweet sleep and slept too long. “Oh! What will Mamma think!” With one feel up her gluey avenue I let her go. In greatest haste she dressed and left, stopping neither to wash or piddle. What would Mamma have said, had she known the condition of Edith's cunt?

At dinner I was intentionally placed near some friends who had arrived — distance from her we thought might help to lull suspicions if any arose. A chat with her for a minute in the reading room afterwards. — “Have you washed your cunt?” She nodded and smiled, then went to her mother, and at about eight o'clock came to my room again. Again we fucked and she went off in twenty minutes, leaving me a wee bit fatigued with my exercises.

Next morning I reflected — I had come to this city intending to stop two days, had already stopped four, and had deflorated a lady who seemed ready to risk anything to be fucked. I had suggested caution which in a degree she observed, but — “I don't care what becomes of me,” — said twice or thrice in a way as if social ruin stared her in the face, I didn't like. I could riot stop much longer, and didn't want to get home rucked out, poking twice or more day after day is more than I can stand now. So, tho her exquisite signs of sexual delight when I was up her, her burning kisses, voluptuous sighs, her intense lovingness whilst fucking, gave me the most exquisite enjoyment, I resolved to save my strength and health a little, and to leave.

She usually breakfasted with her mother, but next morning appeared early on a terrace overlooking the sea. I determined to tell her I was going but hadn't the heart. She was going out with some ladies and I was to go to see her mother. I did, and found she was getting her leg well, quicker than the doctor had thought. Her brother was coming, etc. etc. This quite suited my intentions, and on leaving whispered “I shall be in my room at half past ten, the door will be open,” — intending to inform her. Then I went to breakfast, had my tobacco, went to my room, and there she was.

My intentions vanished directly I saw her, my only thought was of her secret charms. What puts letches into my head I can't tell, but suddenly I wanted to gamahuche her. I had explained to her the meaning of the word the night before, and she'd admitted that her cunt had been licked by her Ayah in India, when he was not fourteen years old. She refused to let me, was in a hurry to dress to go out with some ladies, etc. etc. We were standing close together and I was feeling her cunt. “What have you put those damned drawers on for?” (She'd not had them on before.) “It's coldish this morning.” — It was. — “I 'hate them.” — But I felt her quim thro them, not wishing to

fuck, hating to be hurried in that delicious friction. — “Let me kiss it.” — “No.” Yet in a minute she was on the bedside, her bum on my hands, thighs over my, arms, my nose buried in her silky motte, my tongue searching for her clitoris between the large nymphae, and found easily for it was full sized. I kissed her thighs, held them up that my lips might kiss and rub over her satiny buttocks, then her belly, then I nibbled at her love bud, licked all over the vulva, shot my tongue up the avenue, then played it on the clitoris, sucking it in at times, then nibbling it gently, till I felt- her thighs begin to twitch, her cunt slightly jerk up. Quicker went my tongue. — “Aherr.” — “Feel my head love,” at once her hands grasped it, on went my tongue — “Ahrr — ehha” — her thighs for an instant stiffened, then quivering relaxed, a flush of cuntal juices met my tongue whilst still it lingered playing gently on her clitoris, giving the fullest pleasure, letting her lose none. Raising my head, looking at the moistened vulva, opening its red lips wider, again to see and glory in the cocks-comb edges of her lost hymen, I rose up. She was lying with eyes closed enervated by her spend. — Ah the luscious tranquility in mind and body which a spend gives both man and woman. Then she quickly got off the bed pushing down her clothes, and for the first time showed signs of modesty. She looked ashamed and away from me with flushed face as I said, “That's what gamahuching is.” — “I must go — what will they think of seeing me come out of your room so often?” (I wondered too, for she hadn't before seemed to care.) “Shall I buy some more photographs?” — “Oh, do, do,” with vivacity. — “Wash your quim, dear — let me wash it.” — Without a word she left the room, chancing whom might be in the corridor.

All the remainder of the day I did nothing but think of fucking her, of looking at her lovely thighs and buttocks, at her secret charms again — and of the position I'd fuck her in. Then I resolved to stay a day or two longer, yet knew that I must tell her, and leave at some time. Her manner was quite like one who expected the liaison to be permanent. What really passed in her mind about that I know not, for when together, our entire time was employed in talking about copulation, its preliminaries, and looking at photographs. Of photos I went out and bought another collection, met her in the hotel with the ladies she'd been out with, arranged that she should come to my room as before, soon after table d'hote dinner — at which I wasn't to dine — and she was to humbug her mother. I heard that Mamma always asked about me, and I began to fear suspiciously.

In the evening she came and took care to wait till no one was about. The door locked, “Have you got any more photos?” were almost her first words. Producing them we sat down, she looked them thro with lustful avidity, whilst I had one hand on her thigh. — It

seemed to me almost incredible, that such complete familiarity should have come about between us in so short a time, she unmistakably a virgin four days before, — but so it was — I told her I'd fucked a thousand women. “Oh what a story.” Her mother had said I was a libertine by the look of my eyes. All this was seen, said and done, in a quarter of an hour, then, — “Let's do it dear.” She rose up at once ready for fucking. What woman doesn't when it's a novelty? It happened to be an unusually cold night and I suggested bed. — No she couldn't be away long and feared her mamma sending for her. — But naked we got into bed, and fucked again, laid in each other's arms after feeling and fumbling our gluey genitals till they were dry again. Then I rose on my knees and made her pull my foreskin up and down, and then I put my fingers up her cunt as far as I could — all this with loving amourous talk — till again my prick was up her and again we fucked.

In the interval between our pleasure my leaving occurred to me, yet I postponed telling it. Our talk was so delicious about sexualities, that I hadn't the heart to say what I'd intended. There is no more delicious conversation, than when a man tells to a neophyte all his experience in sexual matters. How Edith's quim heated I could tell by the way she cuddled me, the way she clutched my pego and asked about other women's cunts — very curious about those — and much about harlots and their doings; and yet I couldn't get her to utter a baudy word. — She was certainly a curious one.

The rest of the pleasant yet in some respects sad amour, must be shortened. Next day in the morning I asked her to come to my room. — Visitors were out, the chambermaid had done the rooms — there are times when but few are in the corridors — when she came. “Edith dear, I'm obliged to go to London,” — I blurted out determined to get it over. — She stared at me with mouth wide open for an instant, then flopped down heavily on a chair, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears and sobbing. I awaited sadly, soothing as well as I could but could say nothing effectual. — At length she quieted and to some remark of mine, — “I knew it must be, and I've ruined my-self,” — not that I'd ruined her — I said that that was nonsense, but she repeated it, and that she should never marry now. We talked an hour, she in much grief, begging me to stop a day or two for she should never see me again — would I wait till her uncle came? We separated without fucking.

She however came next evening and we fucked twice. How she managed to humbug her mother at leaving her alone so much, is needless to tell. I saw her mother in her room next day, and before I left am sure she had no suspicions about me. I waited three days more till her uncle arrived, and we fucked twice every day, and talked

about that operation ad libitum and all appertaining to it. Then I made her a present of the photos on condition of her repeating after me the three words, “prick, cunt, fuck” — the only ob- scene words I ever heard her say. Yet she'd a hot cunt, was salacious to her bumhole I am sure. I frigged her once, and gamahuched her every day after the first, besides fucking her. We parted that last evening in tears. She said she loved me.

In our conversations, she told me she'd had three offers of marriage nearly, but they were broken off, she never knew why. She declared that no man had ever taken a liberty with her but me and some school girls, that one or two female Indian servants had gamahuched her, tho she'd never heard that name for cunt licking before I had said it — which is possible. — I gathered that she'd a sister in India and somehow came to the conclusion that both sisters were illigitimate, tho I never heard such a thing hinted of them. — Was her mother ever married? I wondered. — Certainly she was a thoroughly well educated lady. The day before I left Edith her courses came on whilst fucking. I congratulated her on it, but as before she remarked, she said didn't care what became of her.

[Three years or so afterwards, I heard she was married to a very rich man who took her to Brazil, and that is all I know about her. — It was a singular liaison, and somehow I have always felt sad when I think of it.]

Chapter II

At the lapunar and peephole. • Alexandrine's advice. • Katie's instruction. • Marguerite's fornication. • Profits and losses. • A hairy arsed harlot. • About the propriety of seeing and feeling other men's pricks. • A double cunted strumpet. • Katie's eventful history. • England again. • Alteration in the arrangement of my narrative. • The philosophy of fucking virgins and juveniles. • H. lost and found. • Mutual friggings in a cab. • The snug accommodation house. • Baudy books and prints. • H.'s pleasure in meeting me. • Minetted by Misses R and Black. • Baudy triads. • A flagellation spectacle. • Three women and self. • An orgy. • Black becomes favourite.

Taking rest tho travelling, I reached the city of pleasure and was welcomed with open arms by Alexandrine, who. still retained her post. There was much change in the woman-kind in the bordel since last I was there - - a longish time ago — but enough of the old ones left to know me. — “C'est lui,” — when I appeared in the salon. Marguerite was there as beautiful as ever, in-deed more beautiful in form. A wonder — for there she certainly has been seven years and more and Alexandrine tells me, never has less than five men, and frequently seven, in each twenty-four hours. “She makes much, as much as any three women. — But. Ah! — it all goes outside to some one.” — “Un horn-me?” — “Je le suppose,” and she shrugged her shoulders. I fucked Marguerite and told her she'd made a fortune. “But I spend it.” — “How then?” — “In pleasure.” — “Ah there is un amant de coeur.” — “Peut-titre,” — and she smiled. — She was a lovely creature.

I saw also about a dozen couples fucking, saw the Cyprians before it, enjoined them to shew off the men's pricks well, and was obeyed. The sight of a handsome stiff pego, I sometimes fancy now excites me more than the sight of the more secret female organ. — Why? — Is my desire to see this procreating tool improper or not? Prejudice and education in false principles would make answer. “Yes.” — If it be so, then man made in God's own image, is in his nudity a thing to be ashamed of, and his pego obscene, filthy, abominable. Yet the creator has made him with that tool for the great puprose of peopling the world, of creating beings whom he then endows with souls. Strange that it should be thought abominable and immoral for a man to show it, or other men to see and touch it — simply ludicrous. — All males at some time have both exposed their own, and felt other men's pricks — perhaps only boys' pricks — but the act is the same. — Powerful

organ which all love and women worship — why art thou called filthy and obscene?

One evening a nearly black haired woman came in to me, with a copious overflowing libation in her quim — fat spunk and lots of it. — I looked, investigated, said she might go, and proffered payment. “Mais baisez moi donc.” — “Ah no I want it not.” “But you must, you shall, you have not kissed me for three years.” I had quite forgotten her, then recollected her hairiness which had displeased me than, and displeased me now. She was one of the hairiest in the region of cunt and bum hole I ever saw. From navel to arsehole, it was black, long, curly, thick, and hid everything. The gap was hidden by it quite, her buttocks were covered with hair up to the bum bones, gradually thinning off to those ossifications, but still black and thick. It must have been an inch long round her anus, and all jet black. It filled the hollow between cunt and thigh. As she knelt, it looked like the arse of a black bear and was ugly, yet such was her almost angry persuasiveness — such the excitement of novelty — that I fucked her, tho against my will as I did it, but I verily believe to her great delight.

“There is a fndesh woman and she's two cunts,” said Alexandrine to me as I entered one night. “Impossible.” — “It's true, she comes from Marseilles and has been stopping at the F*r*y's and now is here.” — I asked for Katie, and had a chat with her. — “Yes it is true, and she is in society now.” — “Better and better,” I said. “Let her come to me after.” Awaiting her, I amused myself with Katie, who told me all about the woman till she entered.

I put her on to the bedside quickly. — She had heard of my letch — and opened her thighs. There was much thick sperm outside, what looked like any other cunt, and I said the two cunts was a joke. But Katie coming to my aid pulled open the lips, which so far resembled an ordinary quim, but down the centre of the cunt, was a membrane of diaphragm looking like one of the nymphae, extending from the clitoris to the lower end of the split. The two proper nymphae were in their place. I put my finger up. — “There is no sperm in there,” said Katie, “look here” — and putting the central division on one side, there was the opening with sperm in it. I rapidly looked all over her two quims randy in mind, but was just then not strong, not well, and my prick would not stand. — Katie sucked it to a slight rigidity and I put it with difficulty up the spermy orifice. — It would not remain there, her cunt fell away from me. “There is not much spunk in you,” — said I. — “Not much,” said the Marseillaise, “it's all run out, but the Monsieur is waiting for me to go back.” — So I let her go. She came back soon after with her cunt or cunts washed. — Excited and lusting for her, yet I now couldn't get my prick stiff at all so tried Katie's quim which didn't raise it, and in despair I left the house.

Next day I had the same two women. Kate, because being English she interpreted for me when my French failed me, and I learned all about the double one. I saw her piss, felt one then the other vagina, felt to the top or bottom of each, rubbed the womb entrances, put two fingers, one up each cunt at the same time, and felt and pinched the gristly or fleshy division between the two. Every enquiry I made was answered with frankness. Katie gamahuched me, and so did “double cunt.” — All was again useless, I wanted the woman, yet had a dislike to her. So tipping handsomely for the trouble I had given, I departed again with flaccid tool, and without having this time even got the tip up either of the double cunts, or the single cunt, for I tried Katie's — I had done for myself by recent amours I suppose.

The third time I was better, and had had a cock-stand when thinking of the funny fucking apparatus of the Marseillaise. It was in the afternoon after a good luncheon that I went to see her, and had her to myself for a couple of hours.

She was a well grown woman say five feet six high with firm fleshy large buttocks, scarcely any waist, thighs. From knees to ankles the legs were hairy and ugly. She had dark hair on her head, and a slight darkish moustache on her mouth, and dark eyes. Her face had a somewhat sad expression in it. — The hair of her motte had the growth of a woman of thirty and was very dark. She said she was twenty-three. — There was scarcely a sign of hair by her anus. Her cunt may be likened to one of the short leathern purses like a bag, which opens with a clasp, and shews inside a division or central pocket, with a pocket on each side of it. The cunt had the central division only and two pockets only, that is, a cunt — on each side. The centre division looked like one of the nymphae, but there were nymphae of the ordinary size and usual place, just within the outer lips — I am certain that a man not knowing of the peculiar physical conformation of the woman, might have put his prick up one of the cunts, fucked and finished, without knowing that another cunt was by the side of his penis — always supposing that he had been lewed and full of sperm when he began feeling, looking, and fucking. In brief, in the usual physical condition of a healthy man when wanting a woman. From what she told me on this and another occasion, she did not seem to have been conscious of her peculiar conformation till her menses began to show. She had them now from one cunt after the other — never at the same time from both. Each lasted about three days — under her true clitoris, but lower down and on either side of the central division of the two vaginas, were two little piss ducts, and she pissed first from one and then from the other. — These piddle openings were not just inside and near to the vaginas or prick holes as in most women, but higher above them tho both were hidden partially

by the diaphragm dividing the cunts and by the nymphae and outer lips. I am sorry I did not see her piss.

She had pleasure she said in fucking, but could not say the pleasure was more from one cunt than the other. — She seemed from her description to have had the usual alloverish voluptuous sensation from both cunts when fucked. She had been in the family way on-her left side womb, and when four months gone and her belly much swollen, the doctors told her parturition probably would kill her, and so she procured abortion. — The central division where it joined the real clitoris, protruded like a second clitoris, the piddle vent holes a little lower were on each side of it. She could frig her-self to pleasure and a spend on the lower as well as the upper clitoris. Sometimes one cunt spent, sometimes the other, she didn't know which would spend when she frigged herself.

The doctors said that she had two bladders with two distinct wombs and adjuncts. How they were connected with her breasts for milk, they did not know. They warned her against breeding. — A person, a doctor, had offered her a large sum to go to America to exhibit herself, but she was frightened and refused. She liked whoring in her native land best. The doctors had passed implements and drawn off the water from each of her bladders as an experiment, to settle the point whether she had two bladders or not.

I forgot to ask her about her virginity. She liked fucking she said — and when she frigged either clitoris she seemed to spend from one cunt or both, she could not control it, but both cunts did not wet. — Two friends once had her together. She stood over the one with the shortest prick, and the other pushed up her other quim from her rump side — the one she was on was well up her; but the other got his prick only a little way in, for it was difficult. Both spent up her and she spent — all three nearly at the same time — but she never could tell which of her cunts, or if both did, but she spent certainly. She was made so lewed when they did it she couldn't tell. Then both fucked her twice again, one after the other, both looking on alternately. “Yes, once in the other's spunk, the other time in different cunts.” — “One liked fucking in the foutre?” — “Oui, like you,” — said she with a smile. — She'd heard of me. —They were Frenchmen. — She was all the evening with them.

I saw her again some months after. She had then gone to another lapunar — all the clients at * * * * had had her. She did not take, few men had her more than once for curiosity. She didn't like them not to fuck her but many did not. — I went thro all the examinations again and heard the same story. — I got my prick first up one cunt then another, but could not spend, and MY. SECRET LIFE after trying in every attitude came away without spending. — She this time told me

that she'd had two virginities, one her lover took — the doctor who examined her subsequently had the second.

I was resolved to fuck her, visited her again, heard all over again and a lot more. My cock stood so mounted her, I pushed my prick up her left avenue, then exchanged it for the right one. I wanted to compare differences of sensations — if any — and whether the cunts gave the same sort of feel to my tool as a one cunted woman gave me — but over-excited again, my tool to my annoyance began to dwindle and came out flabby almost suddenly. — The abnormal nature of the female's organ in fact gave me a slight disgust, but really tho curious, there was nothing in the slightest degree — as I now think of it — disgusting about it. Again by the help of her fingers and her mouth I rallied, and bringing her to the side of the bed, I first looked at her quim from behind her bum, then reversing her and lifting her heavy thighs up, I asked her to put in my prick for me. — "Which cunt?" — asked she. "Your left, the side you bred in." She placed it there, up went my prick, and I left my sperm in the favoured avenue.

Her cunts did not seem as nice and smooth as the ordinary female article — but somewhat fatigued, not much wanting it, and over-worked before — for my cock had recently gone into quite a dozen cunts and mostly smooth with sperm and I had seen thirty couples copulating — I was rather done up — I'd had difficulty also in finding where this woman had moved to, so I was not in a good state for judging, and felt all the time that I was fucking out of mere curiosity. A few months after I sought her at the same house. — She'd left. — Then I asked Alexandrine, who under pledge again (she'd told me before) gave me another address — but she had left, had gone abroad they told me. — Perhaps so, and all Europe may see this lusus naturae.

[I have always regretted not asking more and precise questions of this double cunted woman — but the excitement caused naturally by talking on the subject, and having the cunts at hand and the naked owner of them there ready and willing to fuck made me forget asking much which I intended. I should have written down my questions, and asked them seriatim. — But that might have scared her, and she would most likely have lied more than perhaps she did, but as far as I narrate I think it is all true about her. — I had Katie — the only English woman in the house, — to interpret and aid me. But above all, Alexandrine, who had been for a few years my friend, aid, and adviser in erotic business told me a great deal.

[Katie had a wonderful history. From being an ordinary harlot there, and first in London, then at Lyons, she married the nephew of the mistress of the bordel, and was for a time practically mistress of the establishment — and would with her husband have inherited it,

with an income as far as I could make out of quite three thousand pounds a year. Good behaviour in her lodgings got her that marriage and that position, prosperity upset her. — She became a drunkard, quarrelled with the women, and caused rows in the house (never permitted in a French “maison de tolerance”), was rejected and dismissed — of course still married — and as far as I could learn, she was afterwards sent to Eng- land a confirmed drunkard, her husband keeping her here. — Her name had occurred in the original nandrative, but in the abbreviations those incidents had been destroyed — hence the need to preserve this short memoir of her here — an eventful history.]

My narrative is nearly finished, my amatory career ending. My sexual powers lessen tho still strong, but as the urgings of concupiscence are less powerful, opportunities seem not to occur so frequently and my sins against chastity grow fewer. The actors and actresses will henceforth be nameless or named wrongly for they are living and about. — The houses which gave me shelter exist, but must not be named. The amatory episodes were for the most part more briefly written by me than formerly, and need but little abbreviation. Their chronological order will not be quite followed in the interest of all the actors, actresses and self.

[Here is placed a loose paragraph — I fancy I have written a similand one before — but lest not so, it's well to preserve it.]

[How similar for the most part have been my temporary amours. How similar the behaviour of the women who have procured me the virgins. Whether L*l*e, F**z*r or others, all were similar. All the virgins were got for money. What pleasure also the Paphians had in exciting the lasses, and for their own lust in seeing the hymens taken — in including the girls to fuck. — What complete unanimity in opinion, that their little proteges would soon be fucked by some one if not by me. What tales they told me of the nascent desires, lewed wishes and erotic knowledge and habits of the girls at that early age, and the encouragement they gave to the males — mostly lads a little older than themselves and of the same class. — Verily a gentleman had better fuck them for money, than a butcher boy for nothing. It is the fate of such girls to be flicked young, neither laws social or legal can prevent it. — Given opportunities — who has them like the children of the poor? — and they will copulate. It is the law of nature which nothing can thwart. A man need have no “compunctions of conscience” — as it is termed — about having such girls first, for assuredly he will have done no harm, and has only been an agent in the inevitable. The consequences to the female being the same, who-ever she may findst have been fucked by.

The first week of my return I telegraphed a meeting with H. Getting no reply I went to her house which was empty. I telegraphed the scout, got no response, went there and she had flown, but I found that her letters were sent to a neighbouring chandler's shop — I wrote there naming an appointment in the dark near **** and there found H. waiting. All was changed, she lived in the country, was not sure if she could meet me, but if so at great risk, didn't know when or where but in a week would let me know. We drove through a park which was on the road to her station and felt each other's carnal agents, I besought her to get out and let us fuck against a tree. She was indignant at the pro- posal, and it ended in our frigging each other in the cab, face to face, kissing and tonguing, to the great injury of her bonnet, and a little soiling of her silk dress and my trowsers. Who would care where sperm fell in such an entrancing ride.

A week after, a place of rendezvous was found, at a convenient snug little house where we met generally. — Before she'd taken anything off but her bonnet and I my hat, we fucked on the bedside with intense mutual delight. Directly I'd uncunted, we both stripped start naked and got into bed, drank champagne there, and fucked and fucked again till my pego would stiffen no longer; fucked four times, a great effort now for me, but not for her. But frigging and gamahuching always satisfied her as a finish — luckily.

Then our meetings were at longer intervals apart, which only made them more delicious. But I alas, am obliged to husband my strength more than formerly, so the long intendvals suit me better.

When next we met, we found that the mistress of the establishment had voluptuous photographs, pictures, and engravings by hundreds, and one or two chests full of the best and baudiest books in English and French. — We revelled in them that day for all were placed at our disposal. — We sat feeling each other's genitals between our fuckings, looking and commenting on the artistic display of nudities and erotic fancies, and wishing we could participate in such performances our-selves. They awakened ideas which had slumbered in me certainly. She said in her also, but she always declared that I had put desires into her head unknown before. We were well matched.

Living far off now, without a male or female friend with whom to talk about sexualities, more than ever now she looked to our days of meeting, and hours of unrestrained voluptuousness. After hearing all she had done at home even to domestic details — which she was fond of telling as showing her domestic comfort, — lust and love in all its whims and varieties we talked about. “Did you ever do that?” “Do you recollect when I showed you ***'s prick?” — “When did so and so occur?” So ran our talk. How often he'd fucked her or gamahuched

her, how often she'd frigged herself, the sperm he spent, and all the domestic baudy doings were told me with delight, and similar frankness exacted from me. — Then came wishes. “Let Mrs. * * * * * get us another woman, you fuck her whilst she gamahuches me,” was a request made whilst after fucking, we laid reposing in the bed. — I agreed. — “Let her be stout, I'd like one as stout as Camille,” — these are the very words said funnily enough in a half shamed faced way — for absence and the change in her circumstances, at first seemed to impose some stupid modesty on her. — But both of us liked to call a spade a spade.

All was accomplished. The abbess as I shall call her, we ascertained would procure us every pleasure, tho only cautiously and from time to time she disclosed her powers. A very plump and almost fat, handsome woman of two and twenty was our first companion. — “Don't let me ask her, you say that you want her to lick my cunt — I don't want her to think that I wish it,” — said H. So it was done, we had champagne, I stripped the plump one, then asked H. to look at her quim — which she was longing to do — and then incited her to the gamahuche. Baudy talk and wine raising our lust MY SECRET -LIFE made us friends soon, and Miss R. jumped at the idea of gamahuching the other. Then naked all three (warm weather now). Looking-glasses arranged so that H. could see all, she laid on the bed-side whilst R. gamahuched her. On the bed by H.'s side I also laid, she frigging me during her pleasure. “Aha — God — lick quicker. — I'm spending,” — and she spent nearly pulling my prick off during her first ecstasy.

Pausing for a minute, R. recommenced, for H. likes to continue uninterruptedly at that luscious game, till she has spent at least twice. It was a lovely sight to see H. with her beautiful thighs, and the coral little gash set in the lovely chestnut hair, which R. held open for a minute to admire. Then her mouth set greedily upon it, her hands under H.'s buttocks, the dark hair of R.'s armpits just peeping, her big white buttocks nearly touching her heels. I stooped down this time and peeped along the furrow past the bumhole, and could just see the red end of her cunt with the short crisp hair around it. Then straddling across her waist, my prick laying on her back between her blade bones, I watched the lovely face of H. which in her sexual ecstasy is a lovely sight. “Fuck, fuck her,” she cried to me. But I wouldn't. Next minute saw H.'s lovely eyes fixed on mine, whilst with soft cries she spent.

A rest, more champagne, a discourse about the pleasure of woman cunt licking woman and of men doing it, and H. again was on the bed. — “Oh, I'm so lewed I want a fuck so,” said R. — “He'll fuck you, won't you?” — I complied. Further back on the bed now the better to reach her cunt with her tongue, with pillows under her head

lay H. when R. recommenced her lingual exercise on the sweet and fresh-washed quim. I standing up now at R.'s back. — “Fuck her, and spend when I do,” said H. — R.'s bum towards me was almost too fat an one as she bent, so I made her bend lower, and then between the buttock went my prick, dividing two well haired, very fat lips of her sanctum of pleasure. She adjusted her height to the exercise when my tip was well lodged. My balls were soon against the buttocks, every inch of my prick up a cunt deliciously lubricated by its owner's randiness. — “It's up her cunt love,” I cried, began fucking and R. began gamahuching. All now was silence but the lap now and then of R.'s tongue on H.'s cunt. “She's coming darling — I shall spend,” — I cried at length. — “Oh —God — fuck her, fuck, slap her bum,” cried H., writhing and sighing. — My slaps on the fat arse re-sounded, as R. wndithed and shivered with pleasure whilst licking on, and both of us spent as H. spent un-der the tongue titillation. Then with slobbered prick and wet cunts we got up. Soon after standing by the bedside I fucked H. whilst she frigged Miss R. Never were there three baudy ones together who enjoyed the erotic tricks more than we did.

These delightful voluptuous exercises were repeated with variations on other days. R. sucked my prick and took its libation whilst I was lying full length on the bed, H. kneeling over my head, I licking her clitoris the looking glasses so arranged that H. could see all. An-other day I fucked R. whilst she frigged H. Then I put my prick into both women and finished in R.'s cunt, which completed that day's amusement.

Soon afterwards we noticed wales upon R.'s capacious white buttocks. It was from her last whipping she said. That disclosed what in time was sure to have be- come known to us. That the abbess was an expert it flagellation, that swells both old and young came under her experienced hand. Questioned, the abbess told us all, was indeed proud of her performances, shewed us the varied apparatus with which she either tickled or bled the masculine bums, and women's as well, o: superintended men flogging female bums. Such as the fat arsed R.'s were preferred, tho some she said like(younger and thinner buttocks. Some brought an(birched a woman whom they liked and fucked, some a special woman to birch them. They all paid very hand somely for bleeding a fair pair of buttocks.

R. told us that flagellation of her backside made he lewed an hour after or so. She liked the birch just to hurt slightly the cunt lips. Then if she couldn't get man, she frigged herself — that some girls said it di(not affect them lewedly — others that it did. — W talked quietly with the abbess about this. Both H. am I desired to see the operation, and heard that some men liked to be seen by other men when being flogged. If we would come on a certain day, there would be then a

gentleman who had a taste for being made a spectacle, and she would arrange for us to se — for pay of course.

We went on the day but the man didn't appear. Two ladies were ready waiting to flog him. The abbes said it didn't matter, something had detained him that when he disappointed he always paid the money for all concerned. One of them was dressed as a balk girl, the other only in chemise, such were his orders. — She in chemise, was a sweet faced, dark haired short ish girl of nineteen, with fine teeth. We asked her t our room to take wine, and it ended in H* * * frigging he and my fucking her, then in my fucking H., whilst she looked at the other's quim, and we agreed she would be better for our amorous games than R. — I will call this dark one “Black.” She had one of the most delicate, refined, cock stiffening, slightly lipped, slightly haired cunts I ever saw: it resembled H.'s cunt years ago. Black took at once a frantic letch for gamahuching H. — and who wouldn't? — When my mouth covers it, I can scarcely tear it away from it.

At our next visit the flagellation came off. As H., who'd only her chemise on, and I my shirt and wearing a mask, entered the room, there was a man kneeling on a large chair at the foot of the bed, over which he was bending. Over the seat and back of the chair was a large towel to receive his spendings. He had a woman's dress on tucked up to his waist, showing his naked rump and thighs, with his feet in male socks and boots. On his head was a woman's cap tied carefully round his face to hide whiskers — if he had any — and he wore a half mask which left his mouth free. — At his back, standing, was one youngish girl holding a birch and dressed as a ballet dancer, with petticoats far up above her knees, and showing naked thighs. Her breasts were naked, hanging over her stays and showing dark haired armpits. Another tall, well formed, tho thinnish female, naked all but boots and stockings, with hair dyed a bright yellow, whilst her cunt and armpits' fringes were dark brown, stood also at his back — a bold, insolent looking bitch whom I one day fucked after she'd gamahuched H. — tho I didn't like either her face, cunt, form, or manner — but she was new to me.

What he had done with the women before we entered we were told afterwandds by yellow head, was very simple. He'd stripped both women naked, and saw the one dress herself as a ballet girl, nothing more. Neither had touched his prick nor he their cunts. When the door was closed after we entered, he whispered to the abbess that he wanted to see my prick. Determined to go thro the whole performance, I lifted my shirt and shewed it big but not stiff. He wanted to feel it but that I re-fused. “Be a good boy or Miss Yellow (as I shall call her) will whip you hard,” said the abbess. — “Oh — no — no pray don't,” he whispered in reply. He spoke always in whispers.

Then he said H. was lovely and wanted to see her cunt, which she refused. He never turned round during this but remained kneeling. Then after childish talk between him and the abbess (he always in whispers), “Now she shall whip you, you naughty boy,” said the abbess — and “swish” the rod descended heavily upon his rump.

“Oho — ho — ho,” he whispered as he felt the twinge. I moved round to the other side of him where I could see his prick more plainly. It was longish, pendant, and the prepuce covered its tip nearly. — Swish — swish — went the birch, and again he cried in whispers. — “Ho, ho.” — H then moved round to my side to see better — Yellow head from behind him felt his prick — The abbess winked at me — Then he laid his head on the bedstead frame and grasped it with both hands whilst very leisurely the birch fell on him and he cried “Ho — ho” — His rump got red and then he cried aloud — “Oh I can't — then sunk his voice to a whisper in finishing his sentence — Yellow head again felt his prick still not looking round.

Then was a rest and a little talk, he still speaking in whispers. The abbess treated him like a child. I felt Yellow head's motte, she looking at H. to see if she permitted me the license. Yellow head then took up the birch, and H. and I moved to the other side of the bed. Both of us excited, H.'s face was flushed with lust, I felt her cunt, and she my pego, now stiff. “Look at those two,” quoth the abbess. We, and both the women laughed. — The patient had turned his head to look, but could see nothing but us standing. — Swish — swish, fell heavily the rod on his arse, now very red indeed. — “Let me lick her cunt,” whispered he, nodding at H. — She refused. — “I'll give her five pounds,” he whispered. H. hesitated, but short of money as usual, at length she consented, beside she was lewed to her bum-hole — “I shall spend,” she whispered to me as she got on to the bed and saying aloud, “Five pounds, mind.” — “He'll pay, he's a gentleman,” murmured the abbess.

Then was a spectacle such as I never saw before nor shall again. H. settled on the bed, thighs wide apart, quim gaping, legs over the bed frame, cunt close up to the victim, but too low for his tongue to reach the goal. The abbess, Miss Yellow head and I, pushed pillow after pillow under her lovely burn till it was up to the requisite level, and greedily he began licking it. I moved round him again, looking curiously at his prick which was now stiff. — “Let him feel it,” he whispered more loudly than usual. I felt and frigged it for a second. Whilst I did so, swish — swish — fell the rod on his rump, which writhed. — “Um — um — HUM,” — he murmured, his mouth full of H.'s cunt. “Ahrr,” sighed H., whose lovely face expressed her pleasure, for she was lewed. Yellow head laid hold of his prick, gave it two or three gentle frigs, and out spurted a shower of semen. Then he was

quiet with his mouth full on H.'s open quim, still Yellow head continued frigging his shrinking organ. — “Have you spent?” — said I. “Damn it, I was just coming,” said H., jogging her cunt up against his mouth, wild for her spend. But he was lifeless, all desire to lick her had gone.

At a hint from the abbess we went to our bed-room. — “Fuck me.” — On the bed she got, her cunt wet with his saliva, my prick nodding its wants and lust, up I plunged it in her wet cunt, thrust my tongue into her sweet mouth, our salivas poured into each other's, and we spent in rapture, almost before we had began the glorious to and fro of my prick in her lubricious avenue.

Neither of us had seen such a sight before, never had either of us even seen any one flogged, and we talked about it till the abbess came up. The man had left, but only gave three sovereigns for H.'s complaisance. “No doubt she's kept the other two,” — said H. afterwards. The young ladies were still below, would we like to have a chat with them? Our passions were well roused, H. at once said “Yes,” and up they came. We had champagne, giving the abbess some, then all talked about flagellation. The younger woman showed marks of the birch on her bum, and when the abbess had gone, we heard more about the rich victim, whom both had seen before and who was between fifty and sixty. He always had two women, but not always they two, they'd never known him allow strangers to be present when he was flogged, and he wanted to know if H. would whip him some day. (She never would.) Then we all four stripped, both women gamahuched H. and whilst the younger one was doing that I fucked Yellow head, whose cunt I couldn't bear. Then she gamahuched H. and I without any effort fucked up the other girl and found her cunt delicious. — In the intervals we laid pell mell on the bed together, topsy — turvy, — arsy — versy, and any how and in all sorts of ways, looked at each other's cunts, the two women both sucked my prick to stiffness but no further and Yellow head put her finger up my bum as I fucked the younger girl at the bedside feeling H.'s lovely sweet cunt whilst I did so, and as her rump was towards me I paid the finger compliment to her bum-hole. — We had champagne till all were tight, and gloried in most un-restrained baudiness in act and talk. We all pissed, and I felt their amber streams whilst issuing, and pissed myself against Yellow head's cunt, H. holding the basin. — Then fatigued with lustful exercises — H. excepted — we had strong tea, and went our ways. A veritable orgy, and an extravagantly expensive one.

Now it was very clear and frankly avowed by H., that our meetings were the delight of her life, that tho happy at home they were friendless nearly, and she looked forward to meeting me with the greatest pleasure, not only to tell me all, but to indulge with me in

reminiscences, and have baudy afternoons with other women. “And it's your fault, you've told me more than all the men and women together whom I've known.” — But there were hindrances. Sometimes two or three weeks intervened between our meetings at the abbess'; tho each meeting brought some baudy novelty.

When next we met we had little Black and not Miss R. for our companion, and Black and I together gave H. her complete dose of pleasure. Two fucks, a frig, and three or four gamahuches, some by me, some by Black, seemed the quantum which she called a jolly baudy afternoon. All were pleased, for B. loved gamahuching H., and being gamahuched by me, and tho so young, willingly sucked my pego to its liquid culmination. — H. still refusing to do that, or to touch B.'s quim with her tongue. — What with conversation about fucking in general — of the erotic caprices of men, of money gained and spent, sexual incitements, etc. etc. — in which conversations the abbess joined now at times — we passed most voluptuous afternoons or evenings. — But the cost was heavy — for the abbess' house was quiet and expensive, and champagne and a second gay lady added much to the sum total of the expenses of meeting H.

The abbess was the most kindly woman of her class I ever knew and superior to her business, her house the nicest and quietest.

Chapter III

On the Thames Embankment. • A woman's letch. • Lilian the actress. • Invitation to dinner. • Invitation to fucking. • Eight hours' amusements.

On a sunshining day in August that year at about 2:30 p.m. I was passing a theatre near to the Thames and loitered to read the programme, scarcely any people were about. On the footway stood a tallish, dark eyed and exceedingly handsome woman, well dressed and looking about four and twenty, talking to a short, shabby old woman, the sort of woman who is frequently the friend and aid of high class harlots and actresses, oftentimes indeed their relatives. I was very fit that day, was dressed gaily, had had a good luncheon, womankind looked lovely in my eyes, but I'd no intention of seeking their acquaintance in the flesh, tho my pego was a little on the swell for I'd fucked no one recently, and had had no novelty since my return to England.

Few people were in London. Many frail ladies who could not afford to leave were in town, their lovers were absent, and their cunts missed the stretch and libations which they loved. People at hotels were having luncheon. Struck with the lady I looked at her with admiration. She fixed her eyes on mine, turning her head towards me as I approached, and turning her head round directly I had passed to look after me. I did the same, and looking half over my shoulder our eyes again met. I turned my head away courteously, but a voluptuous tingle went thro me as I thought of her cunt, — which of course I thought of.

I slackened my pace involuntarily. I had no object beyond seeing her beauty, and walked on a little, and then looking at some object as an excuse turned half round to look at her. She was still looking after me; beckoned with a toss of her head, and the old woman went off. Instinctively and without thought I returned, and in a second we were close together. “What are you staring at me for, do you know me?” said she with a smile. — “No — because you are so lovely.” — She laughed, I laughed, and there was a minute's silence. — She seemingly was waiting for me to make advances, but as I didn't said hesitatingly, “Come home and dine with me.” Awakened fully to the position, not wishing any more liaisons, thinking that a fiver if not a tenner would be expected, and I knew not what else, and having neither money or time. “Sorry I can't I've just had luncheon.” — “So have I, but I said dine,” — and her face I fancied looked livingly at me.

I was “flummoxed” by this very clear invitation to fucking, and as I have always been frank with women, and saw that this would be an entertainment beyond my means, recovered my reason which was failing under her fascination, and the carnal ideas and curiosities springing up, and making my pego thicken and elongate with voluptuous thrills. I told her I was sorry, was neither young nor rich. “So mustn't tho I longed for you the instant I saw you, — besides you'd be tired of me soon.” “Then you can go,” — she laughing replied. — “But I haven't two sovereigns in my pocket.”

— “Well, keep them there — come” — looking in her smiling face, thoughts of her cunt came, my cock erected itself. “Is it far?” — “Only at * * * * *, come, I'm very lonely.”

A crowd of thoughts rushed thro my brain. Desire for her — was it a trap — was she married — o kept. — Suppose I am caught — has she a letch for me? — If so I can't fuck as much as she'll want; these jumbled in my head making me irresolute. — “Are you an ac-tress?” — “You're curious.” — “Married?” — “No.”

— “Have you a friend?” — “You're very curious.” Saying that she half turned away. Then desire for her rushed through my brain and body — I should lose her.

— “Very well.” — She laughed. A growler passed us, into it we got, and in doing so again I said “I'm a poor man.” — “So you said.” The cab drove off, then I kissed her and she me. — “You are so lovely.” — “Do you think so” Then the conversation stopped, I wondering how the affair would end. Soon after we were at her house.

A pertish-mannered damzel opened the door. The dining room was handsomely furnished on the ground floor, where for a minute the lady left me. The first floor to which I soon mounted was handsomer, and I saw thro a door ajar a bedroom, thro which peeped my lady saying “I'm only changing my dress.” — Her name she'd told me in the cab, I promised not to reveal it and shall call her Lilian, tho neither word nor letter even phonetically resemble her true name.

In five minutes she appeared in a charming summer's dress. Then I saw that she was older than I'd thought, was perhaps seven and twenty. The servant brought in champagne, ice, and fruit. She drank thirstily, I but cautiously, for I'd drunk well at luncheon. I'd not taken the slightest liberty beyond kissing her when in the cab, now I closed to her on the sofa, extolling her beauty, saying I'd been struck with it on the instant I saw her and again I kissed. “Why did you go away then?” — “I reflected.” — “On what?” — “I didn't know what to do, what exactly you meant, then my cock suddenly stiffened, and I wondered what sort of cunt you had, and stopped,” — I replied, bursting out into lustful phrases. She fell back on the sofa screaming with laughter. — “You are a baudy devil, I thought you were.” —

Then we kissed, again, for the ice was broken and I hugged her to me. “Now I shall find out what it's like.” As I spoke my fingers went up her clothes and between the lips of hend quim. She only closed her thighs as most women do when taken unawares — excepting thorough-paced whores.

Resisting slightly — a mere sham — laughing all the time and calling me a baudy devil, I got her clothes — now only a chemise and the frock — up to her thighs, saw the triangular brown thicket, and bending kissed near to it, putting my furthest hand round a deliciously soft, cool haunch. She kept her thighs closed. — “Can't you wait? Till we have a glass more wine?” — But I now on the ram, slid down upon my knees, buried my nose and mouth, on thighs and belly, and hands pushed round her haunches pulled her towards me. Slowly her bum came to the sofa's edge. Suddenly I forced her thighs apart, my mouth went down between them as with a final rapid pull they opened, leaving her sweet slit ready to my lips which covered the soft surface, and as they touched it out shot my tongue searching for her spot of pleasure. Laughing, saying, “Now don't — I don't like that. — Oh don't — you beast — oho — lock the door then,” came at last as the gamahuche already began to tease her, for she was lewed I knew.

I rushed and locked it, and returning fell upon my knees again. She dndopped her clothes, saying, “Come to the bedroom.” — But my letch was strong on me, I was enamoured now of gamahuching, the scent of her sweet, fresh washed cunt had roused that letch and I pushed her back, threw up her clothes to her motte, and again gently pulled her towards me by her haunches. Her bum came to the sofa's edge, her thighs widened apart expectant of her pleasure, not a word more she uttered as I pushed both hands under the lovely white columns till I held her cool ivory buttocks. Then my tongue found her clitoris and played with it. Then I fell back for a hasty glance at the rosy split, pulled aside the fat, soft, silky edged lips to see the inner treasure, then greedily again my mouth closed on its face and my tongue caressed the little red button, the seat of pleasure in this amourous game. How delicious felt the smooth red opening as my tongue ran over it! Then settling on the rosy bud it played again. She felt the luscious tickle directly. — “Aher — aher,” she sighed quite softly. Delicious are the murmurs of a beauty as sexual pleasure gains on her with voluptuous thrills, and her cunt stiffening tightens for a spend, and the soft exudation comes from its surface, ready to mingle with the mans' sperm, as it throbs from him in fucking.

Suddenly with that singular desire to have all the pleasures at once, I longed to fuck her and stopped, but restrained myself knowing that soon my prick would be in her. — All was silence as my tongue worked nimbly, till “Aher. Haa.” — I drew back to look at the lovely

opened cleft. — “Ohoo — don't stop,” she murmured. On I went licking, grasping her buttocks now more fully as she heaved them up to help my placing them, my tongue raced on yielding its saliva, moistening her slit from motte to bum hole — gentle sighs, soft murmurs come, those and the plash of my tongue on her wet pulpy vulva alone disturb the silence, her clitoris stiffened, I felt it stiffen unmistakably. — Some women's do. She put both hands upon my head pulling it to her, as if my mouth was not close enough to her cunt, her thighs began to tremble, her cunt heaved up against my mouth. “Aherr —aha — aher — darling — aher.” She had spent.

With moustache dripping, I looked at her moistened notch now shedding its juices, as she lay with eyes closed and thighs apart. Then standing up and pulling out my throbbing procreant tool, “Let me fuck darling.” Bending I closed on her, my prick was within an inch of its goal, when she closed her thighs, pushed me away and got up smiling at my erection. — “No — wait, you devil — you know how to gamahuche,” — and kissing me laid hold of my cunt stopper giving it a gentle squeeze “Oh — oh — it's stiff.” — But she refused my entry, we sipped the cool champagne and talked, and my doodle shrunk somewhat, what as it does at times when delayed in doing in its work.

About sexual pleasures ran our talk and I astonished her. She said I was “A baudy profligate.” — We were kissing quietly, she handling my flaming pego, I her lubricious gap. What blissful moments those, how little said — how low the tone! Then I roused her lust, she lapsed into silence with the voluptuous currents in her blood my fingers generated. “Let's fuck or I shall spend.” Silently she arose at once and we went to the bedroom. There filled with desire for each other, in a minute I stripped to my shirt, she to chemise, and poured out water in a basin. — “No dear don't wash your cunt.” — “Oh fie — I must, its wet.” — “No, no, I like your spunk in it.” — “Oh fie.” — I pulled her up ere she could splash the orifice — “I like it wet.” — “Oh fie” — Then on the bed, mad for each other's pleasure giver, for the entrancing junction of the two,

— for the fuck — up went my shirt to neck, up went her chemise above two lovely globes, and up her cunt I rushed my prick. — “Oh not so hard.” — And we were one and lay entranced in the lovely junction of our genitals. I put my finger down to feel the soft lips of her notch enclosing gently my pego, then in her soft and glowing lubricious sheath up and down moved my prick.

— “Aher — love — fuck,” — I murmured. — “Yhes, fuck me darling,” she replied. The blissful moment came, I felt the contractions of her cunt, the jerks of her ivory buttocks, then belly to belly, wriggling my prick with short thrusts as if my balls would roll into her cunt, my love shaft penetrate to her womb, out throbbed thick, boiling

spunk in torrents into her, and with tongues touching, salivas flowing, midst kisses and loving murmurs, grasping each other arses, we dozed off into the Elysium of humanity.

Awakening soon, my prick had barely left the sweet embrace of her sex, when pearly drops of spunk were trickling down between her thighs, hanging to the soft auburn curls. She lay languidly permitting all, till I thrust a finger up the red avenue into the emollient glutinous outcome of our pleasures. — “Aha, you -beast,” said she rising. Then on the porcelain she squatted, and baudy still, I told her I loved both the sound and the attitude, put my hand down and caught an amber stream. Then we purified our genitals, and fresh, and gay, and loving more than ever, went back to champagne. Then soon again back to the bed, where tranquil now I looked at her secret charms. How pleased she seemed to let me.

She had a lovely brown head of hair, and her eyes were of an unusually deep blue — I had thought them dark brown when first I noticed her — and with the loveliest long eyelashes, smallish nose, and good teeth tho in a large mouth, completed one of the sweetest, yet boldish faces. But as I found in the delights of love, that boldness changed to the softest, most voluptuous expression. She was one of those who looked heavenly when being fucked.

She was tallish and inclining to be stout, the curves and contours from hips to feet were lovely, her bum of perfect shape and beauty, her breasts large and slightly pendant. Taking her all in all she was perfect. Well might the public have thronged to see her. Her cunt was overshadowed by a splendid soft curly bush of lightish chestnut on a full plump motte, from which opened one of the prettiest, full lipped pouting clefts reddening inwards to almost a ruby one line, and delicately fringed with hair which stopped short of its lower end, her bumhole was hairless. The nymphae were small and delicate, the clitoris longish and easily seen, and all was of handsome and of deepest coral tint.

She had a skin of that surprising whiteness which is rarely found excepting among red haired women. It smelt fresh and sweet like almonds. In the exciting inspection I now noticed this, and at once began again kissing her thighs, up to her central charm, and as I opened the lovely notch and fingered it the aroma rose into my nostrils and I longed to gamahuche her. — My love of licking a woman increases largely, and is now one of the greatest pleasures of my life. — “What a delicious smell your cunt has. Let me lick the lovely cleft again.” Her thighs widened apart, she yielded with expectant pleasure, my mouth close on her gap, my tongue gained her clitoris and moved till her thighs quivered with pleasure, and then I stopped. — “Oh — go on.”

But another letch came on. “I'll lay and gamahuche you.” — Mounting the bed she made way for me. — I turned her on her side, laid my head against one thigh and lifting the other up — how quietly she aided me — inserted my tongue, titillated then stopped again to tease her, then asked her to take my pego into her pretty mouth. — “Ah, no I won't.” On I went gamahuching and again stopped. — “Oho — go on — you'll drive me mad, I was just coming.” — “Take the tip in your mouth then.” — Blazing with sensual passion she moved her head and took it. — I felt the cunt like feel on its tip as she clasped me to her by my buttocks. Again my mouth closed on her luscious gap licking her clitoris nimbly, spasmodic twitchings of her bum and cunt came on, she sighed, she murmured. “Oho — quicker.” — A shudder of her belly, a pressure of hend cunt to my mouth, a cry of pleasure and the deed was done.

She'd relinquished my prick as her spending came on (they all do so at that supreme moment) leaving it pulsating, red hot, ruby tipped, bursting, almost ready to inundate her, as I rose and pushed her on to her back, wild to sheathe it in her glowing lubricious avenue. But she rolled off on the other side of the bed laughing and refusing me. — “Not yet — wait a bit.” — She guessed perhaps that my fucking power was limited, my gamahuching unlimited.

Into the sitting room I followed hend, another bottle of champagne was brought — both of us got fuddled, then back to bed. — “Let's be quite naked.” — “All right.” — She was baudy now, ready for anything. “I'll pull your boots off.” — “All right.” — Laying with her back on the bed I pulled all off, lifting up her legs in doing it, to see her cunt, laughing and talking about it all the time. Again she pissed, my hand beneath the stream, then both start naked mounted the bed. Again a preliminary gamahuche, my pego for a minute between her lips, then with a sheet over us, naked, side by side we felt each other's flesh, our hands roved every-where with amorous delight, till our fingers settled on prick and cunt. Then mounting her, clasping each other's buttocks, with kisses, tongue to tongue, again we fucked in heavenly transports and then fell fast asleep.

It was half past five when we awakened. Putting on her gown, — “I must give orders about dinner” quoth she. — “I cannot stay.” — “You must.” — An hour was spent partly in bed my fingers searching her glutinous gap, and she handling me from scrotum to gland. — We then dressed, had a nice dinner, and again went to bed. I gamahuched her till she was exhausted, then fucked her again, finished myself and left. — Eight hours of most delicious varied companionship had been mine.

Before I left the money again annoyed me. Was it possible that this lovely woman had simply a letch for me? I thought. — “Can I buy

you anything dear, are you short of cash?" — I stammered. — "No. Bring me some flowers tomorrow" — kissing me — I did so next evening which I spent in gamahuching her much and fucking her a little. But she was satisfied and pressed me to see her again. — "As a friend," — said she with emphasis.

I must abbreviate the rest. — That night we talked about ourselves. "Who and what was I?" — "I shall only tell you lies if you ask me." — "Tell away," — and I told lies. — She was an actress, I had seen her on the stage. — In a few days she was going to America. She'd had a quarrel with her lover who had kept her — tho she gained a good income — and he'd left her a week ago. The house and furniture had been given her by him. Since he'd left she'd not been fucked. — "No, and you are wrong, I haven't, I haven't used my finger." "No wonder that the luscious, hot blooded lady wanted a fuck, when the lucky chance for me threw her in my way and I became her sensual fancy. — "You're a lovely bedfellow," said I. — "And you are the same, I wish we could be lovers but you say its impossible." — Three years afterwards saw her again on the stage in London, but we have never met since [she afterwards married I believe, and disappeared certainly.]

Chapter IV

An idle day in the outer suburbs. • Bread and cheese at the public house. • The showman's daughter Kit. • On the road. • Against a field gatepost. • On straw in a calf shed. • In a barn. • A masturbating miller's boy. • Epitome of voluptuous amusements with H. • A female trio and myself. • Copulation, fornication, irrumination. • Bum-digitation, cunnitonguing, and cunni-dildoing.

Later on this year came other luck for me. — On a muggy misty morning towards the end of October, I was at a sessions house at the extreme east of London, having to my annoyance been summoned as witness in action of a friend of mine, against a farmer whose cart had damaged his carriage when driving me. On arriving I found to my further annoyance that the trial was postponed. This information sent had never reached me.

It was near a poor village, a couple of miles from the Thames in an agricultural district. Having nothing to do and not having ever seen the neighbourhood, I strolled about, went into the church and so on. Then feeling hungry — having left home early — entered a small public house, in front of which stood three or four showman's vans. Inside at the bar were the showman and wife drinking beer and smoking, and a fine, strapping, light haired florid faced girl of about seven-teen — evidently a daughter — together with a much younger girl. I was amused at hearing them talk about a fair they were going to, and of "Jack" whom they were waiting for, who had gone somewhere to buy a donkey. — "I shan't wait much longer, it ought to a bin here afore us. — You'd better wait Kit, gie him another hour, and then come on if he don't turn up — leave word, he'll know where to find us tonight, you'll catch us up before we gets to * * *, we'll stop two hours there and grub."

I had ordered bread, and cheese and ale, things some-times good from a small country brewer even at a village public house, and that food I like. They had also a morning's paper with which and the food I sat in the parlor which was at one end of a long bar counter, a tap room being at the other end. The doors of both were wide open — I'd seated myself there with my back to the street window, to read better, and also be-cause the door being wide open, it amused me to hear the loud chatter of the showman and family, as well as to look at the daughter, whose sturdy legs and well fed, bronzed, but handsome face had made me speculate upon the beauty of her hidden charms. Then my cock began to swell, as she turned towards the mother, stooped,

and by her movements I saw plainly she was tying her garters. There was no one to see but me and her parents, so there was no harm. But women of that class think nothing of tying up their gandters in public, simply turning away a little from those near them. The exposure of a good leg is to me always exciting, I think of the woman's cunt directly, and did so now.

Whilst eating and reading and every now and then looking along the bar, the showman said again, “Damned if I wastes time any longer, wait for Jack an hour, mind.” Then he, wife and child left. “Go and sit down Miss,” said the landlord at the bar. The girl moved straight to the parlor. — “Not there,” shouted the landlord, “that's the parlor, to the side.” But the girl was well in the room as he spoke. — “Never mind, sit down Miss, I'm going directly.” — “Thankee sir,” and she sat down looking pleased. — The barman came, apologetically to oust her, but I said the girl might remain, that I was going soon, so he departed. In a minute we had commenced talking, soon after she was partaking of bread, cheese and bottled ale which I ordered freely and I was looking at her healthy hand-some face, seized with what is cometimes called “a sinful lust of the flesh.” My cock rose up prompting me so that I was obliged to push it into a convenient position between my trowsers and belly. — No one came in, for it was not the time of day for parlor customers, who are the evening topers in a village.

Was the ale good? “Ain't it just. We drinks four-penny. — Dad drinks beer.” — She was delighted at talking to a gentleman and fed herself with freedom and the utter absence of that ill at ease, which I've so often found with servants whom I have taken to dine or sup. She told me all about the show, she slept in the last wagon with her sister. — “Mother and Dad in the other. — It's the biggest.” — “And don't brother Jack sleep with you?” — Her ruddy face grew ruddier, she was confused. — “Course not, — there ain't no room till we are at fairs.” — Then I heard that Jack wasn't her brother. Another bottle of ale opened her mouth more, and made me think how I could manage to open her lower mouth. I heard that Jack was a sort of partner, was her cousin — looked after the horses — went away the day before to buy a donkey. They wondered why he hadn't arrived, but sometimes he was away nearly a week when they'd business. — “Jack's your sweetheart.” — “Well what if he be?” “He sleeps with you when you're at fairs. — “He don't” — “He does — “He don't” — “He does. — “Well what if he do, we're agoin to marry and Dad known on it?” At length she said, bursting out laughing.

Generally if alone with a woman I get some facts from her. “I wish I was Jack, I'd marry you.” — “Oh ain't yer a lying stiff,” said she laughing heartily. “Where's your next fair I'll come and sleep with

you." — "Oh ain't yer a chaffing, I must go." — "No, give me a kiss." — "Shan't, I must go." — "Damned if I wouldn't give a sovereign to sleep with you," I blurted out, ready almost to ravish her. — "No, none a that sir please" as I attempted a feel, after a kiss which she let me take. Then she gave me a sudden push — A very strong one — and laughing got out the door. — "Look," said I, randy mad and puffing out my flaming stiff pego. — "Oh — ain't you one." — She walked to the bar, but looked at my cunt rammer long, and laughed before she went. I felt sure I'd made her lewed.

Refreshed and meaning to have a look at the country, I paid and departed, winking at the girl, she smiling in return, in the way women do when gratified by lewed talk and sight of a stiff prick. — Every woman is really gratified by a man's desiring to fuck her, whether the desire be delicately implied, or quite coarsely ex-pressed. — "Good morning Miss," said I most politely. "Good morning Sir," and I passed out.

I strolled along a country road, flat fields with large ditches and big uncut hedges in each side, enclosing large spaces of naked arable land with occasional pasturage as far as I could see. At long distances apart, was a poor cottage or two together, at places here and there a shabby farm house or barn. Scarcely a laborer on the road and a cart visible about every five minutes. A duller district I have rarely seen, it was dullness itself. Not a breath of wind, made a rustle in tree or hedge, all was silent, mournful, yet the novelty pleased me, and on I strolled smoking, sometimes singing and stopping every now and then. At last I asked of a chance laborer the distance to * * * *.

A quick tramp and heavy footsteps in the distance struck my ear; footsteps as of some one walking much quicker than myself. Nearer and nearer they came and on turning round, there was the showman's daughter.

She smiled all over her face and so did I — "What you, Miss, where's Jack?" were my first words. — "Oh — he ain't turned up." — "You'll have no bed-fellow — you'll be cold." — "Shan't," — she replied laughing. — "I'll sleep with you." — "Will you now, ain't yer kind?" with a good humoured sneer. "Yes, and I'll give you a new dress." — "Oh — lor — who'd a thought it?" and she laughed heartily, as I did. There was a joking, yet voluptuous twinkle in her eyes which made me feel sure she felt lewed. — "Yes and would give it to have you ten minutes alone." — "Oh ain't yer generous." — "Yes and I'll give you this for nothing," pointing to my prick — at which she roared. "Don't walk so quick I shall lose that pretty face too soon." — "I must catch em up." — "You'll wear your boots out and it's going to rain. How I wish I were your boots." — "My boots?" looking quite astonished. — "Yes, then I look up and see what I'm dying to see, let

me." — "Shan't, you beast" — and again she laughed, repeating "my boots — ha — ha — ha my — boots." — Two or three minutes more baudy chaff, and I'd taken half a dozen kisses.

Chaffing on more broadly still had made her quim tingle, for she now chaffed delicately in return, as we walked slower along looking into each other's faces. — We heard a loud crack of a whip, and a male voice loudly encouraging a horse, the hedges were thick and high with their summer's growth and hindered our seeing. "They're a givin it hot," said she. A field gate was near, we went to it, and saw an excavation in the field, into which apparently a cart had slid and partially the horse which a man was flogging to make it pull out and which with violent struggles it did. Standing close together there I put my arm round her waist, "Adun now," — but she submitted to a dozen kisses and gave one in return. Then inflamed by hugging her plump form, I put my hand outside her clothes and tucked them against her cunt. "I've had it stiff ever since I saw you — let us." — "Adun now I shan't" — but she didn't move from the gate. The man and cart had disappeared, the hedge hid us partially, and still I stood kissing, begging her to let me, she saying "I won't, you shan't" but not moving. — "I'll give you a couple of sovereigns." I would have given her more for I was mad with lust. — To that she made no reply. — Gold, omnipotent Gold! !

Then as I always do, always did — I wonder if all men do — pulled out my prick and forced her hand to it. "There's some one's coming — hide it," — said she scared. Sure enough there was the tramp of feet and soon a couple of farm laborers came by us, whilst we stood gazing over the gate, till they were lost in the distance.

Again I showed it and she modestly shame-facedly felt it but saying, — "I shan't," — I'd just got my hand between her thighs, when, "Don't, there's a carriage coming." She was right, and again my machine was hidden. — An open carriage with ladies in it rolled past, the only genteel vehicle I'd seen. Again I kissed, again pulled out my tool. "If you don't let me I shall spend" — "I won't — we can't here — I shan't." "We can — only let me feel it nicely darling." Next minute my fingers were on her clitoris. "No — oho — no, we'll be caught — some one will be a comin by." — I was frigging her hard, my prick standing out and throbbing, she dying to be fucked.

Sure now of having her, certain that her cunt was thirsting for my spunk, quickly I stepped out into the long straight road and not a soul could be seen. Back instantly. "No one's about." — "I won't there" — but I pushed her gently without resistance, for she wanted a fuck — with her back against the gatepost, where the ground was higher than in the centre of the gateway. She was shortish, the hedge grown uncut round the post hid us well — and in a minute my prick was up her.

She was young, strong and lewed, my ballocks were full, and in three or four minutes her cunt had all I could give. We revelled in the conjunction long after-wards, I holding her round her solid naked buttocks, she tightening me to her by my waist after she'd spent. We went on kissing, my cock still lingering in her, till she, “There's a man coming.” — We both listened, prick and cunt still joined. — “I think it's Jack — it is.

— Oh, don't let him see you.” — Out came my prick, down dropped her petticoats, she went into the road and walked on, I got over the gate and hid behind the hedge, my prick hanging out. I didn't want a scene.

A man passed by with quickish heavy footsteps, then over the gate I got and peeping round the hedge saw him ahead of her, and she squatting and piddling near the ditch. — It wasn't Jack. I joined her. — “I was in a stew,” said she. — “You've washed your cunt.” — “I ain't got no water.” — “You've piddled, let's feel,” — she wouldn't let me. — On we walked talking baudily as I could, delighted in doing so, she listening, at times laughing, for nearly an hour, till in the long distance I saw houses and smoke. — “That's where Dad stops.”

— “Let's do it again.” — “We can't now,” — said she, looking at me as if she wished we could. More people

— all farm people seemingly passed and now appeared to look at us more curiously. It's not often that a gentle-man and a sturdy showman's woman are seen walking together along a high road. But I had no tall silk hat on, a hat which declares class more than any other part of a man's habiliments.

We dawdled, I pressed her to fuck. She feared, said it was impossible, and we turned to another field gate. In the field it opened onto there was pasturages and cows about tho not in that field. A little way back by a hedge in the field was a wooden shed half open but with a gate, a rough place looking as if built for sheep by laborers, not by carpenters. Thinking it might suit our amatory wants, I got over the gate — for this gate also was locked — and opened the gate of the shed which was fastened by a rough latch. In it was a grindstone and a huge roller. An inner gate shewed straw. I opened that and out rushed a calf nearly knocking me over, which limped far away, for it was lame and quickly went towards a hedge where were cows in a field beyond. It startled me as I opened the door. Seeing that we could fuck there unobserved, I stepped out and beckoned her. With the agility of a boy she climbed the gate, shewing her plump legs and dirty petticoats, and in a minute was in the shed. Fearing the animal had soiled its bed, I threw down some clean straw which was in a corner in the entrance division, she laid down at once quite ready, and I threw up her petticoats — the only thing she objected to and wouldn't

have but saw fat thighs, a little light hair on a fat motte, and the ever adorable split in her belly. Then I pulled open her legs. — “Now don't do that.” — I insisted and felt her cunt still soft and lubricated with my spendm, and next minute we were fucking, I with the pleasure which novelty and a pretty young randy cunt gives me. — “Listen,” said she stopping my thrusts and nearly uncunting me. But there was no one, we had left the doors open purposely — I was just spending. “Be quick, I'm so frightened.” — “Do you want it?” — “Yes, be quick, I'll do it soon” — and in another minute her cunt stood (as some French women say) gave grind and suction to my prick, out throbbed its mucilage, and her cunt gripping exuded its juices. Two minutes after she was back over the gate, and after having closed the shed door I followed her. — “Don't let us go to * * * * together,” said she. — “Dad's there.” — “All right, here are two sovereigns.” She looked at them wistfully, then angrily, — “I know what yer thinks me but I ain't.” — “I know that but take it.” — “Thank you,” — taking it she spat on it. — “How old are you?”

— “Just turned seventeen,” she'd said it before. — “How long has Jack fucked you?” — She colored up.

— “Just a year ago on my birthday.” “He won't marry you.” — “Yes he will at Christmas, and I hope you ain't filled me.” After our first coupling she let me say anything baudy, and I revelled in it but she wasn't a bit baudy herself. — I would feel her cunt again. — “Don't, my thighs are wet.” — Then she started off alone.

I loitered till she was well out of sight, then started on to the village where were the show vans, and Dad smoking a pipe outside a public house. He stared at me, as I sat myself besides him after ordering a glass of ale. Then I entered into conversation with him about shows and fairs. — “Was you the gent at ****?” asked he. — I said I was, he took some ale with me, and for three quarters of an hour told me the habits of his class. I saw Kit go in and out of a show dwelling, and into the public house, and once on an opportunity winked at her, which she returned with a half smile. Finally the vans with all of them went off. Kit walked by the side of the second and nodded to me as she left. I wondered if she'd washed her cunt, whether my sperm had been absorbed into her, whether I'd filled her. — A most delicous day I'd spent. I'd walked seven miles, felt hungry, got some very tough beef at the public house, felt pleased with my morning's work, then thought of getting back. The landlord said there was a trap, but a man looking a compound of potboy, groom, and coachman, said that it couldn't go. — “As I'm to take Mrs. * * * * to station.”

The fly — old, dusty, and discovered, was to call at some gentleman's house — I hadn't seen such a house on the road I'd walked — to a station on a branch line. Time was no object to me, so said I go by it as far as he could take me, and did at three o'clock. — “Go along that lane past the mill, turn to your right and straight on is your station, Sir,” said coachman as I got out of the fly. Following his direction I was soon away from the high road, and in a cart road lane went leisurely along, smoking, thinking much of the hard rumped, tight cunted lass I'd fucked, till my prick stood again, and I lapsed into a state of general lewedness.

I've often proved the truth of the adage. “It never rains but it pours.” — After a longish walk between fields I saw sheds and out buildings, and then a larger sort of shed. — The mist had gone, sky got cloudy, and rain to sprinkle, and having no umbrella I entered the shed, and the first thing I saw was a lad not I should say sixteen years old, white as if from a flour mill — which was the case — sitting on the ground, half reclining against a heap of matting, and frigging himself.

I was staggered and could only look. He, so soon as he saw me began hiding his pego. My erotic tastes then (spite of my two pudendal amusements) — blazed up again.

It is singular that now the sight of a stiff prick stif- fens mine, and reckless of consequences, not indeed thinking of them, I said at once with a strong letch, “Go on, I'll give you five shillings to see you frig your-self.” — “I beg yer pardon Sir,” said he sheepishly, and rose up. — “Don't be a fool, I'll give you five shillings,” and took out a handful of silver. — He looked at it and grinned. — I talked on desirous of seeing his pego, of seeing him frig himself, erotic wishes flashed thro my brain rapidly, I encouraged him baudily, the money tempted him. Monosyllabic replies now came from him. — “Yes.” — “No.” — “What are you here for?” — “D'ye know mastend * * * of the mill?” Then after satisfying himself that I was a strangend. — “Gie us the cash first,” said he saucily. — “No, not till I've seen you.” — “Yer won't tell will yer?” — “No.” — “Look out and tell as if any one be nigh, and ye'll gie it us won't yer?” — There was no chance of any one being nigh, for now it poured in torrents and thundered, but I looked out. Whilst my back was turned he produced his prick and began frigging. Then I wanted to do the work. — “There, let me, and you shall have this,” and I showed him a half sovereign. — “Take it.” — He did. I fancied he might cheat me but he didn't — I took hold of his prick and frigged it, talking to him all the time about cunts. — Yes, he'd fucked two or three. — “But I cairn't allus get at em.” — Then — “Oho — aha — its a comin' ” — and out shot surprising jets of thick and thin cunt soothing lubrication. I frigged on till his prick dwindled, wondering at

his boyish strength. He seemed delighted with the operation. To my questions, “Yes — I does it now and agin. It's a half day they've given me today — they are short of water. I said I'd wait here till another chap came.” Then as quickly as pos- sible I left him, wondering at my temerity, walked rapidly thro the rain to the station, arrived wet, but glad to catch the train.

Now fond brevity sake I epitomize the narrative of my doings with H*** during this year and years after. At intervals we met and indulged in every lascivious ca-price. I had taken home from *** a fine dildo which squirted liquids, and which it amused her to be fucked with. Then I fucked her with it, licking her clitoris whilst I did it to her. Then Miss Black licked her clitoris whilst the dildo was working up H. — Then with the dildo strapped on to her, H. dildoed Black. Then she dildoed Black whilst I fucked her from behind. Then I fucked the pretty little black cunted lass whilst she gamahuched H. — Another time I dildoed H. whilst laying on her back, and B. licked her clitoris, and at the same time and unknown to B., — for H. objected to any woman knowing that I played with her bum hole — put my middle finger up that tight anal orifice, and H. spent in ecstasies during the dildo fucking, finger buggering, and cunt licking. I could feel whilst up her bum the dildo moving up and down in her cunt, and H. grew a little fond of that double insertion. — We kept it to ourselves, tho often talking about it when alone, with her never failing remark, “Ain't we beasts?” and my reply, “No, beasts don't do that.”

After that she dildoed R. who was fattish and big arsed. — H.'s taste was for fat women to gamahuche her. — Then she frigged R., whilst standing in the rear I fucked the fat arsed one. Then we had R. and B. to-gether, and I gamahuched H. whilst she frigged both women who lay one on each side of her. Then the two quiet strumpets — they were not street walkers — gam- ahuched each other whilst I fucked H. All these pranks were reflected in large cheval glasses, so that we could see every posture. At intervals of rest we drank champagne, eat cakes and sandwiches. Every woman as she pissed I made to mount the bed, and squat over a basin, whilst I kneeling on the floor in front of her, contemplated the amber jet from the crimson gash. How we laughed one day when B. let a little fart when piddling, and how annoyed she was, how modest, how she blushed — harlot tho she was — but it's a fact.

I now gamahuched H. as much as she liked it done to her: the broad lick of her sweet vulva, the plunge of my tongue up the soft avenue was delicious to me, but her great pleasure was in frigging another woman whilst I was titillating her clitoris with my tongue. Then I had a whim which she didn't like but to which I made her yield. I laid on my back on the bed naked, H. naked knelt over me, a

knee on each side of my head, her cunt on my mouth so that I could lick her clitoris easily, whilst I grasped her satiny buttocks. Then one of the women — either R. or B. — gamahuched me and took my libation into her mouth. In the glasses H. could see all this. I with mouth on her cunt, and head enclosed by her lovely thighs could not. I could tell always when H. was about to spend, by the trembling movements of her thighs, and shiver of her belly and bum, and her cry. “Oh — I'm coming — suck his prick — spend dear — aha — spunk.” — She used these licientious ejaculations always now. She'd spend twice before I did once for I'd usually fucked her once before, and was longer in coming than she with her lustful capabilities. Indeed this double minetting was usually the termination of the day's amusements, when all three had been fucked, frigged, or gamahuched.

Of course as said all these amusements were not had on the same day, this is an epitome of what took place from time to time during this and a few years after. — Each day's amusement was noted down by me soon after, but are condensed here. Our meretricious tricks were nearly always played in the afternoon in broad daylight, beginning soon after luncheon, and in a room on which the sun shone brilliantly most of the day; often times on prick and cunt fell the warm sunbeams. The room was one where none could see or hear us, and where the amiable assistants got for us were mostly young and handsome, and who could bear any amount of light, any inspection of their secret charms, and who full of hot blood and the voluptuousness of youth, and stimulated by champagne, loved the baudy tricks and spent freely.

And to complete this catalogue of letches, and de. lights, — it occurred two years later when I findst dildoed H. — I had an umbrella with a smooth handle o: peculiar shape, and H. was delighted to let me fuck he] with it till she spent.

Indeed most things that a man, and three women could do together we did. What was wanting to complete the variety was H. to gamahuche me, but she's neither do that, nor gamahuche the other women tho she'd frig them till they could spend no longer. — In after years once under pressure of circumstances H took my libation in her mouth, and once sucked me up to rigidity only.

Chapter V

A virgin youth with a harlot. • Questions in a cab. • A frisky triad at her lodgings. • A carroty cunted one. • A lescivious quartette at the abbess'. • Miscellaneous, meretricious, merrymakings. • An orgy.

Tho I no longer seize my opportunities, and do not see them indeed, letches at times spring up suddenly and I am led away by them — weak still.

In November of this year at ten o'clock one night I was going along a main thoroughfare, when just by a footway passage which led to another street, I saw a young and fairly well dressed woman, standing and threatening two lads who were following and chaffing her. — “Have you had it tonight, my dear?” said one, and so on. I stood amused, listening. She angrily said, — “I'll put a policeman on you.” — They laughed and chaffed more than ever. “Put the bobby up,” said the biggest, but the shorter one of the two slunk away. Suddenly — how like a flash of lightning — occurred to me that perhaps the lad was randy, had never had a woman, that his prick might be at that moment stiff. Then came my letch. — “He wants to have you,” said I to the woman whom I followed down the passage way, and who'd reached the door of a public house. “The little devil does I think,” said she laughing. “Give me a glass of wine.” — The lad stood still at the corner of the passage way, watching us apparently. She was I saw a good looking woman of about twenty, with flashing dark eyes. — Then, “I'll give you a sovereign to let him fuck you, and me see him.” — “Will you?” “All right if he'll come.” — “Try him.”

She turned back, the taller lad was still standing there, and beckoned him, whilst I stood by the public house. He approached her, but evidently feared a trap and stood at a distance. — “What are you frightened at? Come here.” At length he stood by her, and I went up to them. “I'm going home with this lady, and she shall show you her cunt if you like, did you ever see a cunt?” — “Not a woman's,” he replied saucily after a moment's hesitation. — “You shall hers and I'll pay her to let you.” — He seemed flabbergasted at the proposal, said, “No,” he must get home, but the invitation repeated, he at last consented, tho in a downcast manner, as if half scared, as if he wanted but was frightened.

Then asking him to wait, I bought with her in the public house two bottles of sherry, resolved to overcome his fear, if any. He was waiting and looking brighter, indeed had a broad grin on his face,

which died away as we got into the first four wheeler, when he seemed anxious again. My brain was now seething with desires of all sorts.

She lived in a decent house at * * * *, and we were there in ten minutes, I talked baudy all the way, he was silent, seeming not to like much his position. He didn't know the woman he said but — “liked chaffing the gals.” — He was at " as an errand boy. “I think I'd better go,” said he once when in the cab. — “What, not see my cunt?” said she. That quieted him. — In the rooms we plied him with the wine, but he seemed un- easy and I feared my letches which had been accumulating wouldn't be gratified; but he drank freely, and when she came in from the bed to the sitting room with a chemise only on, his eyes seemed ready to start out of his head, and he put both hands in his trowser pockets, rubbing them up and down there in an excited manner.

She began exciting him by tying up a garter, and showing one thigh plenteously. “Should you like to feel it?” — “Yes,” he replied to her, sheepishly and hesitatingly. “Show me your cock,” and she began to un-button his trowsers. “I don't want that,” and he half resisted like a coy girl, but in a minute she had it out and pulled the foreskin back. — It wasn't stiff. “Come and wash it.” — She pulled back the foreskin, and I saw it was in a state of randy efflorescence. She led him into the bedroom and performed the operation on it her-self. I followed looking on. His tool was now hanging out and he tried to hide it. — “Let me see it, I'm going to pay her to show us her cunt you know, if you don't you shan't” — and then he let me see it.

He'd only seen two girl's cunts without hair on them, and questioned monde closely, admitted one of them was his sister's cunt. “There — look.” Saying that she exposed her charms. Very pretty they were and made me stiffen. He looked closer and closer, and up stood his prick at once without his touching it. Human nature and instinct, I believe, would make the prick of any youth at puberty stiffen, even if he'd never heard of or seen a cunt before. — He put his hand to her cunt. “No, not a feel, I didn't promise that.” — “Oh do.” — “Let me feel your cock and she shall,” — said I. — “Oh do, let me feel her.” — The next moment he was fin- gering it, and I at the same time handling a fair sized tool, crimson tipped and burning. I brought him an-other glass of wine whilst he was fingering her quim, but he was so engrossed that he didn't take it, didn't notice it — was fascinated with the red gap, till she rose and pushed down her chemise, hiding her charms. I went on questioning him. No, he'd never fucked but he had frigged himself. He told everything unhesitatingly now, in the cab he'd shirked my inquisitiveness. — “Would you like to fuck her?” — “Yes, ain't she lovely?” — “She'll let you but you must take all your things

off, must make yourself quite naked." In a minute he had stripped off his dirty shabby clothing, and stood as naked as he was born, his cock standing up rigidly. — "Are you sure you've never fucked a woman?" — "No Sir, never." — "You'll have a virgin, Mary," said I. — "I've never had one yet," said she laughing and squeezing his cock, and looking at it attentively.

Then she asked him if he'd ever fucked. He swore that he hadn't. — "Come to the bed," said she hastily, for the idea of having the virginity of the lad made her lewed — as she told me afterwards. — She stripped off her chemise and got on to the bed. — "Come on." On he got, she closed her thighs, then he laying there hesitated. "Why don't you fuck me?" — "How can I?" — "There," — and she opened her thighs wide. — He turned on to and tried to get up her she helping him. He fumbled. "Not there, that's not the hole." — "Where then, that's it, ain't it?" — "No." — It was, but she wanted to worry him. — Up he got and his prick got flabby. — She frigged it stiff, and he began opening and looking at the lips of her groove. — "It's there ain't it?" said he anxiously. — "No, lower down, there" pointing. — "Why, your cock is not stiff." — Again she frigged it, and again he turned on to her, she guided his tool, and the next second he was up her. — "No, let him fuck you at the side of the bed." I said — for I couldn't see his face, and like to see the face of a man when he's fucking, and that of a woman when she spends.

She uncunted him and placed herself at the bedside propendly. He stood between her thighs and she put into her his prick. He needed no further education, for every male fucks naturally. His bum began to oscillate. — "Is her cunt nice?" — "Oh — yhes — lovely — ohoo." — "Is your spunk coming?" — He didn't reply.

— "Aharr," — and ramming as he sighed, all was over. He shut his eyes as he spent. She shut hers too, and jerked her buttocks rapidly, and both were quiet. — "You've spent too. — "Yes, I've taken his virginity," said she laughing and triumphantly, when she'd recovered from the pleasure. I was standing feeling his balls from underneath, his pego still in her cunt as I spoke, nor did they seem inclined to uncouple. "Is fucking nice?" — "Oh yes." "Would you like to do it again?"

— "Oh, yes sir."

I'd seen all I'd intended, had resolved when the letch first seized me to do no more than see the lad fuck her, but as I saw the state of her quim — in which was as much sperm as many a full grown man could have shed

— my lust was roused. — "Lay still, I'll fuck you." — "Let me wash." — "No, as you are." I fucked her and she spent with me, whilst he stood looking on feeling his prick.

We washed, and I washed the lad's tool, making him piddle first. The sherry — fiery stuff which nevertheless I'd drunk, — I suppose added to the state of rut I'd got into. Every sort of letch now arose in me, the difficulty was to know which to gratify. The lad's cock was a fair sized one, she and I handled it, he said he'd like to fuck her again. She frigged it till erect, he fucked her and I after him, then quickly I paid and de-parted, leaving him with her.

A week afterwards I called on her and tailed her. I had a long conversation about the lad who was not much over fifteen years of age, she was sure. She told me that she was also sure that he'd never fucked a woman before. She tried to get him to fuck her again when I'd left, but he couldn't. The idea of having taken his virginity pleased her mightily.

In the spring of the following year, the abbess one day said that she'd written to Black to meet us to make our lascivious trio, but she hadn't come, would we have another lady there just now, who was very young, but charming and “quite up to fun,” by which the abbess implied baudy to any extent. H. and I consulted, I asked if she'd gamahuche, and finding she would give that labial lingual pleasure both to H. and self, we had her.

In came she in chemise, a short girl not eighteen with the ndeddest hair I ever saw. I have had several of that color, but hers was exactly that of the brightest carrot, and the hair on her cunt the same. — Her split was one of those which are like a cut in an orange, a mere slit, it had scarcely a sign of the swell where the external lips are, and had but small inner lips and clitoris. The red crisp fringe from her motte descended diminishing in length, but a little way only down the sides of the split, which split shewed a pndetty coral line down the centre. The flesh of her thighs, belly and indeed her whole body was exceedingly white and soft, and the effect of the red centre line, carroty curly hair, and plump white flesh of the cunt sides was very pretty. For all that neither of us much liked her — we both together looked well at her quim, she gamahuched H. who afterwards frigged her, and then she minetted me without hesitation, and to please H. — who wished to see it done. — Afterwards I fucked the red haired gap. Then we sent her away and I tailed H. but we never had her afterwards. H. likes now to see me fucking a woman. The wench was only noticable on account of the peculiar redness of her hair, and the peculiar look of her cunt, quite a thing to recollect. H. had never seen a red haired quim before. I like to see her looking at another's quim.

We from time to time gratified our letches in the various ways already described and epitomized. The conversations we had at other times with Misses. R. and B. and occasionally with the abbess, were delightful. Both told us their experiences, and how, when, and where,

pricks first penetrated their unscathed virgins' quims. The abbess told us of strange letches of her clients and of flagellation experiences. So here was nothing erotic that we did not know. Indeed there was little that we had to learn. Looking one clay at a print of two women and two men fucking altogether. “I should like so you to fuck a woman, whilst I am also flicked at your side,” said H. I agreed that it would be delicious. At other meetings on recurring to the subject, we resolved to have that amusement and that Black should be the other woman. “But who the other man?” The abbess consulted said she knew a gentle-man who could be one, but would be masked. — I didn't like that, nor did H., but towards the middle of the summer, H. met at a town two miles from her residence, a gentleman who years before when she was gay, had tailed her. She'd talked and walked with him, he got passionate for her, her quim she admitted got hot, and forgetting all, — and she risked much, — let him strum her. Then her lusts fully roused, she'd gone to him again. When she told me of this I cautioned her, besought her. — “Oh! He has such a fine prick,” said she laughing, as she drank a glass of champagne. Yet this woman really loved her own man, but as in years before let her passions conquer her. — At church every Sunday after this she felt she was not good enough to be there. Lust is omnipotent.

Then he worried her. She'd refused to let him have her again, unless he'd be one of the party of four (she said) . He, wild to possess her agreed, a day was named and Black informed. He was to be without a mask, I to wear one if I liked — for I didn't know what manner of man he might be, tho I'd no fear of a trap or trick on her part. — On the day H. was there with Black and this temporary sweetheart. I entered the room masked, we began with luncheon which I had taken, and champagne of very good quality which the abbess kept in stock — for none but gentlemen entered her house, — and when we'd finished two bottles we were all ready for any baudiness, our talk alone would have roused the prick of a dead man. Both the women had been sitting with chemises only on, we men without coats and waistcoats, for it was a hot day, the sun was shining, the sky clear, all was bright as day in that snug room, the scene of so much love making.

H. sat on her friend's knee (Fancy I shall name him), and pulled out his pego, which out of lingering modesty, at the unaccustomed exposure to another male I sup-pose, was not stiff, tho large and pendant. Black did the same to me, and my tool was in similar condition. — “Make his stiff,” said H. laughing, which in a minute the girl did, for the sight of H. with her chemise now up to her rump, feeling his pego whilst he fingered her crimson gap, would have stiffened me without the aid of Black's fingers. His was now stiff and

in handsome state. — “Isn't it a fine one?” said H. proudly. — I'd guessed before that her old letch had made her give herself to the man — a big prick was her delight, her ideal of the male. — His was bigger every way than mine, was, indeed, a noble cunt stretcher. I longed to feel it, but mauvaise honte restrained me. H., who from many a conversation knew what I should like, said. “Feel it — here,” — giving it an inviting shake and looking baudily at me. Relieving mine from Black's fingers I went and felt it. — At once he grasped mine, and in silent delight we for a minute played with each other's ramrods. “Let me feel it too,” said Black who came close to us and completed the group. — I put one hand between her thighs and felt her hot gap — gap now longing for a stretching, thirsting for the male libation — whilst I handled his stiff rod and H. handled mine. Hands across — a salacious quartette.

Then all stripped to our skin, put the looking glasses so as to reflect us, and in varied groupings viewed our- selves. It was, “Do this.” — “Lay hold of his prick.' — “Let Black hold it as well.” — “Oh! You hurt my cunt.” — “Feel H.'s cunt, Black,” — etc. etc. Not minute were we in the same position, restless letches were in all of us, bums to bellies, prick crossing pricy we men placed them, both pricks stiff as horns. The women delighted, Black knelt down and took my prick in her mouth, her bum towards a glass, incited to that by H. Stooping I took his noble tool into mine, and so on, till stimulated by these lascivious preliminaries “Oh! — my God — fuck me,” said H. Going to the bed and pushing the glasses into position, she mounted it in a minute Black followed, and we men were by the bedside ready to cover them.

All had washed pricks and cunts at the beginning and all were ready for the luscious games. — “No, at the side,” said H. changing her mind. There she got, and Black laid by her side. Both opened wide their thighs H. lay with her handsome central furrow, of deeper crimson tint now than years ago, wider spread and fuller now are the curls around it, shining like satin was the surface of the pretty gap. Black's pretty youth• ful black haired slit shone like coral, showing its tiny nymphae as she lay with finger on her clitoris, put there in her impatient randiness to give incipient pleas ure, and make we men more lewed. — “I'll fuck you dear H.” “No, Fancy shall fuck me, you fuck B.” — The biggest prick and the novelty fetched her. I threw myself upon my knees, and licked all over the smooth and pulpy surface of her sweet scented cunt, whilst Fancy seeing my initiative, licked the other's little randy split. — “Oh — Fuck — fuck” — cried H. im patiently. Rising I clutched her thighs and drove m3 glowing prick right up her cunt. “You shan't fuck me with that mask on,” cried she, and ere I could prevent it uncunted me and drew my mask from off

my face. “Let Fancy fuck me first.” — Reckless now, glad to be rid of the mask which heated my face, I let it lie where it fell, and turning round again I felt his noble shaft, just as he approached the eager slit of H. Then I went to B. and drove my pego up her. The next second his balls were against H.'s bum, his shaft engulphed, and mine up B.'s little cunt.

This with loud and baudy talk, then all was quiet. Pleasures too great were ours now for utterances, as pricks and cunts were joined, and we fucked close to-gether, side by side, the women's thighs touching, the glass sideways showing us all. Each could see all — the women's legs held up, the men's arses oscillating with the up and down, and in and out movements of their pricks, in the warm moist quims. Putting one hand out I felt his buttocks. — H. tried to put her hand on to B.'s motte. — “Oh! Look at us fucking,” — cried she. She loves the spectacle of naked copulation, and we never fuck in this house without fixing our eye upon the glasses, where we see our every movement.

She sighed “Ahaa,” — her belly heaved — B.'s ivory plump buttocks reciprocated my thrusts, she pushed her legs up higher as she felt my prick's friction. — Rapidly both women's arses now jogged and heaved, as our pricks rammed harder, faster, and wriggled in the cuntal depths. “Aherr — spunk — fuck,” — cried H. — She loves the baudy cries. “Fuck.” — “Are you spending, Black?” — “Aha — yes — spunk,” — cried B. sympathetically. — “My spunk's spending in your cunt dear.” — “Aher.” — “Yhes — fuck,” and in a Babel of lascivious cries, bodies heaving, arses joggin short jogs, cunts wriggling and gripping, bellies ar thighs shuddering with the luscious pleasure, out she our spunk. Then bending over our women, with gentlest movements squeezing our pricks into the cunt gorged to overflowing with the soft mucus, in soothing baths of our blended spendings lay our pricks welte-ing, all of us quiet, exhausted, dying away after the delirium of the crisis, dissolving in the lingering, bliss ful, soothing voluptuousness of our sexual pleasure, of livious of all but the blessed conjunction of prick and cunt.

Such bliss can't last forever. — With senses returning we men stood erect, pricks still in cunts, but dwindling in the lubricious emulsion of our making. We take still holding up the women's legs, who lay with hum] eyes, glad to retain the pleasure giving implements t them. “Has he spent much H.?” — “Lots, I'm full, it running out of my cunt,” said H. — for I thought of he first. — “Let me see.” — “You shan't you beast,” - laughing. — “Don't let her legs close Fancy, — keep your thighs apart B.” — Fancy entered into the fun and withdrew his dripping pego as mine quitted B.'s glutious gap. I closed on H., and saw fat sperm rolling from her heated quim — opaque and thin

together. - He'd spent fully, I had deluged B.'s little tight vulva H. opened wider still her thighs for my inspection. I had left the women, having, it seemed, no taste for the glorious sight, and began washing his tool.

H. who knew my letch and had her own, tho saying “Beast,” remained quiescent, expectant. — She kite the sight would stimulate my lust, and I felt her love lubricious gap with one hand, and with the other B mucilaginous vulva. How smooth and large cunts feel after their spend, and the male libations are in them. — I plunged for a second my fingers up both cunts, I paddled in the sperm and my prick stiffened, pulsated with desire. Old letches came on me, I put my prick up H. But when half entered, shaking her head silently she pushed me off and winked, looking across at him, with his rump towards us was still washing I under-stood, she didn't wish him to see that. Soon after he did.

Then all washed. The women squatting, H. beginning to piddle after ablution. I put my hand and caught the amber stream, at which he laughed. — Naked then all sat down, the abbess brought more champagne, and said it was a pretty sight to see us naked. As we drank, H. with one hand was feeling his prick as they sat together on the sofa. Black sitting on my thigh was feeling mine. — Isn't his a fine prick?” said H. It had swollen again. The abbess felt it, chuckled and said. “Ain't it a beauty?” Then after feeling mine and patting H.'s haunches. — “Hasn't she a nice bum? — two pricks standing. — Oh! What a pretty sight,” and then she left the room.

We put on chemises and shirts, for hot as it was, in our climate long continued nudity often causes chilliness. Talk of prick and cunt and fucking them went on, and of but little else, every now and then feeling our pricks and cunts quite indiscriminately, he mine, I his, lifting shirts and chemise at times to gratify our eyes, H. now feeling his and mine at the same time, H. lolling baudily on a sofa with him, B. and I lolling upon the bed.

More champagne and more pissing. I held his tool to see the watery spout. Then we placed the women against the bedside with bums towards us, to compare the beauty of their notches, then slapping their buttocks with our pricks, pulling the hairy lips apart, tickling the stripes with tongues, and other lascivious whims and fancies, our passions were soon roused. H. said, “Let's fuck,” — before we men were ready. — I knew the lot of spending she could give, the fucking she needed when in rut as she was today — the day long anticipated and prepared for. — Again all stripped and went to the soul stirring, delicious, sexual embrace. The embrace when man and woman are angels to each other, tho the power of fucking is the gift of every animal in creation, is the function of a beast. But how Divine

the pleasure in body and mind when doing it.

"I won't fuck yet I'll gamahuche," — said I, wishing to husband my sperm. H. ready, opened her thighs, and my tongue tickled her till she went off shrieking in her voluptuous delirium. She was frigging B. with one hand, holding Fancy's prick — which now again stood nobly — with the other. — H. and I suggested all, he seemed passive but ready. — "Gamahuche me," said she to him directly I had given her pleasure. Down he knelt and licked her vulva which she'd only wiped. She didn't disguise her pleasure, gave way to it with all its delirium of movements and words. "Oh — God go on — ahrr — feel his prick — is it stiff?" I felt his rigid staff with lascivious delight. — "Stiff as a poker." "Ahaa, — I can see you — aha — frig it." — I did. — "Aha, I shall spend — don't make him — spend. — Aha — spunk — fuck," — and again her cunt gave out its pearly juices whilst violently she frigged Black who lay on the bed next her with head turned towards, and watching her raptures. Up he got with moistened lips, and without a word plunged his big pego up her, she nothing loath. I watched them for a while, then looked beneath his ballocks which was ample in size, well wrinkled, then took it in my hand and squeezed it gently. A shudder of delight passed through him. "I'm feeling his balls. — Suck my prick, Black dear." — "I want to frig her," said H. — "No, come." — B. came and stooping took the red tip of my pego into her mouth, and tongued and licked and played with it, whilst I held his balls, looking at H.'s face. And he fucked on till her heavenly smile came. Then he groaned lightly and again filled her vulva with his sperm.

Taking my prick from out B.'s mouth I pushed it between his buttock furrow, till it touched his ballocks — out came his prick, and at once I went between H.'s thighs, caught up her drooping legs, and rushed my prick now bursting with desire, up her lubricated cunt, overflowing again with his mucilage. She laughed aloud now, and so did he. Champagne was doing its work, all modesty, if we'd had any, was gone. I thrust and thrust, glorying in its lubricity, in being in the soft avenue his prick had quitted. — B. sprang on the bed. — "Show me your bum," said he. — With her buttocks turned towards him. — "Fuck me so," said she. — But he'd just spent, and to see me fucking was his pleasure. He hadn't washed. — "Let me feel your prick," said I. — "Let me feel it," cried H. with excited eyes. Relinquishing one of her legs I grasped his tool — a fine big handful even now — and pulled him by it close to me. H. put the leg I'd dropped up and resting on his haunch. Then feeling him, looking at B.'s little black haired notch pouting red from between her buttocks, I fucked and spent, and that randy devil H. spent again.

"Why didn't you fuck me?" said B. angrily, as I pulled my prick

out of H.'s cunt. She was a little elevated and quarrelsome. — “Gamahuche her,” said H. who sat up looking now fatigued in her eyes — no won-der? — “You didn't spend with me,” said I. — “I'll swear I did.” — I knew her force, her stirring lewedness, but liked to tease her so. I pushed her back and put my fingers up her cunt, whilst watching B., who in a temper pushed Fancy off, who was gamahuching her. “You don't do it nice.” — We all laughed. — “Fuck me.” — “I can't yet,” said he. — “I'll frig my-self, let me feel your prick.” H. got off the bed. — B. layed herself lengthwise on it, and felt his prick he standing by her side, whilst she frigged herself. Then — “Fuck me, I hate frigging,” and getting off she rushed to the champagne. — There was none. — “You have had enough,” said H. — “I haven't, and you've had all the fucking.” — “What if I have?” — H. was on the pot pissing as she spoke. — Then was a wrangle, in which H. told B. she'd come there to help to amuse us, and might leave if she liked.

More champagne, Black got quite screwed and outrageously baudy, mad for prick. We were all getting screwed and Fancy particularly so. An hour ran away, H. wouldn't minette me or him. — “Gamahuche me B., and when stiff I'll fuck you,” said I. — “No, you fuck me whilst I gamahuche him.” — H. was then handling F.'s tool but relinquished it. I laid on the bed and B. minetted me to rigidity, then I tongue tickled her quim a little, then on the bedside kneeling over her, she sucking me, Fancy fucked her, looking at my rump, H. looking on and feeling his ballocks from behind.

“Suck on,” I cried. But B. who had before half frigged herself spent and let go my prick leaving me un-finished. — “He's a fine prick,” were the first words she uttered. — “He has,” said H. eulogistically.

More champagne and sweet cakes sent for. “Let's fuck on the bed, side by side.” — “All right, I'll piddle first.” — “Do it in the basin.” — “All right.” — Both women ready for anything, mounted the bed and pissed in basins, we watching the streams. — Black lost her balance, fell back, and tilted over her basin towards the bedside. — We pulled her up to the bed edge and she completed her shower. — Then he held the basin under B.'s bum, whilst he opened B.'s cunt lips, and I pissed against it. All this with laughter and shoutings — all lewed to our backbones. The abbess came up, said we were making a dreadful noise, and some friends of hers were below.

A little quieted, soon after we put both our pricks into both cunts, and talked about that. Then we mounted the bed, he flicked H., I fucked Black, both couples side by side and close together. We had fancies even then, and lying on the top of them felt each other's woman, and showed our pricks. — Then encouraging each other

baudily, we fucked till we spent amidst a chorus of lustful words. Just then in came the abbess, again, and smacked my rump as I was lying on B., and giving her the last wriggle with my prick.

Then we had tea — then more wine — and again in-cited each other to further exercise. — Groggy, weary, fucked out all, yet lewed still, we kissed all round and then left one by one, I first, and never shall see the like again. — It was an orgy.

At our next meeting, H. and I talked about nothing else, particularly of Black's sauciness and of F.'s propagator. “We had B. to amuse us, and suppose she hadn't been fucked at all,” said H., and — “Hasn't he a fine prick?” She wished we could have it all over again. — “Philip's prick gives you just as much pleasure.” — “Yes, but I like to feel a big one” — I reproached her for what she had done, for the risk she ran of destroying her position and happiness. — “He'll be always after you.” — She replied that it wouldn't mat-ter, that they were going to move miles away, that he was going to America. But she was frightened, and would never see him again she said [so it eventuated].

[All the erotic whims which two men and two women could do together in five hours, I think we did. This part of the narrative is just as it was written at the time.]

Chapter VI

At a Lancashire seaport. • A millhand. • The last night of harlotting. • At the brothel. • Singular beauty. • Singular history. • Two frisky workmen. • Caught by a rope. • Lewed talk. • Lewed wants. • A handy coffee shop. • One pleasured, one pained. • Another flagellation at the Abbess's. • A straight haired cunt tonsured. • H.'s letch for novelty. • The barrister gratified. • Fucking in masks.

In late autumn this year I was at a Lancashire sea-port town, and at about five o'clock one afternoon, wandering about looking at the shops, noticed a well made, well grown woman, with an absolutely lovely face and marvellously clear complexion — tho perhaps too white — who was sauntering along doing the same. I stood close to her whilst she looked at a bon-net shop, but she took no notice of me. Was she a har-lot or not, wandering about alone? I'd had no sexual desire before, now in a minute it overwhelmed — de-sire for her.

She was dressed like a genteel, poorish, middle class woman excessively plainly, but the dress was worn with such an air of distinction, that for the moment I chased the idea of her accessibility. — I followed her a long distance noticing the swing of her haunches, and the way she placed her pretty feet which were visible - for her petticoats were short. — Her boots tho neat were common and thick. She took no notice of passers by, nor they of her. She cannot be a strumpet thought I, but a handsome offer may get her if she's poor. — But where take her to? For I knew no place. Abandoning half formed intentions, yet with a voluptuous pego I stopped, and just then she turned round and re-traced her steps, meeting me, looking casually at me just as any other woman might. I turned round and followed her, still with undefined intention.

Again she stopped at a shop. I stopped too and re-marked that what she was looking at was pretty. She quietly looked at me and agreed that it was. Her manner made me now think she was to be had. She walked on and I did by her side. — “How lovely you are, let me go home with you.” — “Ah! No — impossible — good day Sir,” and she turned round. Yet there was some-thing in her manner — I knew not what — which faintly bespoke the courtezan.

With hope I turned round also, and walked by her side repeating my wish, asking her to have a glass of wine, and so on. — She begged me to go, was waiting for a friend, it would do her harm if she were seen walking with a gentleman. — Yes, she expected him every minute. — “I wish I were he, I'd give a couple of sovereigns to be half

an hour with you." She stopped short at once and looked at me. "A couple of sovereigns! That would be a help to us just now." — She said this as if reflecting, as if speaking to herself. — Then again she walked on, I keeping still by her side but keeping silence.

"Don't come with me, I'm expecting my lad." Then she hesitated, then went on. "If he doesn't come by this, he can't come for two hours — tell me the time." — I did. "An he come, we'll be off together at once, if not and ye'll give me two sovereigns, ye may, but I ain't got no lodgings, I've given them up, for I'm off tonight and for good."

Then she said she must wait full ten minutes to make sure, she'd walk up and down, I was to wait at the corner of a street she pointed out, then if her lad hadn't arrived she be with me. — She spoke in broad Lancashire dialect, which I do not attempt to imitate, and which at times I could scarcely understand.

Never did ten minutes seem so long to me. — I counted every minute in a fever of impatience, pictured her secret charms to myself, wondering at split, motte, thighs, whether she'd fuck well, and if she wanted fucking. At times I furtively felt my pego which kept rising and falling with lust, and feared I should not have her, for full ten minutes had passed when she appeared. "Where shall we go?" said I. — "I've no lodgings now and only know a poor place about here." — I would have gone to a pig sty with her, and in five minutes the poor place held us. It was a little obscure house in a court, almost a cottage, with two rooms for hire, but the bed room was comfortable with a good fire.

"My lad can't be here for two hours and a half now, there be'ant another train yet, and ye'll gie me two?" said she the instant the door was closed. — My reply was to produce the coins and put them into her hand. — "It will do us a power of good just now, and ye'll be the last." — "Why?" — "I'm going away to night to be married." — I scarcely heeded what she said being so impatient for my pleasure, and put my hand up her petticoats. She repulsed them, and I thought for the instant she was going to bilk me.

Not the first time that idea has come over me when with a gay woman. "Let's feel it." — "Wait a bit, you shall, don't fear." Composed in manner and as unlike a harlot as possible, she took off bonnet and jacket most carefully and then sat down. "Let's feel your cunt." — "I will." Stooping I pushed my hand up her petticoats, and felt the silky fringed notch. — "Ye're in a hurry" — laughing. "Take your things off and let me see your cunt." — "You shall. — you shall, — never fear — wait a bit." Slowly she took them off — I di-vested myself of clothing and showed my prick. — "Ohooo," she whispered, and stopped undressing. "Take them off." — "What, all? — There" — and she stood naked.

A more beautifully made woman I never saw, and for a minute was speechless with admiration, then folded her in my arms, kissing, extolling her loveliness, pressing my stiff prick against her belly with mine. — Then, — still both standing — my fingers were titillating her love seat, when quietly her hand stole down and clasped my pego, and so we stood silent, I'd roused her passion. “Let me see it.” Without reply, on to the bed she got and laid with thighs apart. A hurried look at the pretty groove, a sniff a kiss on the motte, a finger thrust rapidly up and down the moist avenue. — “Let's fuck” — next minute we were embracing with voluptuous gentle sighs, my prick enclosed in her lubricious cunt and gliding up and down, our bodies one; and ah too soon, came tightening of her cunt around my prick, which throbbed and spent, and we lay quietly in each other's arms in soft repose. Then soon after. “You en- joyed it?” a foolish question but I always put it. — She made no reply, but patted my arse cheeks in an affectionate, coaxing manner.

I uncunted at last and she “It's cold. — Let me put on my chemise.” She did, we rose, pissed, washed — the usual routine — then sat by the fire — tho it wasn't very cold weather. — She asked me to give her “a glass.” — “What?” “Whiskey.” — That was brought. I'd been wearing a cape which now I put over her, and put on my own frock coat over my shirt, then drinking we sat and talked side by side. The ecstatic sexual em-brace cools desire, and for a time erotic curiosity is al-most dead, but it soon revived in me, and I began twiddling her quim. “I ain't in a hurry,” said she then, told me her history, partly before, partly after our second embrace, but its told here continuously.

“Yes, a millhand, at a cotton mill.” — At seventeen the young master “did me.” Her father was an engineer at the mill, found it out soon after, kicked up a row, and a hundred pounds was given him as dam-ages, for the damage done to her virginity. — The money unsettled him, he drank a bit, she left the mill, worked then steadily at home for a while, and no one entered her preserve, and then, somehow she “longed for a bit,” she supposed — and got fucked again. — “Yes, for love only,” and then turned harlot. A young man in the mill also a mechanician, knew her history, knew her father, found her out, fucked her harlot wise, fell in love with her, then fucked for love and she also with him. She saved money, and he saved a bit, her father approved and gave up what he'd not spent in liquor, her seducer had promised twenty pounds when they were married, and they were going to marry and open a little shop at * * * * where he'd found work. — He was coming there now to meet her when I had, if he could get away in time, but certainly he would get away in time, but certainly he would come by the next train. Her box was at the

station, she'd given up the key of her lodging — that baudy house was the only place she could wait in “till I meet my lad.”

“I didn't mean to let you — I've not done it for a week and told him I wouldn't, but money will be so useful to us at a start.” — “Oh don't — you'll make me queer.” — “Oh, don't talk of him — come on and do it then.” Lewed she was with talk, with titillation, and her feel of my shaft, and on the bed again we fucked. She wanted it more than before, as I guessed by her clasp, the way her tongue met mine, her squeeze of my buttocks, her heaves, quievrs and love sighs.

She was only eighteen and a half, yet her form was full and perfect as three and twenty. She'd the loveliest thighs, the sweetest little silky fringed notch, scarcely nymphae or clitoris — quite a young girl's cunt. — She was proud of her shape and willingly let me see all, de-lighted with my praise. Her manners were utterly un-like those of a whore. The hair on head and tail was light chestnut, no dark stain was on her bum furrow which was nearly as white as her buttocks, and they were ivory. It grew dark soon after I was there and we had candles — for which they charged extra — and I held one to the furrow to inspect her whilst she knelt on the bed. Then after a time unable to tail her a third time, I gave her pleasure with my tongue, and never licked a more delicate clitoris. She'd a face handsome in her bonnet, but it was far more beautiful without it. Her eyes were dark blue. — She hadn't the slightest look or allure of a strumpet.

The whiskey made her talk freely, and we had lots of time. Five shillings was her usual fee. — “For I don't dress like swell ones.” — “No, not often ten — I don't like speaking to gents. — I've only been three months at the business and don't like it — nor the gals.” “Why did I go to millwork? Father made me so as to look after me, he said, mother didn't want me to go. You may wait and see me with him but don't come near me, I'm quite sure he'll come for me. — I shan't tell him what I've done tonight, I wouldnt' ha' done it but we want money so.” I waited in the distance, saw her meet and go towards the station with a decent young man, her lad evidently. — I've met from time to time some interesting harlots and this was one of them, so retain the narrative about her.

Late on a dull, moist, dark night in November, I was passing along a quiet street in a poor neighbourhood, when two women approached me singing and loudly laughing. They held a short rope between them, and as they came near, thinking them a common frolicksome and half screwed couple, I moved to the edge of the footway to let them pass. They larking, lengthened the rope, and caught and entwined me with it just below my hips, laughing heartily at their trick. — “We've caught you young man, what will you stand?” — It was close to a gaslamp, and seeing it was a handsome, bold faced

woman who spoke. — “Stand my dear? — It won't stand any more, you've pulled it off with the rope, look for it.” — I happened to have a hottish ballocks that night, and baudy replies came naturally — tho far from being young.

At that both laughed so heartily and I as well, and we standing close together — the rope still round me, — made such a noise, that some one on the other side of the way stopped to look at us. — “I can't see it,” said the biggest and plump one, who looked about five and twenty. The other a slim, poor looking creature of about eighteen, only giggled, and then became silent. “It's between your thighs perhaps.” — “Ho, ho, ho — it ain't you're wearing it still.” — “He, he, he,” giggled the slim one. — “No, between your thighs — let me feel there. — It was stiff and if I find it there I'll give you five shillings, and you shall put it back if you can, I can't go home without it.” — “Ho, ho, ho — what?” — “My peg,” — and I pushed at her clothes in the region of her cunt. — “Give me the five bob then and you shall.” — “Polly — Polly — yer don't know what yer about,” said the other remonstrating. — “His peg — ho, ho, ho,” laughed the other.

They were game I saw, whores they didn't seem to be, but workers of a poor class and who decidedly had been drinking. That class doesn't mind baudy language, they hear enough of it. — “I call it a peg to ladies, but there's another name.” — “Tell us.” — “Polly — come along.” — “Feel if it's on yer yet. — Ho, ho,” and Polly laughed still, as untwining the rope she was putting her hands between the fold of my great coat, when the other pulled them away. “Polly — yer don't know what yer about.” — “Shut up,” — said Polly. “Come along.” — “I shan't.” “Let's have a glass of wine and I'll feel if you've got it about you dear,” said I. — “You've got it right enough.” — “Lord, so I have, and it's still stiff.” — Then the other — named Sarah — again rebuked the elder, said she should go and was told she might, but, “Don't be a fool, come and have a drink with the gent,” — which I'd offered. — “Follow us, there's a nice Pub around the next street,” said Polly, who seemed to know the locality.

I was going to the pub, knowing that Bacchus helps Venus, and thinking I might somehow get into the plump one who'd excited my desires, when it occurred to me as not desirable to be seen by a chance medley of poor people, at a public house in a poor nieghbourhood now, and because she was so coarse and common — singular are my letches — and perhaps would have gone to the Pub, sooner than lose the chance of seeing what I knew was a spanking bum.. At the street corner was a poor looking coffee shop. “Let's go in here, they'll fetch us all we want,” said I. — In we two went, the other loitered outside. — “I'll wait for you.” — “Come in, don't be a fool,” and in came Sarah.

They'd nothing but tea and coffee, but they fetched us liquor for which they charged highly. They sat at a table in a corner with me, the two drank gin and water, the eldest's tongue ran on incessantly, I chaffing baudily but without frank words, she delighted replying and looking in my eyes lustfully. Then under the table I grasped her large thigh outside her clothes, and nudged her belly. “Now, don't.” — “It's there.” — “It ain't.” — “It is.” — “What?” — “Don't, Polly,” said the thin one again. — Just then in came one looking like a cab-man, who bought a roll and butter, and disappeared with it, but he'd eyed us so the whole time he was there that I felt uncomfortable, and so soon as he had gone, asked if they had a private room.

The mistress said “No,” looked at the maid, and they held a conversation in a low tone. Then she said they had no private rooms, but there was one I might have till the house was closed. I accepted it, and we went up a narrow staircase to a bedroom. There the servant, “We don't let rooms, but this is it, five shillings — will you please pay first, Sir?” — I gave it her, the liquor was brought up, but Sarah wouldn't stop when she saw the bed. — “I shan't then — your agoin' on too far — yer don't know what yer doing.” — Down stairs she went, and I was alone with the plump one. — “I'll take her some gin,” said she, and pouring out half a tumbler, down she went returning alone, Sarah wouldn't come. “We'd best perhaps go down agin,” said Polly thought-fully.

After seemingly a minute's reflexion, again she said, “Perhaps I'd better go.” — “Nonsense, what did you come up here for?” — saying that I locked the door, closed on Polly, pushed her against the bed, and assaulted her privates. She'd so egged me on to baudy chaff and smutty suggestions, that I'd felt sure of having her, but as my hand touched her thighs she resisted, pushed down her clothes, pushed me away stoutly, laughing as if half pleased tho refusing, and squalling loudly. — “You shan't — don't now — a joke's a joke — I won't — I'm married.” — “You're not — where's your ring?” — “Pawned.” — “I will fuck you. “You shan't” and she scuffled as much as virtuous servants have done whom I've assailed similarly. I was so annoyed at my hindrance, felt so spiteful, that leaving off I angrily said, “You're not married, your linen's dirty, that's why you won't let me.” I didn't mean it, but savagely wanted to offend her, to say something to annoy, and that came impromptu. I said much of the same sort, but all in the same strain.

“Dirty? Me dirty? Cleaner than you, I'll swear. Dirty! I'd wash my shift to rags rather than be dirty. — You have cheek. — Show me your shirt — look.” — Saying that she turned up her petticoats to her garters, and I saw the stockings and all she had on was as white as could be, tho her ankle jackboots were muddy. — “Your cunt's dirty

then." — "You lie, it ain't." "Let's put this up it," — pulling out my prick. — "Shan't." — But she looked at my cunt prodder which was in splendid force. She was lewed before, now leweder still and she laughed. I closed on her again, got my fingers on the soft slit with but trifling hindrance, and frigged away at it. — "Now don't — oh don't." Voluptuous sensations were conquering for me. — What woman can refuse a prick when the man's fingers have been in full possession of her cunt a minute? "Feel my prick." — She slid her hand down to it after twice saying, "Shan't" and in another minute it was up her cunt, as she lay at the bedside on to which I pushed and lifted her. Quiet, absorbed in carnal pleasure, the delicious crisis came on, and dissolved us, spending into immobility and silence.

Quietly she lay as holding up her thighs, nestling my pego into her, we looked into each other's eyes in silence, enjoying the carnal junction. Fucking is in its essential always the same, the idealities are everything, therein lays the charm of variety. I felt singular de-light in fucking this common woman whom I'd only seen half an hour. — It takes longer to tell than to act.

— Who might be married or single, or of any occupation, and whose cunt I'd not even seen. Relinquishing one thigh I pushed her petticoats up, and looking down saw a dark fully haired motte, the hair mingling with mine, and put a finger on to the clitoris — "Isn't fucking lovely?" — "Isn't it?" replied she.

Catching hold of her thigh again, I squeezed my belly well against hers, feeling my pego to be dwindling. "Has your friend been fucked?" "Dunno, but she has got a lover." — "Where's your husband?" — "God knows, on the tramp I suppose." — "You are married."

— She nodded. "Who fucks you now?" — "No one."

— "What a story." — She laughed, and it squeezed my cock out of her. Then we washed in the same basin, there was no towel, so shirt and chemise did duty.

Afterwards — "Show me your cunt." — "All right, I'm clean, — look," — pulling her clothes up to her motte, she let me see, saying how clean her linen was. I saw a cunt fat lipped, and full fledged. "No, I ain't had a child," said she, noticing my investigatings. — Another letch came on. "I'd give you ten shillings to see your friend's cunt, and she ten to show it." — She seemed surprized. — "Will you? Don't think she will." — "Try to get her upstairs." — "I will, but she's a stupid, don't say you've done it to me." — Saying that, she put on her bonnet and went downstairs.

The two had as said "had a drop" before I'd met them. They'd had gin since, Sarah had had a tumbler more than half full to drink whilst down stairs. Opening the door I heard much laughing, and Sarah appeared, pushed up stairs by Polly into the room. No sooner there

than I told her I wanted to see her little quim and would give her ten shillings — I'd got their names pat. “Polly says then she'll show me hers.”

Tho slightly screwed she refused and there was much talk. — “We ain't whores,” said she. — Polly pulled her petticoats up to her garters, and then she pulled out my prick, again fairly stiff. — Both laughed at it. — Polly said, “It's getting late — will yer or won't yer ? — I'll show him mine if you'll show him yours.” — “Sup-pose Jack hears on it.” — “Jack be blowed, how can he know unless you tells him.” — I put on the table the two half sovereigns and they eyed them. — “Will you now? If not we'll go.” — “It's agoin' too far,” said Sarah — I put the money in my pocket. — “You show him first.” — “There, then,” said Polly, putting her bum on the bed and exposing her charms. — The other chuckled. — “He, He, He, look at you.” — “You have seen it before, come on, show it him.” — She went to Sarah and pushed her up chuckling. “He, He, He” but she was yielding, and next minute was laying on the bed, petticoats up to her navel, legs hanging down, her crack just visible, whilst Polly in a similar position but with thighs well apart, lay laughing by her side.

I investigated the cunts of both, but the young one didn't like that. — “You've been fucked,” said I. — “I ain't.” — “She has,” said Polly. — “I ain't been.” — “I'll fuck you then.” — “No, you shan't.” — She roused herself and half got off the bed, I promised not to at-tempt it and got her to lay down again with cunt showing. “I'll fuck you then.” — “All right,” said Polly. Next second my balls were banging against her buttocks. — “Oh! If Jack ever heard,” giggled the slim one. — “Jack be buggered,” said Polly, heaving her rump responsively to my thrusts. Silent were all three now as I fucked, feeling Sarah's thin thighs and quim. — “Aha — fuck — cunt,” I cried. — “Ahrr — Ahrr,” sobbed Polly. — “Oho, you hurt,” cried out the slim one. In the paroxysms of pleasure I'd hurt her cunt with my fingers.

“We'd better get home or there'll be a jolly kick up,” said the slim one whilst still my prick was in the other's quim. — I was in a hurry also, uncunted, and in five minutes was out of the house, after giving the two half sovereigns. — They were not sisters they said, which was all I could learn, excepting that they'd carried something home between them tied up with the rope, and had had a drop with the money they'd got. I think they were laundresses.

I enjoyed this chance amour immensely, it was so different from the business-like fucking with a har-lot, price agreed beforehand. But how strange! As we met as strangers in the street, who could have imagined that they'd show me their cunts, and that one would be fucked twice within an hour. These impromptu amours are delicious.

A long time had passed since we saw the man birched, and H. and

I wished to see another. The abbess said she'd try to arrange it, but some of her men strongly objected to be made a show of, tho one or two liked it. She didn't know when the exposants would come, or when we should be there, all was a mere chance, yet it was only on our being all there at the same time that it could come off. Three or four months ran away before it did. There one day, said the abbess, “If you'd like to see a birching to day, there will be a gentleman who likes to be looked at, but when I tell you, you must hold up your chemise and shew him your twatts, he'll see it, tho you may think he won't, don't speak a word and leave directly he spends.”

H. wouldn't mask herself and went down with a lovely laced chemise only on. — I with a shirt on only but masked. Laying along a sofa, was a fair haired, bearded man whom I judged between thirty five and forty, with his face hidden by both hands. He was laying about three quarters on his belly, so that we could see his prick — which was not stiff — and balls. His shirt was tucked up to above his waist, his trowsers pulled down to his knees, and the whole of his backside and thighs were bare. We stood by his side and the abbess began. — Swish. She talked some nonsense to him, about her being the governess and correcting him, to which he made no reply. The swishing went on slowly at about a stroke a minute, gradually his prick elongated and the gland extruded itself completely, as his backside grew redder and redder. Then she struck more quickly. — “Ohoo,” — he murmuringly whispered — “Ho —ho — I can't.” — Swish. — Swish. — His backside began to oscillate, his prick rubbed between his belly and the soft white sheet which covered the sofa. Then as arranged, H., who stood nearer his head than I did lifted her chemise up to her navel, showing her lovely thighs and chestnut covered motte, she liked shewing it. I saw his fingers open so that he could look thro them at her, yet I couldn't see a bit of his face, he murmured something as if in pleasure, jogged his belly as if fucking, and his prick which I could see well now, shot out a lot of sperm on to the sheet. Then he ceased and laid quiet, she dropped her chemise covering her charms, and we both left. I paid for the sight, and dare say that the victim paid for the sight of H.'s nudity.

Miss R., the fat rumped, had long ceased to be seen, and Miss B. at times could not be had tho both of us liked her, for she was a demon at minetting, and with difficulty could be got away from H.'s quim when once her mouth was on it. She had also as said a lovely cunt in size, shape, color, and growth of fringe. So fucking her from behind whilst she gamahuched H. gave infinite pleasure to us all.

The abbess liked to introduce others and no doubt got paid for it. One day a Miss D**sy was named. —“Speaks three languages, has been kept, not long been gay, and now only on the quiet, quite up to

fun." — So we had Miss D. a tallish, quite fair haired woman of say eight and twenty, a genteel woman who spoke French and German as I found, and who really knew much about Europe. She like all the others took a letch for H. — they all do — and of course I fucked her whilst minetting H. — the usual formula. But somehow her cunt didn't fit me at all, and I cared not about fucking her. Yet we had her several times, she was so conversable, and talked erotic philosophy in chaste language in the way poor Camille used, and for some reason or other — who can give reasons for letches tho we try? — the two women used to examine very curiously each other's cunts — a thing which usually H. did not care about doing, tho she'd frig any cunt near her when I was fucking her.

Miss D.'s cuntal fringe was silky but not very curly, and at half way down the sides of the lips the curls long. It continued so nearly round the division between prick hole and bum hole, and when she squatted to piddle — of course I made her do that, her cunt looked — as indeed it did when she stood upright or lay on the bed with thighs apart, — not unlike the end of a broom. I told her of this, saying it was ugly. — H. agreed with me.

Miss D. said she didn't like it and looked carefully at H.'s one day — whose lips as they die away towards her bum hole are slightly covered by the shortest hairs with a charming tendency to curl — I said that if D's were clipped short they would look nicer to me —tho perhaps not to others, for tastes vary. — It ended in my artistically trimming Miss D**sy's straggling cuntal fringe with the scissors. — Next time seen she was de-lighted, for the short hairs had actually curled partially, she examined them with a hand glass before us, and we without the glass. The beauty of her cunt was really enhanced by my tonsorial skill, and particularly when she knelt on the bed and we viewed her quim from behind.

Yet as her cunt after several trials didn't fit me, we discontinued seeing her. She was soon after again kept by a gentleman, the abbess said. — She was a conversable woman, and no doubt her cunt had found a suitable partner. — Some cunts never seem to fit me — others are delicious.

A couple of years nearly had passed since the erotic quartette. We often talked about it and H. wished we could play the same games again, but I had no such intention nor could afford it. I saw however from the tone our conversation took, that she wanted to have an-other man. "Shouldn't you like to see me fucked? I should like to feel your prick whilst he fucked me," and so on.

We talked so before the abbess one day, who said "and I know one who is dying to have her." Then it transpired that a frequenter of the house had seen H*** when going away one day, and had fallen

violently in love with her. “Has he a big prick?” asked H. eagerly. The abbess said he had, that he was a gentleman, a barrister, but poor. We talked over this and agreed to have him. He was spoken to, and it was ultimately arranged that we should all be masked, and that he was to fuck H. whilst I was present. The big prick, the prick she'd never seen, made H. ready for anything, and she didn't disguise the pleasure that the novelty would give her.

This took some time to bring about, they never knowing long before hand, when habitues may arrive. One afternoon the abbess said as we entered, “He's coming, I've just got a letter and have sent for a lady for him, he'll consent to masks, or anything else to have your friend.” We were a little startled at first. H. said she couldn't till she'd seen what sort of man he was. She wasn't going to let any ugly, old, common man have her.

When he arrived she went down to be introduced him, and came back approving, he was a fine tall handsome man of thirty and wanted to fuck her there and then. Her eyes glistened with lust, she had the exquisitely, voluptuous look in her face which she has when randy. I layed down the conditions. He was to be naked all but his shirt, I to see his prick, and feel it if I liked. — “No,” said the abbess, “he won't allow that.” — “Then he shan't have her.” — Down the abbess went and returning said that I might feel him if I liked. — “Let him come,” — said I impatiently. Up he came with mask on and soon divested himself of his clothes. H. without mask sat on his knee and pulled about a grand, stiff tool, triumphantly, whilst he fingered her quim. He was well made but rather hairy on his legs which I didn't like — many men are hairy legged.

Then she played one or two baudy tricks, and lastly turned her bum to him whilst he sat on a chair and got his prick up her. I sitting on a low chair opposite saw it hidden in her cunt, his balls hanging outside, his hands round her belly, one finger rubbing her clitoris. — “Aha, go to the bed,” murmured he. He didn't at-tempt to disguise his voice as I did. To the bed they went where side by side she fondled his love staff, then he mounted her. — “You shan't fuck me with that on,” said she, and suddenly pulled off his mask and dropped it on the floor. He cared about nothing now but possessing her, put his prick in her cunt rapidly, whilst she raised the thigh nearest the bedside high up, so that I who approached the bed could see his prick ramming between her cunt lips — see the in and out movement, an exciting sight.

He'd given some rapid strokes when I threw up his shirt to his waist, to see the wag of his buttocks which were white but nothing remarkably handsome, and I didn't admire a central furrow strongly haired up to his backbone, but the come and go of his priapean shaft

pleased me. He gave a sigh of pleasure and then I laid hold of his testicles. — “Ho,” said he with a loud cry, and with a violent start uncunted. “Don't do that.” — “What is it?” said H., ceasing her bum wagging. — I told. — “Fuck me, put it in, let him feel them, you will like it.” Before she'd said it all, his glowing tipped machine was again hidden, his balls wagged more than ever, soon the violent movement of her thighs and buttocks heralded her coming joy, and I heard, “Fuck dear — aha — spunk,” and heard his murmurs of love. His ample balls were now soon steady over her bum-hole, and both were quiet. She with closed eyes enjoying the blissful oozings of her cunt, the soothing influence of spermatic injection, his buttocks moving with the slightest gentlest jogs, rubbing his tender gland within the innermost recesses of her sexual treasure, whilst I held his balls, he seemingly unconscious of it.

“Get off,” said she. Without a word off he got. here she lay with overflowing cunt, thighs wide apart, looking lewedly at me who had withdrawn then to the bed's foot. Holding his tool as he got off of her, he picked up the mask, put it on, and went to the washing stand. H. lay with thighs apart and pointing to her cunt. I had had no intention of having her so, had said so, but the sight overwhelmed me. Going to her, she moved herself to the bedside silently, knowing the de-sires she'd evoked better than I, filled with luxurious desires herself. Next second my pego was engulphed in her lubricious avenue, I rammed like a steam engine, her eyes glared at me with lust, and both spent almost directly, whilst still he was soaping and slopping his privates, never looking round till she'd got off the bed and I stood looking out of the window. I must have spent in a minute, never had I spent more rapidly wrought up by what I had seen. Then I sat down whilst he was pulling on his trowsers.

He said not a word and would I think have left, but H., — “What do you put your things on for, ain't you going to have me again?” “Oh yes, if you will.” — “Take your trowsers off then and give me a bottle of champagne.” He did — we'd been already drinking champagne.

Again we talked and drank. She washed her cunt, again sat on his knee, played with his pego, never ceased handling it, shewing it to me. — “Feel it, isn't it a fine one?” — “No — no,” said he sharply — “you said you would let him feel it.” I felt modestly the gristly elastic propagator and then he felt mine. They kissed and toyed, his fingers on her cunt. He whispered something. — “Had I fucked her in his sperm?” — she told me afterwards. — She'd answered, “No.” — So drinking and talking, at intervals she feeling both our pricks at once, time ran away and his prick grew stiff. Then at her request he took his clothes into an-other room, remaining in his shirt and socks, and again fucked H., whilst again I held his balls, and then he left. We

afterwards enjoyed each others genitals, she had her fourth spend, and with my spunk mingled with his in her cunt, we slept for a few minutes.

The abbess came into us. He was about leaving and had been extolling H.'s charms who wanting to see him before he left, quitted the room and was gone sometime. Returning, “He's fucked you again.” — I saw it from the lascivious circles round her eyes and from her manner. “Yes,” — said she in a half shamed way, “and he never made me a compliment.” — “Did you ask him?” — “No, but he might have done so, he's had me three times.” I, half disgusted and a little screwed, — “I'm glad he didn't, am surprized you wish to be treated as a whore. — You wanted a change, a fresh prick, a big one — be content.” She was very angry with me for saying “Whore” and I was with her for desiring money. — The old leven was in her still, she wanted her pleasures but to be paid for them. No doubt, the abbess got money tho she said he'd only paid for sending for the other woman and his room.

H. said she believed he'd given the abbess five pounds, and that he might have given her half a dozen pairs of gloves. A month afterwards the abbess said he was there and wanted H. but I wouldn't let her, nor did she wish to go, and never saw him afterwards.

“Fuck me,” said H. a quarter of an hour after. — “I cannot.” — “Try.” — “I can't.” — She was in full rut, one of her lascivious frenzies was on her — her eyes were voluptuous, were wildly luminous with sexual passion — but oh! So beautiful. — Laying hold of my pego she frigged it but uselessly, then talking all the time about his prick, ever and anon thrusting her tongue into my mouth, lascivious enough to stir a dead man, — she was partly screwed which increased her recklessness. — “Lick my cunt then.” — “Piss then.” — “Let me piss in your mouth, I've done so.” — “I wouldn't.” — “Lick me then.” — I began. — “Suck my prick, my darling, till its stiff, and then I'll fuck you.” — Voluptuous thrills ran thro me as I tasted the salt of her cunt. “I can't, I don't know how, I never have, but I will kiss it,” and she kissed it from bum hole to tip. Then in her raging lust she yielded to my repeated wishes, into that lovely cherry lipped mouth went my prick, whilst with my nose up her vagina, I licked her clitoris as she knelt over me and clasped her ivory buttocks. — It took effect — the gentle rub of her mouth, the smell of her cunt. — “There — it's — stiff — fuck me now.” — Agile as a monkey, she got from off my mouth on to her back, and lay with thighs wide apart, shewing the crimson gap. — She had her way. — I fucked her long, long, deliciously, whilst twice she spent to my one libation.

Chapter VII

Termination of narrative. • Remarks thereon. • Disjecta membra. • In a country church. • The bouzy sexton. • His daughter Selena. • In a pew. • In the Rector's robing room. • On his carpet. • On his table. • Three wives with full bladders in a dark street. • Micturating civilities. • Genital handlings. • Fucking among the carts. • In a German city. • A bald cunted Cyprian.

The narrative in its chronological order of events I finish. Many more incidents might have been told of varied delights, of whims and fancies normal and abnormal, yet tho the places, participants and actresses were different, the amatory amusements were similar to others played elsewhere, and their repetition in the narrative would be tedious.

I break with the past, my amatory career is over, my secret life finished. My philosophy remains the same. My deeds leave me no regret — with the exception perhaps of a very few. — Would that I were young enough to continue in the same course — that all might happen to me over again. — But age forbids, duty for-bids, affection forbids — Eros adieu.

Here abruptly terminates the narrative. Some years after the writer died the manuscript came as already told into the possession of him who arranged and ab- breviated it. A wonderful narrative of something like fifty years of secret life.

In eliminating manuscript from time to time, in order to abbreviate, much was destroyed, but some episodes were laid aside for further selection, and some with the view of grouping them in chapters. A few of those disjecta membra are added here but are not chronologically arranged, that being now impossible. They evidently occurred however within the last twenty years of the history.

One Saturday afternoon taking a walk to a village a mile or two from where I was staying, I entered the church to look at it. As I did so the sexton was leaving and locking the door. — “I must go Sir, and must lock it, we never leave the church door open without some one in it, in case dogs or tramps come in, and there's only the gal there cleaning the robing room. We parleyed awhile and I tipped him. “If you like I'll leave the key inside, but you must lock the door, and I'll be back in half an hour.” I agreed, locked it and strolled about, looking at the brasses and monuments which were famous, and not thinking at all about the woman cleaning the robing room.

Without thought of womankind and in the day-time often, voluptuous thrills go thro my pego, admonishing me that it was made for something besides piddling. Having done so it is usually quiet, but sometimes repeats it and gently swells. — Then my thoughts wander towards woman's sexual charm, and up rises pego, filling me with desire to lodge it between a pair of soft white female thighs, in the warm, red, lubricious channel always fit to receive it. — Nature has thus arranged the feminine organ that it needs no preparation, and is never nicer to the prick than when it has been some hours unwashed — fresh washed, astringent quims never pleased me. Servants' quims taken on the sudden are always lubricious and delicious with natural juices.

Looking at a noticable monument a thrill passed to me another and soon another — my pego swelled and such voluptuous sensations pervaded me, that I sat down thinking of cunt, and thro my brain erotic reminiscences and idealities flashed. — My prick grew rigid, I felt it, then took it out and looked at it, almost frigged it, just as I used when a young man. I was so fit for the joyous intercourse with a woman, that I thought no more of monuments. — Suddenly I heard a scrubbing or brushing, and recollected that a woman was cleaning the parson's robing room.

When in that randy state, to be near almost any woman is pleasurable. With all their faults, and spite of the troubles they bring to men, they are the joy of a true man's life. I put back into my trowsers my prick which I had taken out to look at during my voluptuous meditations, approached the room, pushed the already half opened door, and saw a strapping wench on her knees brushing the carpet. Her large arms were naked to above the elbows, her big bum stuck out towards me, and from beneath her ample petticoats one leg was visible half way up to her knee, and was cased in a nice white stocking. My cock throbbed, desire to fuck her filled me, and I made a slight noise. “You've come back very quick, yer ain't been there,” and turning her head. — “Oh! I beg your pardon Sir, I thought you was him, how did you get in?” She seemed astonished.

She got up saying that, and a strongly built, bold, handsome faced wench of about twenty she was. I told her how I had got in. — “Mother allus does the cleaning but she's ill, so I've come,” said she gratuitously, for I'd not asked her — and as if ashamed of being caught at the work. — “You're a good daughter and a handsome one,” said I smiling. — “The rector will give you a kiss for doing it.” I was glad to say anything. — “Not he,” said she boldly and laughing, for my remark had put her at her ease. Then we stood and looked at each other. — “You're very handsome, are you married?” — She shook her head. — “Show me the monument of * * * *” — naming a country

magnate — “and I'll give you a shilling.” — “Thankee Sir.” She moved off, I following her with prick like a ramrod. — She pointed out the monument to me, but I was thinking only of her cunt all the while.

It was against the wall at the end of a long, large, old fashioned pew with high enclosures, which we both entered. I looked at it for a minute reflecting what next to do, she standing by me. Then I gave her a shilling and snatched a kiss. — “Oh don't, he may come in.” — “I've locked the door.” — Another kiss and I pulled her down not unwilling on the seat besides me. — “I'll give you half a crown to feel the garter on that jolly leg,” saying which I made a snatch at her clothes, and got my hand well up on to her thigh just above the garter. She struggled, gave one or two loud squeals. — “Oh don't — now you shan't — oh — if any one comes — oh now don't. Ohoo, leave me alone Sir.” She began to laugh midst her struggles. — “No one can come in, the door's locked.” — “Yes, Sir, the Rector can come through the churchyard, and the robing room door's open. — “Oh! Don't now.” My passion was a little checked by that and I desisted. “Here's the half crown as I've felt it, give me another kiss.” — She took the half crown and submitted to the embrace, I held her close to me and jogged my belly up against hers. — “I'll give you a sovereign to let me do that.” — “Oh — go away — let me go,” — pushing me. I let her go fearing the Rector might surprize us. “Let me see the robing room.” “It's there,” said she going ahead and pointing. — “Now — don't, Sir.” — I tried to pull her clothes up from behind, succeeded as high as her garters, and saw the handsome calves in white stockings, which made my cock more restive than ever. — “Now, I won't show you Sir if yer does that again,” and she twirled round, I held on to her petticoats which tightened round her legs as she sat down heavily on a free seat by the pew door. Then she laughed as if she could not help it. Again I gave a kiss and a promise, and off we went to the room which was near the altar. I felt sure she liked my smutty games, and at the door stopped. — “My dear tell me something?” — “What Sir?” — “Is there much hair on it?” — “Oh! Go along,” said she, actually coloring up — but she laughed.

In the room I saw a door leading out by a flight of steps into the churchyard, and a path leading I sup-posed to the rectory. The Rector usually entered the church that way she said. I locked the door, she smiled as if she guessed my game. — “Give me another kiss, you are so beautiful.” Indeed I thought so, for I was under the fascination of cunt. — “No.” But I took it. - “Let us?” — “Let us what?” said she looking full in my eyes. — Instinct — never failing me, told that she was in concupiscent state. — “Let's do it” — I didn't dare to say point blank the magic words. — “Do what?” with a voluptuous twinkle in her eyes, and anxious to hear the baudy words of invitation. How her

cunt was tingling, for women as men like smutty talk and baudy words — what sane human creature is there but feels pleasure in hearing the exciting triad. — Prick, cunt, fuck, that duality in unity by which in the delirium of physical and mental pleasure, the race is perpetuated. “Do what?” — “You know, and you won't tell your sweetheart.” — “I don't know and I haven't got one.” She turned away smiling, took up a broom, and somehow I was afraid for the moment to press matters further, tho sure she was ready. How ex-plain these eccentricities of mine? — I never could.

“Nonsense,” said I, laying hold of her arm and praising its plumpness. — “I'm mad for you.” — She let me feel and rub it gently up and down. — “I dunno how he came to let you in,” said she standing quite still and staring. — I saw she was waiting for my advances and tried to get my hand up her clothes. — She resisted, struggled, squealed, but my fingers got well between her thighs, and then she escaped. — I pursued her round the room, caught and kissed her, jogged my belly against hers. — “Let us.” — “What?” — “Fuck — look,” said I pulling out my cunt plugger, never in handsomer or more inviting condition to a woman. — She looked hard at it, and chuckled. — “Oh for shame,” said she still eyeing it — I don't recollect clearly what next passed through my mind, but felt sure she was lewed and had already been fucked, tho now was fear- ful. Again I caught her, pushed her bum against the table, got my fingers on to her cunt. — “Oh — no — pray don't — not here. — I'll meet you tonight.” — cried she excitedly.

“Don't be foolish — we are alone — no one can get in — here are two sovereigns for you,” and I put them on the table — my prick still standing out. “I don't want your money.” — Many have said that to me, tho they mostly took it when they'd been tailed. — “Not here. — No — no — I will tonight — no — oho” — My hand was up her petticoats, she stooped pushing them down but I persisted, gave her a strong push, and she fell on the floor, I with her, for a minute we struggled and I pulled up her clothes. “Oh! If they come back.” — Then in a second my fingers were well within the lips of her moist warm slit, I caught at it as we rolled together.

“You mustn't here,” were her last words, as if she thought there was impiety in the act I contemplated. But the struggle was over, both meant fucking, modesty and fears were conquered as I mounted her, clutched her solid haunches and plunged my prick up her and very soon, too soon, sighing our pleasure we spent. Her cunt was overflowing with my libation and her contribution, whilst silent and coupled we lay on the Turkey carpet of the robing room — a glorious fuck it was.

I lay on her in blissful silence clasping the sides of her smooth

cool buttocks. — “I'm a feared that he'll come back,” murmured she uncunting me. “He can't, the door is locked.” We got up and her petticoats falling hid the charms which I'd never even seen at all. — We talked quietly, and she eyed the sovereigns. — Fucking opens a woman's mouth as well as her cunt. The sexton's duty was not to leave the church, but he often did and locked her mother in on Saturdays, and went away to drink. — He was a toper. The Rector never came there on Saturdays, it was cleaning up day. “He writes his sermons then — I'm told.” — Much more talk was of the same sort mixed with baudy suggestions. — “Then you like fucking, don't you?” — “Oh, not at all,” said she smiling. — “Hush — he's knocking at the entrance.” — “It's nothing, let him wait, say you didn't hear him.”

Looking full in each other's eyes and sitting, touching each other, I knew that the libation must have been wetting her thighs, and the idea of that began to stiffen me. I'd never seen her cunt, for as I pulled up her petticoats I rolled on to her. “Let's look at it, and we'll fuck again.” — “Oh no — he'll be back — tell me the time.” — I looked at my watch and told. — “Oh, he won't be back yet if he's gone for a booze, but I can't — I can't wash here.” — “There is water in the pail.” — “I shan't — I can't — no — I won't.” A long resistance more baudy talk and the incitement of a stiff prick again. “Oh — oh — now, if he comes back.” — A struggle, but I fingered her gluey orifice, and in a few minutes had her laying on her back on the table, fucking her, my hands, holding up her fat thighs, every now and then glancing down at my tool as it worked up and down in her well haired split, and so again we con-summated. — “He'll sure be back soon — oh — do go — what will he think of your being here so long?” — I kissed her and departed through the Rector's door to the churchyard. I gave her a parting kiss. — “Your cunt's wet.” “It's not dry, go along,” said she laughing. Delighted with my afternoon's amusement, I lingered near the church and walked round the churchyard, which was at that point some feet below the level of the Rector's room; no one could have looked at our tricks through the windows. I met the sexton soon after at the entrance porch, he was groggy and talkative. Then he knocked hard at the door with a stick, then rang a bell. I stopped, the woman opened it. How she opened her eyes when she saw me. I winked at her over the sexton's shoulders, and left. — It was the sex-ton's daughter I heard later on. — She also was a Mary she told me. What a lot of Marys I've tailed. — How fine and firm and fuckable are these country wenches, what juicy cunts.

One dark Saturday night in spring at about ten o'clock, when passing along a main metropolitan throughfare, — three women

turned down a short street, ill lighted and with blank walls on each side. At about fifty feet from the main road this street turned at right angles, and for a long distance then went at the backs of houses in the main thoroughfare. On the other side where there was no footway were big warehouses without occupants at night, and against them were empty carts left there till the morrow. There was little or no traffic in the street, for there was [and is] no gain in going that way. This part of the street also was still more dimly lighted than the short branch, strumpets often pissed and fucked there freely. Many a cunt I'd felt there in times gone by. Others at times — not strumpets — wanting a pee wee badly, found in it an out of the way quiet spot to do that splashing business. I saw that the three were not gay women. As I passed, one with a chuckle said, “Just round the corner,” and they went there quickly looking round anxiously to see if they were noticed. — They were respectably dressed like the wives of artizans, and I believed they were so from their manner, and that they'd been having a Saturday night's drop, as artizans' wives at Saturday marketings do; a drop enough to make them frisky, randy, and rollicksome, yet not tight. My balls were full that night — sudden letches depend much on the fullness of that reservoir — and my enduring letch seized me. I followed them, feeling mechanically in my pocket to ascertain if I'd enough to pay for my amusement, if it could be had, and forgetting I'd a pocket full, for I had changed gold purposely that day to get silver. They stopped at a hundred feet or so from the angle, as I approached noticed me, and went further. So did I and close up to them, as in a group they stopped and hesitated. “What do you want, young man?” I wasn't young — said a tall woman whom I guessed to be forty. “To see you all piddle.” — “Ho, ho,” they all burst out together as if astonished, yet amused not shocked. “Well I'm sure — then you won't.” — “I'm going to piddle too.” — “Ho, ho, — he, he,” they burst out again, and then were quiet and went without a word a few feet further. They in fact moved and quietly to a much darker spot. I wonder they didn't cross to the dark wall and empty carts.

One woman then burst out loudly laughing, then the others did — quite a chorus. “We're respectable women, go away now,” said the tall one. — I felt sure they were so tho poor, and hesitated. But I'd felt the cunts of their class before, knew that money tempts, that women like erotic tricks, so persisted. — Many work-men's wives have been free and easy with their cunts before marriage, which weakens their morals; but it's a mistake to suppose “once a whore always a whore.” There are 'many whores married among the lower classes — and indeed in every rank of life — who are chaste enough then, they forget and eschew past habits, and are content with the prick of the

bread winner, yet at times some yearn for a fresh bit of cock, and a baudy trick or two. I've always had the faculty of making women lewed, and felt sure from their hesitation that lust was coming on the three.

"Piddle and let me feel it, and I'll give you half a crown apiece," said I, bidding high for they were not strumpets, and catching hold of one woman's arm I held it. "Well — I'm blowed" — said she staggered but not resisting. — "Get away," said the tall one angrily, "or I'll call a policeman." — "What for, to see you piddle or see him piddle?" — All laughed. "Well! What cheek," said one. — "I've felt dozens of women's cunts here whilst they piddled," said I, bolder now that they'd stood so much. "Get along you blackguard, do it if you want, and get away and let us." — They then turned their backs to me and talked quite close together in a low tone, laughing quietly at intervals, and I supposed they were talking about me, so said, — "Let's all piddle, and we'll all go and have a glass of wine together." — "Not I," — said one. I could then just see in the dim light that one nudged another, and again all quietly laughed, which encouraged me. "Here's someone coming, I wish you'd go, what will they think?" — said the tall one now very angrily. But I stood still. A man and woman slowly approached, they I think had come with fornicating intent, took no notice of us and passed far away. Whether they fucked in the obscurity among the empty carts I know not, for my mind was now in a passionate ferment with my own desires which had intensified with our talk, and what seemed to me a chance of their gratifying me. I longed to feel these three women's cunts for they were not whores, and to see them piddle. The idea of doing so seemed delicious to me, and getting reckless thought I'd try even gold. — None of them evidently were quite young, yet young enough, but they were not strumpets — that seemed the special charm — I didn't reflect, had set my heart on feeling their piddle, was carried away by my letch and went on impetuously to satisfy it. Their not being strumpets gave the charm, as if their cunts were different from those of whores. With a sudden impulse, feeling my pocket full of silver I said. — "I'll give you five shillings each." — "Get away, and don't talk like that — we're going," said the tall one.

They walked still further, I close to them and at the very darkest spot they stopped. — "Here's five shillings," and I chinkled some silver. — "God — what — do you take us for?" — "I can't wait" — said one suddenly, and squatted, the others standing close to her. I heard the splash, stooped, thrust my hand under her petticoats on to her open cunt, and took the stream on my hand. — "Oh don't — he — he — he — you black-guard. He — he — push him away I ane," — she laughed and bullied at the same time. "Mrs. * * * * *, oh!" said in indignant tones the other two simultaneously as if astounded, then

burst out laughing. The lady pissed long and heavily, but a woman doesn't take long to empty her bladder. She didn't push away my hand from her cunt till she rose up then. — “He — he — he — you blackguard, I hope you're pleased.” “There's the money.” — She hesitated, took it, saying again as if amused, — “You blackguard — he — he — he,” — and put it into her pocket. The other two now laughed, saying. — “Well — well — oho — oho — there he — he — he.” — Again a man and woman passed, and they stopped laughing.

The others were again laughing after silence for a moment, they saw the silver had been taken. — “Where is your five shillings?” — said the tall one. — I gave it — “I ain't agoing to do it — there,” — and as if she'd cheated me she laughed. — “All right I'll wait till you do.” — “Did yer hever know such cheek?” said she with emphasis. — “Well then” — and suddenly down she squatted. Quickly again I stooped, for a second got my hand on a gap which seemed as large as a cow's, with a stream running as if from a pump, when saying, “Don't” she gave me a push and I rolled into the gut-ter, which fortunately was dry. By the time I'd got up her stream had ceased and she was standing up. “Serves him right,” said the others laughing heartily. — All, I felt now sure, were enjoying the baudy game.

“You do it and we'll all be alike,” said the tall one to the other. — “I don't want.” — “Why you said you a were a bursting.” — “Here's the five shillings,” said I. — “Will you go that way afterwards and let us go this if I do?” — jerking her head in the two directions. — “Certainly.” — Down she squatted, pissed over my hand and finished with a fart. — “Oh,” said she rising as if much ashamed. — The other two laughed loudly. — “We'll have another glass,” — “I must get home,” said another. — “I've felt all your cunts,” said I.

“I'll piss now if I am not too stiff, and will give you five shillings if you'll all feel my prick after,” — for I was now wildly lewed and began emptying my bladder. — They looked on. “I will,” said the first one who'd pissed — “but give it us first.” — I gave it, she and the tall one felt it, then the other did, then both felt it again. “Well if ever I had such a lark in my life — well,” said one. — “Oho — hoh,” — for it got stiff in her handling. — “He — he — he,” all laughed together now. “Good night I hope you'll all be well fucked to-night.” — “He — he — he — he — he,” — I heard dying away in the distance as they went off.

Before I got to the corner going slowly in the opposite direction, I saw far off a man and a woman cross the road to the dark side where carts were standing. Slackening my pace for a few seconds, when opposite to the spot I saw they were fucking hard. They took no notice of me as I stood watching. Then I went off to the main thoroughfare and waited, guessing that one would return that way. Soon a

gentlemanly dressed man came round the corner very hurriedly, and was out of sight in a minute. Back I turned and met the woman, evidently a demirep. — “Do you want me my dear?” — “I'd like to feel your cunt, it's just been fucked, and I'll give a shilling.” — “All right — oh, wait, here comes a policeman.” — We talked till he'd passed, and then among the carts I felt her for a shilling. — I've felt scores at that price, but had just paid five shillings a feel.

Afterwards going along * * * * St. filled with desire, burning with lust, thinking of what a lot I had done in twenty minutes — I saw a nice looking girl and went home with and fucked her.

[There are now double the number of lamps in the street where this piddling took place, empty carts no longer stand there, fucking and piddling is no longer so easy to accomplish without hindrance. I went recently to see, for I like revisiting the scenes of my amours.]

[This is not the only time I've felt in the streets the cunts of women not harlots. On similar occasions — tho not in that street — twice I'm sure I've felt two women when together. — In one case one of the women was much younger than the other, in both cases they were respectable, and I think married women of the humbler class. One consented first and then induced the other. Women can be made lewed by suggestion. That the money, drink, and opportunity, did it in all cases, all were a little lewed. I think the narrative of these incidents has been retained but am not sure.]

Then occurred (and soon after the Franco-German war) one of the most singular of my experiences. I was at a great German city stopping there for the night only, took a walk in the evening and thought I should like to see the bagnios there, never having yet done so. Not being able to ascertain their whereabouts, I hired a fiacre and told the coachman to drive me to the best one.

I saw five women, — there were ten in the house, and five were then ministering to male pleasures and their own profit. A tall, nut brown haired woman, with soft dark eyes and clear complexion, clad in a handsome, loose, yellow silk dress, attracted me, and soon I sat watching her take off her very nice linen. — Then she was lying on the bedside with chemise up to her breasts, and to my surprise and delight I found her secret charms were quite hairless. — For the moment I seemed under some delusion, but there was no mistake. Her motte had the slightest sprinkling of nearly invisible light brown down, which might have covered a shilling, but it did not hide her beautifully white flesh there, and as the down approached the sacred orifice for the male, it ceased altogether, and the split from one end to the other was absolutely hairless. The puffy surrounding off the indent — scarcely to be called lips — was soft, elastic, white, and smooth as ivory, with a delicate coral tinted line just peeping, which was hidden

lower down by the closing of the plump white buttocks on either side.

I turned her round, kneeling her with her handsome but not big buttocks towards me, and the hairless red division was an exquisite sight. There was not a posture in which I could place her to see her cunt that I didn't then pose her in, made her open the lips with her fingers, kneel with thighs wide apart without her fin-gers, so as to get the contrast between the white and coral, and the effect every way was ravishing, I should have liked a photograph of it. The feel of the surface of her quim was so soft, so elastic, so voluptuous, that I actually laughed with sensuous delight, and at once knelt to gamahuche her, with my prick nodding with stiffness and lust. Yet till I'd seen her charms I'd had no desire, being very fatigued, in a hurry, and merely having gone to the bagnio to see what sort of place it was, and what sort of women were there. I licked her modest little clitoris till she writhed and refused to let me continue. Then getting up and placing my pego between the white lipped opening, drove it up to the deepest depths of her cunt. When there, the pleasure of the lodging was so great, that it brought my pleasure to an end too soon. I was holding one thigh up, looking down at my pego's movements, and feeling the soft white flesh in which it was embedded, admiring and delighted, when with a throb up came my sperm. And I'd gamahuched her to some purpose, for she spent directly my libation touched her cunt.

She was two and twenty she said and looked about that. She never had had any more hair than now. The first came when she was about eighteen, before that she was hairless absolutely. I looked and felt carefully, to see if she was shaven, or whether the pudendal baldness was artificial and the result of using chemicals, but it was quite natural. She laughed when I told my doubts. — “Look, look, its nature,” said she.

I was obliged to depart next day, but willingly would have stayed to fuck that abnormal cunt again. I have seen artificial smoothness on cunts in the East, but never such a naturally hairless one in a full grown woman. It must be rare, for I have seen perhaps fifteen hundred, and think I've only seen one full grown woman's cunt at all resembling it, tho at this moment can't recollect when or where.

[This manuscript was set aside with the intention of putting it with others into a chapter upon cunts. It got mislaid till sorting for final burning of manuscript.]

Chapter VIII

The potentiality of gold in seducing women. • Sudden letches quickly gratified. • A small cunted ballet girl. • Sweet sixteen. • Jenny the coster girl. • On the high road to harlotry.

[The following also was laid aside for a chapter on cunts, and it and the episode with the ballet girl are put together as illustrations of the potentiality of gold in getting women in the lower ranks of life — perhaps in all ranks if the bid be high enough.]

At a spectacular piece I twice noticed a shortish but sweet looking ballet girl with exquisite legs — on the second occasion I waited at the stage door to see her come out. So different do women look in walking dress to what they do when on the stage, that it is difficult to recognize them, but looking sharply, I discovered her leaving with a group of others. It was a coldish night in the beginning of March.

At first I hesitated to follow her, for her air of quiet respectability deterred me somewhat, and I could not well accost her when surrounded by others. But my cock swelled with desire, and under its stimulating influence and with erotic hopes and visions I followed her — as I've done scores of women — till first one, then another of the group went off, and quickly she was left with two others only, who walked with her thro an obscure and nearly deserted street till they entered a public house. — After reflecting a minute I entered also, and found them sitting in a private bar — no other person there — eating sandwiches and drinking ale — I ordered a glass of wine and stood looking at them, they looked at but took no notice of me. I saw that in bon-net she was as handsome as on the stage, and my pego now nearly lifted me off the ground with stiffness as I thought of her legs and breasts. — Reckless now under its influence, I asked them all to have port wine. Two accepted but she refused — I ordered a bottle.

Now I asked why they were out so late, not alluding to the theatre, neither did they in their answer. — I got amorously suggestive, the two laughed — for directly fucking enters the mind women are pleased — but didn't reply till I asked them all to come home and sleep in my bed, tho I had neither house nor bed where I could go. Was it large enough? asked one. — What would I do? then asked the other. — “Whatever you like, what shall it be?” — More laughing then. — “One at a time's enough isn't it?” said my fancy. — “It would be with you.” — “We must go,” said she. All prepared quickly to go, and then only she took a glass of wine and immediately departed, so hurriedly — as if scared — that I didn't wait for change

in payment for the wine for fear of losing sight of them. I heard them laugh as they got outside and suppose it was about me, then hoping I should at some time catch her alone, I followed quickly.

When outside I saw her ahead and alone, the others had gone off. In a minute I was by her side, telling her I had seen her in the ballet, admired her lovely form, and asking her to let me go home with her. She stopped, refused, professed surprise at my asking. I grew bolder. — “Nonsense my darling, I'll give you a sovereign.” — “I won't — I must get home, it's so late — besides I can't.” — Then ready to empty my purse to have her, — “I'll put you into a cab and give you three sovereigns.” — Then she stopped, looked at me, then looked back to see if any one was noticing her. A little further persuasion and then, “I can't stop more than ten minutes then.” — I acceded to every condition. driven to a free coffee shop, a shabby one which I knew of, and were soon in a bedroom. She pulled down her veil to hide her face as she approached the house. If I want a woman not regularly on the town, it's best to bid and at once very high for her favours, I ought to have bid three at first, for I know that tho ballet girls will fuck for love, they rate their cunts high if they are to be paid for them.

I'd been eulogizing the beauty of her form when she consented to come, and she'd said “I'll shew you that but no more, mind.” A funny reservation which I thought a joke, or perhaps that she had her monthlies on. But I wanted to see her nude so agreed, and would have done anything to get into a bedroom, knowing that a woman who has tasted the pleasure of a pego — and I was sure she had — would never resist one stiff standing in front of her to her hand. A stiff red capped prick has a fascination, and a knowing cunt heats, tingles and sweats its lubrication at the sight of one. — After taking her bonnet off she sat on the bedside, I began lifting her clothes and when they were up to her garters she stopped me. “That's all.” — “Nonsense, I must see your thighs.” She lifted them very slowly, stopping short of her motte, and she'd drawers on. — “There then.” — I pushed my hand between them on to the notch. She closed her thighs tightly. — “No more.” — “Well take your drawers off, I can't see as much as I did in the ballet.”

As she resisted whilst yet she laughed, and as I hate being played with so by a woman, I lost my temper. — “Don't be a fool, I'll fuck you or I won't pay you.” — “I wouldn't have come then.” — “Look,” said I, pulling out my prick, stiff as a maypole. She did look at it and long whilst saying. — “No — no.” — But it excited her and a minute after she was feeling it and I her pretty quim. — Soon after she was in chemise at the bedside, thighs apart, and the lovely notch exposed and I examining it with lustful delight. “I'm very small made, am I not?” said she in an apologetic tone, as if she wished to warn me.

It was perhaps the smallest cunt I ever felt in a woman. The notch approached the usual size, but the love avenue was quite tight to my finger, and I thought my pego could never get up it. But strangely enough, that very idea seemed to stiffen it to an unbendable state, it was cast iron as the gland touched the small orifice, and it glided right up without stopping, till I touched the end of the tube and hit hard. — She sighed but nothing more. I felt her genital lubricating juices soon issuing and softening round my tip, but as her pleasure came on, the tightening of her avenue almost hurt me [it was when my prick was more sensitive as I have already often described, and I preferred an easy cunt]. As she spent, I felt as if the gland was being nipped by a hand. The tightness was sensible to my prick as it dwindled voluptuously, and its compression was then exquisite to it, as I stood holding up her thighs. Then, when with a parting nip at my prick tip as it quitted her, and when afterwards, my finger searched the mucilaginous soft interior, it still was tight to it. I never felt such a tight cunt before. Not one of the many young hairless cunted ones had such a tight cock pit, and I gloried in having fucked this clipper.

She was as many of her class are, vain as a peacock, I'd found that out before. I praised her cunt, said it was delicious, my eulogies delighted her so, that instead of ten minutes she stopped nearly an hour, stripped all but stockings, to let me see her exquisite form, and I fucked again her lubricious unwashed channel. I wouldn't let her wash it, and indeed think she never could have got the sperm out if she had. I took a curious fancy to her on account of her quim and she — as I have found all very tight cunted ones — seemed happy in talking about it. I asked her to meet me again. She said she couldn't and told me much, but whether true or not I cannot say. — “You'll never see me again.” She'd left the theatre that night for good, had done with the stage, should leave London next day. — “No, I'm not going to be gay, I never have been gay. A gentleman makes me an allowance, he did it to me first. Yes and he put me on the stage, he pays for my dancing there, they don't pay me.” Three or four men besides him and myself she admitted, not more, had had her. “All have said I was very small made.” — These in answers to my questions. Then she admitted that she wanted fucking just when I spoke to her in the public house, her friend was out of town but would meet her on the morrow.

One or two girls had felt her cunt and she theirs, to judge if hers really was small. “It will be a bad look out if I get in the family way, and I hope you haven't done it.”

It's always amusing to hear what a woman says of herself, so retain this narrative, but principally because of her tight cunt. I have had others tightish but never such a tight one in a grown woman. — She said she was nineteen and looked that age, the hair of her head,

cunt, and armpits was dark.

I went twice to the theatre afterwards, but never saw her there again nor elsewhere. She said she was going to be married.

About six one warm evening in autumn I was near a market at * * *. The great traffic of the day was over as I sauntered out of curiosity thro a street I'd never seen before, one of much trade, but where every shop was closed for the night, and but few pedestrians in it. — Near a public house stood two porters talking. At the corner of a narrow street, three common girls were lolling against the wall, talking and larking with a couple of lads looking scarcely sixteen years old, the girls seeming of about the same age.

Sturdy, thick built wenches, looking like market or coster girls (they were) and clad in good tho coarse work-soiled clothing and with short petticoats and boots suitable for their work and class. They had dirty hands and looked sweaty, dusty, and work worn. Two had hats, the other none, she was a superbly handsome creature with very light colored hair of bright hue, which evidently crimped naturally, a florid face, retroussй nose, and big mouth with white teeth, she'd light blue eyes, a fine bust and large hips, and the very picture of coarse health she looked. As I took her points in at a glance and thought her beautiful, then I also thought of her secret charms, wondered if she'd been fucked, and thought how well she'd look if washed and well dressed, those accessories of beauty.

I stood looking up now and then seemingly at the houses to hide my object, which was to see her and the group, and to watch their horse play. The lads were chaffing the girls, one snatched a kiss and got a slap on his head, tho the wench was evidently pleased. — The other lad suddenly made a dig at the fair haired one's clothes outside her grummit, making some re-mark which I couldn't hear, but at which all laughed. He ran off up the short narrow street, pursued by the girl who seemed really angry, and in a second they had turned a corner and were out of sight. The girls with hats and the lad remaining looked round the corner laughing, and resumed their position against the wall. The lad loudly said. “Tom wants it bad don't he Loo?” — “I dunno, ask him,” said the girl. He on that put his hand round her and snatched another kiss, disarranging her bonnet in doing so, got another hard slap and a push, and “I'll kick your bloody arse if yer does that again.” All this occurred almost simultaneously, and far quicker than this account of it is written. The street was quite quiet, and every word easily heard.

The group took no notice of me, neither did the very few passers by. The sight gave me a spasmodic, voluptuous throb in my pego, for I was very fit that evening, and with sexual instinct — I suppose — slowly I walked up the narrow street, as any other pedestrian might,

and turning the corner saw the couple struggling together, he snatching at her petticoats as before, she hitting him. “Let's feel it, Jenny.” “Get away you blackguard.” — “I've felt it.” “You ain't, yer liar,” came clearly to my ears as I turned the corner. — My appearance immediately stopped the fun, and with a parting slap from her the lad ran off, leaving her alone with me, no other person was in the passage — A foot-way only — indeed excepting at market hours few passed that way.

Quickly as thought and to begin a conversation with her, — almost anything does for that, — I asked her the way to a place and she began to tell me. — “Shew me the way, you are so lovely and I'll pay you.” — The opportunity had come so suddenly that I'd not time to think about a course of action. Civilly she began to ex-plain the road, then thanking her I said, “How lovely you are, I've been watching you and longing to be him.” — “What? — and she laughed. “Yes — come with me and I'll give you two sovereigns.”

“Whart?” — said she again standing amazed with staring eyes. — Just then some one approached. “Is it that way?” said I as a blind. — Amazed as she had seemed by my offer, she took the hint, and began explaining the way, pointing to it. — In a few seconds the pedestrian had vanished and again I said “I'll give you two sovereigns to come with me.” Again she repeated, “Whart?”

Then reflecting she added, — “Ain't you just a cheeky one.” — “I will by God, and more, you are so lovely.” — She laughed, then in a strangely confused and half ashamed manner, looked at me hard and shook her head. — “Do.” — “No thankee Sir I can't.” — “Do, I'll be back here to meet you in a quarter of an hour and I'll give you two bright sovereigns.” — 'No.” Again she shook her head, again I pressed and repeated my offer. At length — “I'm so dirty.” — “Never mind, you're lovely, and it will be dark.” — Twilight was al-ready coming on. “Mind two sovereigns?” “What for? And I've got no bonnet.” “Never mind, in a quarter of an hour be here, will you? We'll go in a cab.” — “Yer ain't alying?”

Another pedestrian passed whilst these few words were being exchanged, and as she — a woman now — appeared, I pointed again as if seeking direction, and the girl did the same. None are so cunning as those in lust, and I think she was a little so now.

Just then the lad reappeared at the corner and I began pointing as before as a blind. She saw the lad might suspect, and not wishing to be caught by him talking to a gentleman, bawled out, “The gent wants to know the way to * * * *.” He approached and told me — pointing in another direction. — “Show me and I'll give you twopence.” He went ahead. “In twenty minutes here,” — said I in a low voice, and followed the lad cursing him in my heart for interrupting us, and

wondering if the two sovereigns would bring back the wench to the meeting place. I saw that the offer of two sovereigns had quite staggered her, she who perhaps had never been paid five shillings for her pleasures — if paid at all — for she evidently was no strum-pet. But all women are paid for their favours either in meal or malt.

As soon as I was well away from the place I gave the lad threepence, and off he went. A few minutes after, I got into a four wheeled cab, and setting myself well back told the driver, to go at walking pace along the street where the group had been standing. There stood the same lot seemingly about to separate as the cab passed them, they didn't see me. In three or four minutes I went back again at a trot. The lads were gone, the girls going in another direction. I was delighted. I've many times been helped in my amours by cabmen, and through the window said, “Follow those girls — don't lose sight of them, I don't want to be seen.” “All right, Sir.” — At the end of the street where it joins a large thoroughfare, he drove past but never lost sight of them, and stopped as they did.

I could then see the three girls standing together and talking for ten minutes. Then to my delight two went off leaving my wench alone, who retraced her steps very slowly, stopping from time to time and looking back, then turned towards the place of rendezvous at the corner of the narrow street. She stopped there for a second as if considering, wiped her face with a dirty handkerchief, arranged her hair with her hand, then quickly went up it and round the corner — I got out of the cab, paid him, told him to wait and went after her. It was now quite dusk. There she stood and when I'd joined her, said she was afraid to come, she thought she'd tell me to prevent my waiting uselessly. After a few words of persuasion and the two sovereigns offered again, she was in the cab with me and off we drove.

After we had been in the cab a minute I kissed her, she returned it saying, “You're a cheeky one.” Soon after, — “If you'll stop here two or three minutes I'll get me a bonnet. — Where are you ataking me? I really can't stop out late. — What are you agoin to do?” — “Never mind your bonnet — I want to feel your little cunt and you to feel my prick.” — “Oho — no you shan't — you have bloomin' cheek. — I'm sorry I've comed.” — “Don't be a fool, you'll have two sovereigns.” — She chuckled and on went the cab. — “I'm hungry. — It's near my time to grub, and they'll won-der where I am.” — “I'll get you something,” and at a public, getting out but keeping her in the cab, I took her ginger beer and gin in it and two big buns. — On we drove, and then, but with much resistance, and drop-ping her bun in preventing me, I got my fingers well on a moist cunt. — After a further struggle my finger remained there which seemed to quiet her much, but she seemed offended and remarked. “I ain't that as yer

thinks, I works for my living and pretty hard too." — "You've been fucked and you live with a man." — "No I don't, I lives with the old people." — she didn't deny the fucking. By the time we reached the house I was hugging her closely and had felt her lubricious orifice both inside and out, as far as the position enabled me, and satisfied myself she wasn't virgin. She got again silent, seemingly thinking whilst enjoying the play of my digits on her quim. Such are lovely moments for any couple, and it was I'm sure for her, tho she seemed frightened at what she was doing.

The mistress who knew me was astounded to see a common wench without a bonnet, and in a whisper hoped all was right. She feared consequences, suspecting I'd brought a chance virgin and had made her screwed. In the bedroom the girl curious — as all such as — looked everywhere. — "It's a baudy shop, ain't it?" — "Yes, take off your things." — "No." She resisted that earnestly as a half modest girl would, but longing to see her notch, I pushed her on the bed and then her clothes up. "Oh now, I won't." A more dingy sight of petticoats and chemise I don't recollect, but her fat backside, plump thighs, and smooth belly were white and clean, and the prettiest little notch lay between them. Crisp, curly, short hair surrounded a delicate coral stripe, not much was on the motte, and it looked most enticing, was the charming cunt of sixteen. She was a little over sixteen. A cunt is in its highest beauty at about that age, I now think, tho in my youth I loved them larger and very hairy.

I produced my pego which she quietly admired long — and I felt sure from her looks she hadn't seen many — in delicious silence. Soon after she handled it whilst my finger titillated her. — "Do you want it?" — No, said she wriggling. "Let me fuck you." — "No," said she squirming about — then quickly after. — "Oh! — Don't — aha — shove it in," — murmured she very vulgarly. In a second we were fucking at the bedside, she was full and randy, and soon we spent in unison. She was young, artless, hot blooded, sighed much, and gave way freely to her pleasure. — My prick lingered in her long whilst I looked down at her white belly and thighs, and anon at her dirty linen. But the lovely con-junction ceased, the evidences of our pleasure rolled out, and I pushed up her thighs, holding them apart to admire the pearly issue. Then she washed her cunt giving a mere outside sluice, and spite of her struggles, I washed her cunt outside again myself and much to her astonishment. — Had she been a strumpet she'd have washed it up enough. Her washing in fact showed she was not habitually gay, and her pleasure in seeing my pego, and a shyness of manner, made me sure she was no harlot. "Has no one washed your cunt but yourself?" "Lord no — what do you think — what did you want to do it for?" — "For pleasure." — "Ho — ho — I

must go." — "You shan't yet, get naked and so will I." — "Oho, no — there then, I won't do that." — "Have you never been naked to a man?" — "Never, but only to my own chap." — He'd first had her when sixteen, she said. He had a cart, was getting on, but drank much.

I insisted, she stripped, I did the same, and in nudity, stockings excepted, we played with each other's sexual organs. Persuading her was delicious, for she was modest and no sham, and she was evidently voluptuously delighted as in silence she pulled my prepuce up and down, and handled my balls as if she'd never seen a full grown ballocks before. Not a bit was it like the experienced manipulation of a harlot. I questioned her, and she answered straight, I felt sure, tho no doubt suppressing many things. — "You've been fucked." — "Why, in course, you knows that." — "How did I?" — "You knows it." — "How many men have fucked you?" — "Only one." — "That's a fib." — "It's true, so help me God. — You's the only other chap. — Why I ain't had it two months, and lives at home at * * * *. I ran away once with him, the night I was done — but they got me back. — So help me God it's true. — Yes I lets him when he gets the chance, but they says he's taking on with another gal. — I'll serve her out if I gets hold on her." — Then my prick being stiff and her cunt ready with our handlings again, they joined. — Then our sexual ecstasies over — and didn't she enjoy the fuck? — I had a cab got and put her into it with two sovereigns in her hand. — She'd never in her life had a sovereign before of her own, she said. — Many a girl has had her first bit of gold from me, has found out the ready money-value of her cunt.

"No, it's no good your awritin' me and I reads badly, and praps they'll get hold on it, tho they can't read." But she agreed to meet me again and I wrote down time and place. — "I'll put on a bonnet next time, but I can't put on my best things, they'll want to know why and I'd like to come earlier." So it all came about, I met her that day week and she was cleaner, had better boots and white stockings. She was a fine model from head to foot, such solidity of flesh, so satiny, and tho she said she never took a bath in her life, she was as sweet as a nut. I fucked, then gamahuched her, giving her her first pleasure that way. "No," no tongue had touched her clitoris before, she said. Then I fucked her again and she went off with two sovereigns again, all I'd promised. She earned at work sometimes eighteen pence a day, sometimes not that sum. When with her father he gave her nothing of her earnings. "But he keeps me."

She told me much more about herself, but evidently not all, how she sometimes went out with a barrow, and after work was done into the streets to talk with her friends. Her "young man" had said, "that if he caught me with another chap he'd smash both our bloody noses, and now he's after another gal." — "What if he knew I'd fucked you?"

— “Dunn — but he can't know. — Shiners ain't got at barrows are they?” — She said that the two shiners promised had made her come with me. — “You'd make plenty if you liked.” — She knew what I meant — looked long at me and shook her head. — “I ain't agoin' at that game — no thankee — not if I knows it. He'll marry me I think now if father let his — if he won't I'll run away agin. — Yes, I'll come here with you agin if you like, but I can't have a letter if you knowed where I lives even.”

A splendid strapping, healthy creature she was, many rich would give anything for such an offspring. — A bit fit for a Prince's prick, and what a lovely cunt! Yet a coster spent in it first, and will yet take his pleasure in it.

I had her once more. She quickly got at my tool and played with it as if lewed to her bum hole. — It was deliciously exciting to see her at my prick. — She grinned and admitted her young man had had her in the interval. — “No, only once — shan't tell you where. — Give me? — nothing he didn't — he never gived me nothing — never he didn't, but he says he'll marry me” — her very words. — My letch was over, her coarseness annoyed me, and I saw her no more.

[Will she marry? her sexual enjoyment was immense, her delight in handling my pego and even in showing me her naked beauties at our third meeting was delicious. Lasciviousness had set in, the delight of the secret meetings with a gentleman gave her un-disguised pleasure and she'd have let me fuck her to any extent. When I told her I could name no time to meet her again, but would some day be at the market where she talked with friends when the day's work was done, her countenance fell, and she became dull. — Did the sovereigns make her turn harlot? Or fucking and sovereigns together — or did she become a virtuous coster's wife? — And she also was fucked when sixteen, all her class are, they will be fucked. — Ladies must only frig themselves till they are married, — until five and twenty often. What a loss of pleasure!]

Chapter IX

Foggy nights' street-amusements. • Cunts hairy and hairless felt. • Amusements in the house afterwards. • Little Di thirteen with sister Sarah twenty. • Flat fucking, alias "fucking Nanny." • Homage to little Di's sexual orifice. • A buxom landlady. • My friend's lodgings. • Cunt struck and cock struck. • Conversational incitements. • Opportunity on the drawing room floor. Dogs fucking. • We fucking. • Enceinte. • A travelling procuress. • The milliner's shop. • Her work women. • On the first floor front with Sophy. • Price and place arranged. • A preliminary grope. • Differences with the mil-liner. • Fifty pounds for a virgin. • An assignation not kept.

In the autumn I was at a health resort. Stopping there was an elderly friend, who for quietness had lodgings almost in the suburbs. He'd been a long time there, said the house was exceedingly comfortable, and belonged to a widow who had a little girl. She said she was not a lodging house keeper, tho for a few months in the season she let the ground floor, getting a little extra money which was useful for the education of her girl. It seemed to my friend that there was truth in what she said, as for the first floor — which she didn't use much — she asked such a price, that no one would take it. He had told her so. She'd replied that it didn't matter, for she could do very well without it. The house was her own, was newly and well furnished, she had every appearance of having means, and she'd been there two years. There was something nevertheless mysterious about her. His age and habits rendered him above suspicion of amatory affairs.

She opened the door to me when I called one day. My friend was out, I waited for him, and to my sur-prise, I found her a woman of not perhaps more than seven and thirty, stoutish, well grown, with bright dark eyes and handsome face. I got into conversation with her, which at first she seemed disinclined to.

We chatted about my friend. — "Yes, a nice quiet man," she said, if he were not she shouldn't keep him. It was said in an independent sort of way. Then, that really she needn't let the rooms, but the extra money was useful to better educate her girl. We chatted on, bit by bit I elicited that her husband had been dead four years. Her buxom fresh look stirred my lust, I had thought of her hidden charms, and with those delicate but warm suggestions, which come naturally, when voluptuous feelings run thro me, I asked why she didn't marry again, how she must miss a bedfollow, did she cuddle the pillow and so on,

all tending to raise thoughts of and make her want fucking. She laughed, colored up, looked at me softly and asked questions about myself. I answered in words to imply that I was fond of women, and knew what sexual trouble a fine woman like her must have, who'd been by death deprived of her bed-fellow.

In such chance meetings when desire springs up, much depends upon the sexual state in which the man and woman may be. If both are at the moment hot, if the body is ready with its amorous fluids, each suggestive question and answer adds to the heat of cunt and ballocks. Both of us were, I think, much needing amorous delights that day. Just then my friend came in and stopped a pleasant conversation, she left and we talked about her. He said she was a lady, and further on, — “Ah, women are a mystery in sexual matters, thou-sands I'm convinced do without a male for years when left widows, whilst we wouldn't, couldn't wait a week.” — His profession — from which he'd retired — made him somewhat of an authority on such a subject.

I took a fancy to the landlady, my old friend had taken a fancy to the girl — a sweet one resembling her mother who next time brought her into my friend's room at his request. The girl, who was really beautiful, my friend treated paternally, the landlady with courtesy, keeping her nevertheless well at a distance. I looked next time at her and she at me, and a voluptuous thrill ran thro my pego as I thought of her hidden beauties. She colored up and looked fully in my eyes. I have always thought that lust is communicable between man and woman, by look or by touch, and believed she also had a voluptuous thrill. Did she see in my eyes lust for her, or did she magnetically infuse her lust into me, by her eyes?

Without previous intention, soon after I called at a time when my friend was out. She opened the door and remarked that her servant had gone out with her little girl, and she was just then without another servant. I walked into his room to wait, she remarking that I might have to wait long. Lust crept thro me then rap-idly as I eyed her, and with instinct saw chance of possessing her. I began the former conversation, how hard to be left without a bedfellow, did she cuddle the bolster? And so on. She must make the best of it for she was left comfortably off, she replied. But I kept to the loss of a bedfellow, gradually she laughed, her answers got vague, she seemed fidgety. “Take me for a lover.” — “Oh — law — what would your friend say if he heard you?” — Then I chaffed her, and soon after, — “I'll take your first floor.” — “Would you like to see them?” — “Yes.” — We went there, she preceding me. “What a sweet little foot I see you have.” — “Oh, have I?” In the room I chaffed a little more suggestively, for my prick stiffened as I saw the bed. “Oh that bed, I'll take the rooms” — I'd no idea of doing so — “but shall go up and

sleep with you." — "Oh! I then shan't let them to you," — she replied laughing. — "I must have a kiss then." — She made a faint resistance but she was gratified, and I kissed her again and again. — "Meet me this evening." — "Ah, no, impossible." — I caught her round the waist, pulled her belly to mine, wriggled it there, and kissed her. — "Oh don't, my servant may come in." — "I'm dying for you," said I, and much more, my lust growing stronger, my recklessness increasing. "Let me go." — "I won't," and I jogged my belly against hers. — "Now do." — Kiss me then." — "There." — She kissed me and I let her go — her face was scarlet, her eyes humid, and instinct said to me: "She's ready for fucking."

Just then was a noise in the street, boys shouting. "What's that?" said she. Both went to the front, and saw a group of boys round a couple of dogs who were fucking. She turned away at once, her eyes met mine caressingly. "Let us do what the dogs are doing." — "Oh! Sir!" But her eyes were lustful, the sight of copulation had further stirred lust already in her. "Will you go down now?" — "No, let me look at the bedroom again." Next minute by the side of the bed I pulled out my stiff standard. "Dear Mrs. * * *, let me, I'm dying for you." — "Oh don't now, for God's sake — don't" — as I stooped and got my hands on to her thighs. — "Oh! Now don't." — But my fingers were within the lips of a fat cunt, crisp and thick was the hairy ornament around it. I titillated it. — "No — I won't — no, pray don't." — I caught her hand, placed it round my pego, and clasping her to me kissed her rapturously.

She was getting leweder, again I stooped to get my hands up her clothes, she stooped to prevent me — something cracked. "There, I've broken my stay bone." That diverted her for a second, I pushed her bum against the bed, pulled up her clothes, and again sought the notch. — Lust had vanquished her, her thighs separated, and saying, "No — no — no," my prick entered her cunt, and standing with her bum against the bed I fucked her. Clasping her handsome big buttocks our tongues met, rapidly moved up and down my prick, out shot my spunk, and a deluge came from her hot quim as in the raptures of the crisis we spent together, flooding each other's organs with mingled spendings.

Enervated, dissolving with pleasure, half dead with voluptuous delight, we remained joined, our tongues still meeting, till suddenly she pushed me off. "Oh! Let me go, I shall be with child." Out of the room she rushed, my prick flopping down, our spendings had al-most drowned my balls, so copious had it been. In a minute or two she returned. — "Oh, you wicked man, what have you made me do? — I felt I don't know what — I feared you when I first saw you." — "Never mind my dear, it won't be our last pleasure." — "It will, tho," said she

quite seriously. — But I was right. — My friend didn't return for a long time, she sat with me in the quiet way a couple do after fucking, expressing her regrets and fears, saying, “Hush — hush,” to the baudy talk which I indulged in. — Such talk is delicious with a fresh woman who's not a strumpet — and I talked till my prick stiffened, I praised her buttocks, her cunt, her fucking, and all she had, produced my rigid prick again, she felt it under my promise that I'd then leave off and go — promise I'd not the slightest intention of keeping. — In a minute I was frigging that fat and well haired quim again, whilst still she handled my pego. “No dear, on the bed this time.” In a minute cock and cunt were one, and the Divine function of fucking went on. — “Increase and multiply” is the law, the Divine command, and that means fucking, therefore is fucking Divine.

Her cunt she speedily again washed, but my prick and balls retained our amatory oozings, for she'd only time to push the bed into shape, and we to get to my friend's room, before he rang the bell. She opened the door. — “Your friend, Sir, has just come,” said she loudly. — “How d'ye do — I thought I should just catch you,” said I to him. Directly after that the servant re-turned. I'd been there an hour and half altogether, and seduction and two fucks were done in ninety minutes. We were both randy when we met, and hence my luck, it could not have been achieved otherwise, and then the luck help of those dogs sticking rump to rump. Beast tho they were, it stimulated our lust. — Quite in my youth, I recollect my first love Charlotte and I saw two dogs doing it, and almost directly afterwards we fucked.

I called next day, my friend was out, the servant opened the door, the little girl shewed herself on the stairs. — “Are you going for a walk, my little darling?” — “Bye and bye with Mamma, when M*** has had his luncheon.” — “Tell your mamma I'll wait a bit.” — Servant and child disappeared, and soon after in came the lady. — “Let us.” — “No — no more, never — never.” — Much persuasion. — “Let me only feel it.” — She refused but I did. Oh! that feel of a cunt, what effect it has at once on me — my tool was stiff, was shown. — “I can't, I mustn't, I won't — how can we now?” “We can against the wall.” — She was a woman of good height, fucking her upright was not un-easy. — “Promise me then you'll not do it in me.” — I promised, yet left my spunk at the very bottom of her cunt again. We'd fucked against the wall, it's some years since I've done so.

Then for some weeks I had her at intervals. She arranged from time to time to get servant and child out, I knew when my friend would be out, and he never suspected anything. She met me in London, and we spent half days in bed together naked. She owned to the age I'd guessed her. — I'd spent outside her cunt two or three times, but her courses came on, she was not enceinte, and henceforth

fearlessly we fucked. She was a superb tall woman, had a very hairy motte, but her cunt full lipped and grown outside was as tight as a woman's of twenty — her thighs and buttocks were superb, her flesh white, her sexual pleasure great in my embraces. I gave her an address to write to, my real name and address she knew. We met again and her first words were. — “You've got me with child, my courses have stopped, I knew you'd do it, what shall I do?”

This was unfortunate news, but the difficulty was got over. She would never meet me again unless I solemnly promised not to spend in her.

That was a loss of pleasure, for the discharge of sperm in the cunt, when the cunt is at its tightest grip, is the sublimest moment of existence, and withdrawing neither suited her voluptuous tastes nor mine. We ceased meeting, indeed at eighty miles apart it was al-most impossible, and correspondence then dropped. Years after she was still in the same house, and used to ask after me of my old friend, who went there yearly. — One day he wrote me she was going to marry. — She had sworn by all that was holy that she'd never had a man but her husband and myself. If it hadn't been for seeing the dogs fucking perhaps I never should have had her; but who knows? She'd had three children, her belly shown signs, the little girl only was alive. In the opinion of my friend and myself she'd lived with a man who had given her the house and an annuity. — Well off for her class she certainly was, and very well behaved and much of a lady. I'm sure she'd never been harlot.

Foggy weather is propitious to amatory caprices. Harlots tell me that they usually do good business during the state of atmosphere, especially those who are regular nymphs of the pave, and who don't mind exercise in the open air. Timid men then get bold and speak to women when they otherwise would not. That is my own experience also, and recollect going along a main street on one such night, accosting nearly every one in petticoats, and felt six or eight cunts within an hour at a shilling a feel, felt till I hadn't any silver left and perforce left off thus amusing myself.

On a foggy night, a fairly sized female and a young girl whose treble laugh I heard before I saw them, approached. — “My dear, I'll give you a shilling to feel your cunt.” — “All right,” said she, going close to the wall to be as much as possible out of the traffic, tho there was scarcely any one about, it being latish. I fingered the hairy notch and round her thighs and bum which felt solid and asked her age. “Nineteen, why don't you have me? There's a house close by, I think I can find it.” — I declined. — “Feel her cunt, she's no hair on it,” said the doxy. Next minute I had one finger on a soft smooth little split. — All had not occupied five minutes, people passed, took no notice of us,

in fact didn't see us, and hurried along to get home excepting the Paphians, and those who like myself were amusing themselves in verifying the sex of those in petticoats.

"Have you been fucked?" said I to the little one. "Yes," she replied laughing. — The elder repeated her invitation adding, — "We'll both be naked." — "Five shillings?" — "All right, but you'll give her something if she's naked, and if you do her." — "Certainly, five shillings for her." — In a few minutes we were in a knocking shop till then unknown to me, a poor place, price of room three shillings, but there was a bed, good fire and gas light.

They were a poor, shabbily dressed couple, as I guessed they would be from their manners and voices, yet both had cleanish chemises and stockings. — Har-lots generally manage to have those clean however in-different the rest of their toggery may be. — The elder who said she was only nineteen, had a largish cleft, a furrow with an ugly bunch of nymphae at the upper end, but was stout and firm. Examining her belly, — "You've had a child." — "Yes, two." — "Living?" — "One, God bless it." — "I'm sorry for it." — "I ain't." — Then I made the little one strip to her chemise. She was one of the smallest girls I've had, and thin, but fingering her really pretty little hairless slit, stiffened my pizzle, and she played with it knowingly enough. Then I gave them both gin which the elder had asked for, and the little pink slash pleased me more and more. — Not a sign of down even was on it.

I never know what letch will spring up in me when with women. Seeing the elder's poppy topped cunt I thought of "flat fucking" and asked her if she did it. It's strange that she didn't understand the word, or professed not, and when I explained. — "Oh! We call it — fucking Nanny," — a term I never heard before or since, laughing heartily at my question and repeating "Flat fucking, ho — ho — flat fucking, is it? Dinah and I does it to keep ourselves warm sometimes, we sleep together, don't we Di?" — "Yes," chuckled she, — "give me your handkerchief." The little animal had a beastly cold in her head — I didn't believe her and made them show me how they did it. They'd no modesty about it and posed themselves without delay, the little one laid on the elder, open knowingly her little slit, and closed it on the bunch of crimson nymphae, and clitoris of the big one as far as I could see. The little hairless cleft indeed showed unusual signs of development of nymphae, like her sister's — for sister she was. — "Do you both have pleasure?" — "I do when I want it," said she, putting herself on the bedside. I didn't keep them at their game, they separated their quims, and then I frigged the little one as she sat on my knee, till she said she should spend, — her sister looking on and feeling my cock.

“I'll fuck you,” said I to the big one. — “All right, I want it,” said she, putting herself on the besdide. I laid the little one beside her, making her hold her little pouting cunt lips apart, when a desire for her suddenly sprang up, poor, skinny little creature tho she was. — “I'll fuck her, is she all right?” — “Yes, she's all right, fuck me first.” — “No.” — “The gent wants to do me,” — cried the little one sharply. Fear of clap suddenly came over me, and feeling in my pocket I produced ten shillings in silver, telling them at the same time that it was theirs, but not to let me poke if they had their courses on. I always give women that opportunity for excuse. “Give it all me, I keeps her,” — said the elder anxiously and grabbing it. “We're all right, both of us, she ain't been tucked for a week, do me first and her after.” They had both sat up, I pushed them back again, and inserted my swollen pego in the little one. It was a tight fit but her cunt took it all up, and leisurely I fucked her, then stopped, contemplating my prick, moving in and out under that little belly and enclosed by the little puffy lips. — “Oh? Go on — I shall do it — don't — stop,” said the lass who was but thirteen, and began oscillating her buttocks vigorously, driving her cunt up to me, and I felt her avenue stiffening and gripping round my staff. The novelty of the sight and the delight at her randy impatience fetched me directly, out bubbled my sperm, as her little cunt gave out its slippery juices to mix with mine.

Her little cunt loosened as all cunts do after a spend, but the fuck had so pleased me I suppose, that my prick kept stiffish and well up her. She lay with eyes closed in full sensuous enjoyment of our copulation, looked as if she were asleep in the luscious annihilation of her spend, young as she was. I stood contemplating her, her sister lay silently looking on and twiddling her nymphae. At length, “Do you like fucking?” — “Rather,” said the little one, just like any full grown strumpet. — “She's got a hot little arse,” remarked her sister getting o $ the bed, and helping herself to more gin. — Still my prick lingered in the lubricious avenue, tho the delicate, voluptuous shrinking of the tip in the mucilage had begun. “How long have you been fucked?” — “A year, I think.” — “Yes, a year,” — said her sister. — “How much did you get for it?” — “Nothing, wuss luck, a bugaboo of a boy she knowed did it, and she let him like a bloody little fool,” — broke in the elder, rising. I saw that she was getting tight, for I'd sent for a bottle of gin and she was drinking it rapidly. “Don't drink so much, you'll get drunk.” — “It will keep out the cold and it's no good aleaving it.” — “You may take it away with you.” — “Oh thankee — shall we dress? — Won't yer fuck me first?”

Now that my pleasure was over their vulgarity of-fended me. — “No, I can't.” — “You can in a little if you try.” — “Do you want it?” — “Yes, it always make me when I sees Di fucked. I'm quite clean —

do it." — I can't bear to leave a cunt unfucked when at hand, there is a glamour about the red split at all times, but specially when my scrotum's tight and full, and tho I didn't now want it, her desire for it evoked voluptuous ideas. — Piddling and then washing my pego. — "I've no more money." — "Never mind, fuck me." — "It's not stiff. You must suck it then." — "All right," said she, kneeling down and caressing the tip. Just then came a knock at the door and a voice said, — "Shall you be long, Sir?" — "We ain't been long," said the gamahucher angrily. — "I'll pay again," I shouted. — "Don't do that, gie it to me, we ain't been long." — But the brothel keeper had gone away. — "What a pity, she always tries on that game," said the girl, again putting my pego in her mouth. The juvenile who was washing her little cunt, then came and began helping herself to gin. — "You shan't have any more, you'll be drunk," said the eldest girl getting up and preventing her. — They squabbled, but she gave the little one half a glass and then resumed sucking my pego.

The little one laid on the bed again sufficiently near for me to see all, and I put my finger up her fresh washed quim. The elder at length by mouth and tongue roused my prick to stiffness, and saying, — "There," with a smile, threw herself on the bedside with open thighs. But my erection was temporary, the look of her poppy topped quim didn't please me, and it sub-sided. The little one laughed thereat and the elder resumed her gamahuching, whilst again I sat on the chair. But another whim came, and taking the little one's bum on my naked thigh, I again began frigging her. "I'll make you spend, when did you frig yourself last?" — "Yesterday morning, Sir." — "Did you?" — "She just did," said the elder, helping herself to gin again. — "I'll break that bottle if you take any more," and relinquishing the little love crack, I got up and put the bottle on the mantel piece. — She laughed, and saying, "Gin always serves me out quick," squatted on the pot. I stooped and took the cataract on my hand — that stiffened me, she laughed when she saw it. — "Fuck me now," said she, laying hold of my tool.

But I wouldn't, and resumed frigging the little one who took the masturbation in voluptuous silence, till her thighs twitched a little. "Tell me when you're coming." — She made no reply for a while, then — "It's a comin' — now, aha — aha," she sighed, almost in-audibly, and from the tremulous motion of her little bum and thighs, the general quivering, and then quietness of her whole cuntal region, I knew she'd spent, but said as for some reason I usually do when a woman's frigged herself. "You haven't spent." "I'll swear she have," said the elder who'd been watching us.

I pushed her on the bed, put my finger up the little quim and found it more lubricious than it had been five minutes before. My

prick stood like iron at that, and pulling her by her thighs to the beds edge, plunged it hard up her. — “Ohoo! fuck me,” cried the elder in disappointed tone. But the letch for the hairless cunt was on me, I rammed as violently as I could, longing to hit her womb portals — my prick seemed far stiffer than before. — “Ho! you hurts,” cried she. Harder than ever then I thrust, and felt my prick at each push banging hard against the bottom of her womb, I was delighted at hurting her. — “Hoo, — don't,” and she drew her bum a little back, a very little, for I held her like a vice and she was helpless. Bang went my pego still. “Oho — oho,” she cried out, my arsehole tight- ened with the ejaculating pleasure. I spent and was quiet just in time to see her sister finish frigging her-self, which she'd done, excited by the baudy amusements. Then I left much delighted, and many a time my prick stood afterwards when I thought of that foggy evening's adventure, and the skinny, hairless cunted little whore — one of the youngest I've fucked.

In a railway carriage in London on one morning in winter, as we approached * * * *, the passengers got out leaving me alone with a short well-dressed woman looking about thirty-five years. — She had been looking at me almost continuously for a quarter of an hour, which made me look at her — for she was good looking — and directly we were alone she spoke about the weather, and very shortly told me she was a dressmaker. On that a little conversation ensued, when she remarked that it was difficult for the girls to dress and make a living out of their wages, and if good looking they wouldn't; and she smiled significantly. I also smiled, and was inclined to believe that she was making advances on her own behalf, when she asked if I knew **** Street, and replying that I did, she told me the number of her shop, asking me to call and try on her gloves. She sold gentlemen's gloves and cravats — nothing more for gentlemen — for she was a dress-maker.

At once I set her down as a procuress, and questioned her closely. — Yes, she had some pretty girls working for her, she'd have none but pretty ones. “Come and buy a cravat or gloves,” — and I could see them. “What's the good of seeing and longing?” “Oh if you long, I'll see what I can do for you.” — Then I heard that they were all quite respectable, but girls would be flighty, and she shielded them from trouble. At once I saw all this was mere cant, that she got pretty girls to work for her, and if she got a chance, sold the pretty girls, and perhaps this journey in a railway carriage was her mode of introducing her business. — “I suppose you have some one older than you in the business.” — No, she hadn't. — “Have you got the address?” — I looked at the card on which I had written it. — “Yes.” “Will you come?” “Perhaps, and listen,” I put my mouth to her ear for

I felt now on sure ground, “and perhaps I'll fuck you.” “Oh you vulgar fellow, this is my station,” — and quickly she got out, leering at me as she alighted.

The meeting with this procuress is one of the most singular events of my life. Altho I'd had my fun in talking about fucking with her, I'd not the slightest intention of going to her shop to buy gloves, yet the meeting haunted me, I couldn't help thinking about it, and the idea of fucking a handsome girl who, whilst working at dressmaking, yet on the sly got her cunt stretched and lubricated, pleased me. I might go and see her I thought, there could be not much harm in that. — Then that she was a woman capable of laying traps for men occurred to me, and I hesitated. But it ended one after-noon at nearly six oc'clock, in my going there. The shop was in a street which tho a side one, was one of fair traffic, some omnibuses even passed thro it, and the outside looked all right. It was dusk, the gas was lighted, and in a room at the back of the shop I saw thro the window young women at work, the glazed partition between it and the shop was only covered by a transparent gauze curtain, thro which I fancied I could distinguish the woman I'd met in the railway carriage — I entered the shop and she came out to me.

She recognized me at once, sold me a pair of gloves, then said, “Come and look at my young ladies.” — We approached the gauze curtain. “That's a fine girl,” said she of one standing up — A pretty little girl had taken my fancy. — “Ah, I don't know about her, but that other little girl with dark eyes and full breasts, sitting, she'll make an appointment with you. Go out of the shop to the private door, ring, and I'll open it, then you can go upstairs and I'll send her up to you in the front room, but be careful, don't let all the young ladies know that you know.” — “Is there a bed?” “Oh dear no — she'll make an appointment to dine with you, or to go somewhere with you — you can't do any-thing here — and you'll give me a fiver.” My eyes were opened wider still, but thought I'd do as she told me, and soon found myself in the front room in which were many dresses half made laying about. — Miss **** came up with me, cautioned me about all sorts of things, in a way which shewed me at once that the coming girl knew all about it, tho doubtless she'd play the modest.

It was so. — “Oh, excuse me, sir, I want this dress.” “Ah! how pretty you are, I want you.” — She smiled. I wasn't going to play a long game with a knowing one, so said at once I wished she'd give me a kiss. — “Ah — no, leave me alone,” — but she let me. — “I'd like to sleep with you.” “Ah — I sleep at home with my parents.” “Where?” — She named a district. — “Couldn't you meet me?” — Yes she would, and so quickly did I come to the point that her innocent manner fairly broke down. After saying that she would if I'd give her a

new dress, it came to her agreeing to three sovereigns to buy the dress, but I was not to tell Miss *** whom she'd tell I was rude and she'd have nothing to do with me. The transparency of the affair made me laugh, I got her name — a Sophy something — made an appointment — and then said, “Well my dear Sophy, for to-morrow at **** 6 o'clock to a second, but now I'll give you a sovereign to feel your cunt at once.” Not a loose word had I said before. “Oh,” said she haughtily, “you take me for a street walker but I ain't,” and she seemed very much offended. — “No my dear I don't, or I shouldn't propose to dine with you, after dinner I shall feel and see your cunt and fuck it, so let me feel it now.” She burst out into a peal of laughter and it ended in my feeling her cunt, which I did up and down, and in and out, from clitoris to bum hole. She took the sovereign, went off, and soon reappeared Miss * * * *, who asked for her fee, and was told I didn't mean to pay it. — “Suppose the girl doesn't come?” “You may trust me.” “Perhaps, but I don't know you, so shan't, you must think me a fool.” “I thought you a gentle-man,” said she angrily, “the girl shan't come.” “All right, don't let her, I'm not going to be fooled,” and putting on my hat I approached the door. — “Stop a minute I'll come with her then.” “Then you'll wait till I've fucked her.” “You're no gentleman, some of the best in the land come to me.” “All right, come with her and I'll see about paying you.” “I shan't, I can't tomorrow.” “And I can't the next day,” — which she'd named — I went down stairs. — “Stop a minute — the one you saw and liked is a virgin, give me fifty pounds and you shall have her very soon.” “Can't afford it.” “Well stop, if you're a gentleman.” — I was then near the bottom of the stairs, but stopped. — “You won't round on me?” — a cunt term for telling what is a secret among thieves. “Certainly not, come to-morrow — we'll dine — you shall dine with us, and directly I've fucked her, you shall have exactly what I'll give her — three sovereigns.” “You're a dirty cad and not a gentleman,” tossing her head and turning her rump to me she went down stairs — I went out and away.

The girl was handsome, young and attractive, fresh cunt always is, and she evidently was not quite a professional harlot. — My cock erected itself when I thought about her next morning, and in the evening I went to the rendez-vous, but neither of them came, which strangely enough vexed me.

[I sought the place no more, having plenty of other fish to try then, but out of curiosity went there about fifteen months after. — The house was empty and to let.]

Chapter X

Disjecta membra. • Negress di Medicis. • Black and white pictures. • "You don't fuck much." • Eight o'clock in the morning. • Two women talking in a street. • One taken and one left. • A train missed. • A cunt hit. • Three weeks without fucking. • A prisoner's wife or mistress? • An experienced har-lot of fifteen. • An ugly cunt. • Frig, fuck, bugger, and suck, seriatim. • Her erotic experiences and curious history.

At a lapunar at the extreme south of France I saw the women for selection. It was in the middle of he day and soon after luncheon — I never could account for my sudden lechtes and had one now. After seeing the ladies of the establishment dishevelled and al-most in nightgown attire, I fancied none of them. — "Is there no lady who speaks English?" "Yes, I speak leetle." — It was so little that I couldn't understand a word she said, in fact her English consisted in: "Ma conte — fuckee one — preek — my loove — and damn." — "Have you a Negress here?" — The mistress, or undermistress, replied in French. — "Ah no, but in five minutes I fetch one, and you shall be content, well con-tent." I waited for the darkie.

What made me desire a Negress I cannot imagine, I had not before thought of having one, and when I re-quested one even had no desire for a black woman. Long ago I had said to myself "I shall never have a Negress again." My curiosity about a darkie's cunt and a darkie's fucking was satisfied. — The thought, the wish, the demand for one came instantaneously, and whilst yesterday waiting and further reflecting, I wondered at myself. — Having to wait long, so long I was about to order in the female group again, for selection, when well and handsomely dressed in lady's clothes, in came a Negress.

I accosted her, she replied in French, and soon after said, "I leetale speek me Ingles." Indeed she spoke more than a "leetal Ingles." She spoke a good deal. "Shall I street it quite." "Yes" — and she did excepting white silk stockings, natty boots, and yellow garters with large bows, which she carefully adjusted as if she thought they added immensely to her beauty.

There a black woman, who said she was twenty-two and who didn't look more, stood before -me, as perfect in form as the Venus di Medicis, but a little taller, in-deed I may say fatter and taller. — She was quite black, but there was what may be termed an undertone in her skin which relieved the black, and made her look as if made in

white marble and colored afterwards. Her eyes were European in expression tho very dark, she had the prognathous jaw of her race (of the Soudan she said), large mouth and fullish lips, between which shewed a set of teeth whiter than ivory, and so regularly beautiful that they might have served for an advertizing dentist's glass case; and somehow the prognathous jaw — ugly in itself to us Europeans — was hidden and forgotten in a certain contour of head and face, and I ceased to notice this racial feature.

For the first time in my life I think, my prick erected itself at a Negress. — I may have been so with them before, but if at this minute I recollect rightly, my prick needed a deal of coaxing before it entered their cunts. I am told there are many tribes and immense varieties of face and form in the Negro race. — Then I posed her this way, that way, and saw that in every way she was perfectly beautiful in form, excepting in having longish heels and large feet.

Then between the crisp little curls of the full lips, which enclosed and formed the cleft wherein her sexuality lay hidden — and which indeed are the outward and visible sign of her sex — my middle finger entered, and when I had frigged a little modest clitoris much longer than she liked — wanting this child of the tropics to spend with me, wanting her to enjoy me — and when her big lips met mine, and tongue sought tongue with soft delicious play, she gently smoothed my prick with a soft hand, and I her cunt till both our buttocks twitched and writhed with incipient pleasure. — Then she impatiently — “Mais cheri, mettez le — fookee me donc.” — I pushed my prick to the full depths of a lovely cunt, and fucked her, contemplating in the big glasses my white flesh interlacing with her black, she smoothing and praising my white skin, I her smooth black buttocks which I clasped. — Smooth and hard as ivory tho black — and then she sighed with me, her legs moved up, closed over mine, and with rapid thrusts and heaves, we fucked till the paradise of human sensation overwhelmed us, midst my gushes of sperm and her lubricious spendings. The quietude of voluptuous fatigue then came over us, and we lay in each other's arms till I recovered from my sexual faintness, then wondered at the intense enjoyment I had had in this Negress' embrace, and laid thinking of it by her side in silence.

But not so she. She turned to me and kissed me coaxingly. — Asked if she pleased me. “Lookee then, you have much foutre, I like fat foutre of Englishman, you call it sponk — ah, oui,” she said. Again silent and with seeming satisfaction she put her fingers on to her cunt to feel its fullness and its overflow. — Encouraged by her, I put my finger there and felt that we had mingled love's fluids copiously. Then still without washing she lay and chatted glibly, volunteering news about her-self tho I'd not asked for it. “My farder and mudder lif with

Monsieur * * * at Caire. — A Frenchman — my farder do de cook, my mudder wash de famielee." — She was Nubian, and of some tribe the name of which I forget. — "My farder and brudder hab three scars cross en cheek, dat true tribe mark." All this was said in broken English mixed with French, but much better French than English. I got up and washed as she did, and as her ample dark thighs and bum closed on the basin and she splashed the water up her red crack, I liked the look of her and liked her pleasures, yet was still astonished at myself for my delight in fucking the Mackie. — Is there any reason for this liking which often times arises between man and woman when they copulate? — "You don't fuck much," said she, "you sponk so fat." — I told her that I had fucked as much as I could, but had been unavoidably chaste — absurd words — for some days.

Then as I began to put on my drawers, — "Fookee more, come," said she laying down on the bed again, widening her thighs and pointing to her cunt. I accepted her invitation, on we went talking about herself till we drifted into talk of fucking, and desire came to see her naked from head to foot. Off went her boots and stockings, naked as I was born I made myself, then laid upon her with our limbs interlacing. One attitude after another did we put ourselves in, I enjoying the contrasts of our colors, black thighs enclosing white haunches, white arms and hands clasping black buttocks, black breasts squeezed out by my white chest. The excitement was to me intense, seemed to be so to her as well as to me, tho to her it could have been no novelty.

Then I put her over myself and saw in the glass above her plump black back and buttocks covering me, whilst my white thighs lay between hers. And now stiff again stood out a white and red-tipped randy rod against her bum furrow. Then in sixty-nine attitude we lay side-ways, my head between her thighs, shewing in the looking glass peeping out of the surrounding blackness. And — "Aha," Darkie had taken my pego in her mouth and was enjoying it, "Lickee me conte cheri." — Lewed as I was, pleased as I was with her, I couldn't do that, could not lick that Negress' cunt, but took my head from between her thighs, my prick from out her mouth. Then both impatient for the divine junction of our genitals, in went my prick and again we fucked most bliss-fully and long, again her cunt gave up abundant libation as my prick quitted it.

Then we drank some Bordeaux, and talked a while. She didn't like the life, had only been at it four months, some one persuaded her to come. She'd not seen Paris and didn't mean to go. She would go back to Cairo, or Alexandria, and again be "Nurse to de leetle childs." — "You won't get fucked there." "Oh — yes — I fuckee dere before I come here." — Then she let me know that it was "fuckee for likee"

and that tho she would be a nursemaid she should still be fucked. — She was grateful for ten francs and I departed, yet now I think of it, I wonder how I came to like this darkie's body and fucking, so much.

At eight o'clock one cold morning in November, I walked along on my way to a railway station. I was going out shooting, my gun and luggage had gone the previous day to my friend's house, and I was to meet him at ten o'clock. I was at the moment in a quiet street of semi-detached houses, not a person was visible but a policeman and a milkman, the inhabitants being, I suppose, just out of bed. — Turning a corner, I saw about a hundred feet ahead of me two women standing talking, one a stoutish well-grown woman of common class with a bonnet on, the other shorter who had something in her hand, and who had only a cap on and looked like a servant.

The taller woman had her face full towards me, and as I approached I saw that she looked about four and twenty. She had fine dark eyes and hair, was well-formed and soldily built, had very big breasts, and resembled the big country servants who come to London. She was evidently of poor class, but had good neat clothing tho not warm enough for the season. She had a parcel in her hand. — I was very fit that morning, her looks pleased me, and as I got nearer and took in at a glance all I have said, my pego thrilled and I thought she was just the build I like to fuck. A clipping cunt between heavy thighs she has, thought I.

Instintively I suppose, and certainly without any object than gazing at a fine woman, I slightly slackened my pace. As I got nearer, her eyes fastened themselves on mine, as mine did on her, and kept so till I had passed her. As I passed a sensuous thrill again came thro me, and I thought I should like to fuck her. Was our lust reciprocal at that moment? When some little distance past her I looked round and she was also looking round after me. A few feet further this was repeated, I then took off my hat, she nodded, and the servant with a jug — as I then saw she was — went into an adjacent house. The woman then walked slowly on, again turned round, and immediately forgetting my destination I turned, and went after. She stopped and soon I was close to her. Dozens of times women and I have looked round after each other on similar chance meetings, which generally ended in such looks. But is there not in such simultaneous action, simultaneous desire? — Is there not felt tho not said, nor even at the very instant thought of, a mutual sexual attraction which formulated and expressed means. — “I'd like him to fuck me. — I'd like to fuck her.” — “What a fine man!” “What a lovely woman!” expressions used millions of times and used instinctively, mean when analyzed a latent mutual desire to copulate, a Divine instinct, urging towards fucking.

Under this instinct and in obedience to this Divine law it was that

she stood still and that I went after her, I seeking cunt, she seeking prick, and the pleasure of the life giving spermatic injection. I under this spell of lust and quite forgetting now my train said, “Well my dear, what are you waiting for?” “What are you coming to me for?” she replied, smiling. “To look at your handsome face, and hear why you are out so early.” “Where are you going so early?” “Going shooting, where are you?” “Going to a hospital.” — Her soft eyes which had been fixed caressingly on mine grew for an instant serious. — “Nonsense.” “It's true.”

— I laughed, not knowing what to make of it, and then she smiled again, and my prick throbbed and began erecting, as I then thought of the hair on her cunt. — As far as I can recollect, thinking of her cuntal ornament was thro noticing that she'd unusually thick eyebrows

— How strangely ideas connect. — My prick gave a final jerk and stood fully erect. “I wish I were going to bed with you instead.” “Oh! indeed.” She looked down, then at me, then at the ground again. “Yes, it would be warm there.” “You haven't much to complain of the cold.” — I'd very warm winter clothes on.

— “No, but you are not too warm.” — “All I've got warm is up the spout to buy this.” — Shewing the parcel. — “Let us go to bed in the warm, and I'll take your things out of the spout.” “I'm damned,” said she, and laughed shaking her head. Then she turned round and walked on after first looking towards the house which the other women had entered. I followed her.

A few paces and she'd neared the corner then stopped thoughtfully. “Come,” said I. She looked long and strangely in my eyes without replying. — “Give me your hand.” She'd no gloves on. — “What for?” laughing. “Give it me.” — She did. I took it but hesitated to say what rose to my lips. “Well?” said she, looking at me, as if for explanation. My prick gave a throb. — “You want fucking.” — “I'm damned,” said she, again laughing, and snatching her hand away. — “I've made you want it.” “You ain't, you beast.” “Come, and I'll get them out of the spout.” She looked up and down the street, anxiously, only a man or two looking like clerks walking quickly were visible. — “Come.” “Where are you going to?” “A coffee shop, where is there one?” “I'm strange about here and know none.” — So was I and for a moment hesitated, suddenly recollected my train and looked at my watch. — “The Devil! I've lost it.” “Lost what?” “Never mind, I'm too late now, let's walk this way and I'll get them out of the spout.” — “Oh! not past that house, my cousin lives there, she knows where I'm goin to.” — I turned the other way. — “You go first, I hope it ain't far” said she, I walked on, she following me.

Soon after, “Here, hi,” she cried. — I turned round. “You'll take

'em out of pawn won't yer now," said she doubtingly, and stopped. "Yes, how much?" "Its thirty-eight and six then, will you now?" "All right." — I walked on towards where I knew the main road lay, wondering at the strange turn things had taken and filled with desire to fuck her, she still following a few paces behind me. In a few minutes we were in a four wheeler. "Oh I can't go all that way, I've got to call on my brother," said she when she heard the direction given. — "I'll send you back in a cab." Next minute in the cab, my hand was up her petticoats. — "Oh no, not here, wait till we're there, you shan't." — But in a trice my fingers were on her cunt spite of her modest struggles — for modest they seemed — and so soon as I'd found her clitoris and had frigged it a little she was quiet — they all are.

"Put your hand under my greatcoat and feel my prick." I got it out, she looked at me hard for a minute and then she clutched it. — "Oh, ain't it warm?" — Her hand was like ice, and she'd no gloves. — "Oh, they'll see us — don't," — but she opened her thighs to let me frig, and soon, "I shall do it if you go on, oh, don't," — and she gave at that moment the convulsive grip on my pego which often women do when being frigged almost to spending point. I ceased frigging her, then stopped at an office and telegraphed to my friend that I'd missed the train. As I re-entered the cab, "Let me go, I'd rather," said she mournfully. But her fine eyes were soft, were full of lust. "Nonsense." — On we went, my hand now on her thighs only touching her motte, and putting up my pego lest I should spend, thro her handling, for I'd made her handle it again.

I tried to learn where she was going and who she was, but failed, I tried angering her. — "Ain't I married? I am tho, but my ring is popped — worse luck." Then I tried to get an admission that she'd had other men. She showed no anger, but quietly denied it. — "No, I've never had my thing felt in a cab before never — never." "Do you like it?" "No. What a curious bloke you are, you're not going to cheat me are you — have you got the money?" She seemed suddenly doubtful so I pulled out a handful. — "Oh! wouldn't all that make us happy," quoth she. "No, I haven't had it done to me for three weeks." — "Say fucked and I'll give you half a crown at once." "Give it us then." — She took it, spat upon and pocketted it. — "Say it." — "I ain't been fucked then, and shan't for some weeks more," and she burst out laughing. "Yes you will, I shall fuck you." — "Oh — ah — yes, — I means my Bob." "Whose Bob?" "My husband, and I won't tell you any thing more," and I couldn't get more then. But she kissed me, when I kissed her rapturously, and I talked my baudiest, stir-ring her lust up for I saw she was randy, saw it in her eyes, but all she said was "Oh — ah" at each baudy sentence, and smiled.

We alighted, and she followed me to a house. They were not up, and I stood ringing with this slightly clad, poor looking woman besides me. Luckily the door soon opened and a bedroom soon held us, but it had now got quite a dark London morning. The gas was shut off from the main and there was no fire. Almost in the dark we were left whilst a woman went to turn on the gas, and standing by the bed, after a struggle and, “Don't let the woman see.” I ran my hand round a splendid backside and again fingered a clitoris, then put my pego in her hand which I felt she handled lust-fully. Light got, “Shall I light a fire?” “Yes, in the next room, and tell us when it's ready.” Off went my coat, off went her bonnet, pushing her on to her back without any resistance from her, I threw up her clothes, saw massive thighs, big white bum and belly, a well-haired cunt, and in a second my prick had struck its end. She felt its warmth and stretch, its plunge and friction, and instantly sighed much with voluptuous soft sighs. On we fucked till I paused — I often do now in my pleasure. “Oh — go on.” Her cunt clipped for she was randy to her bum hole. — “Do you want fucking?” “Oho — yes — go on.” She sighed impatiently and her ivory backside wriggled. “Say fuck me.” “I won't — ah — aher — ah — Fuck me — aha — aher — Don't stop.” — A woman saying that often brings on my discharge, and now both sighed our pleasure as my spunk inundated her. — Then soon I stood holding her thighs quietly, keeping my prick in her. How beautiful she looked to me — what a lovely cunt it felt. — “Is it true you've not been fucked for three weeks?” — “Quite true, longer, and I wouldn't have done it now but for him.” “You wanted it.” “I did, just when I saw you, I began to feel queer.” She laughed. My instincts were true.

Knock — knock. — “I've lighted a fire, sir.” Down went her petticoats, I hid my prick, and to the adjoining room we went. — “The room's quite warm, sir, a gent and a lady's been a sleeping there last night.” — “I'll fuck you again.” “You must be quick then but give me my money. It's a bit of luck,” said she, as I gave her two sovereigns. “Let me see your cunt.” She didn't seem to like that but allowed it, and the promise of ten shillings did more, she let me strip off a not too clean chemise, and stood naked, as fine a woman as I've ever embraced. — “You're not thin tho you're in such poverty.” “No, my father and mother feeds me well, but they won't do nothing for him, and I've pawned nearly everything to get him things, and I works hard too. — I think I'll turn a gay the money's easy got.” — And a lot more she said as I laid besides and frigged her, till again her bum wriggled, and she said on a sudden. — “Show me your thing, you've seen mine.” — She was getting lewed, demoralized, it certainly was not sham. — I showed it her, she seemed pleased, lewed, and felt it restlessly and long. She'd a lovely cunt, one fully dark-haired, but not a hair was

near her arsehole. Her flesh was white, her form all that could be wanted, and whilst I looked and admired her, — “Oh, let's get into bed it's so cold, but I must go soon.” She much wanted fucking. Into a bed in which perhaps a couple had been fucking all night we got. We never looked at the sheets and we both had our boots on. — “Oh ain't it nice and warm?” said she. Then we kissed lewedly, her hand sought my prick, my finger her clitoris, and under its gentle titillation soon she sighed, — “Oh! do me.” 'Let me frig you and I'll fuck you afterwards.” She acquiesced, opened her thighs, I frigged gently. “Oho

— quicker.” — Her belly heaved, her rump, jogged Iuickly with tremulous fucking motion, that irresistable)scillation when the spend is coming — and she spent.

— “There, you've made me, let me now go,” and she let go my pego.

But now, my lust roused by the play of my finger on the slit which was moistened with its juices, my pego stood full stiff and ruby-tipped again. I threw down the clothes and shewed it her triumphant, and barely was her pleasure over than I got between her thighs and -overed her, and lay with prick buried deep in the lubricious avenue. Tho stiff I restrained myself and lay within her, talking of fucking, ever and anon moving my prick gently, now this way now that way, searching her cunt with it to keep it rigid — for I was in no hurry.. “Your cunt's quite soft with spendings. — Does my prick feel nice. — Do you like it pushed hard up?” and so on. — “Aha — yes, you'll make me do it again soon, aha — aha — yes — yes, it's nice — oh, go on, do it.” — She held me to her like a vice, raising her thighs to engulf my prick, to get all up her, and let her cunt rise to my thrusts. Then clutching her solid buttocks, luickly I rammed my pego up and down, till my sperm filled her as she spent, and then we lay in soft repose.

— “What's the time? if I don't get there by twelve o'clock I can't see him.” “It's not ten I'm sure.” “But I must go to my brother's first.” — I held her fast, my prick still in its warm lodging and asked more questions. — “Who — where — what for — when?”

— all about him and their name, their occupation. But she was as close as an oyster. — “I believe Bob's in prison.” “Ho! — he ain't — get along — oh do.” — Backwards she drew her bum, my prick slipped out of her buttery cunt, she jumped out of bed and put on her chemise. My remark seemed to upset her, for she kept looking at me in a queer manner.

“You've not washed your cunt.” “Ah, no.” She washed it and in a great hurry dressed. “You've been gay.” — “Me? never.” “Why is Bob so far off?” “I won't tell, it's no business of yours. — No — I won't tell you where I live, no nor my name. — No, I won't meet you again —

Oh, I did say just now I'd turn gay but I didn't mean it — of course I didn't." — "You wanted fucking." — "So would you if you hadn't had it for three weeks." "You frig yourself." — "Why in course I does, who wouldn't? — Oh, leave me alone."

— I felt her cunt and thrust my finger up it, and made her feel my prick. — "Bob's in prison." She stared for a minute. "He isn't." — "He is." — "He isn't." — I persisted and she got angry so I dropped the subject Whilst feeling her quim for the last time — she was then dressed and standing up — again I said, "He's in prison." — "He's in a hospital." — "Well, but in a prison." — "Well, it isn't any business of yours if he is, and he's no right to be." — "Then he is in prison." — "He isn't now I won't answer any more." — "Kiss me."

— She did. — "Feel my prick." — "Show it us then." I produced it, she felt it eagerly all over, pulled the prepuce back, burst out laughing and went down stairs saying, "The door isn't locked, is it?" — Next instant she disappeared. I got to shooting after luncheon, and told a thundering lie as the reason for missing the train.

I've not made up my mind about this woman's status. Had she ever been a harlot, or simply fucked on the sly, as so many of the lower classes have been before marriage? Was she living with a man or married? That the man she was going to see was in prison I am sure. — Was it money which got her, or was it lust? — She admitted that when I accosted her she wanted fucking, her struggles when I wanted to feel her cunt were not like a harlot's, nor was her talk. — It must have been money, and want of fucking together which made her yield to me. — She was a fully grown splendid woman, with white solid flesh, had an arm as big as a man's but feminine in shape, with much dark hair in her armpits. — She'd unusually thick, wide black eye-brows, and her eyes were dark and very soft in expression. — I never had a woman who enjoyed her fucking more. She said she was twenty-four, — I wrote all about her early the next morning before I went out shooting. Gold offered to women when their cunts tingle will get most of them.

[The following no doubt was reserved for a chapter on cunts.] - Met last night a little girl whom I guessed fifteen, as she was. I took her to a baudy house, put her naked, and found she'd an extraordinary development of nymphae. She'd scarcely any hair on her crack, and the nymphae hung out from the lips nearly the entire length of them, quite an inch and a half, — I never saw such a cunt before, tho I've seen some large developments of nymphae, and notably in a harlot named Betsy with prominent eyes. This was long ago.

She was handsomely clad in black silk, was plump and well made, and I lusted for her till I saw these protuberant flappers, when desire left me. Nevertheless I determined to fuck her, and by frigging got my

pego stiff, then easily up her cunt. But immediately it shrunk out when looking down, I saw it surrounded by these large red excrescences. Trial after trial I made uselessly, then asked her to suck my prick. Into her mouth she took it without hesitation, remarking that she much liked sucking pricks. I was astounded, for she wasn't much over fifteen and had only been gay a month she said, but had all the unhesitating baudiness of a harlot forty years old, tho she complied with and did all in a girlish way.

Her big nymphae however quite upset me, and my pego refused to rise. I was sitting as she operated so tried another attitude, by laying on my back and she kneeling over me, gamahuching. But the nymphae looked that way uglier than ever, tho her nice little smooth buttocks looked most inviting. As I smoothed her bum and fingered her bum hole, my prick rose up all at once, and I said just as the whim struck me, and without thinking, without any idea of, or desire for her complying. “I'll give you another half sovereign to let me bugger you.” — “Very well,” — she replied at once, and nimbly got off me asking. “How will you do it?”

— “Have you ever been buggered?” said I astonished.

— “Not often, and you ought to give me a sovereign for that, for it hurts.” “Why do you do it then?” — “It's nice afterwards sometimes.” — I thought she must be joking or chaffing me, but she wasn't.

I hesitated, but was now under the dominion of a letch, was utterly unreflecting, and moreover was carried away now in a degree by curiosity which had arisen. I turned her towards me kneeling low and stood at her back. — “Wet it well with your spittle,” said she knowingly. I did, and my pego which has revolted before on similar occasions stood stiffly, and glided easily right up her. — “Ohooo — it hurts,” said she. At that my prick dwindled, and I withdrew with a feeling of disgust at myself and at her, which I really cannot describe. The doings of this girl seemed like a dream to me. I washed my pego and sat down, she after feeling her bum hole carefully did the same, and we talked, she with the seeming frankness of a child — without any sense of shame or modesty whatever — spoke about all erotic possibilities with the infinite knowledge of the oldest harlot.

What she told about herself was in its essence what is already written. — To suck, fuck, frig or bugger, she seemed to like being buggered, I gathered. — Then she told that a gentleman who'd kept her a year, had paid for rooms for her at * * * * but she had to keep herself now. Would I call at her rooms? I paid her and promised but without any such intention. — Then she piddled and in doing so let an easy sounding fart. — “Oh! That's your fault thro doing that to me.” — She seemed then a little ashamed, the only sign of shame I'd seen in

her.

As I sat talking, I felt annoyed that I'd had no pleasure, tho a great experience of the erotic varieties, cap- abilities and possibilities in one so young. — “I'd like to spend,” said I. — “I'll make you but you don't like me.” — “Yes I do, gamahuche me.” — I laid down then on the bed, she again knelt over me with her pretty bum towards my face, and while I contemplated the round orifice which I'd entered so unexpectedly and left so quickly, and felt her smooth little backside, my sperm filled her mouth. At once she got off me, got rid of the libation, and her first words were, “You've plenty of spunk, I thought you'd none.” I never heard such a knowing girl before.

A week afterwards out of curiosity, as I fancied this girl must have had a strange history, I called on her. The woman who opened the door bawled out in a grumpy voice, “Miss * * *, here's a gentleman wants you.” — “She's up stairs,” said she to me. — “Come up,” said a voice. I went up and found her in well furnished rooms — I made her strip and' again examined that singular cunt, and at last fucked it to my own astonishment — tho why astonished I don't know. — The girl spent with me — saying directly her pleasure ceased, “Oh! I do like fucking so,” — in tone and manner as if said to herself or to another girl. Then she began to cry. Giving her a sovereign, “Oh, it's all right, but I wish you'd give me another, I owe rent and she'll turn me out she says next week if I don't pay, and I'm sure I can't. — A nice young man fucked me the other night and said he'd keep me and would come again yesterday, but he hasn't. — I don't think they like my cunt. Are those things very ugly? — the women say they are — what do you think? Do tell me — I don't get on, and I've lost my old friend. He said I was so young that I'd be sure to get lots of money with-out him, but I don't.”

I sent for wine to loosen her tongue, and said I'd give her another sovereign if she'd answer my questions. She said she would but shewed cunning in doing so. Some unusual things she told of if she didn't lie. — She'd been fucked at eleven years of age, first by a boy, then by the man who caught the boy doing it — at that she laughed. — A gentleman, “and an old one,” had kept her. — “How old?” — She supposed fifty. He'd kept her a year. “And I've done 'em all with him.” — I put frig, fuck, suck, bugger, to her successively. “Oh yes, often.” He'd given her mother much money and her mother knew. He had taken those lodgings and paid a month's rent, saying that she must keep herself now. She didn't know where he lived, and was frightened to go to her mother. I guess to gratify his every letch, and that he'd had every letch. — I was looking again at her ugly quim when a knock came at the door, she went out and returning, — “Oh, he's come, he said he'd keep me, I wish you'd go as quick as you can.” In three

minutes I was out of the house and never saw the precocious little whore again.

Chapter XI

Disjecta membra continued. • A fair haired Dane. • A semi-hairless quim. • About harlots' lusts and pleasures. • The Misses Pl**s*n. • Agatha and Helen. • Masturbating predilections. • A frig in a summer house. • A frig in a grotto. • At a road-side inn. • A tipsy wife. • Lewed per saltum. • Fucking with hat on. • A scare. • Twice in twenty minutes. • Reflexions.***

[No doubt this also was set aside for a chapter on cunts.] — Place Copenhagen. A plump, blue eyed, flaxen haired, short damzel, very handsome and met at a beer garden, to whose lodgings I went. She spoke a little English mixed with German, said an English-man had kept her some months and that she been yachting with him. She was solid, square built and twenty, had big breasts, big thighs and very big bum, her thighs and bum were those of an English woman's of thirty, but her sweet youthful face told that she was about the age she said.

There was in her what I have found in many Northern whores and Scotch whores; much modesty about shewing her cunt, which I cured by swearing in anger and telling her I hated humbug. — "Oh, yah. — God damn. — Yes," — said she, laughing, and opening her thighs wide. She'd one of the fattest mottes and cunts I ever felt. It was more like a notch in some fat flesh than a crack with lips, altho a little swelling of lips there was. She had scarcely any hair on her mons and none lower down on the lips. That on her mons was crisp, curly, very short, very shiny, and slightly darker than the hair on her head, but was so thin that the white flesh showed through it. She'd not a sign of hair in her arm-pits.

Her cunt looked pretty from behind when kneeling. Not a sign of red was visible and her bum furrow was scarcely brown. When she widened her thighs apart, a little bit of red just shewed. The nymphae were little, and ran the whole length of the cunt and round it at the bumhole end. — I noticed all closely altho I only saw her twice, for her cunt was unusual. The mouth of the avenue was quite large, inside it was easy to my fingers, but so fat, pulpy and elastic, that it fitted my prick exquisitely. I fucked her twice, the first time with belly to belly, and then from behind her. There was something about her white buttocks which excited me to slap them when fucking behind her. Some women's excite me to do that, the greatest number don't, I only rub their buttocks.

This uncommon cunt begat various letches, for each cunt has a different effect on me. I grasped her fat pad or mons with the palm of my hand, so that my fingers covered half her notch, and my middle fingers got well down and a little up her vagina. I did this standing

behind her, both of us naked, my belly and breasts pressing her bum and back, my left hand round her waist, my right passed round to her cunt, and so I frigged her looking at ourselves in a little looking glass on her table, which only showed about half of us — from thighs up to waist — I did this to her the second day, just after we'd had our midday meal, frigged her till she said she was ready to spend, and then we adjourned to the bed.

Before that I'd amused myself another way. My tip was unusually red when stiff that day, and I laid it on her motte, then on her buttocks, then between her bubbies, pleased with the contrast of its crimson and her dazzlingly white flesh. She said “Englishman's has funny some tastes.” — Yet she was pleased with the fun.

Next day I travelled on to where light haired, blue eyed, and sturdy limbed women are the race, and not a few light haired cunts my prick entered. [I was young and travelling alone then.]

Some say that harlots are sick of their business, and hate the erotic whims and fancies to which they minis-ter. Such is not my experience. I believe that most of them like baudy tricks, and that directly their lust is roused, — easily done by finger, tongue, or talk — they rejoice in them. Nature is the same in them as in other women who want fucking daily. If harlots are young and well fed, they want fucking twice a day, lust being always ready latent in them. Lust delights in all that cock and cunt can do, for those are agents of infinite voluptuous delight from the cradle to the grave, in both men and women.

Very intimate and friendly I've been with a few har-lots, who knew me to have no prejudices, knew my erotic philosophy, and on this subject have in times of expansion and companionship talked freely with me. One told me that every now and then when she felt lewed, that the sight of a man who took her fancy suddenly had such an effect on her, that she felt as if she could lay down in the street to let him fuck her. One night at a French woman's house — where I have furtively seen many fuck her. — I saw a splendid man tail her. When done he said he'd lost his purse. After a moments thought, “Never mind, let us kiss again,” said she, and they did. She was frantic in her sexual spasm, kept him, talked to him, sucked his prick until erect, and again they fucked. I saw it all, grew weary of looking. — Afterwards I wondered at her submitting to his bilking. — “Ah yes, but what a beau garcon, what skin, what hair, what a lovely prick — didn't you admire it?” Then she went on, “I thought from his manner he'd but little money, he bragged so, mais! What a lovely kiss, I longed for him directly he was naked.”

It's an illustration, and I've had many such. No, har-lots like their occupation, like all its erotic accompanyments, spending often

becomes a necessity to them, as shitting daily is with us all. Spending twice a day be-comes needful for a harlot, many spend more, and with some it ends in madness. How often have I heard, — “I always spend if I'm fucked by a man I like.” — Again. — “Who can help spending if a man gamahuches you long ? It's impossible to prevent it, you think you won't and you try, but suddenly comes pleasure and you let him go on, and if a man's a long time fucking it's the same,” the very words of a “Dame galante,” otherwise whore, harlot, strumpet, Paphian, Cyprian, or whatever else you may call her, classical, vulgar, or poetical. The following occurred when I was twenty-three. I nearly destroyed the narrative thinking it ought not to have been written, but all the actors are gone long ago, and it now turns up among the papers set aside. The original was twice as long, the notes of two years.

My aunt had a lawn party as she called it, most of the guests kept on the lawn near the house, where there was tea, wine, and shade. Few walked about much for it was very hot. Among them were two girls whom I will call P**l**s*n, daughters of a widower recently settled in the neighbourhood, fairly well off but not mixing much with the local gentry [Country society was exclusive then.] They were well known, dark eyed and handsome. People said they were what my aunt called “adventurous” [or what would be termed now “fast”]. They were certainly free, flirty, and vulgarish in manner. Their father had done my aunt some service hence the girls being among her visitors, but she didn't like them, and said she was sure that they'd served in a shop. They were two or three and twenty years old, one named Agatha, the other Helen.

I'd known them about two years, Fred only about a year. We had driven them out and gradually had talked somewhat freely, several times I'd kissed Agatha and Fred had kissed the other. From a concert at the Town Hall we walked home with them one night their father not being with them. As we separated I kissed Agatha, and in doing so being randy, caught her round her bum with one hand and handled it gently all over, squeezing my belly against hers for a second just as I've done to servants. All she said was, “Don't now.” It was dark and within sight of her father's door. Walking home, Fred said he thought that both were game. My aunt said next morning they were angling for us “forward minxes” and warned us. “I'd give fifty pounds to fuck Helen,” said Fred one day. “And she's randy enough, look at her eyes.” — Agatha looked equally voluptuously at times to me, and there was something about her which always made my cock stand when I saw her.

We quite agreed that both wanted fucking but had no idea of attempting it. Our meetings were not frequent, but sufficiently numerous to have got free and easy with them, and Fred's talk and

mine had gradually become chaffingly but suggestively amorous when we met, and circumstances favoured it.

There was a cold collation at my aunt's, an apology for a dinner for those who liked to stop, and lots of champagne. — Some guests didn't stop, some, including the two girls, did. — Agatha took champagne freely, so did I, we strolled out with others on to the lawn and as it got cooler, we went further off and gradually to the laurel walk where was the big privy in which I'd fucked Pender. I was so lewed that my tool was on half cock. — I fancy she thought it was a summer house, — for there were two windows in it — and she'd not been in the walk before, I said, “Ah! I've had a love-making there.” — “Where?” she asked. — “There,” I replied laughing. — “Oh! Do tell us about it.” — “I daren't. — “Oh, do.” — “We made each other happy.” — She looked in my eyes. — “Now, do tell me.” — “Give me a kiss then.” She refused but I took it, and was so lewed, so reckless, that whilst kissing I held her, took hold of her left hand with my right, and pressed it hard up against my prick which was standing up in my trowsers like a rolling pin. — “Oh, don't — some one will see us.” — She submitted to kiss after kiss and didn't with-draw her hand. “I'm in love with you I think,” said I, when I ceased holding her hand. Her eyes looked soft, her manner was confused, and I thought that she knew what her hand had been pressed against, and that I knew that she knew what it was.

We walked on talking about love, I getting mad for fucking, without of course having the least idea of her helping me. I'd once before spoken about her garters, — her sister then was present. — “Where do you gar-ter?” said I. — “How rude you are, I shan't tell you.” — “I'll find out.” — “Now don't do that — there,” said she, pointing above her knee. It was coquetteishly done. — “What's it made of?” — “Silk, how rude you are.” — “It isn't.” — “It is.” — “Let me see.” — I stooped and got my hand on to her knee.” — “Oh! Don't now, now I'll leave you,” she said, but in quite a low tone, not a cry escaped her and she looked anxiously round — we were then in a shrubbery. — “Let's sit down.” She unhesitatingly entered with me a summer house which was in the remotest part of the grounds, no one was about, and we sat down.

There she began to lecture me about my rudeness, said she'd never expected it, nor would she walk with me again. She was excited, her face red. — “If you won't again I'll feel your garters now.” — She laughed, again I stooped, in a minute, spite of some weak struggles, my hand was clasped between her thighs — she'd no drawers on. — She cried hysterically, “Oho — oho — it's shameful,” and whimpered. I took my hand away, then saw that she'd shed no tears and that she looked caressingly at me. She didn't attempt to go away from me.

Frightened for a minute at my own temerity and success, the touch of her flesh so close to the hairy lipped entrance of her treasure, left me in a state of frantic, reckless randiness. I'd not had a woman for long, my prick had been stiffening on and off all day. I had drunk much champagne, so had she, and now, as whimpering she sat quite still, talking about what I'd done, instinct I suppose told me she was randy and ready, I forgot she was a lady, thought of nothing but cunt, and attempted again. She resisted but laughed in an anxious tone. “Oh, suppose you're seen now, don't,” and so on. Then without any idea of fucking her, but simply from desire to show her my sex, I pulled out my stiff pego. — “Look,” said I. — “Oh,” said she, “what an insult.” But she laughed as I attempted again to feel her garters, up she got, I caught her by the waist, kissed her, and put her hand round my prick — she'd no gloves on — and she held it murmuring. — “Don't now — let me go, — I'll tell your aunt — oh don't — someone will be coming — oh don't” — as I kept kissing. But still she kept hold of my prick, and her eyes glanced down on it and then at me. Did she quite know what she was doing?

Altho I wrote this part of the narrative one or two days afterwards, I couldn't describe all that then passed through my mind. Desire to feel her, fuck her, — fear of consequences, of her resisting, of telling my aunt or her father — wonder if she were virgin, whether she wanted fucking, and at her boldness — was it innocence, was I wrong in seducing her? — All made a mental chaos, during which I sat down, pulled her on to my knee, kissed her, pressed her hand again round my naked pego, and tried uselessly to feel her cunt. How it all came about I can scarcely tell, but it did just as narrated. She must have equally been under the influence of lust, and pleased with what I was doing, for there she sat on my knee holding my pego which began to throb, and tho it was almost imperceptibly done, her hand was moving gently up and down my prick, tho perhaps she did not know it. My sperm was boiling in my balls, the desire to spend became maddening, I clasped her hand in mine tightening hers round my prick and frigged, and in a minute almost, out shot a shower of sperm. I took away my hand from hers which still kept round my prick, and she was looking down at it when I recovered from my pleasure, as the last drop of sperm was issuing.

“You've frigged me, Agatha.” — “What?” said she as if astonished at the word and letting go my tool. — “Let me feel your cunt,” “Oh, for God sake don't — oh, let us go — what will they think of us at the house?” — “Let me.” She didn't say no, but got away from me. “I'll never speak to you again, and for God sake don't tell your cousin Fred. Will you now? — Promise me faithfully you won't. — Oh, what have you made me do? — I'll drown myself if you don't promise. Oh, you

bad man." — I promised. "Let me feel your garters." — "I won't." — We went to the house without speaking and there was Fred talking to the sister. The two girls left soon after. How Agatha's eyes looked as we shook hands. It was dusk.

When I reflected on all the occurrences next day, I felt convinced that the girl had lewedly egged me on. The same evening I was as hot as if I'd spent, and thoughts of what I had done and what I'd not done exited me so, that I frigged myself, fancying that her ittle hand was doing it, and thinking of that slight ;ouch of her thigh. — Then I wondered where my sperm lad fallen, whether on the floor or on her dress. I lever knew.

Next morning my aunt was angry with us for showing such attention to the two girls. "Nobodies — even if their father has money — and neglecting other nice ;iris here." Fred and I talked about it afterwards. — 'Where did you get to with Agatha?" asked he in a curious way. "Nowhere, we walked about."

I was wild to see the girl after that, but opportunities were few. I couldn't go often to the village, and they were not often to be met at people's houses. — A fort-night elapsed and then we met her with her sister in the street, we shook hands, my cousin walked ahead with Helen, Agatha walked with me and said, "You haven't told?" I swore I hadn't and never would, but wished she'd do it again. — "You're shocking, and must be wicked to speak of such a thing, to wish such a thing," and I didn't any more that day.

A month afterwards I'd been to London and left Fred there, when Agatha called on my aunt with some message from her father. Aunt was very gracious, and sent my only female cousin then at home, to show her the Farm.

Aunt was going out with my cousins, and thinking the ladies too long gone, sent me to them. They had left the farm and I found them away near a grotto —(The history of the doings in this grotto years afterwards I've told.) "Oh, I'd forgot, Mamma will be so angry, will you stop with Miss P***l**s*n while I dress, and come on to the house?" Off she went, my prick gave a throb, and in a minute I'd kissed Agatha and got her into the grotto. — "Now I'll feel your garter." — She was collected and repulsed my hand, but I was more energetic and hesitated less. She had frigged me and seen my sperm, had never cried out, and her whole behaviour been such, that without fear I thought I might even try to fuck her. — So on I went trying to get my hand up her clothes, she successfully defeating me, begging, praying, saying she'd call my cousin but never doing so, when "Hark! Hark!" she said, quite sotto voce.

I stopped, heard in the distance my cousin's voice — calling me as I heard afterwards. — The voice ceased, Agatha was in a fright. —

“Oh if she's seen you — if she's heard,” and so on. We were both startled and listened, and then in that quiet place I heard in the distance the wheels of a carriage and knew their sound. “Aunt's gone out driving,” said I, and immediately began the attack again.

She was now in fear and didn't mean me to feel her cunt, which was now my intention. Indeed all seemed possible, the excitement had raised my lust high, we were alone and had nothing to fear but the chance of a gardener coming. She'd seen my prick once, and again I produced it balls and all now. “Look Agatha, feel it again.” — I desisted from my attempts, thinking the sight of the machine would affect her and make her complaisant. — “Feel it.” — “I shan't” and she laughed as I thought strangely. — “Do this,” said I, frigging it. — “I shan't, your behaviour is shameful.” — Then she went off into a hysterical peal of laughter.

A few more words and I closed on her, she retreated against the wall and our lascivious struggles recommenced. “I will.” — “You shan't.” I pulled her petticoats up to her knees, she pushed them down, spoke, she cried, but always in a low tone showing fear of surprise, which gave me courage, till my hand was on her thighs near to her cunt, when violently she dislodged it and cried loudly, — “Oh don't, you never shall — leave off — you will if you're a gentleman — oh — now — it's shameful, you take a mean advantage when there's no one to protect me.” — My fingers just felt the hair of her motte, as she pushed me off and burst into tears. “Remem — ber — I'm — ah — a lady — aha,” she sobbed, which touched me and I ceased.

But my prick was still out — I recollected what she'd already done and that she'd made no noise. I was wild with sexual passion, and after a second or two said, — “Feel it then.” — “Will you then leave off?” — “Yes.” — she took hold of it as I put it into her soft white hand, and as I felt its smoothness, and saw the ruby tip protrucing from her little fist and she looking down at the implement of female pleasure, I nearly spent. But intention again came of feeling her cunt, to get my fin-gers between the soft warm lips whilst she handled my pego. Then I had conflicting sensations. — Some one might come — was she virgin? She was a lady and my action was mean, and spite of my lust I hesitated and stood motionless, she holding my prick and looking in my face. — “Do what you did that afternoon.” — “I don't know what I did.” — “Do this,” and I passed her hand up and down my prick. She began slowly, how my prick reciprocated, I took her round the waist and kissed her cheek, whilst gently but clumsily she frigged, and thinking of her cunt, longing to fuck her, I murmured my desires for her in the baudiest language. “Oho! —You're dreadful,” said she. Then out spurted my sperm, I clutched her hand and held it in mine whilst withdrawing my prick

through hers, so that the last of my spendings fell on her fingers. — It gave me the utmost lascivious delight to know it had wetted them, as I sighed. “That ought to be — aha — in your — cunt.”

She let go my prick, looked at me with wildly voluptuous eyes, then at her hand, then looked round to see if any one was near. — I'm sure from her look and manner that she was dying to be fucked, and had I been in condition perhaps might have attempted it, but my prick was shrinking. — She looked at it again, I wiped her fingers with my handkerchief, she let me do it not seeming to know what she was about, till, — “Oh — I'm so miserable — for God sake — never tell any one. — Will you now? — you brought me here for this — didn't you?” — I swore I'd never tell, and rap-idly and without another word we walked to the Hall. — “Where's my aunt?” — “Gone out in the carriage Sir, a few minutes ago.” — “Oh!” said Agatha, “I'm so sorry, tell her will you?” I shook hands with that hand which had had my sperm in it, and off she went. I told Aunt at dinner that we'd arrived just as she got out of sight. — “It's a pity, I'd have driven her home,” was all she replied.

Agatha never again gave me a chance of being alone even to speak with her, and I was mostly in London. — One night Fred and I, smoking in my chambers, our conversation fell on these girls, and little by little we disclosed to each other. He'd kissed them both and had tried to feel Helen unsuccessfully. — “Yet she wants fucking so.” — Agatha he'd also tried, and then I told him she'd frigged me. — “And so she did me at * * * * *,” said he, laughing and slapping his thigh. — Agatha had f rigged us both — I wonder how many other men she'd frigged.

When after my frigging we met the girls Agatha always looked enquiringly and seemed uncomfortable. Two or three years afterwards the family left the neighbourhood. I was then a poor man and rarely went to my aunt's, and Fred was abroad. [The episode occurred when I was about twenty-five, and the narrative was at one time nearly burnt.]

I had an acquaintance named * * * ** * *, who had a lovely creature for wife, blue eyed, very light chestnut hair, plump as a partridge and about twenty-six or -seven years old. She had given way to drinking, some said owing to domestic annoyance, but that has nothing to do with the episode.

In summer with six or eight men who had driven down to * * * * about country business I was to dine, and joined them later at a small, simple, yet well known country inn about fourteen miles off. When I got there all were in the garden reading, smoking, and awaiting dinner. — One of them who also knew the couple said to me, laughing, “There's Mrs. * * * * * * * here tight as peep. She's been out

driving with her brother and his wife, they've gone to **** and are coming back to dine." There the conversation ended and I thought no more about the matter. Our party had washed after their long drive, I had not, went in and up stairs expecting as usual to find a chambermaid to show me a bedroom to wash in. [It was a small inn and before the days of lavatories.] Not seeing the chambermaid, and after calling out and no one answering, I opened a bedroom door, and there Mrs. * * * * * * * to my astonishment stood, having just risen from a night commode in which she had piddled, with her petticoats in front held up in a bunch showing both legs to above her garters, whilst in her rear her clothes were dragging having dropped and caught in the mahogany commode. No way abashed, — "Look here, oh, pull it away — do — how d'ye do — Oh, oh," said she, tugging and still keeping her clothes up in front, swaying a little and chuckling in a tipsy way.

Her face was flushed, and I saw at once that she was tight and had been lying on the bed. A rush of lust came, my prick rose stiff at the sight of the beautiful pair of legs, and instinct told me I could have her — I should have revolted at any intention had I reflected, but a standing prick has no conscience. I thought of nothing but how to fuck her, those lovely legs, those laced petticoats upset me, and in less time than it takes to write two lines of this narrative, I'd closed the door and was assisting to free her clothes.

"Have you seen Jack?" (her brother) stammered she, chuckling. — "Oh — don't do that — let me — lie down," she mumbled, for as I disengaged her clothes with one hand, I passed my other up between a pair of fat soft thighs to her cunt, and well between its lips. — I was as wet as a mop. — "Oh don't you — oh now. — Ho — ho Jack's coming — Oh don't." — "Let us do it." — "He — he — he," — she chuckled. — "No — oho." - 'Let me fuck you." — "Oh don't — now. — He he — he — leave it alone," and she sat down on the bed edge for a minute, letting me finger her quim without hindrance, and then fell back. As she fell I threw up her clothes to her navel. She chuckled still as if it was a good joke. — "I'll fuck you." — "Oh no, you mustn't," and she raised herself partly up. My stiff prick was then out. "Ho — ho — ho," said she, laying hold of it, and fell back again chuckling tipsily. Before the words were out of her mouth my prick was buried up to its balls in her cunt — a lovely looking notch — and she was lying with eyes closed enjoying the plugging. I lifted her thighs then, and fucked with the joy of a full ballocks, immediately sympathetic, reciprocal movements of her cunt and buttocks began. — She was hot there. — "Ah! Fuck," I sighed. "Yhes, fuck — I'm acom' — ahar," she murmured, opening her eyes wide and staring at me for an instant, then closing them she jerked well up her bum and spent, as I filled her

cunt with my sperm. I was full that day and the fuck was a short one.

I'd scarcely spent when came a knock at the door. — it wasn't locked. — My God, we are caught, thought I, then withdrew my prick giving her a violent shake of her thighs to rouse her, just as a louder second knock came and a female voice, “Shall I bring you a cup of tea Mam?” — The fuck and the fun had a little sobered her, she looked at me as I stood by the door gesticulating — my prick still out. — “Wharte,” — she said in a drunken mumble. — “Shall I bring you some tea?” — I shook my head. — “Noo,” she mumbled — I heard foot steps retreating, bolted the door, and wiped my face, down which perspiration was trickling. She began feeling her head as if to arrange her hair. — “Oh, what have we done? Jack will be back.” — She stared at me, and I at her, for in truth I was also bewildered, all had taken place in six or seven minutes, and it seemed a dream — and then the risk! — Without another word I helped her up, and she sat with legs uncovered to her garters on the bed side, smiling tipsily.

As I got composed, a violent desire for her again came on and I sat by her. “Oh! What have you made me do?” “I've fucked you, let me again.” — “Oh, it's dreadful” she mumbled, yet she chuckled, and as I put her hand on my prick, she laughed a tipsy laugh again and greedily felt it. “Oh don't — no” — as my fingers felt her gluey quim and frigged it. She must have had a thirsty cunt, for she soon gripped my prick, and felt my titillation. — “Let's fuck dear?” — “Oh, no. Jack's coming back. — Oh, no — no.” — but as she said “No,” she turned her lips lovingly to mine, as if she couldn't help it. — She was under the dominion of lust, and yielding, scarcely knowing what she did, grasping my prick still which stiffened proudly, as I pushed her gently back. — “No — no — no,” — she chuckled as she fell into the same position. I threw up her clothes, she at once opened her thighs wide to receive me, spunk was all over them and ran from her cunt as my prick went up it and I had one of the most delicious fucks, tho this also was soon over, fear of being caught and of losing my early stiffness, of missing the chance of spending in that divine quim made me hurry, I rammed quickly and hard as a steam engine, encouraging her and my-self by baudy words till I sunk in Elysium on her belly, whilst the squeeze and oscillation of her cunt and bum came on at the same moment. Anxiety to get away for both out sakes, made me withdraw my prick still yielding up its balmy liquid. I made her then lay along the bed, and she instantly went off to sleep. I opened the door and got off un-observed. I'd never taken off my hat even when fucking, and must have done her twice in a quarter of an hour. When I rejoined my friends, “How hot you are,” said one. I gave some mendacious reason for it.

I fucked her at half past four and an hour after, Jack, whom I

knew, came, and told me his sister had been upset by the strong sun. In the evening our party drove home. Jack was departing just as we were, and unfortunately out came Mrs. * * * * * *, sober. I accosted her of course as if I'd not seen her before, and never felt in greater difficulty, for I thought of her lovely chestnut fringed cunt as I spoke. She was confused, how she looked at me. I helped her and sister in law into the carriage, and my cock stood as I saw her pretty feet and fancied I smelt her. When our party got to the west end, I alighted and followed flashy whores till I got a nice one. All the evening my cock had stood at intervals thro recollection, and I thought of nothing else as I fucked the harlot in the same attitude as I em-braced Mrs. * * * * in, I shut my eyes, used the same baudy ejaculations, and fancied successfully that it was Mrs. * * * * * whom I was fucking.

[I find from subsequent memoranda, that this amour of twenty minutes filled my brain long afterwards, and that at times I shut my eyes whilst fucking and thought of Mrs. * * * *. Idealities have always helped me in sexual enjoyments. When poor and I had women for five shillings, I used to close my eyes and fancy I was enjoying females of higher class.] (I saw Mrs. * * * * for the first time about six months afterwards. She always avoided me. Nevertheless I once alluded to it, tho I knew I ought not. “Do you re-member being at * * * *,” I began, naming the place. “You ought never to refer to it,” said she, getting up and leaving me on some pretext. I noticed that when afterwards we met in society she was always in a furtive way looking at me. — She died two or three years after of typhoid fever.]

THE END.